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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XV.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1857.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1857.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XV.

ADVENTURES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND 22
A GENTLEMAN OF THE JURY 70
ALL ALIKE 114
ALICE MAUDE 541
ALIX THURIOT THORNE 355
AMERICAN WOMEN, EDUCATION OF 776
ANIMAL LOVE OF MUSIC 83
ARE WE A POLITE PEOPLE? 388, 526
ASSEMBLY, THE NATIONAL 606
BABY, MY FORENOON WITH 363
BACHELOR'S LAST LOVE 678
BEAR, THE GRIZZLY, OF CALIFORNIA 816
BIRD THAT SANG IN MAY 61
BLACKBURN FARMER 94
BLIND MAN'S LOVE 336
BRIEFLESS BARRISTER, EXPERIENCES OF 375
BRONZE GAITERS, THE 681
BROTHER TOM, MY 370
CAMEL, THE SHIP OF THE DESERT 577
CARIB SETTLEMENTS 145
CAUSES AND PREVENTION OF EPIDEMICS 194
CHARLESTON, THE PALMETTO CITY 1
CHARLIE'S SIDE-WALK ACQUAINTANCES 861
CLUBS AND CLUB-MEN 810
COAL, AND THE COAL-MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA 451
CODE OF HONOR 516
CORSICAN LIFE DRAMA 381
CRUISE, SUMMER, IN SEARCH OF AN APPETITE 535
DE L'AMITIÉ 378
DESMOND THE SPECULATOR 489
DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE 634
DO MOUNTAINS GROW? 43
DUEL IN RUSSIA 79
EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND, ADVENTURES OF 22

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

DRAWER FOR JUNE 134
DRAWER FOR JULY 279
DRAWER FOR AUGUST 418
DRAWER FOR SEPTEMBER 565
DRAWER FOR OCTOBER 708
DRAWER FOR NOVEMBER 852

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

CHAIR FOR JUNE 125
CHAIR FOR JULY 271
CHAIR FOR AUGUST 412
CHAIR FOR SEPTEMBER 557
CHAIR FOR OCTOBER 698
CHAIR FOR NOVEMBER 842

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Cultivation of American Mind..... 121
Character 265
Heroism..... 406
Eccentric Character..... 552
The American Mind 692
The English Mind..... 836

EDUCATION OF AMERICAN WOMEN..... 776
EGOTIST, THE MAN WHO WAS NOT AN..... 764
ELEPHANTINE METAMORPHOSES..... 429
EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE THIRD..... 208
EPIDEMICS, CAUSES AND PREVENTION OF..... 194
EPIGRAMS AND EPIGRAMMATISTS..... 344
ESTHER..... 494
EVENING AT EPPING..... 347
FAIR DOÑA BELLA..... 648
FAMILY DAGUERREOTYPES, FOUND EVERY WHERE..... 285
FASHIONS, THE

Fashions for June 143
Fashions for July 287
Fashions for August..... 431
Fashions for September..... 575
Fashions for October 719
Fashions for November 863

FATHER OF RAILWAYS..... 667
FORT ATKINSON, SIEGE OF..... 638
GATE, BÉLEN, TAKING OF..... 533
GOLD REGION OF NORTH CAROLINA..... 289
GUILFORD, NORTH CAROLINA..... 154
HANDEL..... 499
HELEN LEE..... 809
HOLBROOK HOUSE..... 220
HOUSE, A STRAY..... 826
HOUSE SPIDERS..... 74
HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED..... 773
IDYL, SUMMER..... 219
INCONVENIENCES OF LIVING IN A UNIFORM ROW OF HOUSES..... 141
IN HIGH LATITUDES..... 754
JAUNT IN JAVA..... 324
JOSEPH THORNE—HIS CALLING..... 803
JURY, A GENTLEMAN OF..... 70
LICHENS..... 177
LITERARY NOTICES.

Prime's Boat Life in Egypt; Miller's Testimony of the Rocks, 119. Regulations for the Army of the United States; Satires of Juvenal and Perseus; Waverley Novels; Life-Pictures from a Pastor's Note-Book; Annals of Southern Methodism; Wells's Explorations and Adventures in Honduras; Schaaf's Germany; The Sultan and his People, 120. Brace's Norse-Folk, 263; Edwards's Random Sketches of European Travel; Beecher's Common Sense applied to Religion; The Student's Gibbon; Fortunes of Glencore; Nothing New; James's Leonora D'Orco; Thaddeus of Warsaw; Scottish Chiefs; The Heiress of Greenhurst, 264. The Professor; Virginia Illustrated; Lossing's History of the United States; Prime's Tent-Life in the Holy Land, 404; The Romany Rye; The Athelings; Heroines of Methodism; Philosophy of Skepticism and Ultraism; Lamar's Verse Memorials; M'Leod's Life of Mary Queen of Scots, 405. Married or Single; Bonner's Child's History of Greece, 549. Chile Con Carne; Swan's Northwest Coast, 550. Bovee's Thoughts, Feelings, and Fancies; Chief of the Pilgrims; Liddell's History of Rome; Arnoult's French Pronouncing Book; The Rose of Ashurst; Mormonism: its Leaders and Designs; Hammond's Wild Northern Scenes; Bowen's Adventures and Missionary Labors in Africa, 551. Barth's Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, 689. Brazil and the Brazilians, 690. Le Vert's Souvenirs of Travel; Guy Livingstone; Hall's Romance of Western History; The Five Gateways of Knowledge; Manual of Business; Leigh Hunt's Poems, 691. The Hasheesh Eater, 834. Nott's Lectures on Temperance; Freedley's Legal Adviser; Baillie's Life Studies; Life of Handel; Poems by Rosa Vertuer Johnson; Porter's First Book of Chemistry; Floral Home: or, First Years in Minnesota, 835.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens..... 96, 231
LOST: THE STORY OF FOUR YOUNG MEN..... 783
LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE..... 504
MAN WHO WAS NOT AN EGOTIST..... 764

MATTER OF FACT AND MATTER OF FICTION..... 658
MONADS..... 38

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The Chinese War, 116. The Central American Treaty, 116. Negotiations with New Granada, 116. Affairs in Utah, 116, 259, 401, 546. Judge Drummond on Utah, 116. The Transatlantic Telegraph, 116, 262, 403, 548, 686. The New York Metropolitan Police Bill, 117, 402. The Dred Scott Decision, 117, 261. Personal Liberty Bills in New York, Maine, and Ohio, 117. Amendments to Massachusetts Constitution, 117. Death of Parley Pratt, 259. Kansas, 259, 401, 546, 686, 831. Governor Walker's Proclamations, 260, 546, 831. New York Quarantine, 260. Municipal Difficulties in New York, 260, 401, 546. Religious Societies, 260. Fugitive Slaves in Ohio, 260. Riot in Washington, 260. Pearls in New Jersey, 261. California Public Debt, 261, 864. *Obituaries:* Joshua A. Spencer, A. P. Butler, Lieutenant Strain, Judge Oakley, James Bell, 261; W. L. Marcy, 402; Douglas Jerrold, 403; J. C. Dobbin, Professor Mitchell, Commodore Newton, 547; Béranger, 548; Thomas J. Rusk, Rufus W. Griswold, 688; Lieutenant Herndon, 831. Governor for Utah, 401. Topeka Legislature, 401. Riots in New York, 402, 546. American Convention at Louisville, 402. Southern Railroad Convention, 402. Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, 402. Walker in New York, 402. Return of Filibusters, 402, 546, 688. Foreign Emigration, 403. Defalcation of Ohio State Treasurer, 403. Indian Hostilities, 403, 688. Fires in the United States, 403. Steamboat and Railroad Casualties, 403, 831. Diplomatic Appointments, 546. Minnesota Convention, 546, 686. City Government formed in Lawrence, 546. The slaver *N. Hand*, 546. General Jackson's Snuff-Box, 546. Murder of a Policeman, 546. Mrs. Cunningham's Baby, 547. Failure of the Atlantic Telegraph, 686. The August Elections, 686, 834. Mr. Rollins on the Slavery Question, 686. Constitution for Minnesota, 686. Right of Expatriation, 687. Old Debt paid, 687. The President's Letter to the Connecticut Clergymen, 687. National Emancipation Convention, 687. American Association for the Advancement of Science, 687. The New School Presbyterian Church, 687. Colorado Expedition, 688. The Camel Experiment, 688. The Financial Pressure, 830. Loss of the *Central America*, 830. Governor Walker's Election Proclamation, 831. New Filibustering Project, 831. General Pillow on the Mexican War, 832. Reply of General Scott, 832. Mr. Tyler on the Secret Service Fund, 832. California Election, 834. Carson Valley, 834.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.—Walker in Nicaragua, 117, 261. *Mexico:* 261, 547, 688, 832. Colonel Crabbe in Sonora, 261. Plots in Mexico, 261, 547. Santa Anna, 261, 403, 688. Departure of Walker from Nicaragua, 261. Affairs in Nicaragua, 261, 547, 688, 831, 832. Victims in Nicaragua, 262. Slave Trade in Cuba, 403. Isthmus Routes, 403. Coolies in the West Indies, 547. Slave Trade in Cuba, 547. Salary of the Emperor of Haiti, 547. Revolution in Peru, 688. New Tehuantepec Railroad Grant, 832. Isthmus of Panama, 834.

EUROPE.—The Chinese War, 118. Lord Elgin, the British Plenipotentiary, 118, 834. Search for Sir John Franklin, 118, 548, 834. Dr. Rae, 118. The French Emperor, 118, 688, 834. Neapolitan Torture, 118. Queen's Speech, 262. The Princess Royal, 262. Art Treasures at Manchester, 262. Disturbances in Spain, 262. Pardon to Hungarians, 262. Russia and Persia, 262. Greytown Bombardment, 403. Death of Jerrold, 403. The Oaths Bill, 547. Free Emigration of Africans, 547. The Transatlantic Telegraph, 548. Thackeray at Oxford, 548. The Cotton Memorial, 548. Mr. Dickens and the Queen, 548. The Indian Mutiny, 548, 688, 834. The Parisian Elections, 548. Italian Conspiracy, 548, 688. Death of Béranger, 548. Conspiracy against Napoleon, 548. Insurrection in Spain, 549. The Princes of Oude's Petition, 688. French Refugees in England, 688. Trial of Italian Conspirators in Paris, 688. The Completion of the Louvre, 688. The Danubian Principalities, 689. Baron Macaulay, 834. Abolition in Holland, 834.

THE EAST.—Poisoning at Hong Kong, 118. Fighting in Persia, 262. Massacre at Sarawak, 262. The Chinese War, 262, 549, 689, 834. The Indian Mutiny, 548, 689, 834. The Danubian Principalities, 689. Riot in Tunis, 689. Russian Reverses in the Caucasus, 689. Riot at Jerusalem, 689. Victories of General Havelock, 834. The Americans in Siam, 834.

MOSES GRANT, PRIDE OF..... 617
MOUNTAINS, DO THEY GROW?..... 43
MR. JINKS'S PATENT INFLATING COSTUMES..... 717
MR QUIGLEY'S EXPERIENCE..... 203
MR. SEEDY..... 529
MR. TOMPKINS'S EXPERIENCE..... 661
MY BROTHER TOM..... 370
MY FORENOON WITH THE BABY..... 363
MY INHERITANCE..... 480
MY THEORY, AND A FEW FACTS AGAINST IT..... 350
NAPOLEON THE THIRD..... 208
NATIONAL ASSEMBLY..... 606
NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED..... 154, 289
NOTHING TO WEAR. AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE..... 746
OLD BACHELOR'S LAST LOVE..... 678
OUR COUSIN FROM TOWN..... 214
OUR GENTLEMEN..... 388
OUR LADIES..... 526
OUR WISH..... 45
OUR WIVES..... 795
PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER..... 375
PIANO, STORY OF..... 224
POMPS AND VANITIES..... 85
PRIDE OF MOSES GRANT..... 617

RACHEL'S REFUSAL 797
RAILWAYS, FATHER OF 667
REMINISCENCE OF ROME 740
SCRAPS FROM AN ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK 145
SCREW LOOSE 629
SEEING THE WORLD 542
SHAKERS, THE 164
SIEGE OF FORT ATKINSON 638
SHIP OF THE DESERT 577
STATES-GENERAL, THE 314
STORY OF A PIANO 224
SUMMER CRUISE IN SEARCH OF AN APPETITE 535
SUMMER IDYL 219
TAKING OF THE BÉLEN GATE 533
TEMPLES IN WHICH I HAVE WORSHIPED 469
THE BIRD THAT SANG IN MAY 61
THE GRIZZLY BEAR OF CALIFORNIA 816
THEN AND NOW 95
THEORY, MY, AND A FEW FACTS AGAINST IT 350
THREE PICTURES, AFTER THE MANNER OF FEROGIO 367
TWO KATES; OR, FIRST AND SECOND LOVE 183
WHEAT, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS 301
WHERE OUR DAUGHTERS GO TO SCHOOL 674
WHIRLPOOL, THE: A TALE OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS 391
WOMAN'S DREAM 77
WOMAN'S TEARS 77
WINTER IN THE SOUTH 433, 594, 721
YELLOW FEVER 61

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Charleston 1
2. Plan of Charleston 2
3. The Old Customs House 3
4. The New Customs House 4
5. The State Bank 5
6. Group of Banks 6
7. The Orphan Asylum 7
8. The Roper Hospital 7
9. The Military Academy 8
10. Citadel Square Baptist Church 9
11. The Central Church 10
12. St. Michael's Church 11
13. St. Philip's Church 12
14. Roman Catholic Cathedral 13
15. Unitarian Church 14
16. Circular Church and S. C. Institute .. 15
17. The Charleston Hotel 16
18. The Mills House 16
19. The Pavilion Hotel 17
20. Private Residence 18
21. Magnolia Cemetery 19
22. Monument in Cemetery 20
23. Calhoun Monument 21
24. First Encounter with Indians 23
25. Plymouth Bay 24
26. Samoset 25
27. Massasoit and his Warriors 26
28. Palace of Massasoit 27
29. Death of Alexander 29
30. Battle in Tiverton 31
31. Capture of the Indian Fortress 33
32. Captivity of Mrs. Rowlandson 34
33. Destruction of Sudbury 35
34. Indian Ambush 36
35. Death of King Philip 37
36–45. Monads 39–40
46. Izalco: A Mountain which grows 44
47. At Mr. John Chivery's Tea-Table 98
48. In the Old Room 106
49–64. Inconveniences of living in a Uniform Row of Houses 141–142
65. Fashions for June 143
66. Lace Shawl 144
67. Lace Berthe 144
68. Tulian, Honduras 145
69. On the Cay 146
70. Rainbow and Water-Spout 147
71. House of Cannibal King 148
72. The Tango 149
73. Wild Fig-Tree 150
74. Scene on the Tulian 150
75. Crossing the Tulian 151
76. Seineguita 151
77. Cassava Bread-Making 152
78. Puerto Cabello Lagoon 153
79. Houdon's Washington 154
80. State Capitol, Raleigh, N. C 155
81. Asylum for the Insane, N. C 156
82. The Artist 156
83. The Sketch 157
84. Female Education 157
85. The Partisan Leader 158
86. Lord Cornwallis 159
87. Nathaniel Greene 159
88. Colonel Henry Lee 160
89. Colonel William Washington 160
90. Colonel John E. Howard 161
91. The Cavalry Charge 161
92. Battle-Ground at Guilford 162
93. Plan of Battle of Guilford 162
94. Guilford Court-House 163
95. Finding the Gun-Lock 164
96. Revenge 164
97. Shaker Costume 165
98. Shaker Village, Lebanon 166
99. Office and Store 166
100. Meeting-House 167
101. Interior of the Meeting-House 168
102. The Dance 169
103. Sisters in Everyday Costume 170
104. The Hydraulic Press 172
105. The Herb House 172
106. The Laboratory 173
107. The Extract House 173
108. The Vacuum Pan 174
109. The Crushing Mill 174
110. The Finishing Room 174
111. The Powdering Mill 175
112. The Seed House 175
113. The Tannery 175
114. The Physician 176
115–125. Lichens 178–182
126. Damocles 242
127. Third Volume of the Registers 252
128–143 Family Daguerreotypes 285–286
144. Fashions for July 287
145. Infant's Robe 288
146. White Lace Fichu 288
147. Black Lace Fichu 288
148. Finding Gold 289
149. The Red Fox 290
150. Little Britons 290
151. The Gold Hill Works 291
152. Mat Moyle and Nicky Trevethan 292
153. Descending the Ladder-Shaft 293
154. Boring 294
155. Ascending the Bucket-Shaft 295
156. At Mouth of the Bucket-Shaft 296
157. Sarah Jackson 296
158. Rocking Cradles 297
159. Bill Jenkins 298
160. Picnic 299
161. Dat Fiddle done ruinged 300
162. Finis 300
163. Growing Wheat 301
164. The Wheaten Loaf 302
165. Ancient Egyptian Wheat 303
166. Egyptian Granary 304
167. Ceres 305
168. Different Kinds of Wheat 306
169. Reaping Wheat 307
170. The Harvest Field 308
171. The Old Mill 309
172. Boaz and Ruth 311
173. Blighted Wheat 312
174. Louis XVI. and La Perouse 314
175. Louis XVI. as Locksmith 316
176. Riot in Faubourg St. Antoine 318
177. The Three Orders 320
178. Doors of the Assembly closed 321
179. Mirabeau 323
180. The Country Ship 324
181. At the Water-Tub 325
182. Going Ashore 326
183. The Carriage 326
184. Our Hotel 327

185. The Dutch Wife..... 328
186. A Family Party..... 329
187. Dancing-Girls..... 330
188. Starting for the Interior..... 331
189. The Rising Generation..... 331
190. Javanese..... 332
191. Hunting..... 334
192. Equestrianism..... 335
193–208 Elephantine Metamorphoses. 429–430
209. Fashions for August..... 431
210. Coiffure..... 432
211. Undress Cap..... 432
212. Under-Sleeves..... 432
213. Saltville, Virginia..... 433
214. The Prescription..... 434
215. Sir John's Station..... 434
216. Annette..... 435
217. Old Virginia Labor-Saving Machine. 436
218. Penitentiary at Richmond..... 437
219. Canal Basin, Richmond..... 438
220. The Choir..... 438
221. Boots..... 439
222. Aunt Hannah..... 440
223. Canal Basin, Lynchburg..... 441
224. Newbern Dépôt..... 442
225. Godbey's Cliffs..... 444
226. The Love-Feast..... 445
227. Interior of Salt-Works..... 446
228. Firing up.—Jeff..... 447
229. Dipping out.—Ike..... 448
230. The Ragged Cavalier.—Andy..... 449
231. Salt Valley..... 450
232. Lower Salt-Works..... 450
233. The Coal Fire..... 451
234. Discovery of Anthracite Coal..... 452
235. Map of Coal Region..... 453
236. Coal-Arks descending Water-Gap..... 454
237. Mount Pisgah Planes..... 456
238. Stratification of Vein..... 457
239. Open Quarry of the Lehigh..... 458
240. Section of Schuylkill Basin..... 460
241. Coal Drift..... 460
242. Price Wetherill Colliery..... 461
243. Interior Plat of Coal Slope..... 462
244. Coal-Breaker, side view..... 463
245. Coal-Breaker, front view..... 463
246. Fault in Coal-Vein..... 464
247. The Davy Lamp..... 465
248. Coal-Miner..... 466
249. The Baltimore Mine..... 467
250. Fossils found in Coal..... 469
251. Interior of Temple of Abou Simbal... 470
252. Shrine of Temple, Abou Simbal..... 471
253. Dome of the Rock, Mount Moriah.... 472
254. Interior of Mosque El Aksa..... 473
255. Interior of the Beautiful Gate..... 474
256. Jacob's Well at Shechem..... 475
257. Baalbec, from the Fountain..... 476
258. The Parthenon..... 476
259. Fashions for September..... 575
260. Lace Fichu..... 576
261. Lace Sleeve..... 576
262. Lace Body..... 576
263. The Ship of the Desert..... 577
264. Male Bactrian Camel..... 579
265. Bichariehs of Egypt..... 581
266. Arabian Dromedary..... 583
267. Pehlevan from Muscat..... 585
268. Camel secured for a Gale..... 587
269. The Halt..... 589
270. The Male Tuilu..... 592
271. Bristol, Virginia..... 594
272. Hog-Drovers..... 595
273. Scene at Blountville..... 596
274. View from the Tower..... 597
275. The Towers..... 598
276. Interior of the Tunnel..... 600
277. Looking out from the Tunnel..... 601
278. The Tunnel, looking in..... 602
279. A probable President..... 603
280. Holston Springs..... 603
281. Saw-Mill..... 604
282. Labor in vain..... 604
283. Top of the Coach..... 604
284. Passing the Holston..... 605
285. Jonesborough, Tennessee..... 605
286. The French Guard liberated..... 607
287. Camille Desmoulins..... 609
288. Sacking the Royal Arsenal..... 611
289. Sacking the Hôtel des Invalides..... 613
290. Storming the Bastile..... 614
291. Death of De Launay..... 615
292. Assassination of Flesselles..... 616
293. My Baby..... 716
294–309. Jinks's Inflating Costumes... 717–718
310. Fashions for October..... 719
311. Puffed Sleeve..... 720
312. Velvet Cloak..... 720
313. Summit Cliffs of the Roane..... 721
314. Time to start..... 722
315. Tipton's House..... 723
316. Distant View of the Roane..... 724
317. The Mountaineer..... 725
318. One of 'em..... 725
319. Grey Briggs..... 726
320. Chased by a Panther..... 727
321. The Horse-Thief..... 727
322. Summit of the Roane..... 728
323. The Black Mountains..... 730
324. The Colonel..... 731
325. Gouge, Distiller..... 732
326. Apple-Jack Distillery..... 733
327. Aggravation..... 733
328. Tom Wilson's Cabin..... 734
329. Tom Wilson..... 735
330. Summit of Mount Mitchell..... 737
331. Wet Boots..... 738
332. Johnsey..... 739
333. Skull and Flowers..... 740
334. Roman Flower-Girl..... 741
335. The Porter..... 741
336. Senza Nome..... 741
337. A Cherub..... 742
338. The Emperor..... 742
339. Repose..... 743
340. A Niche..... 743
341. The Three Brothers..... 744
342. The Dance..... 745
343. Miss Flora M'Flimsey..... 746
344. Nothing to Wear..... 753
345. The Foam at Sea..... 754
346. Harold Haarfager's Ship..... 755
347. Icelandic Traveling Costume..... 755
348. Thingvalla..... 756
349. The Icelandic Fox..... 757
350. Icelandic Lady..... 758
351. First Glimpse of Jan Mayen..... 759
352. The Midnight Sun..... 761
353. English Bay, Spitzbergen..... 762
354. Et Ego in Arctis..... 763
355–362. Charlie's Acquaintances..... 861–862
363. Fashions for November..... 863
364. Coiffure..... 864
365. Cloth Cloak..... 864

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXVI.—JULY, 1857.—Vol. XV.



THE CARIB SETTLEMENTS.

HAVING sent Manuel to Tulian with a note to the Carib chief to order a boat for us, and receiving a satisfactory reply, we commenced packing our luggage, which consisted of two large mosquito nets. Having finished this laborious task we retired to our hammocks to get a good sleep, that we might be fresh for the start in the morning, as we were to be off by daylight to get the favorable land-breeze.

We were aroused in ample time by the Carib boys, and our party being joined by the Doctor, whose portly, jolly body is well known through the Southern and Western States, we left our quarters for the beach, where, in absence of docks, we were "backed" to our boat. I can't say that the addition of the "Doc." to our party was in the remotest degree desirable, as he weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and our "dory," or "dug-out," was not so large as many I have seen used to carry much smaller loads; besides, we now numbered, all told, passengers and crew, seven mortals. Seven! mysterious number! Shades of the departed astrologers and Grand Street wizards! was it safe to start in face of these auspices?

I think it was unlucky, and it proved so on the start; for in dumping the "Doc." into the boat, which operation required the united strength of two Caribs, he dipped the boat and half filled her with water! They were obliged to reland him and bail her out.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Doc. quietly remarked that it was "all right; he had got a *duck*, and out of season, too."

However, after little delay we started in high spirits, but when we reached the "Point" the wind completely failed us. Down came the sail, and out went the paddles, handled by four stout Caribs, who were built, as H—— remarked, on the "Yankee Doodle plan—lean but *very* muscular," and away went the canoe skimming over the broad waves of the Caribbean Sea.

The manner of using the paddle is not unlike the North American Indian mode. It is held perfectly perpendicular in the water, carried along the side of the canoe very swiftly, and at the conclusion of the stroke it is turned inward or outward as they may desire the canoe to head. In this way they propel canoes of large size with a rapidity that would astonish some of our Whitehall boatmen.

Nor does the distance to make cause them to lessen their activity; frequently they paddle many miles in a rough sea perfectly content. On one occasion, an urgent one, it is true, three of them paddled a canoe three days and three nights, their only food the while being brandy and water.

We had not proceeded far on our journey when a sea-breeze sprang up. This time H—— did not "engineer the ropes" as on a former occasion on Lake Nicaragua, but left that duty to the Caribs, than whom, in small boats, there are no better sailors to be found. He took out his "old banjo" from a mere desire to *finger some strings*, and gave us some "real old sea songs," regular sea dogs, daring and braving the sea in song, and lustily inviting all his friends to follow in the footsteps of him, their illustrious predecessor. I think old Neptune must have heard him, and not liking his style or his sentiments concluded to give us a poke of his "iron," for soon after a squall came upon us that "blew great guns," to say nothing of the horse-pistols and revolvers.

Away we went taking a salt shower-bath every two minutes—once a week would have been more to our fancy. And the clouds began to lower, the thunder to rattle, the sea to roll, and the Caribs to swear (that is, I presume they did, their language being *hard* enough to lead one to imagine 'twas composed entirely of blasphemous ejaculations), but it wouldn't do; the norther came upon us harder and harder every moment, and we could hear the surf beating fearfully upon the rocky shore nearly two miles astern.

"Keep her head to the sea!" shouted the old chief; and head to the sea it was—the sea heading us in a manner not at all congenial to our feelings. If we had been in a ship and made the "stern way" we were making in our old hollow log, we should have gone on a visit to "Davy Jones, Esquire," immediately.

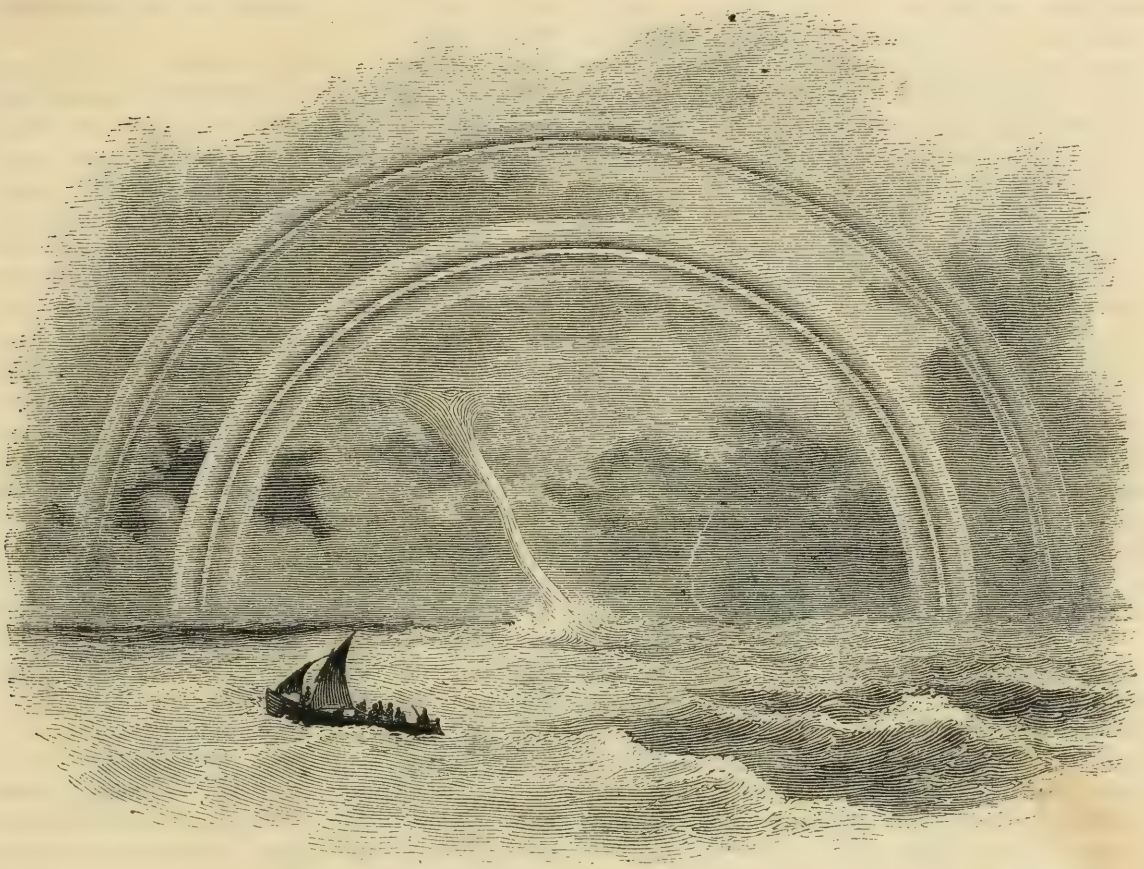
But the dug-out was like a Roman sword, cutting both ways equally well. Away we went, she dipping the water in, and we dipping it out, when suddenly we found ourselves close upon a sand bar or "Cay," about one mile and a half from shore. Out went our paddle again to avoid it. "Bring her around under the lee of the Cay," said the old "King of the Cannibal Islands," as H—— called the Carib chief. I gave one glance at the pure white sand which I thought would have looked much better on some country ball-room floor, and I within the same distance of it. Still we were dancing on toward it with the back-step, much afraid that the wind would give us a sort of waltz movement and compel us to change partners before we thought proper. But it turned into a regular stag dance, every man for himself, for in turning around she struck a rock and over she went!

The next step in our figure was a movement for the "Cay," which being near was soon accomplished—or, in other words, easily swum. H—— declared that I *walked* ashore, and as there were two or three shells in the top of one of my boots, I couldn't well deny it.

Our canoe soon followed us, the smaller articles close upon it, with a box of cigars bringing up the rear. A stray bottle of old brandy was seen at this moment hesitating on a wave, evidently not wishing to come ashore, not having been invited. We pitied the poor fellow's modesty, and really wishing him with us in our pres-



ON THE CAY



THE RAINBOW AND WATER-SPOUT.

ent plight, one of us went to him, took him by the neck, and gave him an ardent welcome. He came without hesitation, and we enjoyed his company amazingly.

One of the Caribs soon fished up our guns, the old banjo taking care of himself. In fact, when we set him against a tree in the wind, he commenced singing as if nothing had occurred out of his usual line. But then he had no babies to feed; why shouldn't he be jolly when he found himself safe on *terra firma?* But he was too merry for the rest of the party, and the rascal, instead of confining his merriment to old familiar tunes that might have touched a chord in our memories and enlivened us too, launched off into a lot of wild, extempore music, quite suggestive of a storm. The Caribs were greatly alarmed at this, and we had some difficulty in explaining to them that it was altogether on the Æolian principle, and that it could not *talk*, as they supposed.

The sun soon came out to look at us, the storm died away, and we made clothes-horses of ourselves to dry our garments on.

We were stocked with what somebody calls "hunger-sauce," but unfortunately had nothing to season therewith. All our biscuit was wet, sugar and coffee ditto. The Caribs took their spears and soon brought us a fine barracuda, but not until H—— and myself had damaged our boots while chasing a flat-fish, which we were green enough to think we could catch. We did get a couple of craw-fish, but lost the sole of one of our boots against a projecting rock hidden below the surface of the water.

These and the fish we soon roasted in some plantain-leaves on the beach. For the benefit of future castaways, I will describe the method. First dig a hole; then build a fire in it. The Caribs did this in a novel way to me. One of them collected a quantity of dry brush, and lighting his *cigarro*, stood up in the wind, and placing a spark in the brush commenced swinging it in the breeze. Soon it was in a blaze, and in a few seconds more our "pit" was a mass of burning embers. Wood was heaped upon it until it was filled with coals. The fish were cleaned and wrapped in plantain-leaves, and the whole covered with the live coals. In a few moments they were taken out, beautifully roasted.

Those who boast of the *cuisine Français* would do well to taste of the Carib *asado*.

Before we had finished our meal the Caribs told us a storm was approaching, and, as we knew them to be good barometers, their advice was heeded. We got four stout sticks, and planted them firmly in the sand, rigging the sail over them after the style of a tent, fastening the sheet-ropes to heavy bushes in the direction of the storm, to prevent the tent's making away, as this mishap would cause us to scud under bare poles for a time, which pleasant little amusement we very naturally objected to.

I knew well what it was, having been wrecked on the Yucatan coast only six weeks previous to our present adventure. There I was knocked about among the reefs for twelve days, sleeping *à la chicken*—eleven of us in a small open boat! While there, we dined sumptuously on cocoa-

nut-water—when we could get the nuts; when we couldn't, we "chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and thought of the good dinners we had had at home at Delmonico's, Florence's, and other benefactors of hungry men with money in their pockets. We thought of numerous "fries, with celery," "roasts, with 'Mumm's best,'" and wished that there might be flourishing restaurants established all along the coast.

But I am forgetting our present plight for my past misfortune. The storm came with a regular tropical rain, but our sail acted nobly in protecting us from its fury. After a short time the rain abated, and the sun again appeared in all his glory. We were fully requited for our accident by the appearance of a most wonderful atmospheric phenomena. Away, in the north, rose an enormous water-spout, over which were two magnificent rainbows! The water-spout rose to the clouds, the rainbows forming a perfect half-circle over it.

The inner rainbow was beautifully colored; while the outer, or reflected bow, was less brilliant, though almost as gorgeous. I think this a sight seldom seen even by old sea-captains, who, by-the-way, have *always* witnessed these wonderful sights at sea, while we were gazing at it with wonder and delight from our Robinson Crusoe-like position.

In an hour more we were in the town of Tulian, Honduras, seven miles east of Omoa, which, with the settlement of Seineguita, was the object of our visit. We had expected to find nothing but dark-colored Caribs at this place, and were most joyfully surprised to see on the beach, waiting to receive us, a fine-looking Spanish girl.

We shouted "*Adios, mi alma*" to her, long before she could, by any possible construction of the laws of sound, understand our affectionate addresses. I had forgotten that we were married men; but no matter—we were away from home, on a sketching expedition, and *this* was very much in our line. There was one, at least, we thought, who could appreciate our sentimental songs (all Spanish songs are sentimental), and knew something of the agreeable little courtesies of civilized life that one understands so fully when he sees it contrasted with nature, crude and rough. When we landed we found her pretty and intelligent—two great desiderata for a "note-book sketch"—so we immediately presented ourselves, introducing each other.

I thought (being the best-looking) that I had made an impression; but when she turned her lovely black eyes upon my companions with such winning smiles, it was all over with me—my heart went back to its proper place immediately. Still, I liked "Juanita."

The Carib language is harsh, it must be—for one of them, noticing the glances I threw toward the individual who had robbed me of my peace (I believe that is the usual mode of expressing it), he remarked, "She was a good *wurrie* for such a *woogerie* as myself!" That sent Tom Moore and his poetry out of my head directly, and I began to think I had got into some saw-filing establishment. We formed into line, the boys taking our luggage, and marched



HOUSE OF THE KING OF THE CANNIBALS.



THE TANGO.

to the house of the "King of the Cannibal Islands." They soon swung our hammocks, in which we seated ourselves, while they busied themselves preparing coffee.

It was now near night, and we were settling ourselves for a sleep after the fatigues of the day, when the "King" made his appearance and said the boys were getting up a "tango," in honor of our arrival, if we were not too tired to attend.

We belied our feelings most woefully by stating, as many an exhausted, inebriated individual has remarked before us, that "we never felt better." So the "tango" was gotten up, and after finishing our supper, astonishing the natives at the same time by the rapid disappearance, one by one, of the many chickens and fish supplied for our meal, we repaired to the hut in which the dance was to take place.

Our arrival was the signal for the commencement of the festivities. Such another exhibition of the Terpsichorean art I never had the pleasure of witnessing. Their instruments consisted of a couple of drums made of hollow logs with hide stretched over one end, and a Boston tin cracker-box, on which instruments a sort of running accompaniment was beaten with their hands. Wild songs were chanted during the progress of the dance, one of which, more moderate than the rest, and in English, was shouted for our benefit. It was repeated so often that it became traced on my memory. It ran in this way:

Fi, yi, yi! money no dare,
Soger take him, money so gone!

After repeating this as often as they thought courtesy demanded—and it was a great length of time—they broke into another wild Carib song, that made me instinctively feel for my scalp. Having assured myself 'twas all right, and that my friends were equally fortunate, I really enjoyed the oddity of the affair.

I am told their dancing is a perfect counterpart of similar proceedings on the western coast of Africa, from whence they originally came. They placed the music in the centre of the room, and arranged themselves around it, and commenced a series of movements of the body, throwing in frequent twists and jerks by way of embellishment.

Between the dances we gave them some regular "Clem Johnson" negro songs, and the torrents of applause that followed would have been perfectly satisfactory to the most renowned tenor, and would have furnished lots of items for the penny-a-liners. H—— gave them the Juba dance, which, being more in their line, they appreciated to its fullest extent, and it convinced them that the Yankees could do every thing. They were very temperate regarding liquor—but few of them drinking it, and many of them not even coffee.

We retired that night perfectly satisfied with our day's adventures. One peculiar feature of this place I must not forget to mention. The mosquitoes, although they are very numerous and blood-thirsty during the day, never prowl around the houses at night! Whether they are off on a tango spree of their own, or asleep, I can't say; but I know they did not molest us

that night, though we slept without the nets, which we had taken so much trouble to preserve. For this favorable indulgence on their part, I commend them to the consideration and admiration of the mosquito-bitten community of the civilized world.

In the morning we rose and took coffee at the door, receiving the invigorating sea-breeze filtered through the branches of the cocoa-nut, which were waving before the door, musical with birds. We sat upon the old "stocks," and drank in nature's beauty to repletion.

At breakfast we had my favorite dish, fried plantains and fresh cassava bread, of which I will speak shortly. After this H—— drew a portrait of the King, which he admired very much, and seemed to have gained from it a more full conception of his own personal charms.

After we had sufficiently astonished them with a display of talent perfectly new to them, we started up the Tulian River for sketches, having heard it was rather fine. We found the stream to be of surpassing beauty. Every hundred feet was a picture in itself. It was beautiful beyond description—perfectly sublime! Enormous wild fig-trees, the cocoa-nut and plantain lined its banks, with the brilliant, lively-colored orange or sweet lemon creeping in among the openings.

Occasionally we saw a plantain field stretching to the water's edge, the broad flat leaves of the trees dipping themselves gracefully in the limpid stream. Every body knows they are picturesquely beautiful, and on this occasion they were positively splendid.



WILD FIG-TREE.



SCENE ON THE TULIAN.

After paddling a short distance we dragged the canoe on shore, the water being too shallow to allow us to proceed further with it; so we continued our journey on foot, detailing a couple of Caribs to "back" us across the stream when our fancy should lead us on the "other side of Jordan;" and I can assure you they had plenty of exercise.

How they growled when the Doctor mounted! We positively were sore with laughter.

One little spot took our fancy wonderfully. A gigantic wild fig-tree had located himself on a point of land around which the scenery was perfectly enchanting. From one branch of the tree a large family of "yellow tails" had built their hanging nests. This bird is about the size of a hawk, with a "crooked tail" like the swallow. Its body is black, blending into brown, the brown into an Indian red, and the red into a brilliant yellow on the tail, not unlike the dazzling gold of the Baltimore oriole at home. Not being well posted in ornithology, I can't give its scientific name; but I have no doubt many of your readers know the bird as well by reputation as I do from observation.

While H—— was making his sketch, the Doctor and I shot a deer and several Indian rabbits, which are much larger than our common rabbits at home. Pursuing this little Euphrates through the Garden of Eden, we reached the *Camino Real* to Comayagua, when another scene burst upon us. Fortunately, nothing was injured by the explosion except some paper, pencils, and the least bit of color imaginable.

At the ranch on the hill we took a sort of half-breakfast, half-dinner meal, for which, for our party of *three*, we paid thirty-seven and a half cents. We tried to make an arrangement with them to board us in town at the same ratio, but it wouldn't do. They were not in the *fonda* business, though they did sometimes entertain hungry wretches like ourselves. We



CROSSING OF THE TULIAN.

cleared the table of every thing set before us, it being a principle with us while traveling to leave nothing, thereby getting the worth of our money, even though our palates are not suited. It is only justice to ourselves to say, that this destruction took place before we knew the amount of our bill.

After our meal we were conducted around the ranch by the proprietor himself, and it was a model. Tropical fruit trees he had in abundance, including the mango, maroñon, and pine-apple, to which, by-the-way, I attribute a fever I afterward had. I would like to caution all new-comers to the tropical regions on one point: After becoming acclimated, and you have commenced on the fruits, ascertain the capacity of your stomachs. If they are equal to two pine-apples, never eat three, with half a dozen mangos, and that too on a hearty meal. If you do, the *calentura* is sure! I am a living example of the fact! This ranch also contained an immense grazing ground, on which were 10,000 head of cattle! which, by being driven a distance of six miles, would be worth $10 per head! They are used on the extensive mahogany works near Belize, and on the Ulua and Chimelcon rivers in this State. I think I shall turn ranchero with the proviso that I can raise cattle that will not chase me, as some of these did, for I may not always be so fortunate in climbing trees as I was on this occasion.

Returning to the settlement, we procured a



SEINEGUITA.

larger dory, and embarked for the town of Seineguita and Puerto Cabello lagoon, but went no farther than the town, as a shower came upon us.

Seineguita is not so pretty a place as Tulian, but is much larger, and has more of the appearance of a regular town. There were a great number of women to be seen, and but few men. The great disparity in numbers struck me, but it was explained by the men being off on the mahogany works, where they remain by contract for from three to twelve months, as they may agree. During this time they never see their wives, and when they do return they have a "big drunk" to commemorate the event.

The cassava bread, of which I spoke before, is made from the root of the cassava bush, or *zuca*, as it is called by the Caribs. It grows wild, and in great profusion, in the vicinity of Puerto Cabello. The root is hard, unpalatable, and withal extremely poisonous, if eaten in its crude state.

Their mode of preparing it is curious. The root is boiled in water until the outer dark rough coating becomes soft and removable—not unlike the skin of a boiled beet. The root, thus relieved of its clothing, is of a pure white color, and while warm is "rasped" into a pulp, on large wooden graters, not unlike the old-fashioned washboard of my childhood days. If there are any of your readers who are ignorant of the form of this household utensil, I refer them to their grandmothers for an explanation of this article—important, at least, in the manufacture of the Carib "staff of life."

The pulp falls into a large wooden receiving tray, from whence it is taken by the women, and punched and pummeled in a manner that reminded me of the times when I used to look through the windows of the bakers' shops at home, and see the men making bread and cakes, and resolved when I grew up to be nothing but a baker, that I might daily gorge myself with the sweet things that were so temptingly exposed in the nicely-arranged windows. After it is pounded until it becomes soft, it is kneaded into dough, and formed into cakes, about two and a half feet in diameter, and one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and baked upon large earthen plates. When baked, it is of a soft, crispy nature, and of a cream color.

Another portion of the cassava pulp is placed on the top of an apparatus called a *culebra*, or snake, which, by-the-way, it resembles. It is closely-plaited split cane, forming a hollow body, twelve feet long, by ten inches in diameter. Attached to the lower end is a stout stick, upon which sit some half dozen of the prettiest girls, of course.

They rise, and throwing their bodies upon the pole, elongate the culebra by their weight, which compresses the contents, from which flows the cassava juice, which is boiled, and, with the addition of spices and chillis, forms a delicious sauce for the bread, and is used in place of butter. To me it is extremely palatable; but H—— will have nothing to do with it, vowing



CASSAVA BREAD-MAKING.



PUERTO CABELLO LAGOON.

that it is simply baked saw-dust. But he is no judge.

Having left the hut, we started for the second time, and with a good breeze, direct for the mouth of Puerto Cabello lagoon. We were now in the famous bay which bears the name above-mentioned; and certainly a finer harbor it would be difficult to find. Perfectly sheltered from the violence of all the storms that blew over it, with any quantity of water, with fine holding ground for anchorage, it appeared to be to me the very desideratum for the necessities of a large town.

The harbor is easily made, the entrance being several miles broad, and the Chimilecon mountain rising, in one unbroken peak, to a great height, serves as a landmark for vessels many miles at sea. Mr. Squier, in his "Notes on Central America," gives a perfect description of it, with an accompanying map. Blunt, in his "Coast Pilot," pronounces it to be one of the best harbors on the coast.

It is a beautiful sheet of water, unbroken by a single rock or other obstruction to the free and secure navigation of it in any part.

During our progress we shot many wild fowls, and passed some beautiful plantations, at one of which we compelled our boatmen to land us. Here we selected our future residence on a gentle slope, a few feet from the water's edge, and when we shall have finished our Central American palace—which I think should be in the form of a paint-brush or palette, emblematic of our calling—we will send you on a sketch of it.

On board again we soon entered the lagoon. If it were only in the North, *adios* to Saratoga, Newport, etc. Why, in my mind, I saw in the blue distance of a near future a dozen hotels on its delightful shores, with "regular boarders" the year round, and in their record-books names hailing from Maine to Texas. The Doctor, who is from the latter place, offers, as an inducement to some enterprising Yankee, to take *his* room so soon as the shingles are on. A Mr. Fisher has a plantation here, and around him is clustered a family of bouncing little ones to whom disease is unknown.

This is the proposed northern terminus of the "Interoceanic Railroad," and a more desirable location could not have been selected. By building docks two hundred feet long, the largest ocean steamers could discharge their living freights with all the security of New York accommodations.

The people every where along the coast are anxious for its commencement, rightly thinking that it would turn their comparatively worthless plantations into "independent patches of wealth," as the Doctor calls them.

Start the Railroad, gentlemen! Open the richest country on the globe to the enterprise of the world! Let the "iron horse" but once snort through these majestic forests, and its woods will be turned into shining silver, its grasses into glistening gold, its small plantations into thriving Yankee farms; the plow and sickle will supersede the *machete* and the rude digging iron; the weeds, rank and strong, will

turn into waving corn and wheat; and the little marshy spots will be soon covered with nutritious rice, all yielding plenty and smiling contentment on the hardy adventurer.

In concluding this sketch we would observe that this race of Caribs originated on the Cayman Islands, and are known as the "Red Caribs."

It is not many years since their depredations in the piratical way have been suppressed, and many an old sea-captain may tell of the care he used to avoid its inhospitable shores. In the first instance, they were driven from St. Domingo and Jamaica for their participation in numerous outbreaks, and they went carrying with them an unquenchable hatred against the whites. In the settlements on this coast and in Guatamala they are very hospitable, and most of them speak the Creole English. Their language contains many French words, not recognizable, perhaps, with its guttural intonation, to the polished Parisian—with the exception of the numerals, the pronunciation of which is tolerably correct. They are, in fine, an industrious, hard-working community; and so free are they from the cares of this life, and so smoothly does time fly with them, that but few of them have any idea of the number of summers that have passed over their heads in their happy, quiet homes!

We left them with regret, but with a promise to return soon and settle among them.

NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

III.—GUILFORD.

"List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music."
SHAKSPEARE.

"THE capitol of North Carolina bears the appropriate and beautiful name of Raleigh, in honor of the accomplished and chivalrous 'Sir Walter, the man of wit and the sword,' under whose auspices the first colonies were planted on our shores. The town is comparatively of recent date, its site having been established by a convention met at Hillsborough in 1788. In 1810, it contained only six hundred and seventy inhabitants, but its permanent population at present is estimated at between two and three thousand. On a commanding but gently sloping eminence, the young city sits embowered, in a grove of stately oaks, like a rustic beauty, whose ornaments are awkwardly worn and unskillfully put on. Incongruous, incomplete, but nathless fair and pleasing. Thus appear her broad tree planted, unpaved avenues. The superb and costly capitol with its forms of Grecian elegance, rising amidst a grove of forest oaks, in an inclosure grown up with weeds and traversed by narrow ungraveled paths, and its stately entrances encumbered with huge wood piles.

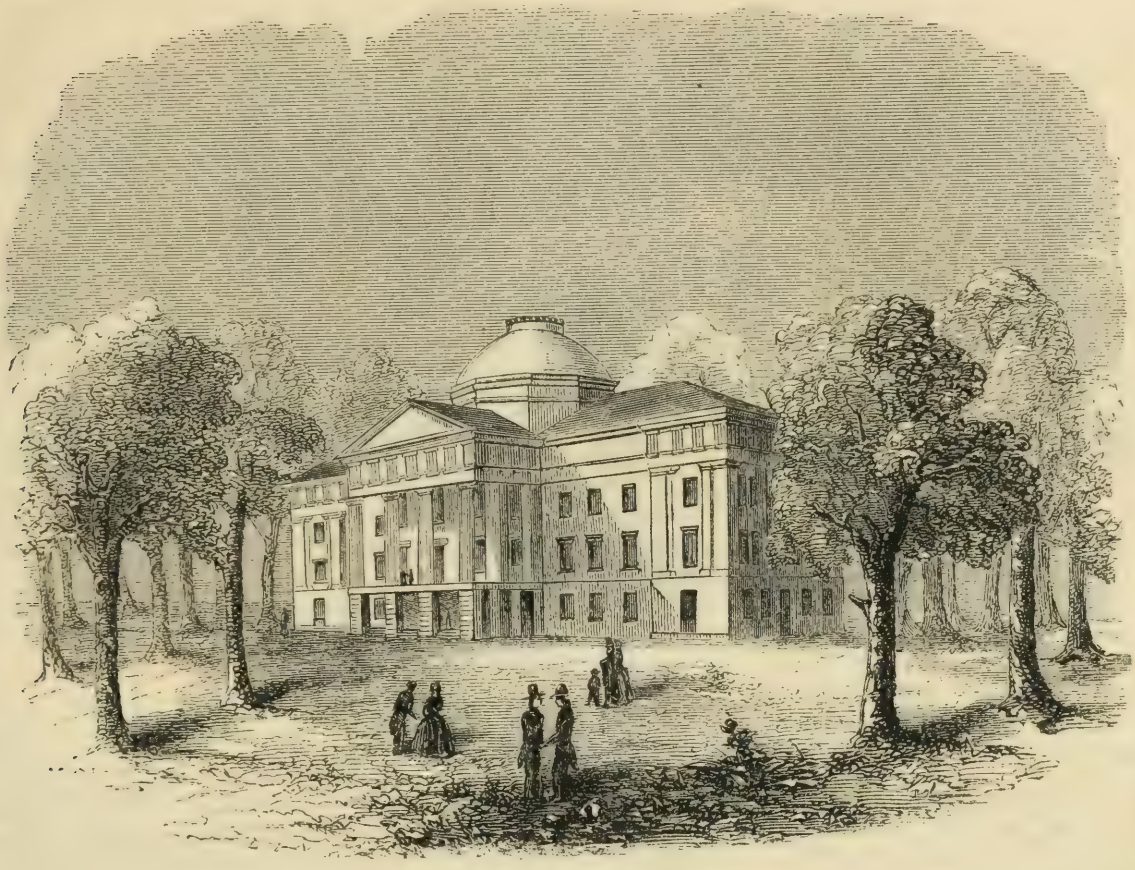
"Around this central point the town is built upon several streets densely shaded with double rows of trees. The private residences for the most part resemble country houses, each standing isolated in the midst of its ornamented grounds, profuse in shade-trees, shrubbery, and flowers, reminding one more of a thickly settled neighborhood than a town. The avenue leading from the capitol to the Governor's house is more compactly built, and is the theatre of all the commercial life the place affords.

"On an eminence near the town, imposing from its extent and position, stands the State Asylum for the Insane. A building worthy the taste and public spirit of any State.

"By the burning of the old capitol in 1831 Raleigh lost the statue of Washington by Canova, a gem of art of which the Carolinians were justly proud. The hero was represented in a sitting posture, costumed as a Roman general, holding tablets in one hand and a style in the other, as if about to write; we believe the intention of the sculptor was, to represent him as Washington the statesman and lawgiver, while his recent military character was indicated by the sheathed sword beside him. The conception was beautiful, the work skillfully and elegantly wrought, but there was nothing in it especially to touch the American heart or understanding. The soft Italian, whose genius was inspired by dreams of the Greek ideal commingling with shapes of modern elegance, who pined even in brilliant Paris for the balmy air and sunshine of his native land, beneath whose magic chisel the frigid marble warmed and melted into forms of voluptuous beauty, had neither the soul to conceive nor the hand to carve the iron man of '76."



HOUDON'S WASHINGTON.



STATE CAPITOL, RALEIGH

As Porte Crayon warmed with his subject he rose from his chair and paced about our writing-table like a chained bear. "That task," continued he, "yet remains to be accomplished; there is no statue of Washington existing, there never has been one."

"You forget that which adorns the square in front of our Federal Capitol," I mildly suggested.

"Get out! it is scarcely worth criticism—a pitiful heathen divinity set up to be scoffed at by the children of the image-breakers—a half naked Olympian shivering in a climate where nudity is not, and never can be, respectable."

"But there is the statue in Richmond."

Crayon paused for a moment as if to cool off.

"Houdon," said he, "made an effort in the proper direction, and the unaffected approbation which his work has elicited proves it. That it has been greatly overpraised, is not chargeable to a want of taste in our people, but simply to the fact that they have no means of comparison. It is the best we have, and is estimated accordingly. But although the costume and design of the statue are good, there is nothing in that affected pose to remind one of the most striking characteristic of Washington's person,

'The lofty port, the distant mien,
That seemed to shun the sight, yet awed if seen.'

"A French writer says: '*Malgré l'opinâtreté des hommes à louer l'antique aux depens du moderne, il faut avouer qu'en tout genre les premiers essais sont toujours grossiers.*' The truth and common sense of this assertion is applicable, in a greater or less degree, to every subject to which human effort has been directed. If it seems not to have been sustained by the progress of the fine arts at all times, the exception may be fairly referred to the fact, that the genius of certain peoples and periods, instead of being devoted to the legitimate task of developing into beauty and grandeur the ideas of its own times, perversely turns for inspiration to antiquity, rejecting the healthful freshness of the present to feed morbidly on the decay of the past; wasting its native vigor in feebly imitating, instead of aspiring to the nobler task of creating. Why may not the ridicule that in literature is attached to the faded imitations of the ancient poets—the Venuses, Cupids, nymphs, and shepherdesses—be as fairly turned against the wearisome and incongruous reproductions in marble of gods, heroes, and senators, with modern names, and modern heads on their shoulders?"

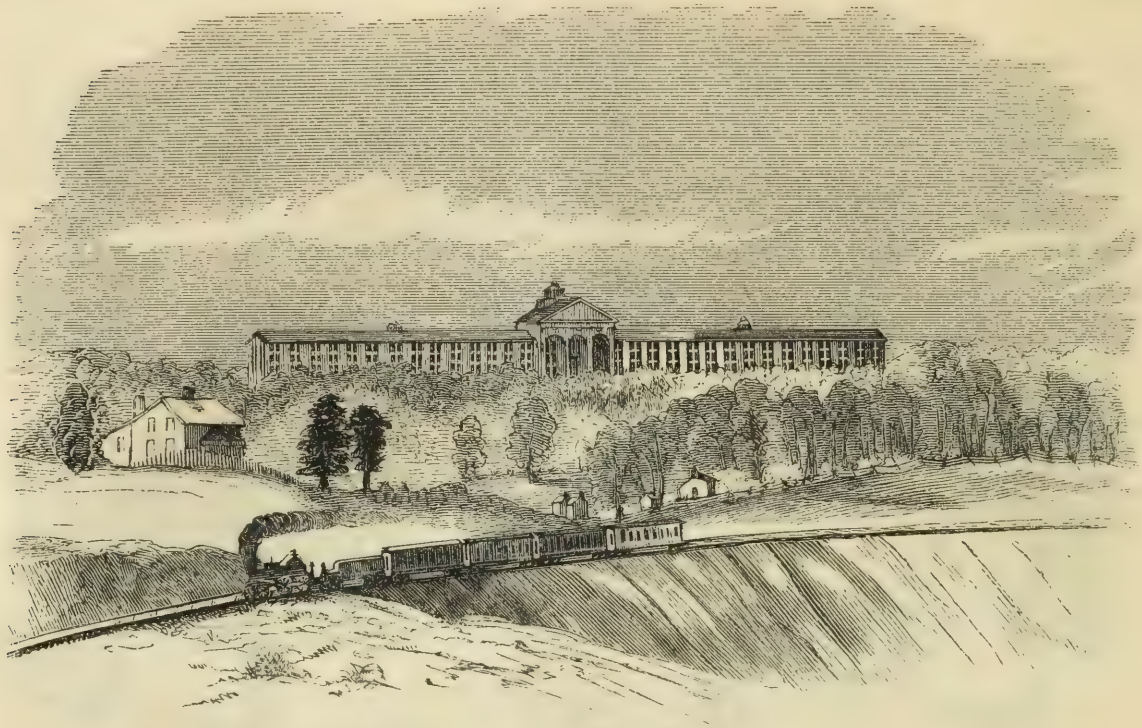
"Bravo! Porte Crayon turned lecturer! You bid fair to rival Ruskin in the crusade against the Greeks and Romans. You and he are harder on them than were the Goths and Vandals."

"But, my dear P——, permit me to explain. You have misunderstood the drift of my remarks—"

"Encore, Sir Critic. You administer the chibouk like a very Fahladeen."

"Now pray be quiet, and I'll tell you an anecdote appropriate to the subject:

"A provincial society of literati, somewhere in France, wished to compliment Voltaire, and



NORTH CAROLINA ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

voted that his statue should decorate their hall. A young artist of great merit, a native of the province, was commissioned to execute the work. The sage, who was never averse to flattery in any shape, complacently sat for the bust, and an excellent likeness was modeled. The artist was now at a loss how to complete his work. The antique *furore* was then at its height in France, and Hogarth's caricature of a nobleman personating Jupiter, with a big wig, ruffled shirt, and a thunder-bolt in his hand, scarcely surpassed in absurdity many of the serious productions of that ridiculous era. The artist was an honest fellow, and was at his wits' end in endeavoring to reconcile common sense and the spirit of the times. Embroidered cuffs, shirt ruffles, and knee breeches, would not do in marble at all. The wardrobe of antiquity was ransacked, but nothing found to fit Voltaire. Fortunately the severely classic taste could dispense with all costume, even the fig-leaf, so our artist modeled his figure after the Antinous.



THE ARTIST.

"But to see that lean, leering face, that preposterous curled wig and scraggy neck, set upon a round, graceful, fully-developed figure, was inadmissible; the incongruity was too glaring. The head, which had been pronounced a perfect likeness, could not be changed, so he went to work again, and, with much labor, reduced the figure to the meagre standard of the face. The completed statue resembled Voltaire, no doubt, but it also looked like a chimpanzee, or the starved saint done in stone in the Museum at Florence, or the wax-work figure of Calvin Edson at Barnum's—a sculptured horror, a marble joke. The society was outraged. The statue, instead of being inaugurated, was kicked into a cel-



THE SKETCH.

lar; while the unhappy victim of classic taste lost his labor and reputation together, nor is it likely that posterity will ever repair the injustice."

Having passed several days very pleasantly looking at the outside of things in Raleigh, our traveler continued his journey westward, by the North Carolina Railroad. This road traverses the best portion of the State. The face of the country is pleasantly diversified with hill and dale. The sombre vesture of the pine woods is changed for the rich and varied leafing of the upland forest, while evidences of agricultural improvement are manifest on every side. Then, as we pass along, we hear the old familiar names of Revolutionary memory; names that make the heart leap in recalling the wild, romantic details of the Southern war, all the more thrilling that they have escaped the varnish of spiritless limners, and are not heard in the common babblings of fame. But still, in the humble cot and squirely mansion, the memory of these brave deeds and glorious names is fondly cherished.



FEMALE EDUCATION.

"Come hither, Curly-pate; what paper was that you showed your mother just now that delighted her so, and got your pocket filled with ginger-cakes?"

"That, Sir, is a picture of Colonel Washington chasing Tarleton. Mother says I am a great genius."

"Why, Beverly, be quiet. I said no such thing."

"Indeed, madam, this drawing is an astonishing production. The attitudes of his horses are decidedly classic, and seem to have been studied from the Elgin marbles. The boy will doubtless be a great painter some day."



THE PARTISAN LEADER.

"No, I won't. I'll be a soldier, and lead a regiment of horse like Colonel Lee."

"Get away, then; take your tin sword, and make war upon the mullin stalks."

Still rolling westward we pass Hillsborough, the county town of Orange, then the Haw River. At length we approach Greensborough, the county town of Guilford. Here we must tarry to visit the battle-field, which is but a few miles distant.

The town of Greensborough contains about two thousand inhabitants, and is a place of some trade. Except two or three private residences and two seminaries, its buildings, public and private, are poor; and, in short, there is nothing about its exterior either to prepossess or interest the passing traveler. Its two seminaries for the education of young ladies are said to be in a flourishing condition. In North Carolina there are a number of institutions, colleges, etc., for the education of ladies, all in high repute and well attended. Indeed nowhere does this important subject seem to have received more consideration than in this State.

On arriving at Greensborough our traveler ascertained that the site of Martinsville, the old Guilford Court House of Revolutionary times, was five miles distant. As it was too late in

the day to set out for a visit, he passed the afternoon in sauntering about the village, and the evening in poring over "Lee's Memoirs." At an early hour next morning he mounted a horse and trotted off toward Martinsville.

While our hero is making his way through muddy lanes toward this interesting locality, we will compile, from the best authorities, a sketch of one of the most important battles that was fought during the war of the Revolution.

The retreat of Greene across the Dan left North Carolina virtually in the hands of the British. Having been unable to bring his adversary to battle, Cornwallis retired to Hillsborough, from whence he issued proclamations to every quarter, calculated to induce the Tory population to rise and join the royal standard. This was what Greene most feared; and the possibility that these efforts might prove successful, kept him uneasy amidst the safety and abundance of his camp in Halifax. Scarcely did he allow the troops time for repose after their arduous retreat, before he detached a light corps, under Pickens and Lee, across the Dan, to hang on the skirts of the enemy, and, if possible, to repress any attempt on the part of the loyalists to embody. The terrible fate of Pyle and his followers seemed effectually to have accomplished this result; yet, so anxious was the American commander on the subject, that he would not wait for his expected reinforcements and munitions, but recrossed the Dan, with the main army, on the 23d of February.

This movement was followed by a series of skillful manœuvres which lasted for ten days; the British Commander endeavoring to force, and the American to avoid, a general action. Greene, as usual, was successful; while Cornwallis, foiled and tired of this unavailing pursuit, retired to a position on Deep River for the purpose of giving repose to his wearied troops.

In the mean time the loyalist population, warned by the slaughter of Pyle's command,



LORD CORNWALLIS.

and awed by the unconquered attitude of the American forces, preferred to remain quiescent until victory had declared for one side or the other. The expected reinforcements having at length arrived, Greene determined to give his enemy the long-sought-for opportunity of battle. He advanced and, on the 14th of March, took his position at Guilford Court House, within twelve miles of the enemy. His prompt and confident adversary accepted the challenge without hesitation. Early on the morning of the fifteenth he was in motion.

Tidings of his approach having been conveyed to the American commander at four o'clock in the morning, he ordered his van to arms and to breakfast with all soldierly haste, while Colonel Lee, with his cavalry, was sent forward to reconnoitre. Having advanced two or three miles, this officer met his scouts retiring before the troops of Tarleton. Believing that the main body of the British army was at hand, Lee ordered his column to retire by troops, taking distance for open evolution. The rear troop went off at full gallop, followed by the centre. The front troop, to gain the open order required, necessarily kept their horses at a walk. The enemy, mistaking the object of this movement, and supposing it the prelude to flight, made a dash at this troop, hoping thereby to hasten their pace. Finding that their advance was unnoticed, they fired their pistols, shouted, and pushed upon them a second time until their leading sections had nearly closed with the Americans. Astonished that their noise and bravadoes had in no way accelerated the pace of the legionary horse, they drew up, not knowing what to make of the sullen impassiveness of their enemy. At this moment Lee ordered the charge. The troop wheeled suddenly, and their pent up fury burst upon the foe like a thunderbolt. The columns met in a lane, and the En-



NATHANIEL GREENE.



COLONEL HENRY LEE.

glish were literally ridden down and trampled under foot by the powerful horses of the legionary troopers. About thirty were killed, and the rest fled with all speed upon the main body. The bodies of the overthrown men and horses so encumbered the lane that direct pursuit was impeded, and having attempted in vain to overtake and cut off the flying corps by a circuitous route, Lee continued his retreat, and took the position assigned him on the left of the American army.

Greene's force was posted on a wooded hill, drawn up in three lines, the two first composed of militia, and the third of his Continentals, consisting of four regiments from Virginia and Maryland.

Colonel William Washington's cavalry, with some sharp-shooters, protected the right flank, while Lee's legion, with the Virginia riflemen, covered the left. Two pieces of artillery were placed in the rear line with the Continentals, while two six-pounders were so posted as to command the road by which the enemy was expected to advance. All told, the American force numbered four thousand five hundred men; of these about seventeen hundred were Continentals, the rest militia. Their position was chosen with ability, the woodland affording every advantage to the militia and riflemen, who were accustomed to that kind of fighting. They had too, a superior and effective cavalry, and in artillery were equal to the enemy. To counterbalance these advantages, however, it must be considered that militia, whatever may be their numerical superiority, have generally been found valueless and unreliable when opposed to regular troops; that a large portion even of the Continentals, were new levies, and that the whole army was comparatively ill-equipped and scantily provided with ammunition.

The British force consisted—horse, foot, and artillery—of about two thousand men. But these were all veteran troops, completely armed and equipped, inured to war and accustomed to victory.

Cornwallis made his disposition for the attack with an audacity which nothing but an entire confidence in his troops and his previous successes could have justified. From a letter, it appears that he supposed his adversary to be about seven thousand strong; and this supposed force, strongly posted, as he was aware, he hastens eagerly to attack with but two thousand men, as if he had been beforehand assured of victory.

No sooner had the British column deployed and commenced marching to the attack than the militia forming the left of the front line were seized with a panic, and fled, before a man of them had been either killed or wounded. Many of them did not even discharge their guns, but left them loaded, sticking between the rails of the fence behind which they were posted. In vain did their officers attempt to rally this terror-stricken herd; in vain did Lee threaten to fall upon them with his dragoons, and cut them to pieces. The panic was complete and final. The gap thus ignominiously left was immediately seized by the enemy, giving him a powerful advantage at the commencement of the onset, and throwing the flanking legion out of combination with the rest of the army. But this auspicious beginning did not give to the enemy the speedy triumph it seemed to promise. The Virginia militia fought



COLONEL WILLIAM WASHINGTON.

with extraordinary courage and obstinacy, and did every thing that raw troops could do against the highly-disciplined and indomitable valor of their adversaries.

The first and second lines were at length driven in, and the enemy became engaged with the third line, composed of Continental troops.

At this period of the battle Greene had every hope of obtaining a complete victory, and but for a disaster similar to that which occurred in the commencement of the battle, this hope would, doubtless, have been realized.

The enemy under Lieutenant-Colonel Webster had received a check from the first regiment of Marylanders under Gunby. The second regiment, however, when assailed by a battalion of the English Guards, led by Colonel Stuart, broke and fled, leaving two pieces of artillery in the hands of the enemy. The attempt of the Guards to pursue the flying regiment was checked by the First Marylanders, and at this point Washington fell upon them with his cavalry. This charge of horse was seconded by Colonel Howard with the bayonet. The Guards were ridden down and cut to pieces. Colonel Stuart fell by the sword of Captain Smith of the Marylanders.

When Cornwallis saw the remnant of this battalion flying before the advancing corps, he directed the fire of his artillery upon the mingled mass of pursuers and pursued. Brigadier O'Hara remonstrated, exclaiming that the fire would destroy the Guards. Cornwallis replied, "It is a necessary evil which we must endure, to arrest impending destruction."

Cornwallis went in person to direct these measures to stop the advance of the Americans, and in so doing exposed himself to imminent peril, as the following anecdote from Marshall's Life of Washington will show:

"After passing through the Guards into the open ground, Washington, who always led the van, perceived an officer surrounded by several persons, appearing to be aids-de-camp. Believing this to be Lord Cornwallis, he rushed



COLONEL JOHN E. HOWARD.



THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

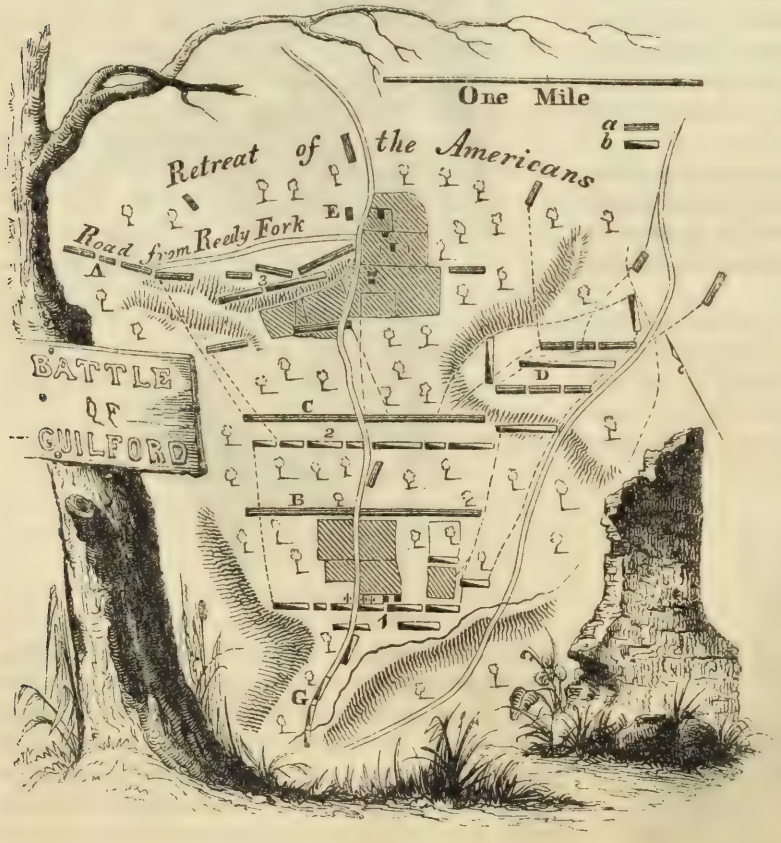
on with the hope of making him prisoner, when he was arrested by an accident. His cap fell from his head, and as he leaped to the ground to recover it, the officer leading his column was shot through the body and rendered incapable of managing his horse. The animal wheeled round with his rider and galloped off the field. He was followed by all the cavalry, who supposed the movement had been directed."

Howard, with the infantry, believing himself to be out of support retired to his former position. Lee's legion in the mean time had fought its way back to the left of the main body of Continentals, and it is probable, if Greene had been informed of this, and aware of the condi-



BATTLE-GROUND AT GUILFORD.*

tion of his enemy, he would have persevered and won the battle. As it was, the greater part of the militia had left the field, he had found it impossible to rally the second Marylanders, and supposing Lee's command to have been either destroyed or cut off from the army, he determined not to risk the annihilation of his force but to draw off while he could. A Virginia regiment which had not yet tasted battle was ordered to the rear to cover the retreat, which was effected deliberately and without disturbance, as the enemy were in no condition to pursue.



PLAN OF BATTLE OF GUILFORD.

The American loss in this battle, in killed, wounded, and missing, was about four hundred men; that of the enemy was little less than six hundred, nearly one-third of the force engaged. The victory belonged to the British, but Fox said truly in the House of Commons, "Another such victory would destroy the British army."

A few days after saw the victorious Cornwallis in full retreat on Wilmington and the beaten Greene in hot pursuit, seeking battle and unable to obtain it. With his victory the British commander lost every thing for which he had so skillfully and arduously contended. Although defeated, the sagacious American regained his ascendency in North Carolina, and struck terror into the hearts of the loyalists over the whole South.

Such was the battle of Guilford, and such its results.

Porte Crayon at length ar-

* The view of the Battle-ground of Guilford is copied from Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution." "This view," says Mr. Lossing, "is from the eminence southwest of the old Guilford Court-House. The log-house, partially clap-boarded, seen on the right, was uninhabited. In the distance, near the centre, is seen Martinsville, and between it and the foreground is the rolling vale, its undulations furrowed by many gulleys. In an open field, on the left of the road, seen in the hollow toward the left of the picture, was the fiercest part of the battle, where Washington charged upon the Guards. Upon the ridge extending to the right, through the centre of the picture, the second line (Virginians) was posted. The snow was falling very fast when I made this sketch. Our point of view, at the old log-house, is the extreme westerly view of the field of controversy."

rived at Martinsville, and the results of his visit we will give in his own words.

"It was," said he, "with a feeling of indescribable interest, mingled with something of awe, that I reined up my horse in the midst of a group of ruined chimneys and decayed wooden houses, all, save one, silent and deserted. There was no human being in sight of whom to make inquiry, but I knew instinctively that I was upon the field of Guilford. The face of the country answered so well to the descriptions which I had read, and there had been apparently so little change since the day of the battle, that there was no difficulty in recognizing the localities. Unmarred by monuments, uncontaminated by improvements, the view of the silent, lonely fields and woods brought the old times back, so fresh, so real, so near. Come, wizard fancy, with thy spell of gramarye! fling me a picture of the fight!

"The hills are again crowned with armed battalions. The rolling of drums, the startling bugle call, the voice of command, break the silence of the budding forest. There, swarming in the thicket, near the edge of the wood and behind the protecting fences, are the unskillful militia, valiant in pot houses but unreliable in the field, hearkening, with fainting hearts, to the mingled threats and encouragement of their leaders, ready to fire and run away at the first burst of battle.

"Manœuvring on either flank are the snorting squadrons of Washington and Lee, whose flashing sabres have already tasted blood. In the distance are seen the serried lines of the grim Continentals, men of reliable mettle, who can hear the battle going on around them and bide their time; who, unmoved and scornful, see the panic-stricken herds of friends fly past them, and then rush gallantly to meet the bayonets of their enemies.

"The cannon are posted; the ready artillerist holds the lighted match. Alternately anxious and hopeful, the American commander reviews his order of battle. It is all wisely considered and complete. For the result, 'Trust in God, and fire low!'

"The hour of impending battle is always terrible. To the commoner mind the question of life or death is presented with awful distinctness, while the nobler soul is torn with more complicated emotions: 'Shall victory or defeat be ours? honor or disgrace? a liberated country or a despot's bloody sword?'

"Hark! the rolling of the English drums! Like an electric shock it shakes the thousands that stand expectant upon the embattled hill! Now the coward's cheek blanches, as with impotent and trembling haste he fumbles his musket lock. Now the warm blood rushes to the brow of the brave, and with fiercer eagerness he grasps his sword hilt. The head of the advancing column is already in sight. The sun's rays glance upon their burnished arms:

> "'And more. Behold how fair arrayed
> They file from out the hawthorn shade,
> And sweep so gallant by!
> St. George might waken from the dead
> To see fair England's banners fly.'

"As the column deploys in the open ground, white wreaths of smoke rise from the wood, and the thunder of cannon proclaims that the battle is begun. Then, as the audacious Briton, in long scarlet lines, advances steadily to the attack, the crash of small arms is heard along the American line. Soon the tree-tops are hidden with the rolling smoke, and the volleying musketry of the English, mingling with the contin-



GUILFORD COURT-HOUSE.



FINDING THE GUN-LOCK.

uous roar of the American fire, swells the terrible anthem of battle.

"The American lines are broken, and the tide of war rolls on until the intrepid assailants meet, in the Continental line, foes more worthy of their steel:

> "'The war which for a space did fail,
> Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale.'

"Then, then Virginia, it was a joy, that even defeat and disaster can not blight, to see that haughty battalion of Guards flying in wild disorder from the wood, while thy fiery horsemen, with hoof and sabre, trampled them in the dust!

"I rose in my stirrups, and gave a shout that made old Guilford's echoes ring again, and alarmed a plowman on a hill half a mile off.

"So bidding adieu to fancy, I set off to see the plowman, wishing to make some more particular inquiries about the localities. I found him intelligent and disposed to be communicative. He indicated the different points where the hardest fighting had been, showed an old tree which had been struck by a cannon-shot, and said that in plowing, even at this day, he frequently turned up bullets, bayonets, and portions of arms and accoutrements that had withstood the tooth of time.

"'One day,' said he, 'as I was plowing near my house thar, my little daughter found in the furrow a complete musket-lock, much rusted and standing at full cock. That,' continued the countryman, 'set me to thinking more than any thing I have yet seen. It looked more like fighting. The man that cocked that gun was killed perhaps before he had time to pull the trigger.

"'Many a time, Sir, when I am idle, I take that lock in my hand and look at it, until I feel curious like, as though the battle that was fought so many years ago was somehow brought nearer to us.'

"This quaint talisman that wrought so powerfully on the imagination of the unlettered plowman, might even set more learned men to thinking.

"Taking a friendly leave of the countryman, I returned to Greensborough in time to dine and meet the cars for Salisbury.

"While I was waiting for the train, a raw-looking chap, about three feet across the shoulders, squared himself in front of me, and treated himself to a long, deliberate, and apparently very satisfactory stare. Notwithstanding the lofty themes which had occupied my thoughts during the morning, I permitted my indignation to betray me into an unjustifiable act, for I revenged myself behind his back."



REVENGE.

THE SHAKERS.

I WAS at the Canaan railway station in Columbia County, New York, at the middle of a cool and brilliant day in August. I had come from no matter where, and my destination was the beautiful Lebanon Valley, from whose northern margin healing fountains gush out, and attract the sick and the fashionable in the pleasant summer-time. The stage-coach departed on its journey of seven miles from Canaan to Lebanon at half past one o'clock, with nine passengers inside, and three, besides myself, upon the driver's box and the seat upon the roof. Seldom have I enjoyed a journey more. The air was pure and invigorating; the firmament was full of detached masses of magnificent clouds; the foliage of shrub and tree was as rich as in wealthy June, and over hill, and valley,



SHAKER COSTUME.*

and intervale, broad shadows, like phantoms, were chasing each other in the noonday splendors that filled earth and air.

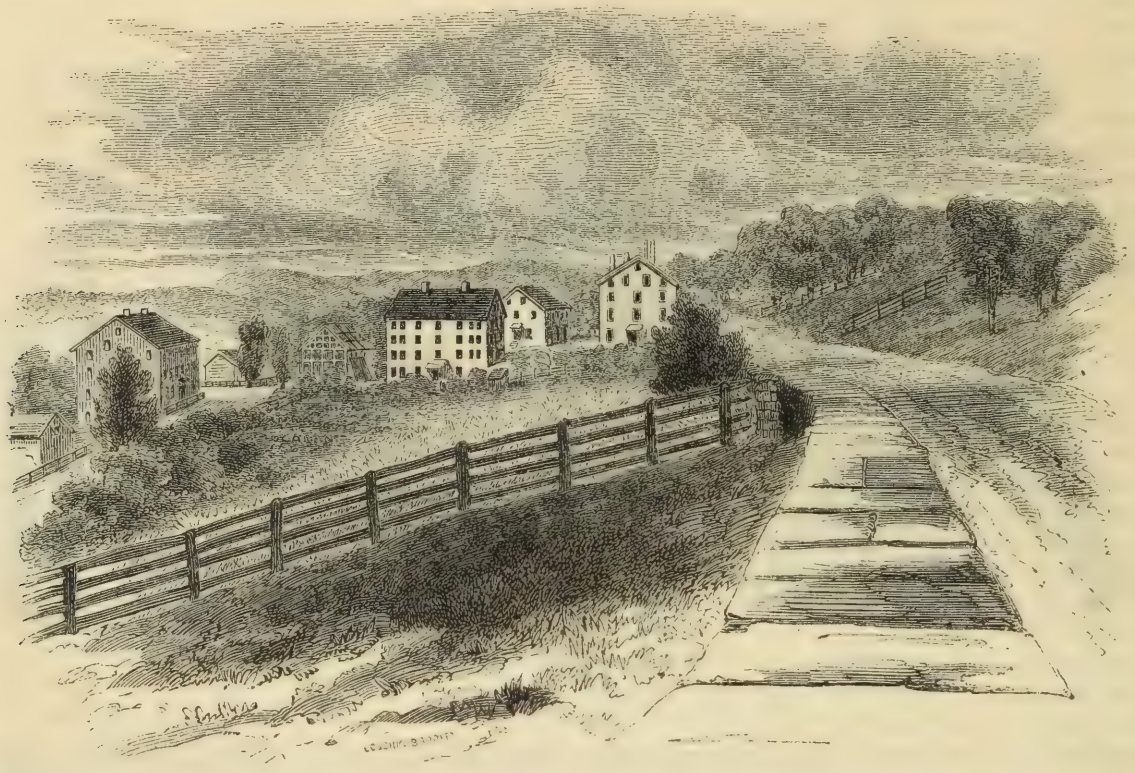
The road was smooth but extremely sinuous, for it passed through a hilly country, over the whole surface of which the hand of industry had laid its impressions of cultivation. Down in the valleys the eye rested upon variegated fields, lying there like rich carpets; and up the slopes, to the very summits of the hills, depending from tufts of forest, was tapestry more gorgeous than ever came from the looms of Gobelin. Orchards, grain-fields, meadows, pastures, farm-houses, churches, little villages—these dotted the country in every direction, and each turn in the road brought a new surprise. Beauties came, one after another, like the pictures of a moving panorama; and when, within three miles of Lebanon Springs, a sudden turn gave us a full view of the lovely valley through which their waters flow and two quiet villages lie nestled, a cloud of regret shadowed the sunny feeling which the scene had inspired, for a longer enjoyment of such exquisite pleasure was coveted.

In a few moments new emotions were excited, for on the right, stretching along upon a noble mountain terrace, half way between the deep green valley and the bending sky, lay the Shaker village, surrounded by slopes enriched by the most perfect culture. A portion of it was half hidden by trees and a vail of blue smoke, while the polished metal roof of the house of worship sparkled in the rays of the sun like a cluster of stars.

We arrived at Lebanon Springs at about three o'clock. They gush out from the rocks of a rugged hillside, at the rate of fourteen barrels a minute, and around them is now seated a thriving little village, the offspring of the popularity of the waters. Their taste is like that of rain-water—soft and sweet—and the temperature at all seasons is seventy-three degrees. Gas is continually escaping with a crackling sound, and the water is perfectly limpid. Over the main fountain stoops a magnificent sycamore, full ten feet in circumference at its base, which was planted there by the original proprietor of the spring, after it had been used by him as a riding-whip for a whole day.

But it was not Lebanon Springs, nor the crowd gathered there, nor the good fare and round of amusements enjoyed by the guests at the hotels, that had invited me to that beautiful valley and its noble surroundings. I had come to visit the people in that quiet Shaker village upon the mountain terrace, and learn what I could of their history, their social condition, their daily avocations, industrial economy, and religious belief. So, after dinner, I started on foot for a ramble down the valley, and following a winding road up the slope entered the mysterious village from the north a little before sunset, beneath the arching and interlacing boughs of grand old trees. Not a leaf trembled upon its stem; for the zephyrs were asleep, and scarcely a sound was heard but the lowing of cows in the distance, and the footfalls of strange-looking men and women, seen here and there in the village, moving with quick and earnest pace in their daily walk of duty. Looking down into the valley where the golden light of the evening sun lay warm and harmonizing, the sweet words of Gray came out from the closet of memory, and murmured on the lips—

* This cut shows the various costumes of the Shakers at home and abroad. Figures 1 and 7 show the worship-costume of a man and woman; Figure 2, that of the field and shop laborer; Figure 3, an Elder; Figures 4 and 5, traveling costume; and Figure 6, a half-dress costume.



NORTHERN PORTION OF THE SHAKER VILLAGE.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

As I walked into the village, serenity and peace seemed to pervade the very air! Placidity dwelt upon every face I met. And there were children, too, with cheerful faces peering out from their broad hats and deep bonnets, for they were all dressed like old men and women. I marveled at the sight of children in that isolated world of bachelors and maidens, forgetting that it was a refuge for orphans who are unsheltered in the stormy world without.

It was Saturday evening. The weekly toil of the community had ceased, and a Sabbath stillness brooded over the populous town. Immense dwellings filled with men and women, and extensive workshops supplied with choicest implements, lined the one broad street. Order and Neatness there held high court with a majesty I had never before seen. The very dust in the road seemed pure, and the virtue "next to godliness" was apparent upon every stone.

Near the centre of the village is a large brick building, painted a chocolate color, in the lower part of which is the Office and Store of the community. There I found several of the brethren and sisters, who received me kindly, and at my request they directed me to the dwelling of Elders Bushnell and Evans, two of the principal men in the village. To them I frankly stated the object of my visit, and was cordially invited to partake of the hospitalities of the community, while I remained among them. An excellent supper was prepared for me, and early in the evening I returned to the family at the store, where I passed the night.

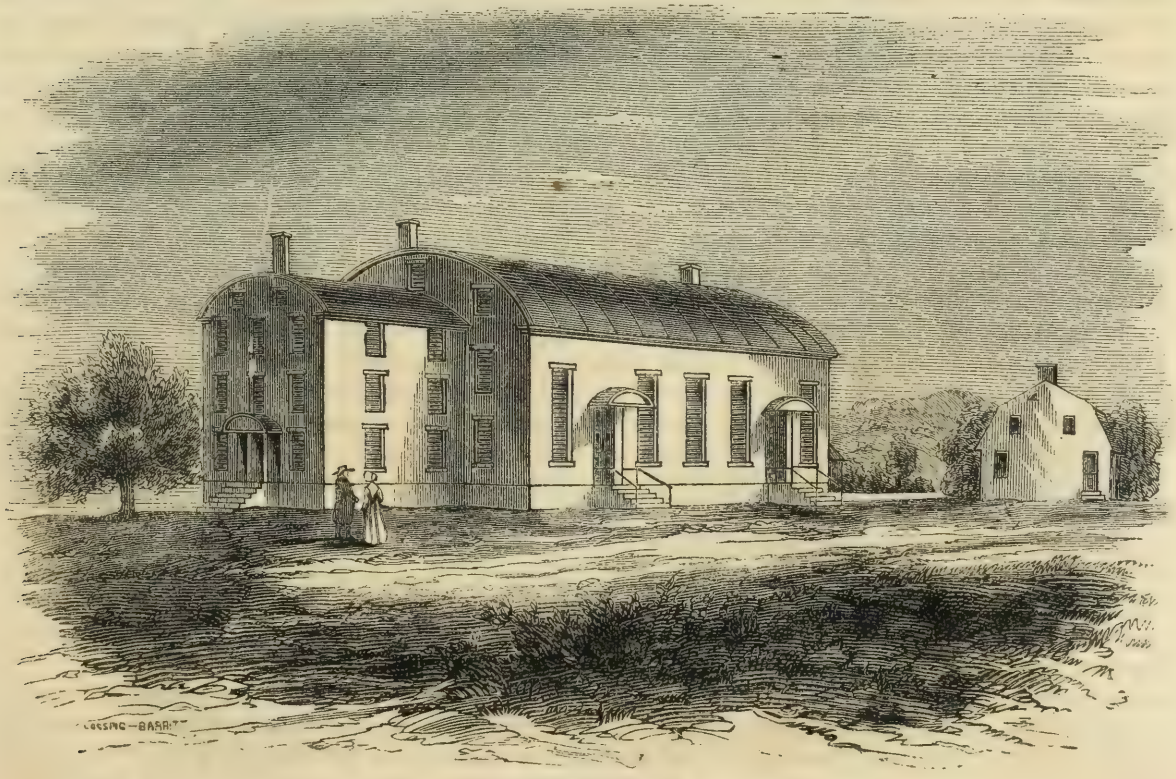


THE OFFICE AND STORE.

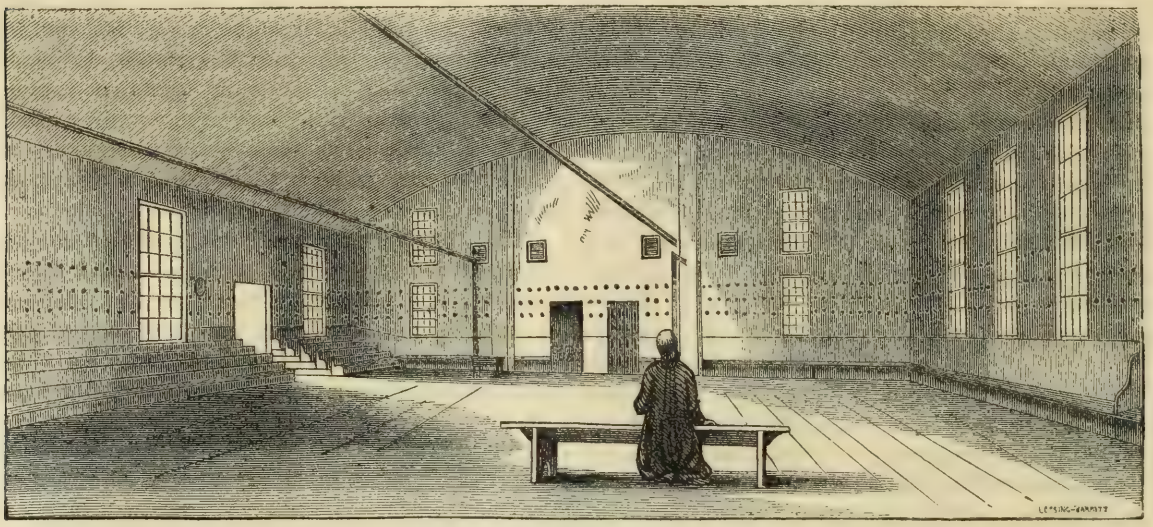
There I found Edward Fowler, the chief business-man of the Society, and had a long and instructive conversation with him respecting the temporalities of the Shakers. While thus engaged, I heard the sounds of music and dancing, and was told that the family (about sixty in number), on the opposite side of the street, were engaged in their usual evening worship. Curiosity at once led me thither. There, collected in a large room devoted to the purpose, were a large number of men and women, engaged in the peculiar religious rites of Shaker family worship. They sang hymns and lively spiritual songs, all of which were accompanied by dances and marches, conducted in an orderly, and, at times, very impressive manner. These exercises were interspersed with brief exhortations by both men and women; and in the general order of the ritual, it was not much unlike their public ceremonials on the Sabbath. There I saw what the eye of the stranger seldom sees. It was a physical "manifestation of the power of God," as they call it. One of the younger brethren, standing in the middle of the room, stretched out his arms and commenced whirling, not rapidly, but steadily, and continued to turn, as if upon a pivot, at least an hour, without cessation, the recipient of the "gift" being apparently unconscious of all that was passing around him. Except in costume, he strongly resembled a whirling Dervish, such as travelers frequently see in the East. This family worship continued about an hour and a half, when I retired to the room assigned me, filled with new emotions, for I was in the midst of social and religious novelties.

The Sabbath dawn was brilliant, and the beauty of the day was memorable. Opposite my lodgings was the house for public worship, a spacious frame building, painted white, with an arched roof. At its southern end is a smaller building, which they call the Porch, in which the chief ministers, two men and two women, reside. This edifice, built about thirty years ago, is a few yards from the first Shaker meeting-house erected in Lebanon, and which is yet standing.

The hour for the commencement of worship was half past ten. Half an hour earlier a long wagon arrived, in which were two brethren and several sisters from the "East Family," who reside partly over the mountain. At the same time vehicles came with visitors from Lebanon Springs, and soon the seats between the entrance doors, called the "lobby," were filled by "the Gentiles," the sexes being separated, the men on the left of the women. The floor, made of white pine, was as clean as a dining table. On the side of the room opposite the seats of the strangers were rows of movable benches, and upon them the sisters who came from a distance began to gather, after hanging their bonnets upon wooden pegs provided for the purpose. In the ante-rooms on the left, the brethren and sisters of the village were assembled, the sexes being separated. At the appointed hour they all came in in couples, stood a moment in silence, and then sat down, the men and women facing each other. Adults and children were dressed precisely alike. With the exception of the resident elders and some visiting brethren, the men were in their shirt sleeves. Their Sunday costume consists of pantaloons of blue linen, with a fine white stripe in it; vests of a much deeper blue, and plain, made of *linsey-woolsey* (woolen and linen); stout calf-skin shoes and gray stockings. Their shirt-collars and bosoms are made of cotton, like the body; the collar is



THE MEETING-HOUSE.



INTERIOR OF THE MEETING-HOUSE.

fastened with three buttons and turned over. The women wear, on Sunday, some a pure white dress, and others a white dress with a delicate blue stripe in it. Over their necks and bosoms were pure white kerchiefs, and over the left arm of each was carried a large white pocket-handkerchief. Their heads were covered with lawn caps, the form of all, for both old and young, being alike. They project so as to fully conceal the cheeks in profile. Their shoes, sharp-toed and high-heeled, according to the fashion of the day when the Society was formed, were made of prunella, of a brilliant ultramarine blue. Such was the appearance of the worshipers in the presence of at least six hundred strangers, attracted there by curiosity.

The worshipers soon arose, and approached from opposite ends of the room, until the two front rows were within two yards of each other, the women modestly casting their eyes to the floor. The benches were then instantly removed. There they stood in silence, in serried columns like platoons in military, while two rows of men and women stood along the wall, facing the audience. From these came a grave personage, and standing in the centre of the worshipers, addressed them with a few words of exhortation. All stood in silence for a few minutes at the conclusion of his remarks, when they began to sing a hymn of several verses to a lively tune, and keeping time with their feet. In this, as in all of their songs and hymns, they did not pause at the end of each verse, but kept on without rest and with many repetitions until the whole hymn was completed. Elder Evans then came forward, and addressing a few words to the audience, asked them to regard the acts of worship before them with respectful attention. This request was unnecessary, for there was nothing in the entire performance calculated to elicit any other than feelings of deepest respect and serious contemplation.

After two other brethren had given brief "testimonies," the worshipers all turned their backs to the audience, except those of the two wall rows, and commenced a backward and forward march, or dance, in a regular springing step, keeping time to the music of their voices, while their hands hung closely to their sides. The wall rows alone kept time with their hands moving up and down, the palms turned upward. The singing appeared like a simple refrain and a chorus of too-ral-loo, too-ral-loo, while all the movements with hand, foot, and limb were extremely graceful.

The worshipers now stood in silence a few moments, when they commenced singing another hymn, with chorus like the last. When it was ended they retired to each end of the room, the benches were replaced, and the men and women again sat down opposite each other. Elder Evans then came forward, and, in an able discourse of almost an hour, expounded the peculiar doctrines of the Shakers, especially that which relates to the duality of God as male and female, and the second advent of Christ upon earth in the person of Ann Lee, the founder of the Society. When he had ceased all the worshipers arose, the benches were removed, and they formed themselves into serried ranks as before. Then, with graceful motions, they gradually changed their position into circular form, all the while moving with springing step, in unison with a lively tune. In the centre stood twenty-four singers in a circle, twelve men and twelve women; and around them, in two concentric circles, marched and countermarched the remainder of the worshipers, the men three and the women two abreast. A brief pause and they commenced another lively tune and march, all keeping time with their hands moving up and down, and occasionally clapping them three or four times in concert. The women were now three and the men two abreast. When the hymn ceased, with a prolonged strain, they all turned their faces toward the inner circle of singers.

After another pause the worshipers commenced a hymn in slow and plaintive strain. The music was unlike any thing I had ever heard; beautiful, impressive, and deeply sol-

emn. As it died away, the clear musical voice of a female was heard from the external circle, telling, in joyful cadence, how happy she felt as a member of that pure and holy community. To this many among the worshipers gave words of hearty concurrence. Another sweet female voice then commenced a hymn in which "Mother Ann" was celebrated. The entire body of worshipers formed into a single line, marched slowly around the central circle of singers, and as the strain ceased their hands fell gracefully to their sides, their bodies were inclined gently forward, and their thin hands were slowly raised and clasped over the waist.

After a brief pause they commenced singing a lively spiritual song. The worshipers now formed four circles, with the singers as the central one, and held each other by the hand, the men and women separately. These circles symbolized the four great Dispensations—the first from Adam to Abraham; the second from Abraham to Jesus; the third from Jesus to "Mother Ann;" and the fourth the present, which they hold to be the millennial period. In this hymn they sang of UNION, as exhibited by their linked hands; and when it had ceased they all lifted up their hands, and gave a subdued shout—the shout of victory—the final victory of Christ in all the earth, and the triumphs of the Shaker, or Millennial Church.

Three or four more songs and hymns, with graceful dances or marches, and the ceremonials drew to a close. While singing the last sweet song, the men and women took their respective places at each end of the room, and stood facing each other. Elder Evans then addressed a few words of encouragement to them, and stepping forward, thanked the audience for their kind attention, and informed them that the meeting was closed.

From that house of strange worship every "Gentile" seemed to depart with serious feelings. Whatever may have been the scenes among the Shakers in former times or in other communities, of which many have spoken with contempt and ridicule, it can not be denied that their public worship at Lebanon is dignified, solemn, and deeply impressive. We may differ from them in opinion as to its propriety, but we must accord to them great earnestness and sincerity. Their songs and hymns breathe a pure and Christian spirit; and their music, unlike any to be heard elsewhere, captivates the ear because of its severe simplicity and perfect melody. Their movements in the dance or march, whether natural or studied, are all graceful and appropriate; and as I gazed upon that congregation of four or five hundred worshipers marching and countermarching in perfect time, I felt certain that, were it seen upon a stage as a theatrical exhibition, the involuntary exclamation of even the hypercritical would be, "How beautiful!" The women, clad in white, and moving gracefully, appeared ethereal; and among them were a few very beautiful faces. All appeared happy, and upon each face rested the light of dignified serenity, which always gives power to the features of woman.

On leaving the house of worship I was invited to the dwelling of the preacher, and there I spent the afternoon and evening with him, and some of the brethren and sisters, in pleasant conversation, the chief topic of which was their doctrine and discipline. They accept the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament (our common version) as the true record of the revelation of God



THE DANCE.



SISTERS IN EVERYDAY COSTUME.

to man, and appeal to them for all the proofs of the divinity of their great fundamental doctrines of the duality of God's nature as male and female, and the second appearing of Christ in the person of Ann Lee. From the Scriptures they also draw abundant evidence of the necessity of *celibacy* to the full possession of a true Christian life. In my allotted space, I can only give a brief summary of their faith.

They have no creed, because they believe that the operations of the Divine light are unlimited.

They believe that *The Christ*, a holy spirit, came from the immediate presence of God, and entered into and dwelt with Jesus of Nazareth, the most perfect man that ever lived upon the earth. Jesus predicted the second appearance of *The Christ*, when the millennium should commence. According to their interpretation and calculation of the mystical numbers in the prophecy of Daniel, the reign of Antichrist ended and the millennial dispensation commenced in the year 1747, when the work of preparation for the full display of Gospel truth was begun, under the ministration of James and Jane Wardley, of whom I shall speak presently. *The Christ* manifested in the person of Jesus was the revelation of the *male* nature of God to man; the same manifestation, in the person of Ann Lee, was the revelation of the *female* nature of God to man. Jesus thus became the second Adam, and the head of spiritual generations; and Ann Lee the second Eve, and mother of like offspring. Her work of establishing the true Church upon earth ended in 1792, when, according to their interpretation, the "fullness of time" was accomplished; and those who belong to that Church are the saints who shall "reign a thousand years." They believe that they, as a Church, possess all of the apostolic gifts; and that all external ordinances, especially those of baptism and the Lord's Supper, ceased with the Apostles, and that since their day no man had been truly sent to preach the Gospel until the dawning of this new dispensation. They believe it to be their mission on earth to gather in the elect; and that through Jesus Christ in the true (Shaker) Church God is reconciled to man. They believe that spirits of Shakers have also a holy mission in the future world; namely, to teach the spirits of those who have died out of the Shaker Church on earth the way to a higher sphere of enjoyment, to which alone the true believers ascend. Thus Shakerism is believed to be a sort of normal school for teachers of righteousness and purity in the spirit world.

They believe that no man can be born of God until, in his Church here, he has become assimilated to the character of Jesus Christ, by abstaining from marriage and other defilements; that obedience to that Church increases a man's faith, until he comes to be one with Christ in the Millennial Church state; and that man is a free agent, having the privilege of accepting or rejecting the true light within him, and, consequently, it is in every man's power to be obedient

to the faith. They believe that the Gospel of the *first* resurrection—a resurrection from carnal appetites—is now truly preached in the Church, and that all who are born of God according to this new birth shall never taste of the second death. They believe that in the Christian world, outside of the Millennial Church, professed regeneration is partial; that worldly Christians, by retaining the marriage-relation, are not assimilated to Christ in the purity of his character; and as a consequence of not tasting the happiness of the first resurrection here they can not escape, in part, the second death.

They believe that the wicked are punished only for a season, except those who fall from the true Church, for whom there is no forgiveness in this world nor in the next. They believe that Christ will never make any public appearance on the earth as a single person, but only in his saints; that the judgment-day is now begun in their Church, that the books are opened, that the dead are now rising and coming to judgment (that is, those who come out from the world, and attain to Gospel purity in the Shaker Church), and that they (the Shakers) are set to judge the world, because their Church has risen above the order of natural generation (discarding marriage), and become as Christ was, and that by this means heaven begins upon earth. They thus lose all their sensual and earthly relations to Adam the first, and come to perceive, in clear vision, the true character of God. And they believe that there is no full salvation for those who are out of the pale of the Millennial Church.

They accept, generally, the doctrines of modern Spiritualism, and affirm that such manifestations have prevailed among themselves ever since the establishment of the Millennial Church. There were special manifestations throughout all of the Shaker societies, for seven years, commencing at Lebanon in 1841. The expressed object of these manifestations was the improvement of the young members of the Church, then gathered in. They finally ceased in 1848, but before the close the spirits informed the Shakers that they would soon reappear in the world; that these manifestations would spread throughout the earth; and that the effect would be to subvert all existing systems of religion. They assert that all of the songs and hymns used in their worship are revealed to them, from time to time, by ministering spirits, and that the singers meet once a week to practice the newly revealed production for the coming Sabbath. The music, also, is given to them in the same supernatural way. Sometimes children will break out into singing a song or hymn never before heard among them.

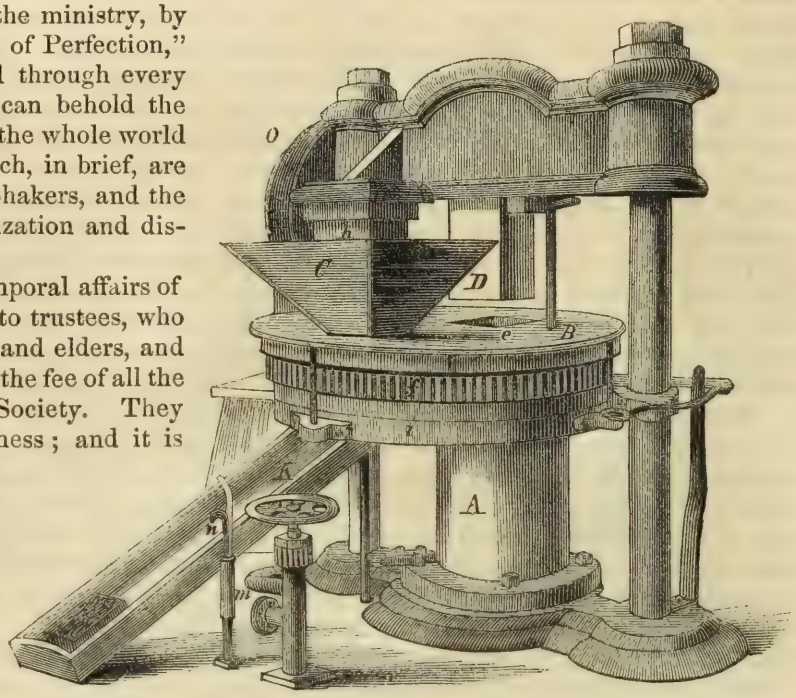
The discipline of the Church is founded upon the asserted perfection of the leaders or teachers. The ministry at Lebanon consists of four persons, two men and two women, who have equal authority in spiritual and temporal matters. These constitute a sort of bishopric, which includes the communities at New Lebanon, Watervliet (Niskayuna), and Groveland. Lebanon is the central society, and the place where general councils are held. Under the ministry, who have supreme control, and possess the power of naming their own successors in office, are elders and eldresses, the sexes, in all cases, holding an equal position. The Lebanon community, consisting of about five hundred persons, is divided into eight families, for the sake of convenience, in each of which are two elders and two eldresses, who have the entire direction of the affairs of the family, and to whom unquestioning obedience is given. The Society is a moral and religious institution, based upon the *twelve* Christian virtues (the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem), namely, Faith, Hope, Honesty, Continence, Innocence, Simplicity, Meekness, Humility, Prudence, Patience, Thankfulness, and Charity; and upon *seven* moral principles (seven golden candlesticks), namely, Duty to God, Duty to Man, Separation from the World, Practical Peace, Simplicity of Language, Right Use of Property, and a Virgin Life.

All persons who unite with the Society must do it voluntarily. The rules and regulations are all laid before them, and it is impossible for a man, with his eyes thus open, to be deceived. The members are divided into three classes, the novitiate, the junior, and the senior class. The first includes those who, by faith, come into a degree of relation to the Society, but who choose to live in their own families, and manage their own temporal concerns. These are owned as brethren and sisters in the Gospel, so long as they live up to its strict requirements of purity of life. The second class consists of those who, having no families, join the Society, but retain the lawful ownership of their private property. They are a sort of probationers and may leave when they please, it being stipulated by written contract when they enter, that they are to receive no pecuniary reward for their services; and also, that, in the event of their presenting property to the Society, it can not be reclaimed when they leave. The third class consists of those who, after long experience, are prepared to enter fully into a united and consecrated interest. This class constitutes what is called church order, or church relation. This relationship is formed after the most mature deliberation, and is binding, because, according to the laws of justice and equity, there can be no ground for retraction. They dedicate themselves, and all they possess, "to the service of God and the support of the pure Gospel, forever." Minors may be admitted as covenant members of this class or order, and when of age may be received into full membership. These covenants are fair and honorable; and it is alleged that during a period of sixty years, since the permanent establishment of the Society, there has never been any legal claim entered for the recovery of property presented to the community.

Obedience, as we have observed, is the great law of the Society. The leaders have absolute authority, and the people implicitly obey them. To them the laity make confessions of all their

sins; and they believe that the ministry, by means of the "Gospel Glass of Perfection," can not only see through and through every member of the Society, but can behold the state of the dead, and survey the whole world of spirits, good and bad. Such, in brief, are the leading doctrines of the Shakers, and the main features of their organization and discipline.

The management of the temporal affairs of the community is committed to trustees, who are appointed by the ministry and elders, and these are legally invested with the fee of all the real estate belonging to the Society. They transact all commercial business; and it is the unanimous testimony of those who have had dealings with them, that no men are more just and upright than they. The chief business trustee of the Lebanon community, and whose name is best known abroad, is Edward Fowler, a middle-sized man, about sixty years of age. With him I visited the various industrial establishments. These are situated in convenient places in various parts of the village. All of them are supplied with the best implements, and are conducted in the most perfect manner. I can do little more, in this paper, than give a bird's-eye view of them.



THE HYDRAULIC PRESS.

Explanation of the Press.—A, the cylinder; B, the platen; C, the hopper into which the herbs are placed, and fall through the platen upon the movable bed *f*, turned by cogs; D, a plunger which presses the herbs; *e*, the orifice in the platen through which the plunger drops; *h*, another plunger that pushes the pressed herb-cake through the lower bed, *i*, into the trough, K; *n*, *m*, apparatus connected with the power below; O, the driving-wheel.

The Herb House, where the various botanical preparations are put up for market, is a frame building in the centre of the village, one hundred and twenty feet in length, and forty feet in width, and two stories and an attic in height. There are some spacious out-houses connected with it. The lower part is used for the business office, store-rooms, and for pressing and packing the herbs and roots. The second story and attic are the drying rooms, where the green herbs are laid upon sheets of canvas, about fourteen inches apart, supported by cords. The basement is devoted to heavy storage and the horse-power by which the press in the second story is worked. That press, seen in the engraving, is one of the most perfect of the kind. It has a power of three hundred tons, and turns out each day about two hundred and fifty pounds of herbs, or six hundred pounds of roots, pressed for use. This performance will be doubled when steam shall be applied to the press. The herbs and roots come out in solid cakes, an inch thick, and seven and a quarter inches square, weighing a pound each. These are then taken into another room, where they are kept in small presses, arranged in a row, so as to preserve their form until placed in papers and labeled. During the year 1855 about seventy-five tons of roots



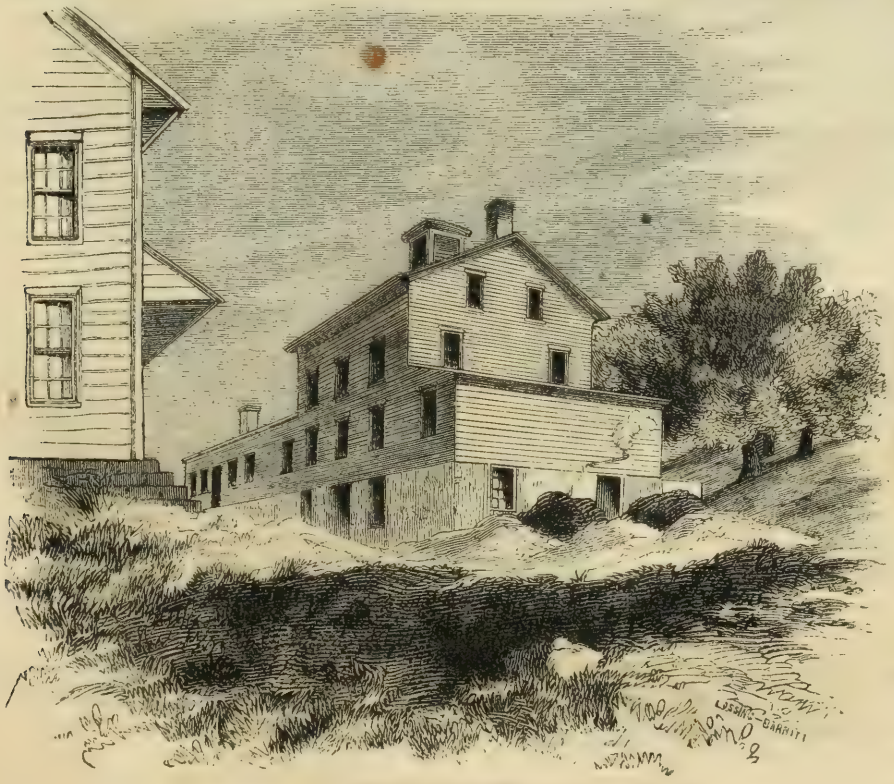
THE HERB HOUSE.



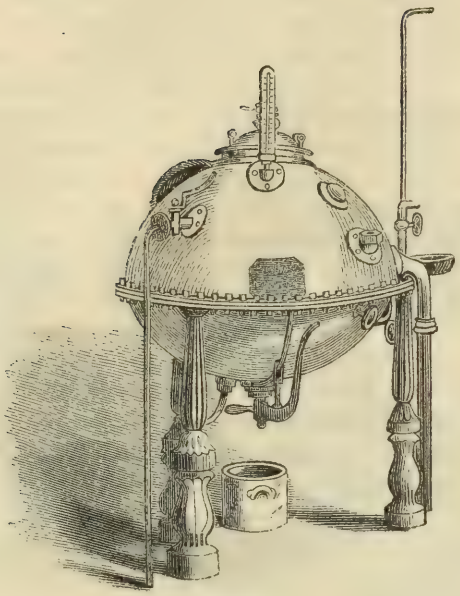
THE LABORATORY.

and herbs were pressed in that establishment. About ten persons are continually employed in this business, and occasionally twice that number are there, engaged in picking over the green herbs and cleansing the roots brought from the medicinal fields and gardens. The extra laborers are generally females. These fields and gardens cover about seventy-five acres, a portion of which is devoted to the cultivation of various herbs and vegetables for their seeds.

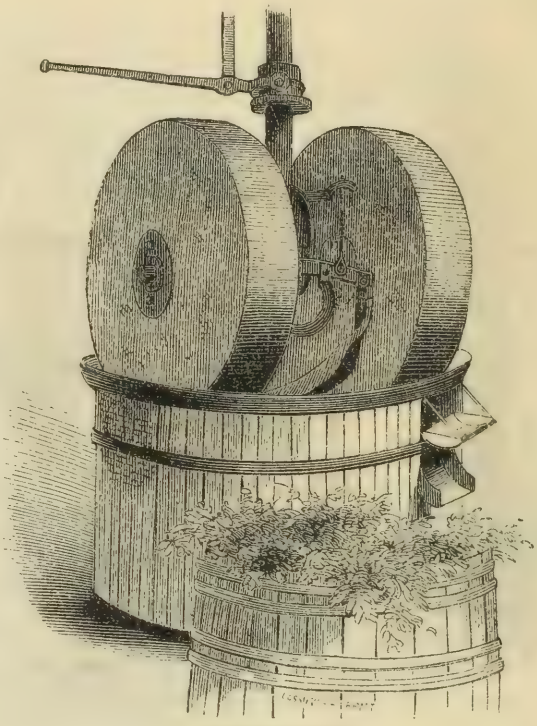
The Extract House, in which is the laboratory for the preparation of juices for medical purposes, is a large frame building, thirty-six by one hundred feet. It was erected in 1850. It is supplied with the most perfect apparatus, and managed by James Long, a skillful chemist, and a member of the Society. In the principal room of the laboratory the chief operations of cracking, steaming, and pressing the roots and herbs are carried on, together with the boiling of the juices thus extracted. In one corner is a large boiler, into which the herbs or roots are placed and steam introduced. From this boiler the steamed herbs are conveyed to grated cylinders, and subjected to immense pressure. The juices thus expressed are then put in copper pans, inclosed in iron jackets, in such manner that steam is introduced between the jackets and the pans, and the liquid boiled down to the proper consistency for use. Some juices, in order to avoid the destruction or modification of their medical properties, are conveyed to an upper room, and there boiled in a huge copper *vacuum pan*, from which, as its name implies, the air has been exhausted. This allows the liquid to boil at a much lower temperature than it



EXTRACT HOUSE.



VACUUM PAN.

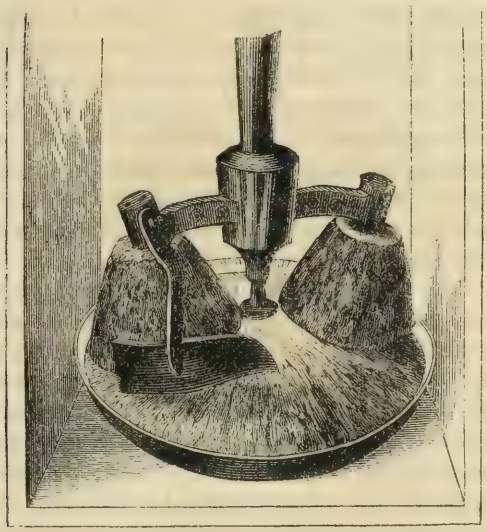


CRUSHING MILL.

would in the open air. In a room adjoining the vacuum pan are mills for reducing dried roots to impalpable powder. These roots are first cracked to the size of "samp" in the room below, by being crushed under two huge discs of Esopus granite, each four feet in diameter, a foot in thickness and a ton in weight. These are made to revolve in a large vessel by steam power. The roots are then carried to the mills above. These are made of two upper and a nether stone of Esopus granite. The upper stones are in the form of truncated cones, and rest upon the nether stone, which is beveled. A shaft in the centre, to which they are attached by arms, makes them revolve, and at the same time they turn upon their own axes. The roots ground under them by this double motion are made into powder almost impalpable.



FINISHING ROOM.



POWDERING MILL.

In a building near the Extract House is the Finishing Room, where the preparations, already placed in phials, bottles, and jars, are labeled and packed for market. This service is performed by two women; and from this room those materials, now so extensively used in the materia medica, are sent forth. These extracts are of the purest kind. The water used for the purpose is conveyed through earthen pipes from a pure mountain spring, an eighth of a mile distant, which is singularly free from all earthy matter. This is of infinite importance in the preparation of these medicinal juices. They are, consequently, very popular, and the business is annually increasing. During the year 1855 they prepared at that laboratory and sold about fourteen thousand pounds. The chief products are the extracts of dandelion and butternut. Of the former, during that year, they put up two thousand five hundred pounds; of the latter, three thousand pounds.

The Seed House—the depository of the popular Shaker Garden Seeds—is the ancient church edifice, one of the oldest buildings in the village. This, as we have observed, stands near the new church. Directly in the rear of it is a large pond, on the margin of which is the Tannery of the Society. At the southern end of the village is the Dairy; and in several other places are workshops, in which brooms, mats, wooden ware, etc., etc., are manufactured. These, and many useful articles of taste, manufactured in the village, are sold at the store to visitors during the summer. Of the minor industrial operations of the community I have not space to make a record. Suffice it to say, that in every department perfect order and neatness prevail. System is every where observed, and all operations are carried on with exact economy. Every man, woman, and child is kept busy. The ministry labor with their hands, like the laity, when not engaged in spiritual and official duties; and no idle hands are seen. Having property in common, the people have no private ambitions nor personal cares; and being governed by the pure principles of their great leading doctrines, they seem perfectly



THE TANNERY.

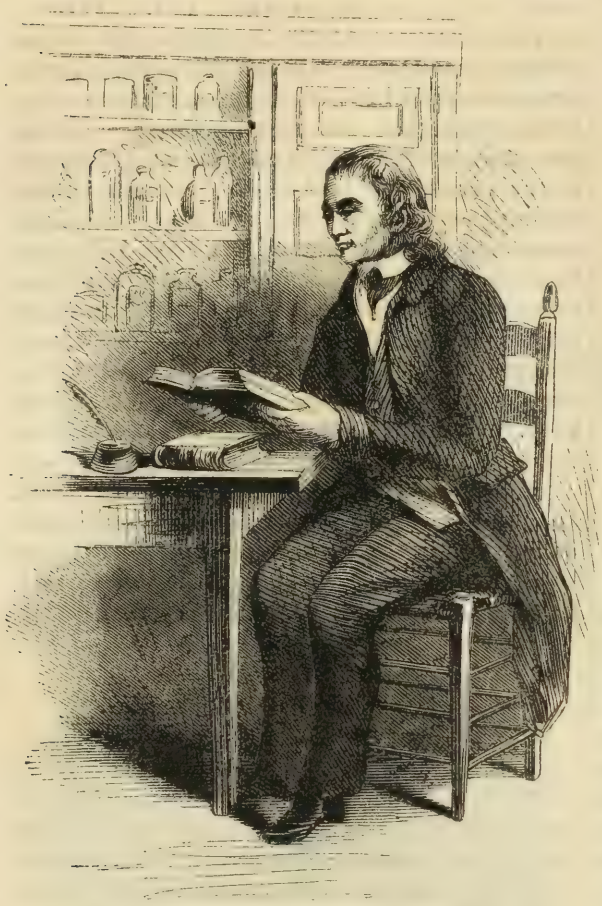
contented and happy. All labor for the general good, and all enjoy the material comforts of life in great abundance.

The Medical Department, under the charge of Dr. Hinckley, appears to be very perfect in its supplies of surgical instruments, and other necessaries. A large portion of the medicines are prepared by themselves; and Dr. Hinckley applies them with a skillful hand, under the direction of a sound judgment. He has a library of well-selected medical works; and the system which he most approves and practices is known as the Eclectic.

With Dr. Hinckley I visited the school for girls, and was surprised and delighted by the exercises there. It was composed of thirty-three girls, varying in ages from four to fifteen years, dressed in the costume of the Shaker women, with the omission of the cap, for which a black net was substituted. The system of instruction is the same as that pursued in our



THE SEED HOUSE—ANCIENT CHURCH.



THE PHYSICIAN AT HIS DESK.

best common schools; and all the children in the community are supplied with a thorough common English education. In fact, nearly the whole Society is now composed of educated men and women; and I may venture to affirm that there is not a community in our land, of equal numbers, where general intelligence more largely prevails. They have a library for common use, and at the business office I saw several daily papers. Isolated as they are from the world around them—taking no part in elections or other public affairs—yet they are alive to all its passing events; and I found them generally familiar with the social, religious, and political topics of the day.

The reader will naturally inquire, "Whence the origin of this strange people?" I answer, from the depths of obscurity in an English provincial town. Here, in brief, is the record:

During the great religious revivals in Europe, toward the close of the seventeenth century, societies were formed in one or two districts in France, whose members were wrought upon in a very extraordinary manner, both in body and mind. At times they were violently agitated, and with loud voices they uttered warnings of God's wrath, persuasions to repentance, and prophecies of the near approach of the end of all things. Early in the last century some of these found their way into England, where they were known as French Prophets. Disciples gathered around them; and finally, in 1747, James and Jane Wardley, members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, embraced their views, and formed a small society near Manchester. They at once attracted public attention, and were persecuted. They were considered insane, because they would sit immovable for hours, waiting for "the power of God," and then would commence jumping, whirling, trembling violently, and shouting for joy. Because of these bodily agitations they were called Shakers, and sometimes Shaking Quakers.

In 1758 a young woman of twenty-two, named Ann Stanley, the wife of a blacksmith, by whom she had borne four children who had died in infancy, became acquainted with the Wardleys, embraced the new and strange doctrine that marriage was sinful, and was a most earnest devotee. She assumed her maiden name of Lee, severed the marriage relation, and after nine years of severe discipline, and suffering of persecution as a half-crazed fanatic, she professed to have received a revelation from God. Then, although in prison, she boldly opened her mouth as a teacher. She declared that in her dwelt the "Word," the "Christ;" and the doctrine of his second appearance upon earth in the person of a woman became a dogma of the sect. She was acknowledged to be a spiritual mother in Israel, and she is known and revered by her four thousand followers to-day by the appellation of Mother Ann.

With her brother and a few followers Ann Lee came to America in 1774, and in the spring of 1776 they settled at Niskayuna (Watervliet), opposite Troy, New York, where the sect still have a community. Some people charged Mother Ann with witchcraft; and vigilant Whigs, at that opening period of the struggle for Independence, knowing that she preached vehemently against war in every shape, suspected her of secret correspondence with her countrymen, the British. A charge of high treason was preferred against her, and she and some of her followers were imprisoned at Albany in the summer of 1776. In the autumn she was sent as far as Poughkeepsie with the intention of forwarding her to New York, within the British lines. She was released by Governor Clinton in December, and returned to Watervliet, where her followers greatly increased.

In 1780 a wild revival movement occurred at Lebanon, Columbia County. It spread wonderfully among preachers and people. They sought for peace, but could not find it. Some finally visited "Mother Ann" at Watervliet, became convinced that she was possessed of the right doctrine, that she was the "woman clothed with the sun," mentioned in the Apocalypse, and that in her Christ had again appeared upon earth. A flood of converts was now poured into the lap of the Shaker Church. "Mother Ann" became a *Pontifex Maximus*—a very Pope in authority—and a society of believers was established at New Lebanon. Having finished her mission, "Mother Ann" died at Watervliet on the 8th of September, 1784, in the forty-eighth

year of her age. Her remains rest beneath a little mound about a quarter of a mile from the meeting-house at Watervliet, with nothing to mark the spot but a small rough stone, upon which is inscribed "M. A. L."—Mother Ann Lee. In childhood she was remarkable for her seriousness. At maturity she was rather below the common stature of women, rather thick set, but well proportioned. Her complexion was light and fair, and her eyes blue and penetrating.

The society at New Lebanon grew vigorously, and in 1787 they built quite a spacious house of worship there, which is still standing, and now used, as we have observed, as the Seed House of the community. Other societies have since been planted and are growing in various parts of the Union. They now number eighteen, having an aggregate of little more than four thousand members. The present "Gospel order of the Church" was established in 1792, and from that period the Shakers date their millennial era.

I have endeavored, in this brief sketch, to give a faithful outline-picture of the Shakers, with such drawings of objects of interest as I was enabled to make during a sojourn of two days with them. I am convinced, from observation and from the testimony of their immediate neighbors, that they live in strict accordance with their professions. They are hospitable to strangers, and kind and benevolent toward the community around them. In morals and citizenship they are above reproach; and they are loved by those who know them best. They have been ridiculed and maligned by those who must have been either ignorant or wicked; for it seems impossible for any candid man, after becoming acquainted with their character, to regard them otherwise than with the deepest respect. Surely the sacrifices of the dearest interests of earth are sufficient guarantees of their sincerity. Call it all delusion if you will, the impregnable fact that they have maintained their integrity and their faith for seventy years is vastly significant.

With their social and religious dogmas I have nothing to do in this connection; yet I can not let the occasion pass without quoting from Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House," the following lines for the consideration of those within and without the pale of the Shaker Church:

"Say what of those who are not wives,
Nor have them; tell what fate they prove
Who keep the pearl which happier lives
Cast in the costly cup of love?
I answer (for the sacred Muse
Is dumb), Ill chance is not for aye;
But who, with erring preference, choose
The sad and solitary way,
And think peculiar praise to get
In Heaven, where error is not known,
They have the separate coronet
They sought, but miss a worthier crown.
Virgins are they before the Lord,
Whose hearts are pure; the vestal fire
Is not, as some misread the Word,
By marriage quenched, but burns the higher."

LICHENS.

LICHENS are a race of tiny plants but little known to the world, and yet possessed of a beauty by no means inferior to that of more gorgeous flowers or loftier trees. Man is but too apt to admire the boundless wealth and beauty of our great mother, Nature, only where gigantic proportions arrest his attention, or when the storm of enraged elements makes him aware of his own insignificance. Surely his head was not set on high that he might despise low things! But to see the beauties with which every corner and crevice is decked, to read the lessons conveyed in Nature's subtlest works, more than the eye is required. We must be willing and able to listen to every beetle's lowly hum, to greet every flower by the wayside as it looks up to us and to heaven, and to question every stone, every pebble. If we thus look upon the tiny lichens around us, we will here also soon learn, by the aid of the microscope, that even in the smallest proportions

"not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain."

Few only, it is true, are seen by the naked eye as they cover a stone with their warm mantle or "deck the rough castle's rifted tower." No old decaying rock, no crumbling ruin, and no ancient forest-chapel is without its forest of tiny lichens and mosses, that have settled down in every cleft and crevice, wherever the rain has left a grain of soil or a shadow of moisture. It is these green or yellow little plants that give to rock, ruin, and chapel their venerable appearance. They enliven the monotonous coloring of stones, and mark, as it were, the footprints of Time, and the traces of organic life upon the apparently lifeless masses. The stone thus becomes a very museum of varied productions, and the tiny plants connecting him, immovable and unfeeling as he appears, with their own merry kingdom, thus carry him into the great, joyous circle of living nature.

The strange and inexplicable beauty of simple walls and angular rocks is mainly due to these lichens, who, together with their brethren, the mosses, present an ever fresh and ever declining but never expiring life, and thus fill the heart of man, he knows not how, with sweet hope and tender solace.

They are the most modest children of Nature. Even when they appear in groups and in larger masses, they seem to be, at first sight, but stains and unsightly excrescences. We are, perhaps, most familiar with those that assume a bright orange color on the trunks of old trees, and these are ever seen on that side which is most exposed to warm and moist currents of air, or where a hawthorn "with moss and lichen gray, dies of old age." If we examine these strange, fastidious spots more closely, we find that they consist of a very peculiar growth, which presses closely upon the rough bark. Now it is so interlaced and interwoven with the latter that it can hardly be severed from tree or rock, and then again it clings to it by means of a thousand diminutive

roots, which hold to their resting-place with amazing tenacity. From the roundish, well-edged leaflets, which look as if they were grizzled and wrinkled by premature age, there rise numbers of tiny, delicate plates of similar color. Such is the most common of all the wall-lichens

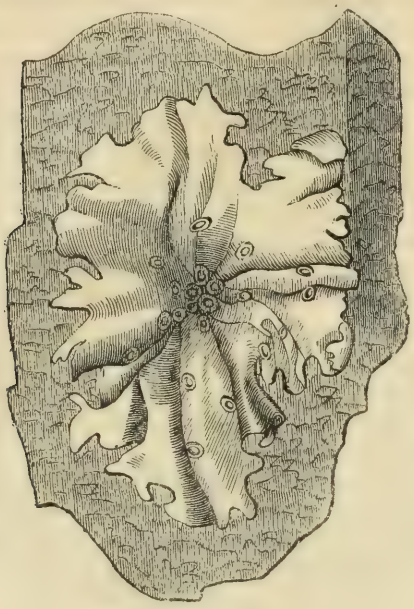


FIGURE 1.

(*Parmelia parietina*), as seen in Figure 1, which we find in all climes and all zones, though it is said that the humble little plants prefer of all others the bark of Italian poplars. From afar already its bright yellow color discloses the stranger, and shows us at once the higher rank which lichens claim over fungi in the great kingdom of plants. For they possess—the first among the lower orders—the distinguishing mark of true vegetables, the chlorophyle or green color, although as yet but in very minute quantities. Hence also their common use for the purpose of dyeing. Of old, already Scotch minstrels tell us that, "like the *Feldelfen* of the Saxons," the usual dress of the fairies was green, though on moors they have been sometimes observed in heath-brown or in weeds dyed with stoneraw or lichen, for



FIGURE 2.

"About mill-dams and green brae-faces
Both elrich elfes and brownies stayed,
And green-gown'd fairies daunced and played."
CLELAND.

Now they serve mainly the poorer classes of Northern Europe to dye their stockings and nightcaps an orange-brown color, or merry children to stain with their bright hues their eggs at Easter. The golden-yellow lichen, which we find on all roofs and on many an ancient tree, serves also as a dye-stuff to the industrious peasant. The Canary Isles send annually more than 3000 cwt. of brilliant ponceaured Orseille to Europe; it appears afterward as Lacmus in various branches of industry. Sweden sends whole ship-loads of her strange but most useful Lecanora; and the coasts of England, as well as those of the Mediterranean, furnish richly-tinted Roccellæ (Figure 2) and Variolaria, which the painters employ in painting walls blue, while the busy housewife "blues" thus her linen, and the chemist relies upon it as an unfailing test in his science.

Other varieties of the same wall-lichen assume at first a beautiful circular form, resembling, in outline and shape, the fairest rose (Figure 3);



FIGURE 3.

and of these it has been said, with quaint but truthful words:

"Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor and in the wood,
In the lane—there is no place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee;"

for there are, in reality, but few surfaces long exposed to wind and weather which are not soon protected by the warm cover of these lichens. Our roofs and our fences, the trunk of a tree, and the rock in the moors, the earth-capped dyke, and the sterile sea-bank—in fact, all places but sparingly supplied with moisture, but freely exposed to air and light, are clad in ever-varying colors by these beautiful children of Nature. The far-famed Cathedral of Munster may be truly said to be gilded by these tiny lichens. Nor must we follow the vulgar error, in considering them all as parasites that live on the labor and the very life's-blood of other plants. These serve them merely as a firm foundation, and their true

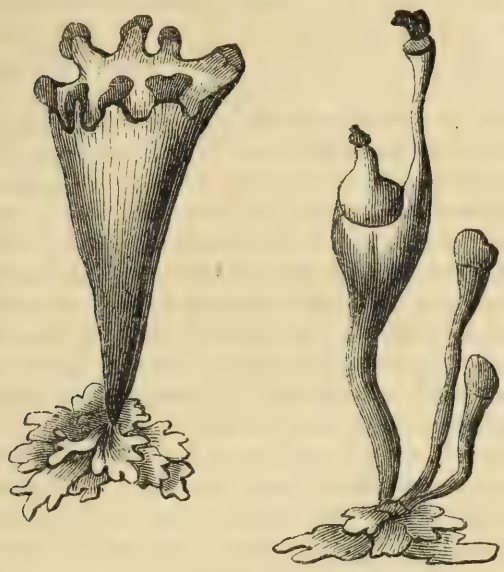


FIGURE 4.

food they derive from the watery vapors in the air, from the blessed rain, and frequent dews.

While in some varieties broad leaves cover the surface, and here and there only little deep dishes arise, full of precious though almost invisible seed, others present most tiny and withered leaves, but expand their seed-bearing vessels to larger size and most graceful forms. They abound already in the temperate zone, and furnish large masses of turf; but they increase in number as they approach the inhospitable North, until they finally become the sole representative there of the vegetable kingdom. Bearing on high their elegant goblets, from which they derive their name (*Cledonia pyxidata*), as in Figure 4, they appear to the naked eye like dwarfish shrubs, or, if we look at them closely, like whitish-gray corals with most diminutive branches. The little cups or goblets are open at the top, and upon the edge there sit, in a circle around, the prettiest little beads of handsome brown or scarlet. Many a fair wreath is woven of these so-called mosses, and sold in the great cities of Europe, and few handsomer ornaments can be found in the fair kingdom of Flora.

Very different appear, at first sight, the long, venerable gray-beards that hang from the lofty branches of ancient firs and spruces, or from the still more imposing hoary-headed cypresses of our South. Nothing can exceed the picturesque air which they give to the old giants of the forest as they now dance wildly in the summer breeze around the grand tree that has withstood there the storms of uncounted ages, and now hang silent and solemn from the branches of the tallest of all whom the lightning of heaven has shattered and broken. As the pale light of the moon falls upon their vague, floating outline, weird, woeful fancies enter the mind, and a thousand spectres and spirits are seen hovering under the ghastly garlands. These also are but lichens of larger size; and as their tiny, thread-like stems and branches are too feeble to stand, they hang thus, in apparently listless despair, from their high, airy home.

A smaller sister, the common Beard Lichen (*Usnea barbata*), as seen in Figure 5, is found in all forests, especially where evergreens have the majority, and most abundantly in mountainous regions. This, with some other varieties of lichens, constitute the "idle moss" of Shakspeare; as, in fact, nothing is more common among our poets than to mingle lichens and mosses without distinction. Thus Southey also says it is

> "Not undelightful now to roam
> The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
> Not undelightful now to pace
> The forest's ample rounds;

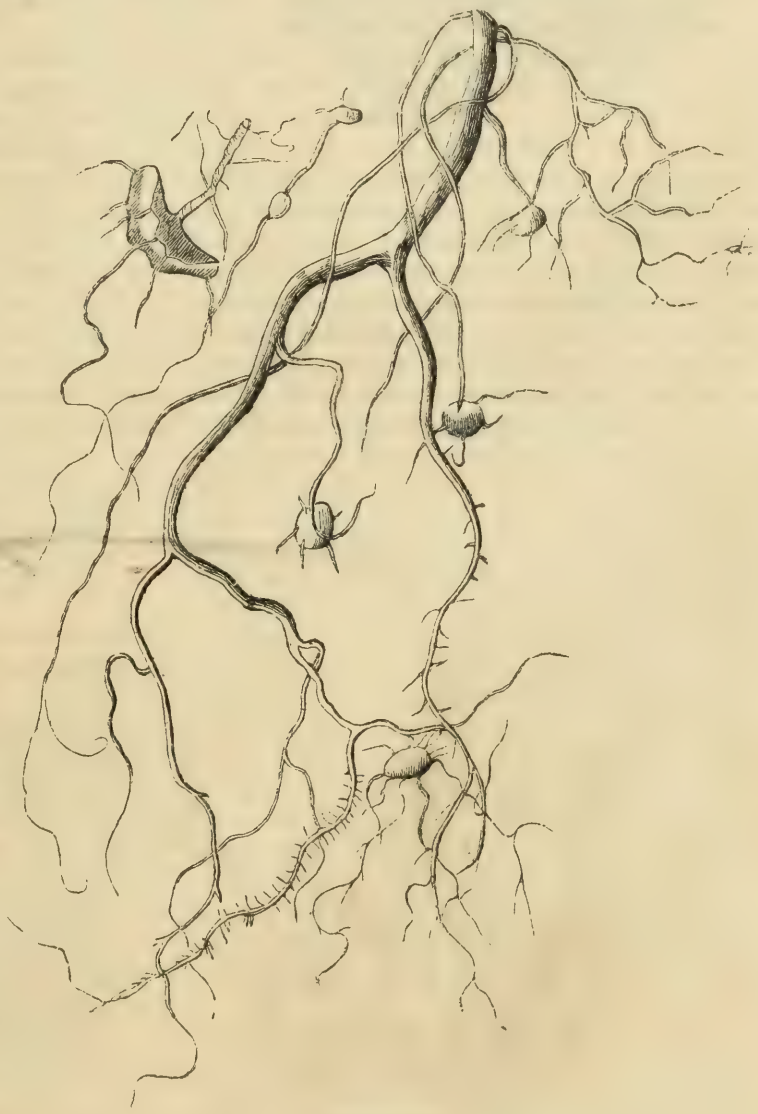


FIGURE 5.

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue,
That varies the old tree's brown bark
Or o'er the gray stone spreads."

Stranger still are those children of this much-despised family, that look little better than a mere crust—now thin, like the merest dash of green color, and now reaching a more respectable thickness. They also cover rocks and trees, though rarely the bare earth, and adorn them with their quaint outlines and bright yellow color. One of these simplest of lichens is not unlike a map of German principalities, and hence has its name of Geographical Lichen (*Lecidea geographica*). It is this tiny plant (Figure 6) which Alexander Von Humboldt has

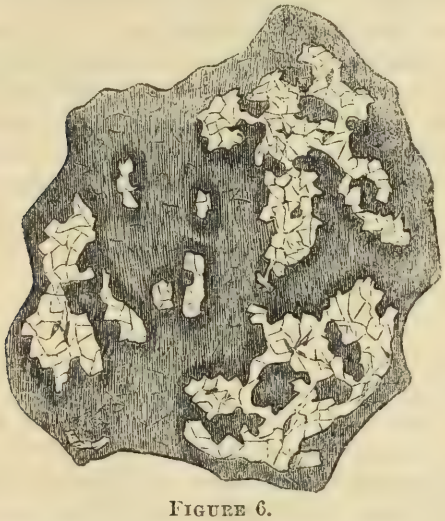


FIGURE 6.

made so interesting by discovering it at a height of 18,096 feet, the last child of the vegetable kingdom at that unsurpassed elevation, close to the top of Chimborazo. For as the algæ descend to a depth in the vast ocean of which we can form as yet but a vague and uncertain idea, so the tiny lichens ascend to regions where all other life has long since ceased to exist. Only ten feet below the ever-pure peak of the Jungfrau, and close to the eternal snows of Mont Blanc, there appear still large numbers of small but vigorous lichens. They alone are enabled—we know not yet for what great purpose—to bear the almost incredible rarification of air at such a tremendous height, as the algæ down in the deep sea thrive and prosper under a pressure of 375 atmospheres! And how closely they cling to the hard stone they hold in such loving embrace! As if Nature had varnished over the rough sides of her neglected children, these lichens can not be loosened from their home by the most careful efforts. The knife does not succeed in detaching them, or at least they perish in the attempt, and are scattered about as shapeless powder. The chisel itself must come to our aid, and cut off a chip of the stone to enable us to bring the tiny plant under the microscope.

Unfortunately, however, the substance of which these little plants consist is so dense and solid that even the diminutive walls of their tiny cells seem to defy the power of the microscope. Only extremely thin layers can well be examined, and then they reveal to us the long-unsuspected fact, that their apparently most simple form, whether it be like a shrub or a beard, a mere crust or a many-branched tree, always consists of three distinct layers. The middle part is ever found to contain large globular cells of greenish color, while the outer and inner layers consist of lengthened cells, which often assume the form of long threads or tiny branches. The tender filaments, of most varied and often very beautiful patterns, penetrate the bark upon which such lichens grow, and soon interweave with each other in a manner resembling a closely-knit net-work. Their spores, which here also replace the seed-grains of higher plants, grow in long, club-shaped branches, in which they lie closely packed in two rows. These quaint store-houses at last open at the end, and send forth a vast number of diminutive grains, that look for all the world like stains or tiny dots on the lighter surface. Under the microscope, however, they assume truly wondrous shapes, and are seen now as round or semi-circular buttons, and now as flat, shield-shaped discs; at one time they look like tiny cups and saucers with upturned edges, at another like long hollow tubes. Some are said even to resemble Arabic writing with amazing fidelity.

In its first childhood the fruit of lichens is always found in the shape of a well-closed globule, which contains as its kernel a curious contrivance for the production of sporules, the so-called *thalamium*. With many lichens it retains this form until the spores are fully matured, and then it either bursts suddenly asunder, or it permits them to escape through a tiny opening at the end. With other lichens, however, the young fruit opens very soon, and spreads out into the form of a plate or shield, over the upper side of which is stretched the thalamium (Figure 7). Such is the fruit of

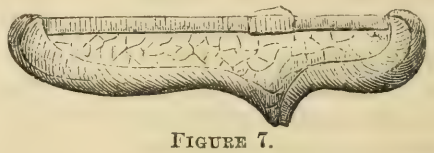


FIGURE 7.

the common cup-lichen, of which a small part is seen in Figure 8, moderately magnified, while

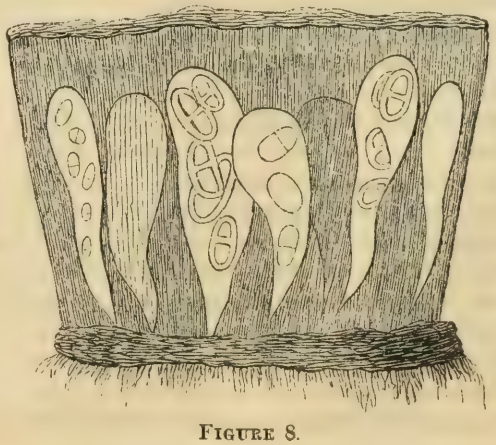


FIGURE 8.

in Figure 9 a single spore is presented eight hundred times larger than in reality, consisting of two distinct cells in their common home, and containing tiny drops of oil in their inner chambers. Very few lichens, however, have as yet been discovered which bear real fruit of this kind. It seems as if they could not mature except under peculiarly favorable circumstances, and their fruits do not even appear but at an extremely old age. The spores, moreover, grow with surprising slowness, and form thus a strange, striking contrast with the same productions in fungi. It is, therefore, but rarely that we can meet with fruit-bearing lichens; and were it not for the wondrous wisdom displayed in all the provinces of this great, though often invisible kingdom, these humble plants would appear but little secured against utter extinction.



FIGURE 9.

But lichens also, like mosses and algæ, have still another method of increasing their numbers. Even the naked eye can see under the carefully-raised upper layer a slight green tissue, which the microscope shows us to consist of a large mass of diminutive globular cells. These have been called *Gonidia*, because they also serve to produce germs when detached from the mother plant. After a while—we know not exactly at what period of their existence—they make their way through the upper layer, and soon change into new individuals, of the same kind as their parents.

Hardy and long-lived as all lichens are, they find in these qualities also a better protection than even the uncounted millions of sporules afford to their humbler brethren, the fungi. Their cells, as we mentioned, are of strong, stout fabric, and possess, moreover, an astounding faculty of reviving after a long and deep slumber. Many love to live upon a soil but little adapted to retain moisture; others, like the Lazzaroni of Naples, will not work even to live. Carelessly and listlessly they lie in the bright sunshine, and implore with Stoic patience, by their miserable appearance, the pity of passing clouds. In these times of want and drought they shrink and shrivel until nothing seems farther from them than life. Pale and rigid, they are the very images of desolation, and crumble under the hand into impalpable dust. Yet no sooner has an early dew or a soft rain—nay, even a faint mist—merely touched their unsightly form, than they begin drinking in moisture with amusing avidity, and, lo and behold! ere many minutes are passed, they expand and increase, until, as if by the touch of a magic wand, they have recovered their fresh, joyful color and youthful vigor. Thus they would hardly appear the same plants in their days of dryness and after a rain. Even the common lichens that grow in our orchards look ordinarily as if dressed in sad colored livery, because their hard, tough skin lies close to the bark of the trees, and thus assumes the grayish-brown hues of the latter. But as soon as moisture gladdens their little leaves, they swell and soften; they become now transparent, and suffer the pretty green cells in their interior to shine through the outer membrane. Others, again, who live on lofty mountain heights, or on sandy heaths, in the Steppes of the Kirghise, or on the plains of the East, are not seen at all during the dry season. With the first warm rain, however, they rise and swell of a sudden, so that the credulous children of those regions fancy the mysterious plants, which now cover the ground to the height of several inches, have miraculously fallen from the skies. True Proletarians of the vegetable kingdom, they care not for the future, but live only in the enjoyment of the present, and providing not, as most other plants do, for the days of want, they must needs spend a large part of their life in silent slumber. All the more they seem to rejoice in their brief time of enjoyment. How they abound and luxuriate in the tropical regions during all winter! Then is their time to thrive and to prosper; and then they display all the wondrous beauty with which even their humbler races were endowed by an all-bountiful Maker. Thus they pass, in ever-changing fate, like man himself, from darkness to light, from rest to activity, and often reach an amazing old age. Some of the crust lichens that grow upon rocks, it is believed, have alternated in this manner, between life and death, during more than a thousand years; and yet they are ever ready still, under a gentle shower, to unfold their graceful leaves, and to blossom anew in brilliant green colors.

Lichens are, moreover, very far from being idle intruders upon the province of others, nor even mere ornaments woven into the bright carpet that covers our earth. Already humbler animals subsist upon these tiny plants. There is, among others, an odd kind of caterpillar, who assumes the greenish garb of lichens, and marks it with black spots and stripes, until he so closely resembles the bed on which he rests, that only most careful research can discover the strange intruder. Birds, also, and especially humming birds, know well the art to cover their nests so skillfully all around with tender lichens, that only the practiced eye remains undeceived.

The well-known Reindeer Moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*), as seen in Figure 10, sustains for months the life of a whole noble race of animals, without whom a large portion of our globe would be but a desert, unfit to be the abode of man. When long, merciless winter has covered all the wide waste regions with his mournful pall, and the blood-red disk of the sun hardly dares to show itself above the horizon, life seems extinct, and death alone to reign there supreme. As far as the eye can reach, nothing is seen but the bare, bleak plain, without a tree, a plant, or an herb. Far down in the

lowest dens the summer sun has thawed the frozen ground for a few inches, but on the sides and slopes of gentler elevation nothing but ice and snow is apparently found; yet here it is that the heaven-implanted instinct of the sagacious reindeer leads them to dig with powerful hoof and broad-branching antlers, in order to find there, deep under the snow, their long-prepared food. Thus they live, for the larger part of the year, on the small, simple plants, and eat the tender, whitish-gray leaves with the same relish with which the goat browses on the rich, fragrant grasses of Alpine meadows.



FIGURE 10.

For all lichens are amply endowed with starch; and with this not only most of the cells are filled, but even the walls themselves consist of nutritious starch. Hence the peculiar power of the Iceland Moss (*Cetraria Islandica*), Figure 11. A greenish-brown, almost unsightly growth, but slightly attached to its early home, the low grounds of northern regions, and bearing almost invisible fruit, it is still the great comfort of many a poor sufferer, the help of the ablest physician. Even the common wall lichen above mentioned proved a friend to man in times of need, and when least expected. During the great wars of Napoleon, when the whole Continent was under embargo, and the almost indispensable quinine could not be imported into Germany, chemists and druggists remembered the peculiar chemical nature of these lichens. and drew from them their ample stores of medicinal bitter. Physicians soon adopted it generally, and prescribed it as an admirable substitute for the more costly bark of America. From their wealth in starch comes also the nutritious character of the far-famed swallow-nests of Chinese islands, paid by their weight in gold, which consist mainly of tiny lichens.



FIGURE 11.

But these humble and little-known plants serve man not merely to tickle a fastidious palate or to soothe his suffering in the hour of sickness; they actually support him in times of need. A leather-like lichen grows largely in the limestone mountains of Northern Asia, and serves in times of famine, at least, as food to the roving Tartars. In the polar regions of Europe similar lichens are carefully soaked and boiled down to free them of their original bitterness, and then cooked with milk or baked into bread. Scanty lichens of this kind, called *Tripe de Roche*, which had to be dug out from under sheltering loads of snow, were, not for days but for whole months, the sole food of the unfortunate Franklin and his companions. Surely such usefulness ought not to be ungratefully ignored. We are all well aware that thousands of Guarana Indians depend upon the Mauritius palm for their food and drink, their clothing and dwelling; that the gentle children of the South Sea Islands are in like manner supported by the cocoa palm; and the Hindoo, who lives on vegetables only, by his banana. The dweller in the desert points

proudly to the grateful date-tree as the noblest among plants, and honors it with the most flattering title of the "Camel of Plants." But how few of us ever think of the humble, microscopic lichen as deserving a place by the side of the noble palm and the ancient banana among the benefactors of mankind!

THE TWO KATES; OR, FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

A TRUE STORY OF OLD NORTHUMBERLAND.

I.—MY AUTHORITY.

I WAS conversing the other day with a friend upon the subject of family traditions and their capabilities for the purposes of romance, when, at the end of one of my homilies, he said:

"Well, I heard a family story not long since, which appeared to me at the time very curious. It has the further advantage of being entirely true; of this there can not be any doubt."

"Curious and true!" I said; "but from whom did you hear it?"

"From Dr. ——, who knew the son of the chief actor by the singular marriage I am going to tell you about—that is to say, if you are willing to listen."

"I shall be glad to do so. Let me have every detail."

And thus I heard the following story, which I think the reader will agree with my friend in considering very curious.

I thought at first of making it the groundwork of a volume; but, upon mature reflection, this course did not seem advisable. The paucity of characters might make the narrative, thus lengthened out, monotonous, and all the charm of truth and reality would be lost, from the necessity of adding fanciful particulars. I thought it best, therefore, to avoid the habit of Monsieur Dumas, who would certainly expand it into five or six volumes, and relate the story just as I heard it. In the main event it is not modified at all, though, of course, the names are changed. I have not felt at liberty to use proper names—the descendants of the personages residing on the soil to the present day.

I think the story, frail as the materials may seem, will be of interest to those who like the veritable family legends of old days. At least, I shall add another page to the book of human nature; for I repeat, in entire good faith, that the relation is actually true.

II.—TWO FRIENDS AND A WOMAN.

The estates of "Riverview" and "Landon's Neck" are situated in the old County of Northumberland, at the mouth of the Potomac, which here expands almost into an arm of the sea, as it falls into the Chesapeake.

Upon these estates, in the old colonial times, long prior to the Revolution, lived St. George Landon and John Digby, better known as Jack Digby.

The young men had been friends from childhood, and nothing had ever interrupted an affection which both of them cherished with peculiar jealousy. It was a new case of Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, which their friendship presented; and this deep attachment seemed to increase as they entered manhood, and cement itself more vigorously with the passing years.

They were both orphans, and the heads of their respective houses. Landon had, however, a brother, a mere child of about five or six, and Digby a sister of the same age. With the exception of these children and the young men themselves, no scions of the great old families remained; and this fact, doubtless, drew the friends more closely together. Deprived of father and mother, and with few or no relatives living, they expended upon each other that affection which a home circle would have absorbed; and nothing but the actual tie of blood was wanting to make them brothers. Landon spent at least half of his time at Riverview; and when he departed, he carried Digby with him to the Neck; and here, in the great house of the Landon family, they kept bachelor's hall in grand style, following a hundred sports—fox-hunting, sitting up late at tric-trac, sailing on the broad river—passing thus, day after day, and often week after week, in the idlest and merriest manner imaginable.

Between the two friends no question of superiority of character or endowment had ever arisen; but Digby tacitly yielded to his friend, without ever dreaming that there was any sacrifice in so doing. In person Digby was slight and fair-haired, with a complexion as fine as a woman's, clear, blue eyes, and the frank and ingenuous expression of a boy. Landon, on the contrary, was tall and dark, with brilliant black eyes, an olive cheek, and hair like the wing of a raven. He had little of the boyish vivacity of his friend—indeed, we may say none at all—but the pensive and somewhat satirical smile habitual with him communicated to the firm lips a striking attraction, and the careless inclination of the head forward, which not seldom characterizes vigorous natures, following their dreams for want of some great stimulant to action, added to the grace of a carriage which a number of young ladies thought the finest in the world.

The young men tranquilly pursued this happy life of sport and dreams upon their great estates until they reached the age of twenty-one. Hitherto they had found in each other's society all that they desired—no aspiration pointed to a different existence. But all at once that disturber of friendships in all ages, a woman, came to add a new element to their lives. The young lady in question was the only daughter of a neighboring planter—and with that unanimity which had always characterized them the two friends fell in love with her at the same moment.

Kate Temple was worthy to inspire a sentiment of the most chivalrous and devoted affec-

tion. She was about eighteen, with a slender but exquisitely rounded figure—large violet eyes, which melted or fired beneath dusky lashes—and a profusion of dark curls, which made her snowy complexion almost dazzling by the contrast. She was full of life and vivacity; the play of feature when she smiled or laughed was eloquent with the very spirit of mirth and joy; and in more serious moments an expression of the tenderest sadness betrayed the depth of feeling which she possessed, and the wealth of love concealed beneath her *riantes* and sparkling jests.

Landon had seen her for the first time upon a race-course, about a year before—and Digby, who was walking arm in arm with his friend, followed the pointed finger, and saw her too. They returned, thinking of the beautiful face which haunted them even in dreams—and thus, that profound emotion called first love dawned and rose in their bosoms, until it now mounted toward its meridian of strength. By a singular chance neither of the two friends suspected the other's secret. Whether from doubt touching their own feelings, or a disinclination to reveal so dear a secret even to the closest friend, neither Landon nor Digby had alluded to the truth. By a combination of circumstances even more remarkable, they had rarely encountered each other upon their visits to Colonel Temple's house. Each had thus prosecuted his suit without the knowledge of the other; and with every passing day the chains which Miss Kate had thrown around the two hearts became more firmly and closely riveted.

This was, then, the state of things—these the relations which the friends sustained toward each other when the narrative commences. It will be our design to relate what ensued, and to show what followed the discovery by the friendly rivals of the condition of things existing in connection with the young lady.

III.—DIGBY'S CONFESSION.

It was a summer morning, and seated on the great portico of the "Landon's Neck" mansion, which afforded a magnificent view of the bay and the great river, the two friends smoked away idly at their pipes and gazed at the landscape.

At last Landon woke as it were from a reverie in which, following his wont, he had been indulging, and said, suddenly,

"Yes, there can't be any doubt about the matter—I love her."

"Ah!" said Digby, laughing, "and that proves, Sainty, that there is even more than friendship between us—there is a sympathy of the very thoughts. Do you know that it was my own course of meditation that you summed up in those words 'I love her?'"

"Yours! are you in love, Jack?"

"I think so."

Landon moved his head up and down after his habit, and said,

"Who has enslaved *you?*"

"Confidence for confidence," replied Digby, smiling; "you announced your own slavery first, and I demand that you make the first advance."

"Pshaw! I was only jesting; but really, Jack, I'm dying to hear of your inamorata."

"I'm afraid 'tis all upon my side," said Digby, sighing; "but I'm fairly in for it."

"With whom?" said Landon, indolently smiling. "Come, tell me, Jack."

"I can't conceal any thing from you, Sainty. Well, I'm in love with Kate Temple."

Landon gave a great start, and turned as pale as death. But suddenly averting his face, his trembling lips assumed their firmness again, and, in a low tone, he said:

"Yes—well—you are in love, you say, with —Miss Temple."

"Irrecoverably," added Digby, wondering at his friend's emotion, but too much absorbed in his own thoughts to attribute it to the right cause. "I have not been able to get her image out of my mind for a moment since that morning when we saw her upon the race-course. I think she is as lovely as an angel, and she's good as she's lovely."

"Yes, so she is," murmured Landon, biting half through his pale lip, and forcing out his words by an immense effort; "a fine girl—"

"Isn't she, Sainty?"

And without dreaming of the mortal wounds which he was inflicting, honest Jack Digby proceeded to dilate with all the folly and passion of a lover upon the attractions of the young lady. With blushing cheeks and a voice tremulous with feeling, he described his various meetings with Miss Temple—at the old parish church, at assemblies, every where—dwelt upon the tones of her voice, the expression of her eyes, the slightest indications of her manner toward him. Upon this occasion she had given him a little flower, and when he made the request, had affixed it with her own hands to his coat; at another time she had run forward when he came, crying, "I'm *so* glad to see you; won't you ride with me?" Did these little circumstances mean any thing?—indicate upon the part of the young lady any thing beyond mere liking? "Perhaps it was only his fancy," continued honest Jack, sighing piteously, and looking as if he had not a friend in the world; "yes, doubtless, 'twas only his foolish imagination. He *had* thought at times that she pressed his hand somewhat more warmly than mere friendship called for; at other times her manner had been very constrained, and she had blushed when she encountered his eyes; but this was no proof that she loved him. The fact was that he was very unhappy; but without her love he would linger out a life of utter misery, that was simply the truth."

And Digby ceased speaking, fixing his eyes upon a distant sail-boat disappearing upon the horizon.

"Well, well, Jack," said Landon, as pale as death, but speaking in a voice of perfect calm-

ness, "it is impossible for me to give an opinion upon these matters. Of course my own talk about being in love was a mere joke; and it would puzzle you to find a man more ignorant of the 'indications' which you mention. I confess that, from your own account, it seems to me that Miss Temple loves you"—a shudder ran through his frame as he spoke—"but women are enigmas, and I can't fathom them. Let us leave the decision to the future. If you have proceeded so far, you must soon know, and you may easily discover, I think. As to myself, I'm a dreamer, you know, and that reminds me that I'm tired smoking. Shall we have a sail?"

Digby assented, and soon they were being wafted over the brilliant surface of the river. Landon was doomed to listen to a new monologue upon the young girl whom his friend talked of without ceasing; but finally the sail terminated, and Digby mounted his horse for a visit to Colonel Temple's, bidding his friend an affectionate farewell.

Landon watched him until he was out of sight; then falling, pale and gloomy, into a seat, muttered in tones hoarse and despairing:

"Why did I not tear out my heart before looking on that woman and loving her? I'm miserable for life, utterly, or I'm a false friend and gentleman!—ruined, or a traitor! Fate laughs at me, and bids me choose between wretchedness or dishonor! Heaven help me!"

And covering his face with his hands, Landon remained pale and shuddering for hours as he meditated.

IV.—LANDON'S SACRIFICE.

When Digby came again, two or three days afterward, he found his friend looking so thin and wan that his heart bled, as he gazed upon the pale features.

"Why, what's the matter, Sainty?" he said. "You must be sick! I have never seen you look so badly."

"A mere summer ailment—I have been a little unwell," said Landon, pressing his friend's hand kindly.

"Unwell? you look ill! Let me send for a physician.—You will not?—But really your appearance distresses me—forty-eight hours seem to have made you twenty years older."

"A fancy!"

"Indeed 'tis not; and really, my dear Sainty—"

"There! there! Jack," said Landon, smiling sadly, "do not disquiet yourself about my appearance. It is nothing."

And setting his lips with iron resolution, Landon said, in a voice somewhat low, but wholly firm,

"Have you seen your friend?"

"Kate Temple? Yes."

As he spoke, honest Jack's face colored, and his disquiet gave way to a smile of happiness.

"Well," said Landon, in a still lower voice, for he had overrated his strength in supposing that he could easily sustain this trying interview—"well, have you been able to discover any thing?"

"No, Sainty; but she met me very, very kindly."

"Ah!"

"Yes; and gave me the softest little hand in the world, which I thought pressed mine slightly before it was withdrawn."

"You think so?" murmured Landon.

"Yes, and again she said, 'I'm very glad to see you'—but she blushed."

"She blushed?" repeated Landon, in a voice almost inaudible.

"At least I thought so—and that is surely a good sign, is it not?"

Something like "yes," issued from the trembling lips of his friend—the strength was *wholly* overtaxed—but Digby did not observe this emotion.

"I had a most delightful time," he continued, "we rode out in the forest—then returned and had a long, long talk. I never knew her so gentle, and you can not imagine how beautiful and tender she looked. She wore a dress of blue satin, open in front and secured by yellow silken cords—her arms were bare almost to the shoulder, and she wore no ornament but a red bracelet. Around her neck, and at the bosom, was a cloud of snowy lace, like gauze, and her hair was looped up exquisitely. It was not her costume, however, which I admired—after a moment I did not look at it; her countenance quite dazzled me, and I saw nothing but her beautiful eyes, the lips as red as carnations, and the brow, which is like snow, I think. It is very ridiculous to be talking thus, and any body but you would laugh at me, but I'm too much in love with her to control my words. How lovely she is! and what wit and sense she has! I felt quite stupid compared with her; and, above all, her kindness is the sweetest trait in her character. She spoke of you so kindly—with such admiration—that it made me quite jealous. I'd beg to decline having you for a rival—and I hope you'll stay away in future—why! how pale you are, Sainty!" cried Digby, suddenly. "You are going to faint!"

And turning suddenly, he extended his arm toward Landon, who was indeed as pale as death, and seemed to have no strength in his limbs.

"The fact is—a slight vertigo—my head"—he murmured, vaguely; "thank you, Jack. I will lean upon your friendly shoulder till this pain—"

The struggling words ceased, and Landon leaned faintly upon his friend. In a moment, however, the excess of emotion had spent itself, and with a sad smile, he murmured:

"Strange that this weather affects me so—is it not, Jack?"

But honest Jack Digby had at last come to his senses—the image of Miss Temple had disappeared from his vision to make way for that of his friend. All at once, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye as it were, the truth rushed

upon him. He remembered Landon's emotion in their former interview, his pallor, his low tones; he recalled the allusions made to "her friend, Mr. Landon," by Miss Temple. All this came to explain the present agitation of his friend, at the account given to the young lady, and her reception of himself, with smiles and blushes—in an instant honest Jack had divined, or at least suspected every thing; and with a broken and trembling voice, he cried:

"Sainty! you have seen her! you love her! you are sacrificing yourself to me! 'Tis not the weather which makes you sicken—'tis despair!"

"Why, what folly have you dreamed, Jack?" said Landon, endeavoring to smile and speak carelessly, but turning paler than before; "you are mad!"

"I am not mad! I am perfectly rational; and I add," cried honest Jack, sinking upon a chair, "that I'm the most miserable of human beings!"

"Jack! Jack!" said Landon, with a flushed face, "you really afflict me! I pray you cease to groan in that way—it unmans me!"

"Misery! misery!" muttered Digby, "utter misery!"

"'Tis nothing of the sort!" cried Landon, taking his friend's hand. "You deceive yourself with a fancy."

"I deceive myself!" cried the young man, suddenly raising his head, and looking at his friend with heavy eyes, full of pain and astonishment, and a wild hope—"you say I deceive myself!"

"I say so!"

"Sainty," said Digby with sudden and forced calmness, "will you answer me frankly one question?"

"Pshaw!" replied Landon, trying to laugh, "what's the use?"

"Will you answer my question?"

"To what end? I know what it is going to be. You are going to ask me," said Landon, clenching his hands, and bracing every muscle to prevent his voice from trembling—"you are going to ask me whether I'm not in love with Miss Temple—eh? Come now, am I right?"

"Yes—you owe me a frank reply."

"Well, I reply that I do esteem that young lady—that I *might* have thought of falling in love with her—that I *have* visited her frequently—but there every thing ends. The fact is, my dear Jack, that after the evidences you have given me of her regard for yourself, I fear I should stand a decidedly bad chance; and I have the usual disinclination to find myself ignominiously discarded! You see I don't like the girls to point after me and whisper, 'Unfortunate! crossed in love;' and to sum up all, I'm decided in my intention not to afford the fascinating Miss Kate the opportunity of 'crossing' me!"

The words were uttered with a laugh which would have made the greatest actor envious. But Landon had determined to act his part thoroughly—to keep his groans and anguish for the long silent hours of night—to smile and jest, and send his friend away deceived; to be wretched, but never to be a "false friend and gentleman."

And Digby was deceived by his artifice—he did not penetrate beneath the mask, though a vague sentiment of uneasiness betrayed the absence of entire conviction.

"I see I have not completely cleared myself from your accusation," said Landon, smiling. "Well, I am about to do so entirely—and set you quite at rest in your further advances toward Miss Kate. Go court her—do your best—summon all your wiles; then, if she discards you, I'll try myself. Is that fair? Is it a bargain, Jack?"

Jack Digby shook his head sadly, looking at his friend with pensive eyes; but when Landon urged the proposition at greater length, and with franker smiles, unwillingly assented to the compact.

"Either you are sincere in what you tell me, Sainty," he said, "and your feelings are not deeply involved in this matter, or you are the truest and noblest friend that ever lived. You leave me no option—you force me almost to follow the course you indicate, and you know that I have always regarded your wishes as those of an elder brother. But if I marry this young lady, and you are rendered unhappy, I shall be the most miserable dog in the whole universe. Remember!"

With these words honest Jack Digby bade his friend farewell, and mounting his horse, left the "Neck."

Three months afterward he announced his engagement to Miss Temple, and Landon received the announcement with an easy smile. Misery had made him perfect in his part; but under all his tranquillity was concealed what appeared to him an ineffaceable despair.

V.—THE KISS.

In due time came the day for Digby's marriage, and the old parish church was filled to overflowing with the friends and relatives of the two families.

Never had Kate Temple looked so beautiful as she now did, in her white bridal costume, with the lace vail floating from her hair like a cloud, and honest Jack was beaming with smiles and resplendent with happiness. Landon had managed to thoroughly persuade him of his indifference; and as the last doubt was thus removed from the amiable young fellow's mind, he gave himself up to the blissful emotions of the occasion, and seemed to love and be at peace with the whole world.

The richly-decorated bevy of bridesmaids, attended by their gallant cavaliers, distinguished by favors of white ribbon, advanced slowly up the broad aisle, the ceremony was gone through with by the portly old parson, and then Miss Kate Temple, or rather Mrs. Catherine Digby, submitted herself to those thousand-and-one kisses which every bride in this country receives upon her marriage. Every one who was

in the least related either to herself or Mr. Digby claimed this favor, and the young lady submitted with an excellent grace, blushing, it is true, at her novel position, but too happy to be coy or draw back.

In the same manner the bridegroom found his hand pressed cordially by a hundred others; and suddenly, in the midst of this ceremony, he started with pleasure, for within ten paces of him he discerned the face of his friend. Landon had refused, with a smile, to "wait on" his friend, declaring that he should be horribly awkward, or something similar, and had only given a half-promise to be present at the wedding, for all of which the reader will be at no loss to discover the motive. He distrusted his strength, and it was only at the last moment that he reflected how strange it would appear. Hastily donning an embroidered suit, such as the occasion demanded, he had leaped upon his horse, galloped at full speed to the church, and entered just as the ceremony terminated.

Digby pressed his friend's hand, with a radiant smile, and said,

"My dear Sainty! how glad I am to see you! This alone was wanting!"

Then releasing the hand of Landon, he retreated three steps to the side of the bride, and, without being observed, bent down and whispered:

"Pray kiss Mr. Landon; I especially desire it."

The young lady smiled, and gave a little nod. In an instant she was in front of the gentleman, whom she greeted with her most affectionate smile.

Landon felt his poor heart throb as if it would burst; his temples seemed burning; and scarcely able to restrain the color which rushed to his cheeks, he held out his hand.

But the young lady had received her orders. She pressed the extended hand, but, instead of releasing it, said, smiling,

"You are almost Mr. Digby's brother, Mr. Landon; I will kiss you, if you will kiss me."

With which words the beautiful girl held up her mouth with the most bewitching expression, and with a blush which was far from unbecoming.

Landon stooped, and felt the full, warm lips pressed to his own. A cloud seemed to pass before his eyes; and in the midst of this cloud the enchanting face and figure disappeared, carried away by the brilliant and undulating crowd of dames and gentlemen, lost sight of amidst the whistling, silken waves, and leaving him overwhelmed by a flood of emotions, bitter and yet sweet, agonizing but strangely delightful. But the bitter and painful predominated.

He was brought to his senses, so to speak, by the voice of honest Digby, who, taking his friend's arm, said:

"You must go with us, Sainty; it would not be entire happiness without *you*."

Landon smiled, but refused. He had some business which he wished to attend to. He would come very soon and offer madam, who really looked charming, his friendly congratulations. Jack must really excuse him for the moment. And so he departed, leaving his friend quite persuaded of his sincerity and beaming with happiness.

Landon's "business" was to go to his home, and sit down and groan, for he had loved this woman with all the strength of his warm and powerful nature; had lavished upon her all his illusions, his dreams, and his heart. He had his groaning duly, rose from his chair pale and haggard, and then made his toilet, and, bracing his nerves for the encounter, went to see *Mrs. Digby*.

A week afterward he announced with a smile his intention of making the tour of Europe; his education was not finished, and foreign travel was just what he needed.

In vain did honest Digby oppose his resolution with every argument in his power—protest that he could not "get on" without his friend—and beg him to change his mind. Landon was firm; he replied, smiling, that he would soon return; the months would soon roll round; he really must go now or never. Then Digby, finding all his arguments thrown away, desisted from opposing the design of his friend; and with melancholy eyes remained silent.

It was a fine morning of spring when Landon went to bid his friend and the family farewell. He was accompanied by his young brother Alfred, who was to remain at "Riverview" during his absence.

Digby was out upon his farm, and it thus happened that Landon was thrown with the bride, who seemed strangely affected as she looked at and listened to him.

At last he rose, smiling and holding out his hand, to say farewell. Tears came to the eyes of the young lady as she rose too, and her cheeks burned with blushes as she gazed at him sadly and tenderly.

"I must go now, madam," he said, "unwilling as I am to leave such charming society. I trust I shall find your roses as blooming upon my return. I have the honor of bidding you farewell."

And Landon smiled, and bowed low and courteously.

"No! not until I tell you how noble you are!" said the young lady, coloring crimson and bursting into tears. "My husband has told me every thing, and I can not, can not tell you good-by thus!"

Landon felt the blood rush to his own cheeks, but he said nothing.

"I know all," continued the young lady, looking at him so sadly and tenderly that it made his heart throb, "and 'tis the least I can do to tell you that I shall always love and honor you, as the truest gentleman I've ever known! It almost breaks my heart for you to go away, Sir—you are my brother, are you not?—will you have me for your sister?"

And with smiles breaking through her tears,

the young girl came to him, and held up her face.

"Please kiss me, Brother Sainty—will you not?" she added; and again he felt the warm lips pressed to his own; yet an instant the two hearts beat together, and something like a fiery tear from the man's eyes fell upon the upturned cheek. It was outraged nature revenging herself—the last drop falling from the overflowing cup—in another moment he was gone.

He pressed the hand of his friend who entered, hurriedly; bade his little brother good-by; and mounting his horse, returned at full speed to the "Neck."

"What a fool I was to go and break my heart again!" he muttered, pale and faint, "to strike my insensate forehead against the door of this Paradise which is closed to me! But I go—yes, I go—and I will not return!"

Twenty-four hours afterward he was upon the ocean, wafted toward the Old World.

VI.—THE RESULT.

What passion lives? What grief is it that weighs as heavenly after four-score months, or even days, as in the hour when it descended like an avalanche upon the shoulders?

Landon made the grand tour, and returned in a year, tranquil and almost happy. The long hours of travel had dissipated much of his suffering—he had indeed forgotten the young girl who had caused him, innocently, so much pain—he had almost effaced from his recollection, even, the cruel emotions which had torn him so, and regained his old indifference.

He appeared one morning at "Riverview" when Jack Digby was just setting out to ride over his farm; and the joy of the good fellow was perfectly extravagant. He shook Landon's hand a hundred times—asking him a thousand questions, and informing him of as many home details—then drawing him by main force into the mansion and up the great oaken stair-case, ushered him into madam's chamber, and cried, with joyful rubbing of the hands:

"My dear, I wish you to kiss Mr. Landon—no, *Sainty* Landon—again! He has returned, you perceive; he is not going away any more."

In the midst of this flood of joyous words, Landon advanced with a smile, and impressed upon the lips of the happy and beautiful young lady a kiss of much affection. His heart did not beat at all—his color did not change—his old passion was dead, and simple affection had taken its place.

As he rose erect, a faint sound saluted his ears from a cradle in the corner, and he began to laugh.

"Let me introduce you to Miss Kate Landon Digby," said the delighted father; and running to the cradle he raised the infant in his arms and brought it, in a horizontal position with the head foremost, to exhibit. With a pretty cry of reproof the young lady took it hastily from his hands, and, dancing it before Landon, began that species of "baby talk" which is so charming or disagreeable as the case may be. Miss Kate Landon Digby was an undeniably handsome child, with beautiful violet eyes like her mother's; and the "young cherub," as her mother called her, laughed toward Mr. Landon, and held out her arms to be taken by him, and pummeled an imaginary adversary in the back, with an enthusiasm which threw honest Jack into ecstasies.

"Is'nt she a little love, brother Sainty," said Mrs. Kate, smiling. "I knew she would take to you from the first."

"Ah, did you?" said Landon smiling."

"Yes, indeed! children understand a face as kind and true as yours, and love you at once."

With which simply uttered words, Mrs. Kate replaced the child in the cradle, despite her evident desire to play with the visitor's mustache. As she did so, little Alfred Landon, with his arm round the neck of Carrie Digby, like himself about six years old, came running in, anxious to kiss his brother. The little fellow was extravagantly joyful, and the kind gentleman listened smiling to his prattle. Then, this family scene having terminated, the two friends mounted their horses and rode out on the plantation, talking of a thousand things. Landon spent the day and night, and then entering his carriage, returned with the youthful Alfred to his own mansion, where a group of delighted Africans welcomed him with enthusiastic grins.

Alone at last in the great dining-room after a late dinner, with a bottle of wine for sole companion, Landon meditated long and deeply upon the past and the present—recalling, one by one, the old scenes and emotions—the old agony and delight.

"Well, well!" he said at length, pushing away his glass and rising, "all that seems to have occurred a century since. Alas, for the theories of romance-writers! and so much for everlasting, changeless, devoted love. I see her without agitation—I take her in my arms and kiss her lips calmly—I caress her child, careless and laughing. I thought that my heart was completely broken—that I would go away, never to return. I fancied I'd die when she married, and here I am alive! So wags the world, and so goes on the comedy of existence! what a farce it is!"

And with this philosophic reflection, he yawned, and went to bed.

VII.—DAYS AT RIVERVIEW.

With Landon's return recommenced the former life of the two friends, as though marriage—that is to say, a woman—had never come to interrupt it.

The young man was quite correct in his conclusions in relation to the change which his feelings had undergone. He did not love his friend's wife in the least, except as a sister; he scarcely realized that *Mrs. Digby* had ever been *Kate Temple*. Between these two personages lay a gulf as profound as the grave, and with the one he never associated the other. He returned thus

to his old habits of living—unchanged, except that his character was more cynical, his smile more indifferent and careless. In fact, Mr. Landon promised to become an elderly and good-humored bachelor; fond of the chase and his bottle; singing songs in favor of single blessedness, and gradually growing eligible for a godfather to the increasing household of his friend.

At Riverview the young man was upon a footing of the most entire familiarity. He was regarded as one of the household—subject to none of the laws of etiquette—and free to go and come without announcing his arrival or departure. This arrangement, so to speak, seemed to afford his hostess the utmost delight. She greeted him always with her brightest smile, and begged him not to go whenever he rose to depart. It seemed to be her study how to please and make him happy. A thousand little womanly devices betrayed her fondness; and she declared upon a hundred occasions that Mr. Landon was her "other husband," to the great delight and amusement of honest Digby. The three persons formed thus a little world to themselves, full of laughter and sunshine; and Landon found his days glide away like minutes, careless and tranquil, with no clouds in the sky, no cold or rain in the warm atmosphere of love.

Thus passed six months, and then the young man began to covet something to arouse him.

He was lounging one morning upon a sofa in Mrs. Digby's chamber, whither he always went at once upon his arrival, without the least ceremony, and he announced, with a smile, this humor to do something.

"I believe I'll go to Europe, and remain fifteen or sixteen years," he said; "then return, and marry Kate yonder in the cradle."

"Oh, Sainty!" said Mrs. Digby, who was sewing opposite, "how foolish you are!"

"Foolish? Why I think 'twould be the best plan in the world, Kate; unless you refuse your consent!"

And Landon laughed, lazily.

"I would not refuse, Sainty; and I'll give you Katie now, except that you must let me educate your future wife."

"Agreed!" said Landon, laughing; "and at sixteen I may have her?"

"Yes, indeed—please hold this silk for me—there! Why, how in the world do you keep your hands so white and soft?"

And thus the apparently idle conversation ended.

But when Landon returned home that evening the subject came back to his thoughts, and his project presented itself to him with an odd attraction, perhaps from its very singularity and extravagance. He continued to think of it, day after day, more and more; and gradually the idle whim ripened into a determined purpose.

"Yes, I'll go!" he said finally, one day; "I've made up my mind. This life is really delightful, but there's too much honey in it for a young fellow as fond of rough adventure as I am! Yes, decidedly I'll go to Europe, and perhaps Asia; I'll see the world for as many years as I fancy; I'll grow a ferocious beard, and smoke a chibouk in Constantinople! Then I'll come back, and settle down in old Northumberland for the remainder of my life, having seen every thing; and if Miss Kate Landon Digby wishes to drop the latter part of her name, and retain the Kate Landon, she may consult her own pleasure!"

Thus Landon's mind was resolutely made up, and he immediately announced his intention to the family at Riverview. We did not undertake to describe the outcry upon honest Jack Digby's part, when his friend was going away for a twelvemonth. We certainly, therefore, shall not try to paint the scene which followed the declaration now of his design to go away for many years. It was a hurricane of protests, entreaties, almost of indignation, which raged around him—but he was firm. At the end of a week Jack Digby and his wife gave up in despair, and Landon came and bade them farewell, leaving his younger brother at Riverview, as before.

Honest Jack turned away to hide a moisture in his eyes—Mrs. Kate kissed the departing traveler, tears streaming down her cheeks—and to this scene were added the tears and sobs of little Alfred and Carrie.

"Come, come, friends!" said Landon, frowning to hide his own emotion, "'tis not an everlasting separation. Who knows but I'll get tired in a year, and come back! I thought when I went away the last time I'd never return—and now I have a prospective wife to bring me home again," he added, pointing with a smile to the cradle. "Remember your promise, Kate, and so farewell!"

On the next morning Landon and his trunks departed from the "Neck;" and with a favorable wind blowing down the brilliant Chesapeake, and filling the snowy sails, he went from the Western World, which soon sank and disappeared from his sight.

VIII.—WHY, THAT'S MY WIFE.

Sixteen years, day for day, after the scenes which we have just related, one of those small craft which ply along the shores of the Chesapeake, entered the mouth of the Potomac, rounded Roger's Point, and approached the old wharf at "Landon's Neck."

At the stern of the sloop stood a man apparently about twenty-eight years old, tall, stately, and with a complexion deeply embrowned by sun and wind. A long and slender mustache, as black as midnight, and curled upward after the fashion of the period, fringed the firm, handsome lips; and beneath the perfectly arched brows sparkled a pair of dark and brilliant eyes, full of life and pride. The traveler was elegantly clad in an embroidered suit of maroon silk, and his quick glance darting from beneath a wide Spanish hat, surveyed the scene of land and water with evident pleasure.

As the little craft veered toward the wharf,

sending up clouds of spray from her sharp cutwater, the traveler's attention was attracted by a beautiful sail-boat scudding under a press of snowy canvas across the brilliant expanse—and the light bark which ran over the ripples like a waterfowl with outstretched wings, was filled with youths and maidens, clad in all the colors of the rainbow, and as noisy as a party of happy children. The stranger gazed admiringly at the little bark with its fluttering streamers, and seemed to like the bright faces, for he smiled as he looked at them. One especially attracted his attention—the face of a young lady, erect like himself in the stern, and leaning for support upon the shoulder of a youth, who did not seem at all fatigued by his burden. She was a girl of about sixteen, with brown curling hair, rippling now in the fresh breeze—a pair of rosy cheeks—and a figure tall, slender, and exquisitely graceful, as it bent backward and forward, lithe, rounded, and undulating, with the movement of the dancing bark.

"A perfect little fairy, that!" muttered the stranger, smiling; and turning to a negro who had rowed to meet the sloop from the wharf,

"Who is the young lady standing yonder, in the stern of that sail-boat?" he said.

"Miss Kate Digby, Sah," replied the grinning negro.

"Miss Kate Digby!" exclaimed the traveler, "why that's my wife!"

And with a smile, Landon leaped from the deck of the sloop to the wharf, from which he walked to his house visble on a hill in the distance.

The writers of romances have this advantage over the historian, or the simple story teller, that the width of canvas admits of those graphic delineations which add so largely to the attractions of a narrative. Were our canvas of the size in question, we might describe the extravagant delight of Landon's dark household—the joy of the white-haired patriarchs, bent with age—the dancing of the small Africans, for the most part clad in a single garment—the confusion, the uproar, the loud chant of "Massa Sainty home again!" and all the wild exuberance of the simple natures, flocking around the so-long-absent lord of the manor, and shaking his hand joyfully. All this we should like to tell of—and of the after meeting with Colonel John Digby, Justice of the Peace, and his excellent lady, who became quite childish and ridiculous upon the occasion, and, figuratively speaking, kindled a great bonfire in token of rejoicing. This and much more might we delineate on the above-referred-to expansive canvas—but unfortunately our real material is far too narrow. The brush paints in the air all those gracious and kind faces—we can only faintly touch them—minute, and thrown far to the background.

It is enough to say that honest Jack—still the same happy laughing gentleman—exhibited extravagant joy—and that Madame Kate conducted herself with a similar want of propriety; after which came the great old dinner—and the revelers from the water.

Landon found his hand squeezed almost to a jelly by the vigorous grasp of a graceful young fellow of twenty-one, who introduced himself as Alfred Landon; felt his lips suddenly assaulted by a young lady of the same age, Miss Carrie Digby; and behind there came a new acquaintance, blushing and smiling, Miss Kate Landon Digby, whom he had left sixteen years before in the cradle.

Kate came to Mr. Landon, stepping with the grace and lightness of a mountain deer, which she really resembled in the beautiful carriage of her fair head; and with rosy cheeks, and large bright eyes, sparkling with pleasure, did not seem reluctant to welcome the stranger in the approved manner.

"Why, here's my wife!" cried Landon, greeting the girl with a brilliant smile, "I salute my bride, as is proper!"

And he impressed a kiss upon the blushing cheek which was not withdrawn.

"I left you in the cradle, ma'm'selle!" holding her hand and looking at her with admiring affection, "and your mother gave you to me. Did you not, Madame Kate?"

"Yes, indeed, Sainty!"

"'Sainty!' good!" cried Landon, "I must positively salute you again, Madame, if Jack will permit. You really delight me more than I can tell you by calling me by my old name—the name of my youth."

"You are quite a youth yet," said Mrs. Digby, receiving the second kiss with a smile, "and even younger, I think."

"No, indeed! I'm an old fellow of thirty-eight. I despair of ever inducing Kate here to marry me."

"You've not asked her yet!"

"That's true, 'faith! will you, Kate?"

"Ask mamma!" was the reply of the young lady, blushing into laughter.

"She says yes."

"Then I'm quite willing."

Which reply of Miss Kate's caused universal laughter. One personage, however, did not seem to listen with so much pleasure as the rest—Alfred Landon. He blushed slightly—moved about in an uneasy manner—and was evidently relieved when his brother turned to converse with Mr. Digby and Mrs. Kate.

Dinner proceeded, and we need not say that the friends sat for hours over their wine, talking of a thousand things—recalling old scenes and memories—and smiling as they had not smiled for years. After all there is nothing in the whole wide world like home—like those faces which beam as of old—like the friends of our youth. Age does not change the old love—distance take from it; and the two friends lived again all that life which had gone from them, and were again happy.

When Landon returned homeward, he experienced a tranquil happiness which he had been a stranger to for years: and among all

those kindly faces, he smiled the most at the recollection of Miss Kate's, and at her mirth and beauty.

IX.—AT RIVERVIEW.

"And so you think you will like me, Kate?"

"Yes, indeed, cousin Sainty! you see I've fashioned my mouth as you desire," said the lovely girl.

"I hope you'll always call me so," continued Landon, smiling, and looking through the window of the great apartment at "Riverview," where this conversation took place, "I doubted whether you could place me on the list of your cousins, Kate—it seems more suitable for you to call me *uncle*, does it not?"

"Oh no, indeed, cousin! not that I don't like *uncle*, for I think I'd love an uncle if I had one, dearly! A young uncle recollect!" added the merry girl, "for you know he'd pet me, and I'm desperately fond of petting!"

It was not Kate's fault that she accompanied the words with a dangerous glance. Nature had given her that look, and she could no more keep her brilliant eyes demurely fixed upon the carpet, than she could look prim when any thing amused her.

"Ah, well!" said Landon, laughing, "I don't find fault with that—and I'm very well content to be your cousin, if you'll adopt such an old gentleman."

"An old gentleman! You!"

"Why, certainly."

"You! Why, cousin, you look scarcely twenty-eight!"

"Alas! I am thirty-eight!"

"That's still very young."

"And so you think I'd answer for a young uncle?"

"Admirably, Sir."

And Miss Kate delivered another dangerous look. Landon laughed.

"Well, well," he said, regarding the young girl with undisguised affection and admiration, "call me uncle—cousin—any thing you will, so that you love me; for you love me a little, do you not?"

His voice altered like a boy's as he spoke, and Miss Kate perceived it, for a slight tinge came to her cheek.

"Indeed, cousin Sainty," she said, with a frank and sincere look, "'twould be indeed strange did I not love you. Mamma does nothing but praise you and speak of all your goodness; and I think you've given her love-powders. Not a day, I think, has passed, for years, without some allusion to 'our traveler;' and there's a little air, which mamma sings often—I have learned it—called 'Across the sea and home again.' I'm glad you've heard it, and obeyed it."

And the beautiful girl looked at him with such a frank affection in her tender, smiling eyes, that Landon felt his heart beat.

"Oh, you flatter me!" he said, smiling; "that is not necessary—"

"In your wife!" cried Kate, laughing and blushing. "But I'm going to set an example to brides, cousin."

"Ah! I'd forgotten."

"Forgotten, Sir! Fie! for shame!"

And again Kate's laugh rang out merry and free. Landon scarcely knew what to reply, and it was well for him that Alfred entered at the moment and broke up the interview.

The two brothers returned home together, but little was said upon the road. Landon was smiling and reflecting; Alfred was gloomy, and full of a strange, vague jealousy.

IX.—A GENTLEMAN.

Does the heart grow so much older with the passing years that the fresh, pure love of boyhood is impossible to the mature mind? In many instances this is doubtless true—in as many others it is not.

The kind, true heart is always young, for the bitter waters of misfortune and dispelled illusion leave no stain on the pure tablet. Such a soul flourishes in imperishable youth, and two or four score years may turn the locks to gray or white, but they can not banish the sunshine of the breast.

Landon was thirty-eight on his return from that long travel through many lands, but he had all the gayety and freshness of a man of twenty. He was even younger, it seemed, than when he went away, for life had passed before him in a thousand brilliant and imposing forms, and all his old cynical indifference had disappeared, leaving in its place a calm good-humor, a fresher zest of existence, and a happier and more contented philosophy. He no longer cared to roam away, to utter satire, to yawn idly, as though life were what he once thought it, a mere farce. He now considered it a very excellent thing. He experienced a calm joy at the idea of spending the remainder of his days in the good old domain of home. He smiled where he had scoffed and laughed. He was fresher and happier.

Thus it was that he brought to the young girl, Kate Digby, whom he soon came to love, a purity and delicacy of feeling which he had never before possessed. He scarcely realized that he was more than twice her age, and, indeed, the young lady herself seemed wholly oblivious of the fact. She soon found herself returning his repartees with perfect ease; and every day the affection which he had experienced for her upon their first meeting appeared more natural, and ripened more rapidly into what it ere long became, delicate and tender love.

Honest Jack Digby and his excellent wife observed the growing fondness for the young girl on the part of Landon with the deepest satisfaction. If there was any desire which the lady cherished above and beyond all others, it was that of seeing her daughter united to the noble gentleman whose beautiful traits of head and heart had inspired her with so much ad-

miration and affection. It came at last to be the daily prayer of the kind lady; and at the expiration of two or three months, her schemes seemed to be in a fair way for fulfillment, when suddenly, by the act of Landon himself, they were all at once disappointed and wholly dissipated.

One morning Landon bade the family good-by, and set out for the western country beyond the great Blue Ridge—alleging the necessity of attending to his waste lands; an occupation which, he said, would probably retain him away for at least a year, perhaps two. We shall not attempt to paint the scene at "Riverview," whose kind mistress dissolved into a flood of tears at the announcement, but proceed briefly to explain this course upon the part of Landon.

He exiled himself thus deliberately—for the business was all a pretense—to avoid becoming the rival of his brother. In these words we sum up, and indicate succinctly the point to which things had come.

With every passing day the man of thirty-eight had found in the girl of seventeen some new and more engaging quality—some hitherto undiscovered loveliness of intellect or heart. He saw ripening beneath his eyes, as it were, from seed to fruit, from bud to full blossom, one of those rare and beautiful natures which seem allied to the sunshine, the flowers, the pure and limpid streams reflecting the blue heavens, to all that is delicate and admirable in the universe. And seeing her thus, tender and beautiful, he had come to love her with all the ardor and freshness of a boy, into whose heart love enters for the first time. With the gliding weeks, his love grew stronger and stronger; in her presence alone he seemed to live, and from her violet eyes he drank in something brighter than the sunshine—an influence which made him young again, reviving in full strength and brilliance all the rosy and enchanting dreams of his happy youth.

This was the point at which Landon had arrived when, one day, he discovered what, strangely unobservant, he had not dreamed of, that his brother Alfred loved the woman upon whom he himself had thus expended all the treasures of his heart. Arrested suddenly by this terrible misfortune, as a horse going at full speed is by the hand of his rider, Landon turned pale, and going away to his silent chamber, sat down and reflected. With knit brows, and muttering lips—pale with suppressed agitation, and groaning at times—he meditated long and profoundly. Three hours passed thus, and then he rose, agitated but determined, miserable but calm, and resolute to preserve this calmness. It was the second time that a great temptation had assailed him—on the first occasion he had struggled successfully—should he be wanting now? Should he refuse to his brother that magnanimity which he had exerted toward a friend? No! At least, there should be no blot on his escutcheon; and so, with a smile on his lips, and a heart full of despair, he went away, leaving his brother to prosecute his suit on an undisputed arena.

Let us not accompany him, but, passing over the space of ten months, rapidly bring our narrative to its *dénouement*.

X.—CORRESPONDENCE.

Ten months after his departure Landon received the following letter, which found him at his place of sojourn beyond the Blue Ridge:

"Landon's Neck, *August* 10, 175–.

"Dear Brother,—I write to announce the happiest event of my life, and to ask your permission, although I'm twenty-one, to get married. You are the head of our house, and 'tis proper that you should not remain in ignorance of the alliance which I'm about to enter into. Therefore, my dear brother, let me, in the European fashion, and with the gravest dignity, which I can't preserve long without laughing, I fear, since I'm so happy—permit me to announce to your Excellency that I've the honor of being engaged to Miss Digby, and every preparation is made for our marriage. Pray do not be absent—'twill take place at Pentotoc church, on the 10th October, and I should be really unhappy were not the best of brothers present on the occasion. Pray write at once; we are all very well, and the estate proceeds admirably. All at Riverview send much love.

"Always, my dear brother,

"Your obedient Alfred Landon."

This was the letter which Landon read with a pale cheek, and deep sighs. His reply was as follows:

"Mr. Pendleton's, in Berkeley County, *the 1st Sep.* 175–.

"My Dear Alfred,—You have my entire approval of your alliance with Miss Digby, and if 'tis possible I shall be present at Pontotoc Church on the 10th October. Mr. Digby, as you are aware, is one of my oldest and most esteemed friends, and the young lady possesses great excellence and beauty of character. I bid you heartily God-speed, and will write you soon at greater length, my desire being that you should have the 'Bayshore' estate upon your marriage. Present my regards to our excellent friends at Riverview.

"Your loving brother, St. George Landon."

The pang which his brother's letter caused Landon, was one of inexpressible bitterness. To the last moment he had hoped that something would intervene to prevent his unhappiness—that Providence would not thus again strike him heavily; with that desperate hope which characterizes drowning men and lovers, he had questioned the horizon of chance each day for some cloud, some indication of change. To the end he had clung to his illusion, and retained his trust. Now, however, all was over: the blow had at last fallen with all its strength, he was a despairing man; and nothing remained for him but a decent withdrawal of all claim to the young lady's hand. There was no part left him but that of the smiling friend of the family—one of the pageant at the marriage.

"Well!" he said, with clenched teeth, "I'll not retreat! I'll go, and then let fate do her worst. 'Tis a hard task to move a ruined man!"

He had determined to be present at his brother's marriage.

XI.—PONTOTOC CHURCH: CONCLUSION.

At nine o'clock in the morning, on the 10th of October, Landon mounted on horseback, ap-

proached the old Pontotoc Church, through the magnificent woodland; and tying his animal to a bough of the forest, entered the building.

Doubtful of his strength, and desirous above all things to avoid the possibility of any thing like a "scene," he had determined to put off the meeting with his brother until the marriage was consummated; and in prosecution of this scheme, he now ascended the winding stairway leading to a small private gallery, such as the greater families built for their own accommodation, and concealed himself behind the large railing. From this perch, raised high above the body of the church, he could witness all, and wiping his forehead, which was bathed in cold sweat, he sat down, and waited for the approach of the bridal party.

At the end of somewhat more than an hour the sound of chariot wheels and prancing hoofs resounded upon the road in front of the building, every moment growing louder and more frequent, and ere long, the church began to fill with gayly-dressed dames and gentlemen, exchanging a hundred salutations, and uttering that murmurous greeting and conversation which characterized such occasions at the period, as indeed it does to the present day.

Silent and motionless in his hiding-place, Landon heard all these compliments, all this laughter; he recognized the young ladies of the county, and the gentlemen his friends, as he had left them, all smiling as in days before, and carrying on the comedy which he regarded with a mournful smile, a sombre disdain. There they were, smiling and happy, and full of expectation; and he was looking upon the pageant from his concealment plunged into the most miserable despair, the deepest wretchedness. There were the cavaliers ogling the maidens, and dreaming of the moment when their own weddings would take place—while for him there was no more love, no more happiness, no more laughter, it seemed almost no more life!

A groan issued from Landon's breast, which mingled with the hubbub, and was lost; leaning his cold forehead against a pillar he summoned all his resolution, braced all his remaining strength, and thus, calm and pale awaited the coming spectacle.

At last it came. The wheels of half a dozen chariots resounded in front of the church—the rustling of satin was heard as the bride and her suit issued from the coaches—and in the midst of a general movement accompanied by a prolonged buzz, which made the concourse resemble a bed of tulips agitated by the wind—the bridal party swept into the edifice, ascended the aisle, and took their places before the black-robed parson.

Landon, with one arm clasping the pillar upon which he leaned, and brows bathed in icy moisture, retained for an instant his former attitude—his body bending forward, his head crouching like that of a hunter who seeks to avoid the spring of an enraged panther. His fiery eyes, burning like flame in his face as pale as ashes, were riveted upon the floor, and the hand with which he grasped the back of the seat, made the firm timber bend and crack.

Then a last shudder ran through his frame, his white teeth caught the trembling under lip with the pressure of iron, and Landon raised his head, and looked. She stood with her back to him, clad in her bridal dress of snowy satin, falling in stiff folds ending in a train, and from her head floated the white vail, almost to the floor.

Alfred in a magnificent costume, covered with embroidery, raised his proud and happy head; and thus side by side, their garments touching, they went through the ceremony which made them man and wife. Then the heads of all were bent as the parson uttered the concluding prayer; all heads but one. A superstitious observer would have said that the pale face, with its eyes burning like fire, belonged to some evil spirit entered into the flesh.

The prayer ended, and in the midst of an immense flood of kisses and congratulations, the bride and bridegroom turned from the chancel.

Landon rose to his feet with a bound, and then seemed about to fall back fainting. The bride was "Miss Digby," it is true; but it was Carrie Digby—not Kate. This latter young lady was first bridesmaid!

The revulsion was almost too much for Landon's strength, strong as he was. The rush of tumultuous joy almost overwhelmed him. Before he knew where he was, he was exchanging greetings with a dozen friends in the vestibule below, laughing with electric mirth, and pressing toward the bride. This extravagance soon passed, however, and when he reached the side of his brother, Landon had regained all his coolness, and met him with a placid smile.

The young bridegroom uttered a joyous exclamation and pressed his brother's hand enthusiastically, demanding how it had been possible that he had not known of his presence.

"Only a little surprise I wished to give you!" said the smiling Landon, "and now with your permission, Monseigneur, I shall salute Madame!"

Mrs. Carrie Landon returned the kiss with the utmost warmth; and then Landon's eye encountered that of the first bridesmaid, Miss Kate Landon Digby. Her face flushed with joy, and pressing toward Landon with sparkling eyes, and heightened color, she cried, holding out both hands—

"Oh! I am so glad to see you, cousin Sainty!"

"And I to see you, Kate, I do assure you. I'm glad enough to kiss you."

But Miss Kate drew back, blushing more deeply than before.

"No—please—don't!" she murmured; "at least—not here! Oh, I do not mean that! But, indeed, I am very glad to see you, Sir."

And the girl turned away her head, as if afraid of betraying by the expression of her eyes how very deep her joy at meeting him again in reality was.

She passed from him into the crowd then, without asking him to come and see them at Riverview, and Landon saw her disappear in the brilliant billows, lovelier to his eyes than the loveliest, fairer than them all.

As the sun drew toward the western horizon, lighting up grandly the superb October forests and the smiling fields, a great company of friends gathered round the hospitable board of honest Jack Digby, and afterward with vast accessions from the neighborhood, the bridal party turned their attention to the minuet and reel which made the golden hours of the autumn night glide by like thoughts in the breasts of happy lovers.

In a corner, the two brothers interchanged a hundred details; and then, for the first time, the elder heard from the laughing youth the history of his affair with Kate Digby. That young lady, according to Alfred's account, had discarded him six months before, in the flattest and most decisive manner—had wounded his heart so deeply that he felt the absolute need of inducing some other damsel to heal it. Carrie had succeeded; and really she was the noblest girl in all the world! and what a beauty! what a happy dog he was!

Landon returned laughing to the crowd, and was soon dancing a minuet with Miss Kate, whose cheeks seemed colored by the heat of the room. There was a little tremor in her hand, also, when she gave it to Landon; but there was none when, a year afterward, she gave it to him, in the old church, for life. He was not ignorant then of the least detail relating to the old scenes. She had loved him almost from the moment of his return from Europe—had mourned bitterly in secret over his departure for the mountains—she had loved him always, and neither as an uncle nor a cousin.

Assembled around the great board at "Riverview" again, the concourse of friends and relatives wished Landon and his beautiful bride long life, and health and happiness; and Mrs. Digby whispered to the bridegroom,

"Are you satisfied, Sainty, with my education of your bride?"

"Yes, Kate," said Landon, smiling with happiness, "from the very cradle, and I'll never leave you any more."

He kept his promise. St. George Landon, Esquire, and Mistress Catherine Digby Landon, lived at the "Neck" for the remainder of their days, as did Alfred and his wife at the "Bayshore" estate near by. The gentleman from whom this history is derived enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the son of St. George Landon by this marriage.

And so terminates our chronicle.

CAUSES AND PREVENTION OF EPIDEMICS.

THE fallibility of human reason is in nothing more clearly illustrated than in the history of the opinions entertained in reference to the method of propagation of epidemics. In a matter of such vital importance, we would naturally look for the coolest judgment, the calmest and most dispassionate weighing of evidence, the most laborious, extensive, and painstaking research. We find, on the contrary, that the strongest passions of man's nature have been roused, conclusions have been leaped to from insufficient premises, and the discussion has assumed the rancor and dishonesty of a partisan controversy. The love of money has blinded men to truth, and commerce has been so short-sighted as to save a few cargoes at the hazard of a whole season's profits, to say nothing of the tremendous cost of human life at which the small and transient gains have been purchased. It shall be our effort, in the few remarks we have to make, to state candidly and briefly the prominent facts, and then to announce the conclusions we have drawn from a somewhat attentive study of the subject.

Two prominent theories of the propagation of epidemics now divide the medical world. One of these attributes their origin and spread to purely local and atmospheric causes, while the other insists upon human intercourse as the most important, if not the solitary factor in the deadly product. About these two grand ideas revolve many minor hypotheses, such as the animalcular, fungoid, and gaseous origin of pestilence, and the evolution of miasmatic gases from the fiery centre of the earth. The advocates of either theory have brought forward a vast number of facts, amply sufficient to prove to any unprejudiced mind the existence of much truth in both opinions.

Before examining either of these apparently conflicting views, it is necessary to settle the meaning of certain often-repeated phrases, and to take a general survey of some physiological and chemical facts which are necessary to the proper understanding of the subject. There are two words universally employed, and often in a very loose and inexact manner, by all who have paid any attention to the class of diseases in question. These words are *contagion* and *infection*. In many instances we read page after page of learned disputations, which would never have been written had their author clearly apprehended the sense in which these phrases were understood by his opponent. Contagion has been used by some to express every method by which disease can be communicated from one individual to another, while it has been limited by others to those cases in which actual contact is necessary. Infection has been employed to indicate not only the tainted and morbific condition of the atmosphere arising from the effluvia of sickness, but also to express the same ideas as the word contagion. In the following pages we shall employ the word *contagion* to denote the reproduction of disease by a direct and unchanged emanation from a body affected by the same disorder, whether it acts by immediate contact or through the atmosphere; while we shall use the word *infection*, to imply the propagation of disease by a poison which is developed from emanations of

any sort that have become active morbid agents by undergoing a change, either by fermentation or otherwise.

There are many circumstances which, though alone wholly insufficient to produce pestilence, yet, when acting together, may generate it, and must, if it should arise from other causes, greatly increase its intensity. Every one knows that epidemic diseases are most fatal in low, filthy, ill-ventilated, and crowded houses. There are numerous reasons for this. One of the most palpable is the direct vitiation of air by respiration.

When a mouse is put under a bell-glass he is at first as vivacious as he was in the open air. He frisks about, nibbles his cheese, and seems quite contented with his new abode. Presently he becomes anxious and restless, endeavors to escape, exhibits much uneasiness, and finally grows listless, languid, lethargic, and expires. Few readers have not shuddered at the record of the awful night spent by the English prisoners of Suraja ud Dowlah in the Black Hole of Calcutta—how they raved and struggled for a snuff of fresh air, and how, when morning broke, its rays shone upon twenty-three ghastly survivors of the unhappy band of one hundred and forty-six who had been shut up the previous evening. But even these had not yet escaped the horrors of that night. Several of them died of typhus fever, the effect of the poison they had then inhaled.

We have not far to seek for the cause of these unhappy effects. The blood, as it traverses the system, carrying nutriment to every part, takes up from all the changing, wasting tissues the products of their decay. Carbonic acid is one of the chief of these products—a deleterious gas which, if allowed to remain in the blood, must speedily extinguish the flame of life. To prevent this fatal result, an escape for this deadly fluid has been provided in the lungs. In the minute cells of their delicate tissue an interchange of gases is effected. Carbonic acid escapes, and oxygen from the atmosphere takes its place. Health is impossible if this great function be interfered with, in even a slight degree. Every man uses daily, in respiration, thirty-three hogsheads of pure air, and gives off ten cubic feet of carbonic acid gas. He must have his supply of air, from seven to eight hundred cubic feet. But it will not answer to tie him to this. If you give him this supply in a close room, he will still be embarrassed; because, after he has contaminated it with his breath, the carbonic acid which he has exhaled begins to act like a poison upon him long before he has exhausted his stock of oxygen. It paralyzes his respiratory function, preventing the free escape of the gas contained in his blood. He then grows heavy. If he has slept, he is not refreshed; if he has been awake, he becomes languid, has headaches; he loses his energy, and does not recover it till after he has exposed himself for a sufficient length of time in the open air.

Nor does the evil stop here. The lungs throw off water as well as carbonic acid gas, and in that water is contained an animal substance which rapidly decomposes. This every one knows who enters a room in which persons have been sleeping all night. The air is close and stifling, and the nose becomes sensible of a peculiarly offensive odor—the smell of commencing putrefaction. This exhaled substance is of a viscous nature, and clings to the wall, the wood-work, the bed-clothes—a fact which travelers often discover on retiring to their rooms in crowded hotels. Now, if it is remembered that the lungs absorb from the air as well as exhale to it, we perceive how easy it is for this putrefying poison to be introduced to the blood through the delicate membranes of these organs. Our readers must be content to take our word for the fact that these effluvia are energetic in the production of disease, as we have no space for the proofs that could be accumulated to establish it.

It is evident that the depressing effects of foul air are not confined to those cases in which the immediate results of its poison are seen. Because it requires a given quantity of carbonic acid in the air to exhibit decided effects, it does not follow that a much lower proportion does not seriously impair the vital energies, and especially the power of resisting disease. We are firmly convinced that many a case of scarlet fever or of measles proves fatal on account of an unperceived depression of the little sufferer's strength by previous continued exposure to an atmosphere tainted with carbonic acid and other exhalations from his own lungs. We know that all diseases of low grade, such as typhoid and typhus fever, prevail to a very great extent in ill-ventilated houses; we know that an epidemic inflammation of the eyes has been frightfully prevalent in the Irish workhouses, and that it has been traced to imperfect ventilation—the eye disease being merely the index of the general depression of the vital powers; we know, too, that in one of the transatlantic hospitals, the mortality went down from forty in a thousand to nine upon the adoption of a proper system of ventilation, and that it rose again to twenty-four on the subsequent abandonment of that system. These are only illustrations; hosts of similar facts could be cited from the records of medical science.

Now, what bearing has imperfect ventilation upon the progress of epidemics? As far as cholera is concerned, we have most significant answers to that question in the British reports. We cite but one instance as an illustration. At Tooting, the cholera broke out violently among the children in the work-house, while the prison entirely escaped. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the inmates of the jail enjoyed the luxury of pure air at the rate of eight or nine hundred cubic feet for each individual, while the unhappy little paupers were limited to from one hundred and thirty-three to one hundred and fifty cubic feet each. The school-rooms

are particularly accused, as they were low and very badly ventilated. It was remarked that the boys enjoyed a comparative immunity from the attacks of the pestilence. This was attributed to the fact that the turbulent little fellows could not be restrained from breaking the windows of their room, while the more docile girls, not availing themselves of that rude method of obtaining a little fresh air, wilted in the foul atmosphere of their confined dens.

It is not only in close apartments that a vitiation of the air to an extent capable of producing disease is possible. The whole atmosphere of a neighborhood may be tainted so as to lay prostrate an entire population. Every one knows that powerfully-offensive odors are capable of inducing weakness amounting to actual fainting, in persons of a highly sensitive, nervous temperament. The exhaustion so speedily manifested in these cases exists, though not to a perceptible degree, in far sturdier frames. The reports of the Registrar-General of England disclose to us some very startling facts in reference to this matter. If any one were to select from among all the different occupations the healthiest men of a nation, he would probably choose the farmers and the butchers. Both are usually stout in frame and ruddy in complexion. Both are actively employed, have plenty of exercise and abundance of food. In one point, however, their circumstances widely differ. The farmer breathes the pure air of the country; the butcher inhales the atmosphere of the shambles and the slaughter-house, tainted with putrefying animal effluvia. The result is an instructive lesson as to the value of pure air. The rate of deaths per thousand among farmers between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five was 11·99 per thousand. The butchers of the same age died at 23·1 per thousand, so that their mortality is above double that of farmers. These two classes, indeed, occupy nearly the extremes of the table of mortality. The farmer is the healthiest man on the list, while there is but one who is worse off than the butcher, the innkeeper. Any one who knows how large a proportion of taverns are mere grog-shops, reeking with impurities and environed in filth, will not be surprised that the mortality among this class ascends to 28·34 in the thousand. To make the matter still more striking, let us compare the "bull-fronted, ruddy" butcher with the sallow shoemaker, whose figure on this list stands 15·3 in the thousand. The superior comfort of the butcher's circumstances increases our surprise at this unexpected discovery.

Let us now inquire how the history of pestilence bears upon this question. A single case is sufficient for our purpose. In Spitalfields there is a manufactory of artificial manure, where the exhalations of drying blood and night-soil taint the atmosphere, and fill it with disgusting odors. Immediately opposite this establishment is the work-house of the parish. It had been long observed that when the wind set steadily from the factory toward the work-house, fever of a low, malignant type prevailed among the unfortunate inmates of the latter. In 1848, when cholera was sweeping over England, the wind blew from that quarter. In one morning, sixty children were taken ill with the Asiatic plague. The authorities, aroused to a sense of the peril of these poor people, indicted the establishment as a nuisance, and compelled the proprietor to close. Very speedily the epidemic ceased. Five months afterward the filthy business was resumed; again the wind blew from the direction of the factory. The stench which pervaded the work-house was overpowering. Forty-five boys, whose dormitories faced the factory, died of cholera; while the girls, whose windows looked in another direction, escaped.

This striking case might be fortified by numerous instances in which malignant disease has broken out on ship-board immediately after pumping out putrid bilge-water. The history of the epidemic of cholera in the Baltimore almshouse, is also very instructive on this point. The city of Baltimore was that year blessed with a very energetic Board of Health, which enforced, in spite of all opposition, the thorough cleansing of the city. Not a single case of the disease occurred within the city limits; while in the alms-house, just outside of the boundaries of the corporation, over a hundred of the inmates died. The investigation of the physician revealed the presence of an exceedingly offensive cess-pool on that side of the house which was most severely affected.

Dampness is another cause which predisposes to an attack of an epidemic disease. This need not surprise us, for we know that the skin is a great draining apparatus to sweep impurities out of the system. In every full-grown man, so closely are its minute tubes packed away that their entire length amounts to twenty-seven miles. If this extensive sewerage is dammed up, it is easy to see that a poison received by the lungs can not be so readily eliminated through the outer surface of the body. Every one is aware, by his own sensations, how a damp, close atmosphere oppresses him, and how evidently the action of the skin is interfered with. These considerations alone would lead us to anticipate a greater prevalence of epidemic diseases in damp than in dry districts. This is eminently true of Asiatic cholera, which follows the banks of rivers, and loves to dwell in damp, low situations. New Orleans and St. Petersburg —two cities which suffered terribly from this Oriental plague—are proverbial for their low, marshy site and the great humidity of their atmosphere.

It must not be supposed that the air is dry because there is little or no rain, or because the dampness is not directly perceptible to the senses. In long droughts, modern meteorology has taught us that the air is often heavily charged with moisture, which is made manifest by the proper instruments. When this damp atmosphere is also a hot one, disease, in some

form, is almost inevitable. The reports of the Sanitary Commission of New Orleans on the Yellow Fever of 1853, and of the Special Committee of the American Medical Association on the Influence of the Hygrometric State of the Atmosphere on Health, are full of information on this head. In the latter we learn that, during that remarkable prevalence of sun-stroke in the city of New York in the summer of 1853—a prevalence so great as almost to deserve the name of an epidemic—the dew-point had reached the remarkable height of 84°. In Buffalo, during the summer of 1854, the cholera seemed steadily to increase with the humidity of the atmosphere until the epidemic attained its height.

It is probably to this that we are to attribute the remarkable fact, often noticed during cholera epidemics, that the lower floors of buildings suffer more severely than the upper. The air is always damper nearer the ground. Thus a difference in altitude of sixty feet, in the same exposure, has been known to make a difference of $10\frac{1}{2}$ degrees in the dew-point.

Our account of the atmospherical conditions of pestilence would be very incomplete without some notice of that mysterious agent, *ozone*. Van Maram was the first who gave any hint of the remarkable change induced in oxygen by the electric fluid. After passing five thousand sparks from a powerful battery through a tube of oxygen gas, he observed that the gas had acquired the peculiar smell so often noticed during the action of an electrical machine. The announcement of this fact created little stir in the scientific world, and led to no new discoveries. The whole matter was forgotten, till, in 1849, Schönbein, a German chemist, while decomposing water by means of the galvanic battery, observed the same odor, and turned his attention to the examination of the product. At first he thought it to be a new compound of hydrogen and oxygen, but afterward adopted the opinion of the French chemists, that it was a peculiar modification of the latter.

It manifests all the properties of oxygen in a highly energetic degree. It greatly increases the rapidity of oxydation in all oxydizable bodies. Its action upon public health appears to be decided. When it is present in excess, diseases of the lungs, especially influenza, are prevalent. When it is deficient, on the contrary, fevers and all those diseases which are believed to depend upon a species of fermentation induced in the blood are common. The ordinary interpretation of this fact is, that these disorders depend upon the presence in the atmosphere of various organic matters which are undergoing a molecular change in their progress toward complete disorganization, and that ozone hastens their oxydation, burns them up, as it were, and so renders them innocuous. Epidemics of cholera are said to be characterized by a total absence of this purifying agent.

The drinking water used by large communities is another matter to which great attention should be paid. "Town water," as Dr. Barton very truly says, "is town air," and all the impurities in the latter are speedily absorbed by the former, so that water which stands exposed for any time to the atmosphere of a city during an epidemic is at least to be suspected. Much more may we anticipate disease from the use of water which is tainted by infiltration from a soil charged with organic impurities. Many facts have been cited in proof of the danger of using such water.

A very striking instance is recorded in one of the reports of the Registrar-General of Great Britain. In the city of Manchester was a well, in the immediate vicinity of a sewer, so badly walled that the contents of the drain leaked into it. Of ninety houses in its neighborhood, thirty used its water and sixty did not. In the former, there occurred nineteen cases of diarrhœa, twenty-six of cholera, and twenty-five deaths; in the latter, eleven cases of diarrhœa, none of cholera, and no death. As far as could be ascertained, the houses were, in other respects, similarly situated.

The epidemic of 1854, in London, was very decidedly influenced by the character of the water. Two companies, the Lambeth and the Southwark and Vauxhall, supplied nine districts on the south side of the Thames. The former pumped up their water from the Thames at Ditton, the latter at Battersea. The fluid from the last-named place was very impure, brackish from the influence of the tide, tainted with the offal of the city, and swarming with infusoria. The water pumped up at Ditton was comparatively pure.

The results of the use of these two liquids were very striking. Out of a population of 166,906 persons drinking the water of the Lambeth Company, there died 611 from cholera; while out of 268,171 drinking the water supplied by the Southwark and Vauxhall Company, there perished, of the same disease, 3476. A more exact comparison was made in a district containing about 20,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom were supplied by one company and one-half by the other. Those who drank the better water lost 57 by cholera, while those who drank the worse lost 164 by that pestilence. The facts are so strong that comment would only weaken their force.

Other depressing causes which favor the spread of pestilence might be noticed. Indeed, it may be said, in general terms, that any course of life which tends to lower the vital powers must predispose to epidemic disease. Hence, we find that there seem always to be certain predestined thousands who must succumb to an epidemic; and when they are slaughtered, the malignant power, as if appeased by the sacrifice, passes on, and leaves untouched many who seemed exposed to equal peril.

After making all these allowances, however, there still remains the question, What is the exciting cause of a given form of epidemic disease—cholera, for example? For ages, cities have been filthy, men have drunk foul water,

ozone has been at times deficient; dampness has been abundant, the air has been stagnant, and all these conditions have frequently coincided. Why, then, should cholera have been unknown to the civilized world till these last years? What is the specific cause which has given rise to this peculiar form of disease? Why should it have remained for so many ages pent up in the hot, damp jungles of its native India, and only issued to devastate the world during the nineteenth century? Granting the possibility of its local origin, it seems impossible to account for the facts of its progress by the doctrine of exclusive local origin. The chances against the successive recurrence of local causes along the lines of human intercourse, in a regular geographical progress, become so overpowering that the mind refuses to believe in the possibility of such a systematic course of accidents. There remains but one hypothesis, which, in the present state of our knowledge, seems at all tenable, that which attributes the spread of the disease to the movements of men. Those who hold this opinion maintain that cholera is *communicable*. This term is adopted to avoid the words *contagion* and *infection*, to which meanings are attached that render them imperfect exponents of the sense in which the transmissibility of this disease from man to man is understood.

There are many facts which appear inexplicable on any other theory. Our readers have only to recall the history of the journeys from India over the continent of Asia—the route by which it entered Europe—and its subsequent passage to America, to be convinced that it followed the lines of greatest travel. How it could have done this in two universal epidemics, occurring at an interval of nearly twenty years from one another, without being in some manner dependent upon human intercourse, it is difficult to imagine.

This notion, which we derive from a general survey of the history of Asiatic cholera, is strengthened by numerous individual facts. We refer our readers to the paper on this epidemic, for the very striking cases of Sarepta, the Moravian colony in Russia, and of the English and French colonies of Mauritius and Isle de Bourbon. It is remarkable that the history of the recent epidemic in the Mauritius, in 1854–5, is almost an exact repetition of that of 1819. Again, the disease broke out in Port Louis shortly after the arrival of a ship from India, and spread thence over the island. Again, the Isle de Bourbon established a long and strict Quarantine for all vessels arriving from the Mauritius, and this time it entirely escaped a visitation of the epidemic, although prior to the outbreak of the pestilence in the neighboring island, there had been a few cases of cholera in Bourbon.

The introduction of the disease into the little village of Cromarty is very circumstantially narrated by Hugh Miller, the Scottish geologist, and throws much light on the question of communicability. The people of Cromarty determined to establish a *cordon sanitaire* against the inroads of this dreaded pestilence, which was ravaging their neighborhood. They accordingly stationed guards along the few lines of communication leading into their village. "When engaged, however, in keeping up our *cordon* with apparent success," says our author, "cholera entered the place in a way which it was impossible we could have calculated. A Cromarty fisherman had died of the disease at Wick rather more than a month previous, and all the clothes which had been in contact with the body were burned by the Wick authorities in the open air. He had, however, a brother on the spot, who had stealthily appropriated some of the better pieces of dress; and these he brought home with him in a chest; though such was the dread with which he regarded them that for more than four weeks he suffered the chest to lie beside him unopened. At length, in an evil hour, the pieces of dress were taken out, and, like the 'goodly Babylonish garment,' which wrought the destruction of Achan and the discomfiture of the camp, they led, in the first instance, to the death of the poor, imprudent fisherman, and to that of not a few of his townsfolk immediately after. He himself was seized by cholera on the following day; in less than two days more he was dead and buried; and the disease went creeping about the streets and lanes for weeks after—here striking down a strong man in the full vigor of middle life—there shortening, apparently by but a few months, the span of some worn-out creature, already on the verge of the grave."

Many other cases, similar to this, might be cited, but we forbear to multiply individual facts. The whole history of the pestilence shows that cholera is undoubtedly communicable. Those who deny this, level their arguments against the hypothesis of *contagion*, and cite numerous instances to prove that the disease is not directly transmissible. In doing this, however, they are attacking a man of straw which themselves have set up. It is not claimed that the disease is communicated, like small-pox, by an immediate emanation from the body of the cholera patient. It is simply asserted that the pestilence is propagated in some way from man to man, the method of the propagation being left for future observation.

Concerning that method, there are a variety of opinions. Dr. Snow, of London, thinks that it takes place through the drinking water. This, he conceives, becomes tainted with the discharges from cholera patients, and so propagates the disease. This view, while supported by numerous facts, is too exclusive to account for all the phenomena. Others believe the atmosphere to be the medium of communication. Numerous examinations, chemical and microscopic, have been made, but have failed to reveal any thing peculiar, save the absence of ozone. Spores of fungi and microscopic animalcules called *vibriones* were discovered in the air of a cholera ward,

but the same were found in the atmosphere over a sewer. It does not follow, however, that because nothing has been discovered in the air, that fluid is therefore incapable of transmitting cholera poison. All that we can assert is, that our present means of observation have not enabled us to detect any thing of the kind.

The recent studies of Pettenkofer and Thiersch go to show that the emanations from the body of a cholera patient must undergo a certain degree of fermentation before they can induce disease. Thiersch experimented on mice by giving them daily the two-thousandth part of a grain of matter discharged from cholera patients. He found that while this was recent it produced no effect upon the animals, but that after it became from six to nine days old it brought on symptoms of cholera. Thirty, out of thirty-four mice experimented upon, sickened, and twelve died. Pettenkofer, who was appointed by the Bavarian Government to investigate this subject, finds three factors necessary to produce cholera: first, a germ or ferment; second, a soil to receive it; and, third, a miasma generated from the combination, which is the active cause of the disease.

Hence it follows that any thing which will prevent fermentation and putrefaction will, if applied skillfully and sufficiently, arrest the progress of cholera. Chloride of lime and sulphuric acid are efficient disinfectants. The experience of two of the Bavarian jails corroborates the opinion of the two observers whose results have been quoted. An individual dying in the prison of Kaisheira introduced cholera there. But one other case occurred, although the prison was in a very unfavorable situation. The escape of the remaining five or six hundred prisoners is attributed, by Liebig, to the early and liberal use of disinfectants. At Ebrach, on the contrary, where this precaution was not immediately adopted, fifteen per cent. of the inmates died of the pestilence.

This method of propagation, it will be perceived, is wholly different from what is commonly understood by *contagion;* and any arguments leveled against the strict contagionists must fail to convict of error those who believe in this form of communication from man to man. So far as our present experience goes, therefore, we have reason to believe that cholera may be, and often is, generated by local causes, but that its usual mode of transmission is human intercourse.

We come now to inquire into the propagation of yellow fever. Here again we find a wordy battle raging between two factions, one insisting that this pestilence is always imported; the other equally positive that this is never the case, and that the disease is invariably the product of local causes. We shall first examine the local causes, and then consider the question of importation.

The first and most important of these is heat. A glance at the map will show that yellow fever is essentially a disease of hot climates; that it prevails only where the summers are often sultry and oppressive, and that it is usually most violent when the weather is the hottest. Thus Vera Cruz expects it as regularly as the summer itself; New Orleans suffers from it very frequently; Charleston not so often; and Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, only occasionally, at long and irregular intervals. Still it must be observed that there is a limit to this rule of progression. Until within a few years the Equator offered an invisible but an insurmountable barrier to the advance of yellow fever. It is only during the present epidemic that this pestilence has succeeded in invading Peru. It has also been noticed that the very hottest parts of the yellow-fever zone often escape entirely, as if there was a particular point which could not be passed without, as it were, burning up the germ of the epidemic. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind, that the rule is by no means absolute, even for those regions in which this fever prevails, and that it sometimes makes its assaults in an unusually cool summer.

Next, humidity, which plays so important a part in the causation of cholera, shows itself as an agent in the production of yellow fever. The history of the disease leads us to lay no little stress upon this cause. The dew-point is, as we have seen, generally high, yet the disease has occurred when this elevation was not remarkable. Dr. Barton, of New Orleans, considers it necessary that a high temperature should coincide with this high dew-point. He puts the dew-point of yellow fever at from 70° to 80°, and says that should the thermometer fall below 70° and the dew-point descend to near 60°, the fever must cease. Other observers, however, have noticed but little difference between the dew-point in yellow-fever seasons and in periods of perfect freedom from that disease. Some physicians attach no little importance to the electrical condition of the atmosphere; but so little is known about that subject that it is idle to speculate upon it.

After the meteorological conditions come what Dr. Barton calls the *terrene.* Few facts are so well established as the influence of filth and overcrowding upon the development of the disease in question. It almost always breaks out in those parts of cities in which many people reside in one house, and where little attention is paid to cleanliness. Sailors, and the hangers-on about sailors' boarding-houses, with the dissolute, filthy, and idle population that crowd the lanes and alleys in the neighborhood of the wharves of a maritime city, are peculiarly liable to its attacks.

The influence of animal and vegetable decomposition upon the spread of yellow fever is indisputable. The putrid water of the Cove in Baltimore, with its mantle of green slime broken by bubbles of fetid gas from the bottom, and its floating islands of dead dogs, was a most potent agent in the induction of yellow fever. The men who were employed to clean it out were almost stifled with its effluvia, and the in-

habitants of its shores died in great numbers of the fever. The cellars that sent up such a deadly gas from the pools of water which filled them as to kill the very flies hovering over them, were recognized by Dr. Drysdale as efficient causes of the disease. The putrid meats and the offensive liquor which covered them, had no little influence in inducing yellow fever in New York.

Vegetable decomposition has been even more suspected. The habit of filling up vacant lots with rice offal, has, it is believed, produced more than one epidemic in Charleston. In Baltimore, the epidemic of 1819 seems to have been very much influenced by putrefying vegetable matter. On the wharf where it first broke out, the infected warehouses opened back upon an alley filled with rotting shavings; and it is worthy of remark that the adjoining wharf, the buildings on which presented no windows, but only a blind wall to the infectious alley, entirely escaped. On the Point, in one of the districts which suffered most, the earthen bed of the street was deeply covered with putrid shavings and chips, which became so offensive that the authorities ordered their removal. The poor fellows who undertook this unpleasant duty were among the early victims of the pestilence. The wharves, also, which suffered most from yellow fever, were made up, in great part, of vegetable matter.

The disturbance of the soil during the hot months, is a cause of disease strongly insisted on by Dr. Barton in his report on the yellow fever of 1853 in New Orleans. He traces many epidemics to extensive grading of the streets, to laying gas-pipes, digging canals, and other exposures of the soil. To such an extent is this opinion received at the South, that some of the cities have ordinances against digging during the hot months. It must be acknowledged that many facts have been accumulated which show a connection between this disturbance of the soil and the outbreak of fever. It is equally certain, however, that numerous epidemics have occurred, in which no unusual disturbance of the soil took place. The kind of soil disturbed, also, should be taken into consideration. No one will be disposed to doubt that the rich alluvial mud of New Orleans, made up of the detritus of the Mississippi, or the made ground of Charleston, composed chiefly of a great mass of putrefying rice-chaff, might, if exposed to the hot, moist air of a Southern summer, generate fevers of the most malignant type. It would be difficult, however, to induce the same apprehension with regard to the clean sand and gravel of Baltimore, or the rocky detritus of which the soil of upper New York is composed. The made ground of the Battery, however, might, if disturbed during a hot and sultry summer, be capable of inflicting no little mischief upon the health of the American metropolis. A striking illustration of the importance of this cause is to be found in the fact that Dr. Barton based his prediction of the impending pestilence of 1853, in New Orleans, chiefly upon the great quantity of excavation which was going on in and around the city. As early as the 6th of June, he exhibited to the New Orleans Academy of Science a chart of the mortality of that place from the year 1787, and stated that, "judging from the past, if the facts exhibited by the chart were not merely coincidences, he was compelled to apprehend that the present year would be marked by a great augmentation of disease. The simultaneous construction of new railroads in and around the city, the digging of a new basin of vast extent in the rear of the city, the enlargement of the Canal Carondolet, the open sewers, scarcity of water, insufficient drainage, and the practice of spreading over the streets the horrible filth of the gutters, to fester and reek in the sun—if all these are continued during the hot months, with the proper meteorological conditions, our exemption from a severe epidemic should almost seem miraculous." The subsequent epidemic at Savannah was attributed to the excavation of about a mile of trenches for water-pipes, to the raising of a number of vessels which had been sunk for years in the river, and to the great amount of filth spread over the banks.

After giving full weight to all these facts, and admitting the validity of the deductions made from them, may we not ask, Is this all? Is the extension of yellow fever fully accounted for by such accidents as these? Dr. Barton has called the meteorological and the terrene conditions "the two blades of the shears of fate," but where are we to seek for the rivet which holds them together? Is it not asking a little too much, to require the public to believe that the two sets of causes set out on a tour from the tropics, and, starting at Rio in 1850, advanced to Demerara in 1851, to the West India Islands and Vera Cruz in 1852, to New Orleans and Mobile in 1853, to Savannah, Augusta and Charleston in 1854, to Norfolk and Portsmouth in 1855, and to New York in 1856. Is not this, to say the least of it, a very remarkable series of coincidences? Furthermore, how does it happen that this geographical progression was so regular, as well during the cold August of 1856, as during the hot and humid summer of 1853? Was New York so much cleaner in the last-named year? The meteorological conditions were certainly not wanting, for deaths from exhaustion by heat were never more frequent, the humidity of the air was great, and the thermometer was higher than in New Orleans. Had yellow fever then occurred in the city, there is no doubt that the items of a very pretty catalogue of local causes could have been picked up in the neighborhood of the Washington Market.

There still remains an element in the chain of causation to be considered. Human intercourse, whether known as contagion, communicability, or importation, is regarded by some as the main agent in producing this disease, while by others it is utterly repudiated. The truth will probably be found to lie, as usual, between

these two extremes of opinion. Those who deny communicability, labor very hard to prove the local origin of the pestilence. This is a work of supererogation, for it is not and can not be denied. The important question, it must be remembered, is not, Does the disease *always* spread from man to man? but, Can it *ever* extend in that way? For, if it be proved that this fever has in any instance been communicated or imported, the practical rules of its prevention are the same as though it were always so transmitted.

There is no room here for the full discussion of a question which has covered so many thousand pages. We must be content with presenting the matter in a striking light by the statement of actual occurrences.

The most important of the histories of the rise and progress of this fever, and that which has been most hotly discussed, is the account of the yellow fever at Bona Vista, one of the Cape de Verd Islands. In November, 1844, the *Eclair* steamer, belonging to the British navy, sailed to the western coast of Africa, off which she cruised until the middle of August. During this time, undoubted yellow fever made its appearance on board of her, and she made for the Cape de Verd Islands. She arrived at Bona Vista on the 21st of August. It has been asserted that this island was subject to yellow fever; but we have the most positive testimony that for thirty-seven years, at least, this pestilence had never been known on the island. The health of the place before the arrival of the infected ship was good. It is asserted by some, who wish to avoid the force of the facts of this epidemic, that it was about the time when an outbreak might be expected. On the contrary, it was unusually late for a latitude so near the equator. About the middle of September the first cases of black vomit occurred among the military guard, who came in contact with the sick landed from the steamer. The next case was a soldier, the comrade of the two first victims, the next his nurse, the next the fellow-lodger of the nurse. From these cases the disease spread through the village, and gradually extended itself over the island. Never was there a disease traced so minutely, from man to man, as this. So strong a case of communicability is it, that the opponents of this notion have no other resource but to impugn the facts. They therefore cite Dr. King, a decided non-contagionist, who was afterward sent out by Sir William Burnett to investigate the matter. He discovered several local causes, and criticised some of the testimony upon which his predecessor, Dr. M'Williams, based his report; but it is remarkable that his facts, though he draws a different conclusion from them, do not materially differ from those collected in the first report. It is certainly necessary to abandon all our notions of cause and effect before we can believe that a fever thus originating, and thus spreading, in an unfrequented island, is wholly independent of human intercourse.

It is not, however, necessary to travel to the Cape de Verd Islands in order to find evidences of the importation of yellow fever. The last year's epidemic on the shores of New York Bay can not be interpreted in any other way. Early in the summer, yellow fever was found to exist, or to have existed, on board of many of the vessels from the West Indies. These were quarantined at the usual spot, and soon a forest of masts grew up around the anchorage. The sick were admitted to the hospital, and, as their numbers increased, cases of the fever occurred among the persons employed about the Quarantine building. Uneasiness being experienced at the proximity of the infected vessels to the city, they were removed lower down the bay, where the channel is narrower, and anchored in the neighborhood of Fort Hamilton. After a time, yellow fever broke out on the shore in the immediate vicinity of the ships, and slowly spread over a narrow strip of land from New Utrecht to Gowanus, and so into Brooklyn. A few cases occurred in New York, which are said to be clearly traceable to the shipping.

It is quite probable that some doughty advocate of non-importation will discover some frightful "local causes" about the infected districts, which have hitherto strangely escaped every one's notice. Mud-puddles, flats, seaweed, and dead fish, will duly shock his nerves. It will be difficult, however, to persuade any one who is acquainted with the shores of that beautiful bay that these spots were any more unfavorably situated than many parts of the Jersey shore which entirely escaped. The difference between the two was simply the presence of the infected shipping—a fatal difference for the Long Islanders. It will be well for any who would account for this upon purely "meteorological and terrene" principles, to bear in mind the character of the last summer. There was at no time any great continuance of heat. The month of August was decidedly and uncomfortably cool. It would be difficult to imagine a season more unpropitious to the development of yellow fever.

From what has been said, we think it clear that yellow fever is greatly dependent upon local causes for its development; that filth, dampness, heat, and overcrowding always aggravate it, always favor its invasion, and often produce it. But we believe it to be equally clear that yellow fever may be and has been imported; may be and has been transmitted from man to man. We see nothing unphilosophical in such a conclusion. If putrefying animal and vegetable matter, spoiled meat, rotten shavings, foul water, can induce the disease, why may it not be reproduced by the emanations from bodies affected with it—emanations which are putrefying more rapidly than the meat, the shavings, or the water? To say that it is not always transmitted in this way, is only to say that the circumstances of its development are not always present. We know, for example, that many patients left Norfolk for

Baltimore during the epidemic of 1855, and that no instance of the propagation of the disease in the latter city occurred; but we also know that no sooner had the inhabitants of an infected district in Portsmouth crossed over to a filthy, crowded row in Norfolk than yellow fever broke out in that row. The germ of the disease, the ferment, the infection—call it what you will—found a suitable soil in one place, but not in the other. So the spores of a fungus may be wafted by the wind, and deposited on the hard rock, or the plowed field, or the dusty road, without germinating and reproducing the species; but let them reach the rich black mould of a decaying log lying in the shade of a forest, which shuts out the sun by its multitudinous leaves, and preserves a perpetual dampness beneath its sheltering boughs, and immediately hosts of little caps, mounted on their fleshy stalks, overtop the green mosses that hide the crumbling wood. This fever-germ, whatever it may be, requires conditions for its full development; but who is sufficiently acquainted with the arcana of pestilence to be able to say, at any given time of any given place, that those conditions are not present?

It is always absurd to argue in favor of any particular theory which requires facts, not opinions, for its support, by citing the number of illustrious names which are found among its advocates; for a single hostile fact will outweigh any amount of friendly authorities. Yet this line is often adopted by those who deny the possibility of importation, and we are favored by a formidable catalogue of illustrious physicians who have been converted to the doctrines of non-contagion. It is remarkable that they have not seen how easily this argument could be turned against them. If there is a city on the continent which is unwilling to tolerate the slightest interference with its trade, that city is New York. Yet, in that great commercial metropolis, with every mercantile inducement to disbelieve the doctrine of importation, we find that the majority of the leading physicians are fully convinced of its truth.

The sanitary measures to be adopted in view of an approaching pestilence are involved in what has been already said of the causes of epidemics. Of course, man is powerless over the mutations of the seasons. The bonfires, the fumigations, the combustion of tar, are worse than useless. All experience has shown that they are of no value whatever; and attention bestowed on them only diverts the public mind from those sanitary measures which have real efficacy. We have no reason to believe that the meteorological conditions alone can produce any particular form of pestilence. They must be conjoined with those impurities of soil and of water, that crowding and that bad ventilation so common in all cities. These certainly are under the control of man; and if they are removed, we have no reason to apprehend the spontaneous outburst of a pestilence. Its importation is easily guarded against by a proper system of Quarantine—a method of protection which should not be set aside without grave reasons.

Dr. Dugas, of Augusta, has pointed out the necessity of extending quarantine regulations to other transports besides ships. After showing that steam-boats conveyed it up navigable rivers, and railroad cars transported it to inland towns, he recommends a sealing of the hatchway of steam-boats, or a prohibition of their approach within certain fixed limits. As for railway cars, apprehending justly the possibility of the transportation of infected air in close vehicles, he advises the authorities "to prevent from entering the city any box-car or closed car of any kind, whether containing merchandise, baggage, or the mails, which may come from an infected district. It will be with the railroad companies to determine whether they will put their freight upon open trucks in Charleston, or do so at a point nearer Augusta—but this should not be less than three miles."

After an epidemic has broken out, there is but one public measure of any avail. The infected district should be immediately evacuated, a cordon thrown around it, all intercourse with it prohibited, and its inhabitants removed to a purer air. The beneficial effects of this course have been more than once clearly proved. We need only refer our readers to the accounts we have given of the energetic action of the authorities of New York, and recall to their memories the success of the encampment system adopted at Baltimore, to convince them of the propriety of this measure.

The belief in the power of man to control these deadly plagues—the wholesale slaughterers of our race—is daily gaining ground among those who have investigated the phenomena of epidemics. The importance of the subject certainly demands for it the careful attention of the public. It was in order to secure such attention that these articles were commenced. If they should prove successful in inducing their readers to think seriously of these scourges, and the means of arresting their devastations, the author will consider that his time has been profitably employed. Just now something is needed to arouse the public to a sense of the vast importance of proper sanitary regulations, for there can be no doubt that we are at present in a vortex of yellow fever, which, if it follow the laws of previous epidemics, must be expected to hover around our seaboard cities for five or six years to come. We can not close this last paper without raising a warning voice against that false security which may prove fatal. It can not be too strongly impressed upon the public mind that all the cities from Charleston to Portland are in danger of the invasions of this disease. It has prevailed in past years, as we have already shown, along the whole coast; and there is no perceptible

reason why it may not do so hereafter. The yellow-fever zone is constantly changing its limits, and those cities which have once found themselves within that terrible girdle should remember the fact, and act accordingly.

MR. QUIGLEY'S EXPERIENCE.

MY name is not much known to the public journals; but I am not ashamed of it, and never was. It is Quigley, Joseph Quigley—named for my uncle on the maternal side, whose name was Joseph Growzer. I have dropped the Growzer, in obedience to my wife's wishes, she not fancying Growzer; though the Growzers were very worthy people, and comfortably off.

I am looking out just now for a place in the country. I believe every body looks out, some day or other, for a place in the country. I don't know why—I never did; but they do.

Mr. Blossom has a place where he goes in the summer—leastwise, every Sunday—and enjoys himself. His vegetables cost him middling dear; dearer, I should say, than town vegetables, by the accounts he gives me of gardeners' pay, poudrette, clearing up of stones, and so on.

"But then," says Mrs. Blossom, "consider, Mr. Quigley, the *great* satisfaction of raising your own; of being relieved from dependence upon those abominable cheating market-people; of living, as it were, under your own fig-tree, Mr. Quigley!"

"Oh, it's charming!" said Miss Blossom, turning to Miss Quigley (my daughter Mary Jane); "it's quite a little Paradise we have, Miss Quigley."

"But the fig-leaves are rather expensive," said Blossom. Blossom has some smartness.

"Oh, there it is!" said Mrs. Blossom. "Those odious dollars and cents—dollars and cents;" and Mrs. Blossom adjusted her hoop, which I suspect was cramping her.

Miss Blossom talked earnestly to Miss Quigley about chrysanthemums and jonquils, while Mr. Blossom drew his chair nearer to me, and said, "I will tell you how it is, Quigley. You will buy a place some thirty miles out of town, for, say, two hundred dollars an acre; perhaps you'll buy twenty acres—"

"Hardly enough," said I.

"Egad," said Blossom, "you'll see! Well, that's four thousand dollars. There's a cottage on the place; but do you think, Mr. Quigley, that your wife is going to live in that cottage?"

"Mary Jane," said I, interrupting the conversation of the young ladies, "don't you think your mother would live in a cottage?"

"Oh, charming!" said Mary Jane; "the very thing!"

I turned to Blossom with an air of triumph, as much as to say, You see my daughter's *tastes*, Mr. Blossom.

"Egad," said Blossom, "you'll see. You'll have a wing to put on, and an ell, and then a *boadwor*, and two or three gables, and not being there to see how the work goes on, and your wife putting in the extras, you'll find a matter of eight or ten thousand dollars to foot up. That makes fourteen."

"Fourteen," said I, with good courage thus far.

"Then your wife has seen hedges, and that sort of thing."

"Of course," said I. "Mary Jane, your mother has seen hedges?"

"Pshaw, papa, of course she has; we mean to have hedges."

"Oh, of course!" said Mr. Blossom; "and then the old walls must come down, and be carted away somewhere, and the ground dug, and a paling put up; in fact, Quigley, I should put you down, on the score of digging, and trenching, and fence-making, to the tune of about six thousand more."

"That makes twenty," said I.

"Twenty," said he. "Then you must have your English or Scotch gardener, with his four or five hundred a year, and a cottage, and a cow, and his impudence if you undertake to give any directions; and your coachman, who, you know, are getting to be confoundedly dangerous fellows."

I glanced at Mary Jane, as much as to say, Mr. Blossom, my daughter knows her duty.

"In short," said Blossom, "it's a doosed expensive luxury. I kept an account, Quigley, and I think my tomatoes stood me in one shilling each. I could have bought them cheaper."

"I think you could," said I. "It does seem to me that my tomatoes will not cost me so dearly. However, my wife" (there is a Mrs. Quigley) "is opinionated to a degree that there is no resisting. I have heard of men who have held out against their wives in a matter of this kind. I must confess I do not see how they do it. I only wish they had Mrs. Quigley to deal with."

"One consults his friends about such an affair as going into the country; and I consult mine. Mrs. Quigley consults hers, Miss Quigley consults hers, my son (there is a Master Quigley) consults his. I think we are in a fair way of learning something about country places.

Ripes, my old partner in the jobbing business, said, "Quigley, I hear you're going into the country."

"Yes," said I, "Ripes, I am."

"Well, for God's sake, Quigley," said he, "don't get the shakes."

If I like Ripes, if I ever did like him, it is in spite of his profanity.

"Shakes?" said I.

"Ay," said he, "fever-nager, the d——t thing a man ever had. Mind now, Quigley, do you never buy till you find there's no fever-nager in the district. Give it ten miles margin."

"I will," said I.

Bleetzer, who lives over opposite to me, and who sometimes happens in to tea, and is in business still (fur-trade in Maiden Lane), said, "Quigley, I hear you're going into the country."

"Yes, Bleetzer," says I, "I am."

"Made any purchase yet?" said he.

"Not yet," said I.

"I know of the very thing for you," said Bleetzer, "a charming little place" (Miss Quigley pricked up her ears) "belonging to Mrs. Bleetzer's sister, only two hours from town—don't, for Heaven's sake, get more than two hours from town—provided she would sell. My impression is that she *would*."

"Where is it?" said Mrs. Quigley.

"A little way back of Williamsburg," said Bleetzer, "fine country."

"Picturesque?" asked Mary Jane.

"Oh Lord, yes," said Bleetzer. "You've a taste for the country, I see, Miss Quigley."

"Oh, a passion," said Mary Jane.

Indeed she has, she has a passion for any thing she likes.

"Any rocks or waterfalls?" said she.

"I think so;" said Bleetzer, "I'm quite sure there's a brook."

"And then we shall have ducks," said Mary Jane; "that will be *so* pretty!"

"Is there good society in the neighborhood?" said Mrs. Quigley.

"Quiet but polished," said Bleetzer.

"Is there good shooting about there?" asked Anthony, (that is Master Quigley's name).

Mr. Bleetzer said he presumed there was, without a doubt. He had often observed, indeed, that wild fowl took to the low countries and neighborhood of brooks.

I must say that I formed quite a favorable opinion of the place in the rear of Williamsburg; Mary Jane was quite sure she should be charmed with it. I do not pretend that I had at that time any definite notion of what the appearance of the place might be. I think Mary Jane had. Such is the force of that girl's imagination! If an up-town school can accomplish a woman, I think that young woman is accomplished. In anticipation of her pleasure behind Williamsburg (in case Bleetzer's wife's sister would sell the place), she read us in the evening this passage, taken from a book of poetry:

"'The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds, with many a song,
Do welcome with their quire the summer's queen;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermix'd with verdant grass between;
The silver scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream.'"

I determined to go over with Anthony, and take a look at the place. Anthony said he would put on his shooting-jacket, and take his gun, and bring back a few ducks with him. Mary Jane entreated him not to kill them all off.

The place, I learned from Bleetzer, was called "Sabine Farm," which my ladies thought a very humdrum name, but which a spruce gentleman whom I consulted on board the Williamsburg ferry-boat about the situation seemed to have a fancy for. He didn't know the place, he said, but it certainly had a ravishing name; and he smiled as if he was telling me something I knew already.

Anthony, having only a few caps in his pouch, bought a fresh box in Williamsburg. I do not think that box of caps is broken open to this day.

Talk of ducks, and "forests wide and long!" Were you ever behind Williamsburg? Sabine Farm indeed!

I had no previous notion of the flatness of the country in that neighborhood. It seemed very odd to me how a brook could run at all; there certainly could be no fast running. There was not the faintest "wood-note" of any game. Anthony thought it might be a snipe country in the season; but it was not the season, I suspect. There were two or three tame geese we saw upon the Sabine Farm, who took to the ditch on our appearance. Anthony did not waste his powder, though I am sorry to say he peppered the geese and the place generally with oaths.

As for fever and ague, an old negro man who was in charge of the premises told us "it was a precious place for that."

"Pretty sickly then," said I, "is it?"

"Oh, Lud, no, not a bit on't."

"How about the fever and ague?"

"Bless your soul, we don't call that sickly; we has it rigilar 'bout here."

"Is it dangerous?" said Anthony.

"Dangerous! Lud a massa, 'tsnot half so dangerous as that are gun o' yourn. There's them's had it these forty years gone, and prime old bucks yet."

What a cottage it was, to be sure! Blossom was right. There would be an ell and a wing to put on. How could Bleetzer ever recommend such a place as that? The "Sabine Farm" would never do.

"Oh," said Bleetzer, when he came in that evening, "you've got high-falutin notions, Quigley. The country will be the country you know. It ain't like town; you can't make it like town; it never was like town. For instance, how the deuce are you going to light your house in the country? Gas, you think, and pipes. Deuce a bit of it! You must live by candle-light—sixty cents a pound, Judd's best. There's water, again! what'll you do for water? Of course you think of Croton, and a stop-cock in the corner. No such thing, Quigley. You must take the country as it is. If you get a creek on your own grounds, with a good dip for a tin pail, you are lucky."

"But the brook, Mr. Bleetzer," said Miss Quigley, "you said there was a brook."

"Creek is a brook, mam. Your poets make the difference. As for rocks and waterfalls and all that, Miss Quigley, they are only to be found in the wild parts, where I am free to say, you couldn't raise—not your own parsneps."

I acquiesced in this.

Mr. Bleetzer went on to say, however, that his brother-in-law, Mrs. Bleetzer's sister's husband, had lived on the Sabine Farm for ten years, and "such beets and carrots as he raised! Rad-

ishes every Easter Sunday! Do you love radishes, Miss Quigley?"

Miss Quigley doted on radishes.

"I don't think," said Bleetzer, "there's such a productive soil for radishes within fifty miles of New York."

Anthony's account, however, dampened whatever expectations Mr. Bleetzer might have raised.

Somebody, I think a friend of Mrs. Quigley, recommended a place up the river. Such society as there was up the river! What a place it must be for genteel people! I think Mary Jane blushed at the very thought of going to live up the river.

Behind Williamsburg was vulgar; Mrs. Quigley thought so from the first. "To tell the truth" (this is what she whispered to me privately), "I fancy Bleetzer's wife's relations are only so-so kind of people."

Mrs. Quigley went on further to say, that country residences and farms were common enough every where, but up the river people had "seats." For instance, there was the seat of that fine old gentleman, Mr. Antique Moire, beautifully watered, and such a lawn-like surface! Was it not enrolled upon the river maps "Seat of Antique Moire, Esq. ?" Why should there not be a "Seat of Joseph Quigley, Esq.," in that neighborhood? What if Mrs. Quigley did not know Mrs. Moire! what if Mary Jane did not visit Miss Sophy Crinoline Moire! Could the association fail to be agreeable, under the same serene sky, enjoying the same water-view, employing, perhaps, a far superior gardener to the Moire gardener; and Mrs. Quigley would send an occasional bunch of flowers?

All this, under Mrs. Quigley's way of telling it, was very captivating; so I set off one day in April up the river in search of a "seat."

"Seats" are dearer than farms, though I think not so productive. The stable-man to whom I applied at the landing for a conveyance and a guide, called out to his people in the attic,

"Up stairs, I say there; halloa!"

"Halloa!" said up stairs.

"Whose well day is it?"

Voice answered, "Jim's."

"Jim's it is, then," said the stable-man; "genl'm'n wants to see the 'seats' about," continued he to a thin-faced chap who just now made his appearance.

The nag was driven up presently; the stable-man waved us away smilingly, and we dashed off up the hillside.

I looked askance at Jim; he had a fearfully invalid look.

"Healthy about here?" said I.

"They calls it pooty healthy," said Jim.

"You've been sick, haven't you?" said I.

"Guy, Sir, you'd better ask," said Jim.

"Well, now, I hope?" continued I.

"You heard boss, didn't ye?" said Jim; "it's my well day to-day."

"Well day?" repeated I.

"Guy," said the boy, turning toward me, "you must be a stranger in these parts, you must."

"I am," said I.

"Never heard o' chills and fever?"

"Heard of it," said I, "but never saw a case;" as indeed I never had.

"Then ye sees it now," said the lad.

It was a good opportunity to gain some information about the disease. I can not say that I was favorably impressed by the account Jim gave of himself. I should say it must be a very unpleasant complaint.

"Do they have it much hereabout?" inquired I.

"Have it like pison," said the boy.

"And yet people say it's a healthy region?"

"Oh, we all says so, Sir; because why, ye see, it's like givin' a horse a bad name; and exceptin' the shakes, it's pooty middlin' healthy, Sir."

I asked about the gentlemen who came up to reside during the summer.

"Well, Sir, the gentlemens what's got 'seats,' keeps pooty close after dark, and don't catch it; or if they does, or finds all the servants goin' off on account of the chills, they ups and puts an advertisement in, sayin' its one of the healthiest towns on the river. We understands all that, Sir. Lookin' out for a 'seat,' Sir?"

I was.

Jim thought he knew of a place that would be just the thing; "sightly, and middlin' free from fever."

I can not say I was greatly charmed with the place. I did not have a very flattering account to carry back to Mary Jane. North River "seats," in their natural condition, are exceedingly rough places. The quantity of stones about them is really quite imposing. I am told they can be worked up very tastefully into rustic fences and such like; but I am further told that it is one of the most expensive tastes a man can cultivate. I am inclined to believe this to be true.

I was shown several gardens said to be immensely productive; and yet they had been erected (if I may employ a city word) upon the most uninviting localities. The rocks had been blasted, the hollows filled up, the slopes terraced, the walks graveled, and the result had been some parcels of most surprising beets and parsneps ever seen at a New York fair. The work had been expensive, it is true; a thousand dollars the acre at the very least; and the gardener's wages (who was a thorough fellow) about five hundred a year; but, bless my soul, what parsneps! what tomatoes! what satisfaction! what mention at the farmers' clubs by Mapes and others!

People talk about Axminster carpets and brocade curtains, and that sort of thing; but my own opinion is that prize vegetables, as grown by gentlemen farmers at their "seats," and as noticed by Mapes, Meigs, and others, are the most expensive luxuries known to the American

merchant life. It is my opinion that every tomato of extra size grown at any of the "seats" I had the honor of visiting, must stand them in (that is, the proprietors) from eight to ten shillings apiece; and this I consider to be a tall price, even for prize vegetables.

In short, between the gardens and the chills, I gave up all notion of a "seat" upon the river. Mrs. Quigley, Miss Quigley, Master Quigley, and myself next consulted the advertisements. How charmingly they do read! "A snug little quiet country place, only two hours from town, well shaded, highly picturesque, and commanding one of the finest views in this or any country may be had for the trifle of seventy dollars an acre. The very place for a retired merchant."

How we doted on that little farm! How Mary Jane dressed it up with a rose-bush (Baltimore belle) at the door, and honey-suckles, and a pony grazing on the lawn!

I went to see it; only over in New Jersey, on the Palisades. There was a fine view to be sure, but no house as yet—indeed, no house in the neighborhood. I think it was one of the quietest places I ever visited in my life. The cab-driver who took me there said it was "an uncommon sightly place." He had been there before to a picnic, and he and his friends had tried to set a flag-staff, but couldn't.

"I don't believe," said Jehu, "that a man could set a crow-bar into this ere farm, mor'n three inches, in any one spot."

And yet there were a few straggling trees there: I can't yet understand how they grow; for I prospected a little with my cane in the soil, and found that Jehu was right. My daughter's rose-bush and honey-suckle could never thrive there.

I must say I was a little indignant. I went again to the city office where the newspaper had referred me, and expressed myself to the people in attendance somewhat indignantly.

The agent drew me into a side-room. "Mr. Quigley," said he (how he knew my name I can not say), "I suspect you are right. I am inclined to think the farm *is* mostly rock; but Sir (and here he put his forefinger in the top button-hole of my surtout), if it's rock, as you think, it's the greatest speculation a man can possibly make. Consider, Mr. Quigley, for a moment the price of building stone."

I did.

"Very well: so much a square yard; how much have you then to the acre, measuring only to the surface of the river?"

A great deal to be sure.

"Your flats are there under the cliff; a blast loads them; the current takes them down; Sir, it's dirt cheap."

I talked the matter over at home. Mrs. Quigley didn't want a quarry; she wanted a country place.

So there was nothing to do but look again.

I have not much faith in photography as applied to country places. We heard of the photograph of a country residence which was on sale; the photograph could be seen down town. It was as pretty a little picture as one often sees.

Notwithstanding I nudged Miss Quigley to contain herself, she broke out with saying it was beautiful, and just the thing we wanted. Over and over again, that girl's imagination is a source of expense to me.

There was nothing to do, but we must go and see the Gothic cottage; Mrs. Quigley couldn't believe it was the same. The wild grass and the gravel waste about it were not fairly represented in the photograph. Besides which, Miss Quigley said it was new and painty, and stuck up.

If I ever have a house to sell, I shall have it photographed. It makes a twenty per cent. better thing of it at the very least. Moreover, a photograph doesn't give one a hint of any chills and fever. It doesn't take in the low grounds about a place, or the canal.

An old gentleman we met on our return told us, confidentially, it was as much as a man's life was worth to pass a summer in that neighborhood. We gave up all thought of the photograph.

"Mrs. Quigley," said I, "suppose we try next the New Haven Road?"

"We shall have all our necks broken," said Mrs. Quigley.

"I don't think so," said I. "It's much too expensive breaking people's necks. It has cost the road some three hundred thousand dollars to balance that old Norwalk account, and it's an economic corporation. I don't think there's a company any where which pays out less for extra cars and dépôt room. You may be sure these people have learned to put a value on a sound neck since they have had them to pay for."

"But the pickpockets," said Mrs. Quigley; "they say the New Haven station is a *dreadful* place for pickpockets."

So it is, indeed. It couldn't be contrived more nicely for them. And yet does any body suppose that the New Haven corporation is in league with the pickpockets? Does any body suppose that this judicious and provident company have actually secured and sustained their exceedingly dark, narrow station-house near the corner of Canal Street as an encouragement to men who go about filching pockets?

And yet, if this same company take a man's fare, and compel him to stand all the way down to Rye, not once only, but time and again, are they not turned filchers themselves, only in a genteel manner? Is there any excuse for it, except that people can't go in any other way, and so must submit?

Have the New Haven Company any bowels? I think not.

However, the Quigleys went down to Rye—Mr. and Master Quigley standing, and Mrs. and Miss Quigley having secured a seat. Rye is a pretty name; there is an English town of that name. Mr. Havor Morgage (a large and thriving real estate agent) had given us a list

of places thereabout for sale. What a splendid list it was! The descriptions, written out as they were in ink, seemed more truthful than in print. For my part I have grown suspicious of printed matter.

And besides the descriptions written out in a clerkly hand, we recognized some remarks thrown into the margin by Mr. Morgage himself, such as—

—"Mr. Quigley will find this a charming little retreat."

—"A *very* cheap place."

—"A delightful establishment."

—"One of the most desirable situations in this country."

Indeed I had no idea of the immense number of desirable situations for "seats" which this country affords until I came to be on the look out for a place. I rarely hear of any other. As a business man, I must say that I have been a little startled by the great number of them which are on sale, particularly about Rye.

Why should any body wish to go away from Rye? It is a pretty place; on the New Haven Road, it is true; but still there is access by water, and a fairish turnpike, understood to be safe, and without drawbridges.

I don't think I ever visited a locality where the people speak so charitably of each other as in Rye. Mrs. Quigley was, of course, a little curious about the neighborhood. The invariable reply to Mrs. Quigley's inquiry at all the places we visited with a view to purchase, was, that the neighborhood was delightful.

I wondered more and more why people should wish to leave Rye. Can any body, not in the secret, tell me why a man should be willing to desert so charming a locality?

I ventured to ask the question of an old gentleman not long retired from the city, whose fine place was in the market. I will call him Mr. Flinn.

"Well, Sir," said he, "Mrs. Flinn doesn't altogether like the—er—retirement of the country, being accustomed to a large and gay society. You perceive, Sir, it's something—er—cramping to be down here in a small way. In short, Sir, you perceive Mrs. Flinn doesn't like the place."

"Not ill here, I hope," Mrs. Quigley ventured to ask.

"Oh, bless you, no; Rye's a remarkably healthy place; I don't think there's a healthier situation—er—between here and New York."

I really don't suppose there is.

"Any fever and ague, Mr. Flinn?"

"Oh, well, you perceive, Mr. ——, I beg your pardon, Sir—"

"Quigley, Sir," said I; "my name is Quigley."

"Ah, Quigley—Quigley & Ellets, Maiden Lane, perhaps?"

I am: I said I was.

"I regard," said Mr. Flinn, "the town of Rye as one of the healthiest upon the Eastern end of Long Island Sound. I really do not suppose, Mr. Quigley, now since you speak of sickness, that there has been a well-authenticated case of consumption originating here in the past several years."

"Really!" said Mrs. Quigley.

"How about the chills and fever?" said Anthony.

"Oh, you refer, perhaps, to—intermittent?"

Mrs. Quigley said he did.

"There *have* been," said Mr. Flinn, "one or two sporadic cases. Would madam like to look over the house?"

When we had left Mr. Flinn's, I said, "Mrs. Quigley, do you know the meaning of sporadic?"

"I don't," said she, "but I think it looks very suspicious, Mr. Quigley."

It did. I entertained the opinion at the time (though I did not name it to Mrs. Quigley) that it meant spasmodic.

The matter made us very particular in our inquiries. We certainly did hear of several cases of fever and ague about the localities we visited in Rye, "mild cases," and, very singularly, due in each instance to a drain or ditch which some Irish neighbor had been opening the past summer.

It is surprising how people will continue to dig drains, or cellars, summer after summer.

Another remarkable fact is, I find, observable in all the places along the Sound which are at all liable to any sporadic cases of intermittent; and that is—that the particular locality occupied or offered for sale by your informant is remarkably free from any suspicion of fever. The sporadic cases invariably appear a little to the southward or westward.

If one must live in the same town with a troublesome disease (such as I judge the intermittent to be), it is of course pleasant to know your neighbor's place is more liable to it than your own. This may be stated in rather an unchristian way; but, I think, in a natural way.

I had far rather live out of reach of the affair altogether. Can any one be good enough to inform Mr. Quigley of a nice place, within thirty miles of New York, which is above all suspicion of fever and ague; where there are no sporadic cases of intermittent; where they have not recently been opening some drain which "acts as a local cause." If any one could, Mr. Quigley would be deeply grateful.

Having returned safely over the New Haven Road, with the money still in their pockets, the Quigleys continue to be looking out for a snug place in the country.

Mrs. Quigley is anxious to have a genteel neighborhood, and pleasant people about; Miss Quigley would like a soil adapted to the growth of honey-suckles and peaches, with a brook meandering in the distance; Anthony, my son, is not particular about the picturesque, but would like a good ducking "mash," and a fairish bit of turnpike for a 2 44.

As for myself, all I ask is a good vegetable garden (already erected), and no intermittent—sporadic or otherwise—about the locality.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

BIOGRAPHIES of the present Emperor of the French are following each other with some rapidity in Europe. French Republicans, Bonapartists, British officers, thinkers, talkers, and scribblers, all seem to have fallen foul of Louis Napoleon with common accord. A list of recent Imperial biographies might be extended almost to any length.

As there is comparatively but little known of him in this hemisphere, we propose to condense into a few pages the salient features of his career, endeavoring to judge him from an independent point of view.

History tells us that his father was Napoleon's brother Louis, who was made King of Holland against his will, was married to Hortense Beauharnais, also against his will, abdicated, and lived an obscure and uneventful life in Italy for a quarter of a century afterward. But these facts are by no means so clear as might be wished. The date of the marriage of Hortense and Louis is strangely uncertain. All that can be said positively is, that they were *probably* married in January, 1802. On referring to the historical registers, it appears that their eldest son—whose whole existence is clouded in mystery—died 5th May, 1807, *at the age of seven. Napoleon had chosen him to be his heir, and loved him with the fondness of a father.* It was only when he died that the idea of a divorce from Josephine entered the Emperor's mind. For the two other children of Hortense, Napoleon and Louis, *the Emperor always evinced a like fatherly feeling.* It was well understood that, in the event of the death of the King of Rome, they were to succeed to the Empire.

A more striking contrast than Louis and his wife can not well be imagined. It has been usual with the assailants of Napoleon to laud Louis for certain philosophical virtues. The fact was, he was the most insignificant creature in the world—the imbecile of his family. He never knew his own mind for two days together. He never did or said a sensible thing. He never helped his brother, though he was content to profit by his greatness while carping at his policy. He had not soul enough to love any one. Hortense, on the contrary, had a virile spirit. In her were gathered some of the highest qualities of human nature—boldness, perseverance, constancy, self-reliance, energy. She despised her husband, and loved no one but the Emperor. Him she idolized. At his command she married Louis; by his consent she left him; at his invitation she went to live near the Tuileries; by his command she spent an hour every day of her life with him. First and last, her soul was his. We have all heard of the boundless confidence reposed in him by the soldiers of his guard. There was not a trooper who believed in him more firmly or cherished him more ardently than Hortense Beauharnais. Of all the women of his court, the one who understood him best, and deserved to be nearest his heart, was the high-souled Hortense.

It is recorded that Louis Napoleon began to influence the destinies of France when he was six years old. On that dreadful night, when the utter destruction of Napoleon's hopes and the proximate capture of Paris by the advancing allies burst upon the panic-stricken Parisians, and the Empress Marie Louise, obedient to Napoleon's mandate, "Rather let my son be at the bottom of the Seine than in the hands of the allies," fled with the King of Rome to the Provinces, Queen Hortense sank to sleep, overcome with weariness and excitement. She was roused by a letter from her husband—who troubled himself very little about her in general—directing her to follow the Empress. She refused. He demanded his children. She sent them to him. He changed his mind on receiving them, and sent them back before daybreak. Next morning she appeared in the streets with the two little boys, showed them to the soldiers—who were exasperated at the departure of the King of Rome—and swore to remain with them. The National Guard was roused to enthusiasm by her spirited conduct, and carried the two boys in triumph along the streets. Louis Napoleon was then just six years old.

Hortense did not keep her oath. Paris was past defense; with the consent of the officers she fled. At Rambouillet she overtook the ex-kings Jerome and Joseph eating a hasty supper, and with nerves much disturbed. Louis was with Marie Louise. The ex-kings coolly hoped that Hortense was well provided with money, as she would probably be taken by the Cossacks if she were not. They had secured all the horses at the place for themselves. Indeed, the only thing the Queen and her children had to eat that night was a crust of bread which one of her women contrived to purloin. Louis, at this juncture, wrote from Blois to his wife, ordering her to repair thither without delay. The heartlessness of the fellow roused her.

"I had intended to go to Blois," she said; "but now I won't."

It seems that the Emperor Alexander was smitten with a characteristic Platonic passion for Hortense. He insisted on her retaining an estate, with the title of Duchess, under the Bourbons. He spent most of his time with her while at Paris. A strange anecdote is told of his intercourse with little Louis Napoleon. The boys could not be made to understand that there were kings in Prussia and Russia who were not their uncles. All the kings they had ever known they had been in the habit of addressing as "uncle;" why not Alexander too? Was he no relation at all to the Emperor? inquired the unconscious juvenile satirists. They were given to understand that, though an enemy, he was a generous one, and that their mother owed him all she had in the world. The next time Alexander visited the family little Louis crept up to him, pushed a ring into his hand, and

ran away blushing. When called to account, he said: "I had nothing but that ring, and I wished to give it to the Emperor, because he is good to mamma."

Thus, during the brief interval of Napoleon's exile to Elba, Hortense and her children were almost the only members of his family who did not share his reverse. She took so little pains to conceal her fidelity to him that, when he landed, Lord Kinnaird flew to warn her that she would be the first victim of the revenge of the Bourbons. It was likely enough; they were mean enough for any thing. Hortense gave a musical party that night; met her guests with her usual smile, rallied the singers and performers with her usual gayety, and chatted serenely in her terrible care. But while the prima donna of the *soirée* was delighting the guests' ears with her first piece, the two children, Napoleon and Louis, were carried off for safety to the residence of a friend at some distance. Next day Hortense herself hid in a *cachette* in the wall of an old servant's house.

Events flew in those days. Napoleon was soon in the Tuileries. Hortense hastened to meet him.

"Where are your children?" asked the Emperor, with very unusual bitterness.

Hortense explained.

"You have placed them in a false position in the midst of my enemies!"

What he meant no one knows. Hortense did not merit so cold a reception.

When the final overthrow came, and Napoleon, broken in heart and spirit, sought a home where he could freely give way to his anguish, and a heart that could sympathize without wounding him, he went to Malmaison to meet Hortense. She was almost the only *man* who stood by him in that trying time. Their adieux were touching; the boys cried bitterly, and wanted to follow the Emperor into exile.

Paris was no place for Hortense. She sent to Fouché to ask for passports. The King was in desolation at losing *une femme si charmante;* but, *diable*, in the present disturbed state of the country, she had perhaps best go abroad for a few months. Next day, royal order to depart before dusk. Of money, not a word. But the King's ministers, Talleyrand at their head, were ready to make good bargains for Hortense's pictures and objects of art. With their aid she raised a few thousand francs, which carried her into Switzerland, a spectacled but fiery Austrian—the Count de Voyna—escorting her to the frontier, and not sticking at a free exhibition of the bayonet treatment to such Royalist Frenchmen as evinced a propensity to insult her. The last mob into which she got happened to consist of Bonapartists. They burst into the room, drove De Voyna into a corner, and kept him there while the spokesman of the intruders, a venerable old man, informed Hortense confidentially that they did not wish to offend her in any way; let her but say a word, or make a sign, or even *cligner l'œil*, they would throttle M. de Voyna in an instant.

Her stay in Switzerland was short and unhappy. Her stony-hearted mother-in-law, Madame Mère, visited her, and coolly took her leave with a kiss on the forehead; Madame Mère was above emotion. Then came a command from her husband, who was at his ease in the Papal States, to relinquish to him the charge of his eldest son. Hortense at first rebelled; but dread of attempts on her son's life induced her to consent at last; and she was left alone with little Louis Napoleon, who was broken-hearted at the loss of his brother. Finally, to fill the cup, all sorts of persecutions awaited her from the enemies of France. Hortense's character was well known; the shrewdest statesmen of the day foresaw that the two children of Hortense were the most formidable of the Bourbons' enemies. All the great powers, and many of the small ones, sent special envoys to the canton where she resided to watch over her and spy out her movements.

She fled. Louis Napoleon and his nurse accompanied her to Constance, in the dominions of the Grand Duke of Baden. That potentate directly notified her to quit. She replied by selecting leisurely a house with a good view, and settling down in it. The Grand Duke relapsed into silence, and Hortense busied herself about the education of her children.

The usual stories are told about Louis Napoleon's boyhood, signifying independence of thought, secretiveness, and generosity. We hear of his being met one day by his servant at some distance from his home, walking in shirt-sleeves and barefoot through mud and snow, and of his accounting for his sorry plight by saying that he had met a poor family of children, to one of whom he had given his coat, while he had put his shoes on the feet of another. But anecdotes of the childhood of great men are not often very authentic. Let us be content with knowing that his natural propensities were fair, and that, as well from the colleges of Augsburg and Thun as from his excellent mother, he received as perfect an education as the world can afford.

To conspire was and is the innate tendency of every high-souled Italian and German. Whether at his mother's castle at Arenberg or at the homes of his relations in Italy, Louis Napoleon, from the first day of his manhood, threw his soul into conspiracies. He was then a Republican, with a queer streak of Bonapartism running through his democratic vein; he desired the good of the people, but he had somehow an idea that they were to be improved and benefited chiefly in order to render them more worthy of being ruled by members of his family. During the interval which elapsed between the invasion of Spain by the French and the upheaval of 1830 conspiracies were rife throughout Europe; the young Bonapartes offered their swords, the older ones their money, to the in-

surgents. Louis Philippe checkmated the Republicans in France; at Rome there seemed a fairer prospect. Louis Napoleon removed to Rome with his mother. He rode the streets wrapped in a tricolor, and walked arm in arm with the chief of the *carbonari*. In a fit of passion the Pope sent a troop of horse to seize him; he retaliated by calling the peasantry to arms and taking a chief command.

Hortense had taken refuge at Florence; there she received a letter from Louis Napoleon to say that he and his brother "had entered into engagements; their name compelled them to aid the unhappy populations which invited them to assist them." She was distracted. Her husband—who never turned up but to embarrass his family—suddenly appeared on the stage at this crisis. For twenty years or so the boys had been almost strangers to him; he was now seized with so much affection for them, and so alarmed at their peril, that he pestered their mother from morning till night to go out to the theatre of war and bring them home. He actually persuaded her to write to the insurgent General, begging him to dismiss them from the army. The other members of the Bonaparte family aided him. Jerome wrote, Cardinal Fesch sent messengers to the insurgents, imploring them to get rid of the young men; and after a struggle they succeeded. Napoleon and Louis were deprived of their commands, and rejected when they offered to serve as volunteers.

Now the hand of tyranny began to press on them. The Grand Duke of Tuscany notified their mother that they must not enter his dominions. The Austrian embassador stated in writing that the fate of traitors—death—awaited them. Switzerland—then in the hands of Austria—closed her doors against them. In the midst of the confusion, the eldest of the brothers, Napoleon, died suddenly, mysteriously, no one but his brother knows how. Some sudden disease no doubt overtook him, and carried him off rapidly. All that is known is that, after giving signal proof of personal valor and generalship, he was taken ill at Forli; that his brother watched over him with extreme tenderness, nursed him, in fact, like a baby; and finally held him in his arms when he died, then flew to console his mother.

It was no time for grief. The Austrian troops were already on the Papal territory, encircling Louis Napoleon; his name had been expressly omitted from the amnesty, while a general order pronounced sentence of death on all "foreigners" implicated in the insurrection. Hortense mechanically traveled to Ancona, and chartered a small vessel for flight. But fortune had not done its worst. The day before the sailing of the vessel the brave mother noticed that her son looked ill. She sent for a physician, who declared that he had the measles, and could not be moved. As usual, in the midst of her perplexity, there came a letter from her husband, commanding her to leave Italy directly with her son, and not on any account to fail to acquaint him with all her movements.

It was at crises like this that the character of Hortense showed itself. She took no counsel but of her own judgment. She asked no help. In the presence of the most appalling dangers she had presence of mind enough to carry out a scheme requiring boldness, coolness, and extraordinary nerve. She took passage for her son in another vessel bound for Corfu, paid the fare, and obtained, by great exertion, a passport from the authorities. She sent his baggage on board and publicly recommended him to the captain. She wrote to her husband that their dear son was at length in safety. She received the congratulations of her friends at Ancona on her son's escape. Having taken these precautionary measures, she made a bed for Louis Napoleon in a cabinet adjoining her own room, and pretexted a violent fit of illness. To the hotel where she was staying came an Austrian officer, sent expressly to capture Louis Napoleon. He lodged so near his prey that Hortense had to put her hand on her son's mouth when he coughed to escape detection. She nursed Louis for many days and nights with an anxiety which can not be described; he tottered on the brink of life, and every drug that was brought to him might have proved the means of his betrayal. At length he recovered. Early one morning, before the Austrian soldiers who swarmed in the house were awake, Hortense and her son made their escape. The perils they encountered on their journey through Italy; their hairbreadth escapes; the agreeable fictions which Hortense told to any and every authority she met; the figure which the future Emperor cut as a footman standing beside his mother's carriage, and listening to her account of his voyage from Ancona—all this can be imagined.

At length they were in France. The law pronounced sentence of death on members of the Bonaparte family who dared to venture into the kingdom. But Louis Philippe was no Caligula. He called upon Hortense. Like Louis XVIII. he was in despair at parting with so charming a lady; but what could be done? His ministers were inexorable. He would reason with them. He would try to overcome their senseless prejudice. He would speak out, if it came to the worst, and let them know that he was no tyrant. But, meanwhile, did not Madame la Duchesse think it would be best to try the air of London—only for a short while?

The greatest embarrassment which awaited the fugitives in their English home, was the excessive liberty they enjoyed. It made them uneasy. When they went to a hotel nobody cross-questioned them. No spy dogged their steps in the street. Not a single police officer paid them visits of inspection. Hortense *s'ennuyait* at having no more romances to invent. She missed her persecutors. Even Louis Napoleon regretted the piquancy of former perils. Complete security was monotonous.

Partly, perhaps, because England was so dull

a home, but more directly in consequence of the schemes which the mother and son were plotting, they removed to Switzerland. There Louis Napoleon laid himself out for popularity, and succeeded in gathering around him a small circle of political proselytes, while he spread his name by various means through the French army. There he planned the attempt of Strasbourg.

It was an insane business. Some of the biographers whose works we have under our eyes see merit in the scheme; we are not so fortunate. There were at Strasbourg half a dozen men of means who were anxious for the overthrow of the government. There were likewise a few others who were willing to help set up a new government in the hopes of sharing the loaves and fishes; among these was M. de Persigny. Finally, Louis Napoleon had about him some devoted adherents who were quite ready to risk something to elevate their patron, and, as a necessary consequence, themselves. These were the army on which the great conspirator had to rely. A dreamy notion that, after a lapse of twenty years, the old soldiers of the Empire would be roused to fight by the mere sight of an imperial eagle was the other stand-by. A miserable pair of crutches.

Two men, both residents of Strasbourg, were ardently devoted to the scheme. One was Colonel Vaudrey of the artillery, a disappointed soldier; the other was a spy in the pay of Louis Philippe, who, having taken the lead in the conspirators' council in favor of energetic movement, reported every night his own and his colleagues' performance to the chief of the royal police.

One November morning, exactly at six, Louis Napoleon and his friends issued forth from their houses into the dark streets of Strasbourg. The damp morning air chilled them. More chill and dreary still was the demeanor of the commandant of the garrison, General Voirol, a shrewd old soldier, who, when they burst into his room before he was dressed, and flourished the imperial eagle before him, laughed sardonically, and intimated that they ought to have their heads shaved and to be put on low diet. They hastened to the barracks. Colonel Vaudrey had ordered out his artillerymen with guns unlimbered, and matches lit; Louis Napoleon tried his power of persuasion on the infantry. They were dull of comprehension. It was a cold morning, and Louis Napoleon's speech did not warm them: they yawned. When some officer cried—"This is not the nephew of the Emperor but Colonel Vaudrey's; I know him well—" a laugh of derision burst from the ranks.

To retreat, as best he could, into a *cul de sac;* to escape, with some difficulty, being trampled under foot by the restive cavalry horses; to be charged by a regiment of infantry with fixed bayonets; to surrender, with the best grace possible, to the commanding officer of his pursuers—all this was the work of a few minutes. Detail is useless. A few days were spent in a Strasbourg prison, awaiting the decision of the government; then the great conspirator was hurried to Paris, alone. No one knew what fate awaited him. The King was well aware that the attempt was no rash impulse, but the cool fulfillment of a deliberate and long-planned policy. Through his spy he was made thoroughly acquainted with the extent of the conspirator's designs. Hortense had flown to Paris to intercede for her son; but after all, what could she have said?

This was the prospect. Within two hours after Louis Napoleon arrived at Paris he was seated in a post chaise on his way to L'Orient. He had been offered transportation to America as a punishment, and had promptly accepted.

There has been dispute whether he did or did not sign an engagement promising, in gratitude for the monarch's clemency, to plot no more against the Orleans family. Louis Philippe's friends assert that he did; he denies the story *in toto*. On the face of it, the preponderance of probability is on his side; for had he signed such a paper, why did not the government destroy his character by publishing it after the affair of Boulogne? Louis Philippe was too wary to miss such an opportunity of killing off a rival.

It is not worth while to redescribe here Louis Napoleon's voyage to America. It was to him a pleasure trip. The captain of the frigate could not have treated him differently had he been a plenipotentiary instead of an exile; and on this side of the Atlantic he found abundance of sympathizing friends. Of the follies of his life here, scandal-mongers have made much use. The only story worth remembering is the account of a dinner party given by a well-known gentleman in this city, at which the exile calmly and quietly foretold his advent to the throne of France, and in reply to the laughing request of his host, promised him a gracious reception at his Court—a promise amply redeemed a year or two since.

None of the Bonapartes were quite at ease in this country. It is deficient in the true Napoleonic spirit. Louis Napoleon hastened back to Europe, in time to display his filial love at the death-bed of his mother. He loved her from first to last with an affection which never wavered; the mother and son were both models of devotion and unity of soul.

It is remembered by the reader that Louis Napoleon was at this time an exile, and proscribed. He had escaped a trial in France by consenting to his exile; whatever the terms of that consent were, he had broken them, and was liable to the penalties of his breach of faith. Accordingly, with singular want of tact and judgment, Louis Philippe instructed his envoy to the Swiss Cantons to demand his extradition. For some time France and Switzerland had not been friendly; the demand was urged with asperity and even menace. As might have been expected, it roused the spirit of the Swiss instead of convincing their reason. They declared they would not refuse an asylum to the

exile. Louis Philippe found himself in as foolish a position as that lately occupied by the King of Prussia, with this difference, that his cause of quarrel was more petty and ignoble. Like the King of Prussia, having entered upon a policy of intimidation, he could not easily retrace his steps; when the Swiss refused to expel Louis Napoleon, Louis Philippe sounded the trumpet of war. In an instant the eyes of Europe were upon Switzerland, and the sympathies of the liberal of every country acquired for the young Bonaparte. This point gained, Louis Napoleon settled the dispute by voluntarily withdrawing to London. It was an accident of infinite advantage to him and great confusion to the citizen King.

The Boulogne expedition followed a period of idle dissipation in England. It is generally understood now in well-informed circles that it was not the hair-brained scheme that it has so often been described. A very large proportion of the officers of the army are believed to have been in the plot; and their subsequent attachment to Louis Napoleon is ascribed to gratitude for the discretion he observed with regard to their complicity when he was arrested. The true history of the affair will not be known until the Emperor reveals his secrets.

What the public now knows may be summed up in a very few words. The funds for the expedition were raised by loan and by a fortunate operation in stocks. Louis Napoleon had a very large sum with him in gold when he started. The men were sixty in number, and zero in character. They were mostly refugee Frenchmen, with nothing to lose. It has been said that they hardly knew the scheme on which they were embarked; Louis Napoleon is not likely to have told any thing which could safely be kept a secret; and it is certain that their courage was only kept up to the landing point by copious draughts of Champagne.

Much merriment has been caused by the published accounts of the landing in the mud at Boulogne, with the ragged conspirators, who ran bawling up the hill, the tame eagle that wouldn't fly to the top of the column, and the gaping peasantry, who couldn't make out what the noise was about. But the secret of all this has yet to be told. Even M. de la Guerronière, who had access to the best information, and had the best reasons for wishing to make out a good case for his master, fails to discover the true clew to the failure. In all probability error or confusion had arisen from a transposition of the regiments on duty at the place of landing. The chances are that arrangements had been made for the prompt adhesion of the regiment on duty to the cause of the invader; that officers of high rank throughout France were ready to invite their men to follow the example thus set; that reliance was placed on the force of example among the troops; and, finally, that all this plot fell through simply because the National Guards and others, who encountered the invaders, were not in the secret, while the troops who were were out of the way. Very possibly Louis Philippe had as full information of this project as of the former one. However all this may be, Louis Napoleon with his sixty men was quickly driven into the mud, and there caught, after he had shot a grenadier dead with a pistol which he drew from his belt. This useless homicide has been justly reproached to him as one of the darkest stains on his career.

Of course there was no talk of exile this time. But still the King was not wise. Instead of handing Louis Napoleon to the courts, to be tried for the murder of the man he had shot, as a prudent sovereign would have done, Louis Philippe gave an official recognition to the attempt by sending him to the House of Peers to be tried for high treason. True, the Peers were a reliable body, and, as the result showed, they answered the monarch's purpose in one way as well as the assizes could have done. But though they condemned Louis Napoleon to imprisonment for life, they dignified him, and made him an object of sympathy by their sentence. They elevated him in public esteem. They reminded the old soldiers and the peasantry that Bonapartism was not dead. They struck a chord which the least reflection would have persuaded the King to avoid at any risk.

The prison of Ham, to which Louis Napoleon was sent, is a huge pile in the midst of swamps and fens. The walls are thirty-six feet thick; it is surrounded by a wet ditch, and is, on the whole, one of the most secure prisons in the world, besides being a most unhealthy residence. He was watched as closely as any Italian culprit. Instructions suitable for an Austrian dungeon stimulated the vigilance of his jailers.

It was in this confinement that Louis Napoleon first gave evidence of the qualities of mind which have since characterized him. He showed no concern at his situation. He never doubted his escape. Months and years passed over; as he counted them, he confessed he thought the duration of his captivity singular; of the ultimate result he never had the least doubt. He amused his leisure by corresponding for the press, and completing works on strategy and engineering. He entertained a proposal from an old Nicaragua Transit Company, which desired him to undertake the direction of works for the opening of a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific. When Louis Philippe declined to trust him as far as Nicaragua to perform this work, he wrote out his views, and sent them to the Board of Directors, politely regretting that circumstances over which he had no control deprived him of the pleasure of illustrating them in person.

When six years had elapsed, Louis Napoleon began to find prison life monotonous. The revolution he foresaw was dilatory: he resolved to escape. It was managed with ease. Workmen were repairing the part of the prison in which he was confined. He procured a carpenter's dress, slouched hat, and wooden shoes. For three days his faithful surgeon,

Dr. Conneau, had given out that he was ill; when the turnkeys visited his room he was seen in bed. One morning he rose early and dressed in the borrowed costume. A lay figure, built by Dr. Conneau, was dressed in night-shirt and night-cap, and stuffed in the bed. The disguised prisoner, shouldering a plank, with hat drawn over his eyes, then boldly walked out of his room, passed the workmen, descended the stairs, and walked along toward the draw-bridge. At the draw-bridge stood an officer who knew him well. We can easily picture Louis Napoleon's sensations as this untoward apparition crossed his path. He approached the officer with thoughts indescribable, ready, at the least signal, to throw down his plank, and start on a hopeless race; but, as good fortune would have it, the son of Mars was likewise devoted to Venus, and had just received a *billet-doux* which he was intent on perusing. Louis Napoleon walked past him; at a short distance he threw down the plank and hastened to a carriage which was in waiting; and in a few hours he was safely on the other side of the Belgian frontier.

At breakfast-time that morning the Governor of the Chateau of Ham was notified that the Prince was so ill that he could not leave his bed, and that he could not be seen. At noon the Governor called again, and refusing to be satisfied with Dr. Conneau's assurance, insisted on seeing his prisoner; but on being shown the lay figure in bed, retired satisfied. Toward evening he reappeared, and was again told that the prisoner was asleep. This time the Governor would not be put off. He knew the anxiety of the King, and he refused to be comforted by Dr. Conneau. He would go to the bedside and satisfy himself. He would wake the sleeper, at all costs. He tried—but one shake was sufficient.

"Doctor," said the enraged Governor, "when did the Prince escape?"

"At seven this morning, Monsieur le Gouverneur."

Gens-d'armes and chasseurs were sent in every direction, and the whole country was ravaged in search of the fugitive; but the start had been ample; telegraphs were not in vogue, and the prisoner of Ham was on his way to London rejoicing.

An anecdote of better *aloi* than many which are current on this subject is given, on good authority, by Mr. St. John. The best of his old London friends was Count d'Orsay. A somewhat similar position in London society—in which they were both tainted—had brought them together. They appreciated and admired each other. Accordingly, when the Prince found himself in London once more, he drove straight to D'Orsay's, and bade the servant say that "a gentleman" desired to see the Count. The valet duly reported that a man of sinister aspect, who would not give his name, was below, and insisted on seeing Monsieur le Comte in person. D'Orsay, who spent the last years of his life in flying from creditors and bailiffs, made up his mind that his visitor belonged to one or the other class, and refused to see him.

"Tell the Count," said Louis Napoleon, wishing to keep up the joke, "that I will not go away till I see him!"

"*Ah! ça*," cried Count d'Orsay, when he heard this answer, "describe me this *insolent!*"

The man had not half completed the description when D'Orsay cried—"An odd-looking mouth and big mustaches! I'll wager it is Louis Napoleon!" And dashing down stairs, he clasped him in his arms.

The interval which elapsed between the escape of Louis Napoleon and the Revolution of February, 1848, is said to have been spent by him in dissipation in London. Numberless stories are told of his wild freaks: it is said that he gambled, mixed in loose society, and generally scandalized his respectable acquaintance. However this may be, it is quite certain that he spent no small portion of his time in acquiring knowledge to serve a future ruler of France; that he made himself master of most of the wonders of machinery and mechanics; that he contrived a plan for the drainage of certain marshes in the south of France; that he made among the politicians and aristocracy of England a number of warm, devoted friends.

When the explosion took place in February, he drove to his cousin's—Lady Douglas—and said, "In twelve months I shall be at the head of the government of France."

He hastened to cross the Channel, and was in Paris almost as soon as the King left it. But all was in fermentation. The law against the Bonapartes was still in force; some journalists invoked it, crying aloud that the liberties of the young republic were in danger, and that this Prince Louis Napoleon meditated the establishment of an empire. The Provisional Government were so weak that you might have knocked them down with a feather. They asked Louis Napoleon to relieve them as he had relieved the Swiss. He agreed, on condition that they should help repeal the law which excluded his family from the French soil.

The outburst of June had been manfully and humanely quelled with shot, grape, and bayonet by Cavaignac, when Louis Napoleon, now lawfully a resident of France, was elected a member of the Legislative Assembly. This was the entering-wedge.

The story of the election has been told too often to be repeated here. Much that is senseless has been written by way of comment. No doubt Ledru Rollin's candidature hurt Cavaignac, just as Frémont and Fillmore interfered with each other last fall. But to imagine that Prince Louis owed his election as President of the Republic to the old Napoleonic ideas is simply ridiculous. The real secret of his success lay in his being a *better politician* than his rivals; in his understanding the tricks and quirks of politics, the devices by which ballot-boxes are stuffed, and fraudulent returns made, better than any of the moderate or ultra republicans,

who lacked the necessary experience of elective institutions; above all, in his having at his command much larger sums of money than they, and in his using them judiciously. No practical man, looking at the facts calmly, can doubt but he cheated the French into electing him.

But from the hour of his election all was changed. No doubt, again, he coveted a throne. Within the memory of man there has been but one Washington; and had he been a Frenchman in 1850, with no New England to keep him in check, it is not safe to say how even he might have acted. But the honest student of these times must admit, that, from the installation of Prince Louis Napoleon as President, he was placed in a dilemma between sacrificing France and himself, or making himself autocrat. Schoolboys may declaim about the immorality of breaking an oath; but every statesman, every man of the world knows that official oaths are mere formalities, which have never, never can stand in the way of political movements. The blood that was shed at the *coup d'état* is supposed by certain English and republican writers to lie heavy on the Emperor's conscience. We are not inclined to think that it troubles him much. In a state of war, a few lives more or less matter very little. Practically, the "massacres," as they have been called, committed in Louis Napoleon's interest, were perhaps a blessing.

The writer of these lines has had some opportunity of forming a judgment on the people of Paris and the people of France. Had he been a citizen of that country, he would have voted for Louis Napoleon and the Empire; and he believes that there was far less fraud in the record of the large vote in favor of the Empire than is generally supposed.

Almost without exception the French Republicans were unfit for the practical business of government. Cavaignac and Marrast—unquestionably the best among them—were honest men, with a well-defined purpose, and no lack of energy; but neither the one nor the other possessed administrative capacity; neither possessed that essential quality in a ruler—the tact to apprehend the public desires and gratify them. As for the other men whom the revolutionary wave brought to the surface, as statesmen they were beneath contempt, and the people knew it. They were talkers, writers, poets, reverie-makers, philosophists; but the Postmaster or the Collector of this city knows far more about the practical work of government than they. Furthermore—had the Republican leaders possessed intuitively that political knowledge which they had had no opportunity of gaining by experience, they would still have lacked an essential element for the formation of free political society, namely, free local institutions. For more than a century no free village or city corporations have existed in France; the people have entirely lost the habit of acting in concert, and carrying out independent political schemes; when they begin to talk of politics, they naturally figure to themselves that they are conspirators. Like people who have spent their lives in subordinate situations, as executives of the will of others, the French people have ceased to have a will of their own. They are timid, destitute of self-reliance, and destitute of the means or the daring to act in concert for any specific object.

The French possessed one redeeming quality—as a people they were conscious of their deficiencies. Their political timidity sought some one to trust in, some pillar of strength to lean against. That pillar, the merest child could see was not to be found in the Parliamentary leaders of the Republic, who converted the Chambers into a debating society, and made their jokes, and their quips, and their fine points, and their *mouvements oratoires*, as though elocution was the sum and end of government, and as if France was not on the verge of ruin. But the pillar might be in the President, who, on more than one occasion, had given evidence of mind, and firmness, and courage.

In the preliminaries of the elections we can undoubtedly trace the hand of the Emperor, securing the favor of the soldiery by means familiar to the Cæsars; taking good care that fraud should not be wanting if fraud were needed to secure a favorable return in this or that constituency; scattering gold (English gold?) wherever that was required; and like a prudent man, unfettered by principle, leaving no door open for failure to creep in.

He succeeded, of course. The moralist may dilate upon the enormity of the collateral and incidental offenses committed on the occasion. But the practical man, comparing the France of 1857 with the France of 1847, 1827, 1807, or 1787, can hardly fail to congratulate the nation on the perpetration of these offenses. The *Credit Mobilier* will break; other stock companies will break; the railways may break; the banks may suspend; much trouble must befall the rich; but after all, when all this shall have taken place, and the worst shall have passed, imperial France of our day will still be a more prosperous, happier, and better country to live in than any France of which history makes mention.

OUR COUSIN FROM TOWN.

A FAMILY REMINISCENCE.

"HOW tiresome—how extremely disagreeable!" complained my brother Arthur, as he tossed on the table Miss Ponsonby's note, containing her acceptance of my father's invitation to her to come and spend a few weeks with his family in their quiet country home.

We all looked spitefully enough at the innocent little sheet of paper, with its delicate handwriting, and its neatly sealed and faintly perfumed envelope. We were a family of rough, unpolished, *motherless* boys and girls. We girls, indeed, were even less civilized than our brothers; for while we had run wild under the *quasi* control of a weak-minded governess, whom

we entirely ruled, they had been duly sent to a public school, where some degree of discipline had been flogged and knocked into them by their tutors and school-fellows. Arthur, especially, the eldest, the cleverest, the handsomest, and the dearest, was just returned from his first term at Cambridge, and we were all proud of his improvement in appearance, and charmed by his gentlemanlike courtesy and ease of manner, though we scarcely understood it. We only knew he was very different to Hugh and Stephen, and that already those wild, reckless fellows were becoming a thought less wild, under the influence of their elder brother's precept and example.

But even Arthur disliked the idea of Miss Ponsonby's visit, and we, sanctioned by his opinion, scrupled not to express our feelings unreservedly.

"A regular bore—a nuisance!" cried Hugh, savagely cutting away at the stick he was carving, and sending the chips right and left as he did so; "what on earth are *we* to do with a fine London lady?"

"We shall have to be proper and 'lady-like,' as Miss Fisher says," said Lydia, in dismay—"and how—? oh! there, now, Hugh, one of your abominable chips has flown into my eye. You've no business to hack away at that stick in the drawing-room. Arthur, has he?—I'll slap your face if you make faces at me, Sir."

This last, of course, to Hugh, who was too vividly expressing his feelings by contortions of his features. Arthur, as usual, had to exert his influence to prevent a quarrel, and when that was achieved we began to grumble again.

"We were going to have such fun!" sighed I, "now Arthur is here, and all. We should have been so happy this autumn. Bother!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do!" exclaimed Stephen, in sudden glee, "we'll sicken her of being here. We'll send her off of her own accord the second day. We'll make the place too hot to hold her, and she'll beat a retreat."

"Hurrah!" cried Hugh, "I'll do my part. I'll take her through bramble-bushes that shall tear her smart frocks, and spoil her grand fashionable bonnets. I'll let her accidentally slip into ditches which shall ruin her satin shoes, and frighten her out of her fine-ladyish senses besides. Oh, I promise, I'll lead her a pretty life while she is here."

"Hush, boys!" remonstrated Arthur, looking up from his book, "you must remember this lady is to be our guest, and has claim to all courtesy and consideration from us. It's no use to talk in that wild way. We are gentlemen—don't forget that."

This final argument was always irresistible to the two boys, rude and savage as they seemed. With Lydia and myself he employed other reasoning.

"Though we don't like this visitor, girls," said he, "we are not such Goths as to let her see it. You will, of course, jointly do the honors, and I have no doubt you will acquit yourselves admirably. For," added he, seeing we still looked somewhat dubious, "I should not like my sisters to be laughed at by our London cousin. I should not like her to think that you do not know how to behave with propriety in your father's house."

This speech had its due effect, and we prepared to receive our visitor, if not with heartfelt cordiality, at least with a decent show of it. Nevertheless, the arrival of the day which was to bring her among us was dreaded as an actual calamity.

On that day, however, Lydia and I attired ourselves with unusual care. We had so much regard for appearances, that we did not wish to be looked upon as absolute slatterns by our cousin from town. So Lydia mended the rent in her skirt, which had yawned there for the last three weeks, and I condescended to pin a fresh tucker round my neck, and a pair of not more than half-dirty cuffs on my wrists.

Miss Fisher, our meek and much tyrannized-over governess, was sitting in the drawing-room, which she had, with considerable labor, cleared from the litter that usually strewed its floor, its tables, and chairs. Lydia's drawings and my music were neatly disposed on separate shelves, and as many books as our rough usage had left presentable, were formally ranged round the card basket on the centre-table, after the ordinary fashion. Often before had poor Miss Fisher made similar orderly arrangements, which we had invariably overturned five minutes after, but on this occasion we suffered them to remain. Hugh and Stephen gathered round Arthur, who was drawing mathematical mysteries at a side table, and Lydia and I, with unnatural demureness, seated ourselves on each side of Miss Fisher. At her earnest request we even submitted to get some needlework. Lydia routed out a half-hemmed pocket-handkerchief from the depths of the workbag, and I applied myself to the intricacies of a knitted collar, which I had been slowly blundering through at rare intervals for some years.

Thus were we employed when the roll of wheels on the carriage sweep leading to the house announced the return of our father from the railway station, where he had been to meet our expected guest. Lydia ran to the window and peeped out, heedless of Miss Fisher's imploring appeals to her sense of propriety. I sat still, feeling that I was sixteen years of age, the eldest girl, and about to enact the part of hostess.

"Oh!" ejaculated Lydia, in a kind of subdued scream, "what a heap of bandboxes and baskets. One, two, three—oh, there *she* is. My goodness, what a grand lady! She's coming in—now for it!"

And she fled back to her seat just as my father opened the door and led in the young lady.

"Caroline, my dear, these are your cousins, Elizabeth and Lydia. Girls, this is your cousin, Caroline Ponsonby. Bid her welcome to Abbott's Grange."

And my father, who was a man of few words, left us to make acquaintance.

Miss Ponsonby was a very stylish young lady indeed. Her silk dress was flounced to her waist, and rustled whenever she moved, and she wore little jingling chains at her waist and on her wrists; her large Cashmere shawl was clasped by a magnificent cameo, and her bonnet was laden with all sorts of fashionable frippery. A mingled odor of otto of roses and musk was faintly perceptible as she entered the room.

No wonder Lydia and I, recklessly indifferent as we were to the obligations of the toilet—to whom pomades were unknown, and *patchouli*, and *bouquet de la reine* utterly incomprehensible—no wonder we were completely dumbfounded at the apparition of our visitor—long expected and long dreaded as she had been.

Miss Ponsonby, however, possessed all that ease and graceful self-possession which is only acquired by habitude to society. She took my hand, and shook it with a cordiality that set all the little chains and lockets at her wrists jingling furiously. Then turning to my brothers:

"My cousin Arthur, I presume," said she, smiling—"and Hugh—and Stephen? My uncle has been initiating me into the nomenclature of my unknown relations, you see."

By this time I had collected myself sufficiently to offer to conduct our guest to her apartment. So I showed the way, followed by the rustling, jingling, perfumed Miss Ponsonby, who, in her turn, was followed by Lydia, grimacing, opening wide her eyes, and elevating her eyebrows, in testimony of her emotions. Arrived at the "best chamber," Miss Ponsonby swept across the room to the window, which commanded an extensive view.

"What a magnificent prospect!" said she, with real heartiness, "and how pleasant the country is! You seem to have quite an extensive domain, too, attached to the house. Charming!"

Having listened to these words Lydia and I, very shyly and awkwardly, took our departure from the room. Once outside the door we rushed back to the drawing-room.

"Oh, what a time we have to look forward to!" exclaimed Lydia—"did ever any one see such a finikin, affected, fine lady in this world!"

"So very fine," cried Stephen, mimicking her: "'My uncle has been initiating me into the nomenclature of my unknown relations.' There's a flow of language for you! We must hunt up our lexicons while our fair cousin abides with us."

"Lexicons, indeed!" growled Hugh—"I neither intend to say any thing to her, or to trouble myself to listen to what *she* says. I only hope she'll like us as little as we like her, and then she won't stay long."

"Hadn't you better provide some special diet for our friend?" sneered Stephen, taking up the theme, "surely she will never touch the homely beef and mutton that it is our habit to partake of. Nightingale's eggs stewed with rose-leaves, I should think, would form her most substantial repast. Or, Lydia, you will surely have no objection to boil your love-birds for your sweet cousin's delectation. Consider, my dear, the duties of hospitality."

"Yes," joined in Arthur, very gravely, "we must all consider that. And it isn't hospitable, Stephen, to make fun of a guest, let me assure you."

Arthur's displeasure curbed, though it could not entirely crush, Stephen's sarcasm and Hugh's grumbling. The two boys retired to a remote corner, from whence occasional bursts of laughter issuing, apprised us of the subject of their whispered conversation.

Miss Ponsonby made her graceful entrance into the room just as the tea-equipage appeared. Now that her large shawl was removed, we could see how elegantly her dress fitted, how tastefully it was ornamented, and with what care the tiny lace collar and cuffs were suited to the rest of her attire. What a contrast she presented to Lydia and myself as she sat between us at the tea-table! Her hair smooth and silky, while ours hung in disheveled curls about our faces; her hands fair and delicate, and covered with rings, while ours were red and rough as a housemaid's. The thought passed across my mind that the contrast was perhaps not wholly favorable to us; but I would never have dared to give utterance to such an idea.

The conversation was neither very general nor very lively, until my father appeared, and then it was entirely confined to him and Miss Ponsonby. They talked of London, the theatres, the exhibitions—of places and of people we knew nothing about; and we felt all the spite of the uninitiated toward the more privileged, accordingly. When tea was over, and my father, after his usual custom, had departed to his study to smoke and read the paper, we all gathered together round one window, leaving our visitor sitting in solitary state at the table.

She, however, soon accommodated herself to her position; fetched a book from a side-table, and immediately, to all appearance, was lost in study. We cast furtive and unkindly glances at her, and communicated our dislike to one another under our breath. Thus things lasted till candles came in; and then Arthur magnanimously set an example of attention to our guest, by asking her if she played and sang? She answered yes, smilingly; and willingly consented to let us hear her. So she rose, and went to the piano, and played a number of brilliant things, which we did not understand, and therefore did not like; and then she sang one or two Italian songs, which made a similar impression on our untutored minds. Lydia and I were resolute in refusing to play after our accomplished cousin; we sat in grim silence, doing nothing, but looking very cross, which we felt, for it was our habit to dance among ourselves in the evening, and we were all wrath with the intruder, who hindered us from our customary enjoyments. Arthur alone made any

effort to amuse Miss Ponsonby; he proposed a game at chess, and they played till supper-time, and in the course of their play made great progress in acquaintance.

After the young lady had retired for the night, we all gathered round Arthur to know what *he* thought of her.

"Oh!" said he, yawning, "she is a very fine girl, and talks well. Rather too stylish for us quiet folks, perhaps; but still—"

"I wonder how long she is arranging her dress of a morning?" speculated Lydia, "and setting her chains and bracelets. Why, it must occupy half the night to take them off. And what with brushing her hair—oh dear!"

"Lydia doesn't consider smooth hair compatible with any womanly virtues," laughed Arthur; "and she repudiates brushes and combs."

"Oh, I hate vanity!" cried she abruptly, but coloring too.

And I noticed thenceforward a gradual improvement in the appearance of Lydia's abundant brown tresses. Possibly the example of our elegant cousin effected some good in both of us. We could not but catch some infection of her neatness and care in dress; moreover, we were all obliged to own she was not ill-natured, and was ever willing to assist us with her advice, or even her helping hands, in any matter of costume. This ready kindness was also evinced in other ways. Miss Ponsonby was always pleased to play or sing, to teach us stitches in embroidery, new waltzes on the piano, or new mysteries in crochet. As for her "choice language," I am inclined to think it was accidental, and not a matter of habit with her. We were obliged privately to acknowledge that her fine ladyism after all, resolved into always having clean hands and face, smooth hair, tasteful dress, and quiet manners.

Nevertheless, in spite of these concessions, we did not "get on together" very rapidly. We still furtively quizzed her fashionable dresses, and gentle, refined manners. We still thought her good for nothing but to sit still and look pretty, and do fancy work. Except Arthur, who with his usual gentlemanlike feeling paid her the more attention because we were inclined to neglect her—except Arthur, we all eschewed her society whenever we decently could, and still looked upon her presence among us as the "bore," the tiresome, disagreeable necessity we had originally considered it.

So two or three weeks passed, and I think it occurred to none of us that our cousin Caroline *might* have feelings below the surface of her quiet, pleasant bearing, and that there might be more in her than we saw, or chose to see. I believe I was the first, not to make the discovery (I was too obtuse in those days ever to be in danger of such a thing), but to have the fact forced on me. One evening, tea waited; my father was in a hurry, and Miss Ponsonby had not responded to the summons. I was dispatched to her room, which, with my usual *gauche* precipitance, I entered, without any warning given, or permission asked. To my dismay, my cousin was sitting by the window, crying. She looked up at the noise of my sudden approach, and my loud announcement of "Tea!" and colored deeply, more with indignation than shame, I think. I had the grace to mutter some apology, and the feeling, too, to wish to know what grieved her.

"Is any thing the matter, cousin?" said I, timidly.

"Pray take no notice," she replied, hastily rising, and beginning to arrange her hair. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting—I did not hear the bell. I will be down stairs immediately."

And, simply by looking at me, she forced me from the room. When she appeared in the parlor, she seemed much as usual, though *I* was able to detect the red mark round her eyes, and the nervous flutter of her fingers—those white, ringed fingers we had so often laughed at, Lydia and I.

I felt sorry for her, and ashamed of myself, that, by my own behavior, I had placed such a barrier of indifference between us—that now, when all my romance was interested, my better feelings aroused, and I really desired to draw near to her, I was unable to do so.

That evening, after tea, we three girls and Arthur went for a walk through the woods to St. Ann's Pool—that great piece of water whereon our boating in summer and our skating in winter depended. I remember, as Lydia and I walked behind Miss Ponsonby and Arthur, my sister's allusions, in the usual scornful style, to our visitor's silk dress, pretty mantle, and delicate bonnet, did not chime with my mood so harmoniously as usual. I was glad to remember this fact afterward. When we came to the "Pool," which was really a lake, as deep and as broad as most lakes, we two girls, of course, wanted a row. There were two boats always there, and we had soon unlocked the boat-house, and unmoored one of the little "tubs," as Arthur called them. I don't know why Arthur took it into his head to go off with one boat, while we stood on the bank watching him. Some freak of vanity, I have since thought, made him eager to show off his real skill and united grace and strength in rowing, or our cousin to see more advantageously than she would have done when in the boat. And we looked on, while he rapidly skimmed across to the opposite bank, and then came back. But, half way, something seemed wrong; he drew up his oars—shouted to us—

"Bring the other boat! there's a leak in this, and she's scuttling! Make haste!"

The other boat! In our observance of him we had forgotten the other boat, which, released from its fastening, was quietly floating away, and was already far beyond our reach. Lydia and I shrieked, dismally,

"It's gone—it's gone! He'll be drowned! He can't swim!"

Where was Miss Ponsonby? She had sprung

from the raised platform of the boat-house, and was making her way along the muddy bank, by which the escaped boat was quietly gliding. On she went, and now, being abreast of the boat, she waded into the water—regardless, oh! shrieking, helpless Lydia! of that pretty dress and mantle!—up to her waist, caught hold, climbed in, and had the oars in the water sooner than I can relate it all.

"Hold up!" she cried, then, to Arthur, in the treacherous, fast-sinking "tub." We hardly breathed, I think, till he had hold of the oar she held out to him—and was safe. Then we sat down and cried.

As for Arthur and Caroline, when I looked up they were standing close by—Arthur supporting her, for she had hurt herself in the adventure, and was now as pale as if she were going to faint.

"Can't you give any help, girls?" cried Arthur, almost angrily. "You see—you see—good Heavens! she is injured—she is terribly injured—"

"No, no, no, no!" was all she could say, in a faint voice. Then we saw her arm was bleeding from a great cut. In the midst of my fright I was amazed to see the passionate way in which Arthur pressed his lips to the wound, saying, in a low, fervent voice,

"For me—for me! I think I never prized my life before, Caroline!"

Yes, I heard—and so did she. The color came into her face again, and she disengaged herself from all our supporting arms, declaring she was quite well—quite ready to walk home.

I hardly know how we walked home. Lydia was crying half the time, being thoroughly subdued by fright and agitation. As for me, I looked at my cousin, who, leaning on Arthur's arm, walked feebly in her ruined silk dress, from which we had wrung the water as well as we could. And I sighed with a new consciousness as, ever and anon, I caught some words in Arthur's passionate voice, and then Caroline's low, sweet tones in reply.

It was my first glimpse into the Enchanted Land. New and mysterious as it all was to me, I intuitively comprehended, and I moralized within myself, somewhat after this fashion:

"Well, only to think! I'll never judge from appearances again. Who would have supposed that our fine-lady cousin would turn out a heroine after all, just like a girl in a book? and that Arthur would fall in love with her? and that she would be our sister at last?"

Any other catastrophe never struck me as being within the nature of things. Even when, on arriving at home, Caroline escaped at once to her own room, and Arthur strode off into the shrubbery, dark as it was, still I was not undeceived. I was rather surprised when my offer to assist Miss Ponsonby in changing her wet garments was refused in a subdued and tearful voice. But I thought, people have different ways of taking things. I dare say she is very happy, though she is crying about it.

But I was roughly aroused to the real state of affairs. Arthur reappeared, and called me to join him in his evening ramble. Glad enough I was to do it, though I could hardly keep up with his impetuous steps. He plunged in *medias res*, and undeceived me at once.

"Lizzy, it's all over; she's refused me. I'm miserable for life. But no matter; *she* mustn't suffer, *she* mustn't be distressed; she's an angel, Lizzy!"

"No, not if she makes you miserable," said I, promptly, and bitterly, and decisively.

"Pshaw! it isn't *her* fault, she never encouraged or thought of such a thing. I know that; I know I'm a fool ever to have allowed myself to think of her; but—but for all that I shall love her as long as I live."

"Of course you will," I rejoined, in eager faith, "and it is very hard that she— Oh, Arthur! after all, how I wish she had never come to Abbott's Grange!"

"No, I shall never wish that," said he, after a few minutes' pause; and even now, looking back over all the intervening years, I can recall the manly uplift look of my brother's face as he said so. "I am the better for having known her. I would live the last three weeks again, gladly; even to paying their price, as I do now."

We were both silent for a little while after this; then he resumed, hurriedly—

"All this while I am forgetting what I called you for, Lizzy. You must contrive to keep a great deal with her, so that my absence may be unnoticed. No one but us three need ever know—and she is so sensitive. In another week I shall be going back to college, and then it will be all right."

He said the cheerful words very drearily, though I burst out, impetuously.

"Arthur, she can't help liking you. Perhaps some day—ah, don't give it up; don't go and be hopeless about it."

"No, my dear little sister, it's no use. She loves another man, and has been engaged to him for seven years."

Seven years! I was aghast. I could not help remembering that seven years ago, Arthur, a little fellow in a cap and jacket, was playing leap-frog and marbles with all a schoolboy's gusto. However I said nothing; for evidently the recollection had no place in Arthur's thoughts. He went on:

"He has been abroad a long time. She expects him back shortly; then they will be married. She told me: she said I had a right to know. She behaved beautifully; she is every thing that is most pure, most gentle, most angelic. In spite of all my wretchedness, I know that."

So he went on, till we were summoned indoors. Poor Arthur! he was thoroughly earnest and thoroughly generous in his love for Caroline Ponsonby. If the misery he so freely spoke of were less than absolutely real, and rather a luxurious novelty than any thing else,

I did not detect it then, and I was not quite able to forgive our cousin for having caused it.

My father met us as we entered the house. He had a letter in his hand, which he held out to me.

"It's for your cousin," he said. "Take it to her. She is not well, I hear; but I'm mistaken if this doesn't prove a panacea even for being half-drowned. Your hair-brained scapegraces!"

He shook his head at us, but with his merriest smile. I ran up stairs with the letter.

Caroline looked miserable enough, even my sisterly jealously was compelled to own. But my father was right. At sight of the letter her face brightened, and when she had read two or three lines, she fairly burst into tears and buried her face in the wonderful missive.

"He is in England; he will be here to-morrow," she said, in the first impulse of her relieved heart. I suppose I looked grim, for, after a little while, she drew me toward her, taking fast hold of my hands, and looking straight into my face.

"Don't be unjust," she said, with resolved frankness; "and don't draw back and keep aloof from me as you have done. Partly it was my fault, doubtless; but remember, cousin, you were at home, and I was among strangers; and though I yearned to give you my confidence, I could not force it on you. My uncle knew. I wish he had told you."

She stopped, pained by my apparently unsympathizing silence I suppose.

"Arthur will—Arthur won't—Arthur is too brave," said I, incoherently.

"Arthur being ten years younger than I am," she remarked, gently, "may be reasonably expected to—forget all that had best be forgotten. Yet for his generous kindness, his friendliness to me when friendliness was so needed, I shall always be grateful, and always grieve that it cost him even a passing sorrow."

"A passing sorrow!" repeated I, indignant again on the other side.

However, since then I have been compelled to acknowledge I was mistaken in more things than one concerning our cousin from town. Even so early as next morning, when there dashed up a post-chaise to Abbott's Grange, and there entered a brown-bearded, brown-complexioned man, who looked to me quite as old as my father, and who, it seemed, was that "other man" of whom Arthur had spoken to me. Even then I began to allow that perhaps there *were* incongruities in my brother's first love that might prove fatal to eternal constancy, and perpetual misery thereanent, humiliating as was the conclusion.

Yes, and now, when the annual family gathering is held at Abbott's Grange, and happy Caroline, with her husband and children, sits talking with her old friend my brother Arthur, also happy with his wife and bairns (he married, I think, his fifth love); and when I remember how true and energetic her friendship has always been; how many times it has helped him, as it has cheered and comforted us all—I am compelled to acknowledge that first impressions are not infallible even at sixteen, and that early youth, with all its enthusiasm and generosity, is too apt sometimes to blend a good deal of injustice.

A SUMMER IDYL.

IT was a moonlit summer night;
The heavens were drenched with silver rain;
And frowning rose Katahdin's height
Above the murmuring woods of Maine.

Close by our resting-place, a stream
That seemed to long to kiss our feet
Sang, as it went, some faery theme—
Musical, low, and incomplete.

The world was hushed, but nothing slept.
The cricket shrilled amid the sheaves,
And through the mighty woods there crept
The mystic utterances of leaves.

Never had moon-beams shone so bright;
Never had earth seemed half so fair!
I loved the stream, the trees, the night,
The wondrous azure of the air!

And through my very finger-tips
I felt the full enjoyment thrill;
I wished that I could with my lips
Kiss the sweet moon that crowned the hill!

Ah! why? Another moon I knew,
Less luminous, but all as fair,
Above my shoulder shining, through
A wondrous haze of golden hair.

Shining as once Diana shone
Upon the boy through Ida's grove;
Her stooping face, no longer wan,
Flushed in the harvest-time of love.

So, not for me that orb serene,
That grandly crowned the mountain crest;
And turning to my proper queen
I drew her down upon my breast.

"Oh! Amy," said I, "shine on me
Through all my life as that moon shines,
Shedding o'er each asperity
The light that softens and refines;

"So mildly, that my eyes can rest
Untiring on your gentle face,
Yet not so distant, but my breast
May be your sweetest resting-place.

"Bestow that sweet attractive spell
That draws the sea toward the skies,
And let my tide of being swell
Beneath the lustre of your eyes.

"And if some sullen cloud should sail
'Twixt you and me in social space,
Why when 'tis passed I will inhale
A sweeter influence from your face.

"Be changeful, too, like that sweet moon!
Change is the law of earthly life,
And Nature hums the varying tune
Of weal and woe, of peace and strife."

She ruffled all her yellow hair,
  But answering not a single word,
Veiled in the dusky twilight air,
  She nestled to me like a bird.

And in the vague electric spark,
  Felt only when cheek touches cheek,
I knew through all the shadows dark
  The promise that she did not speak.

Oh blessed moonlit summer night!
  When earth seemed drenched with silver rain,
And frowning rose Katahdin's height
  Above the murmuring woods of Maine!

THE HOLBROOK HOUSE.

ONE of the most picturesque habitations in our neighborhood is the Holbrook House—an old-fashioned white structure, of moderate dimensions originally, but eked out piecemeal, until it occupies twice its former space. A rich growth of climbers, an arabesque of woodbine, English ivy, and jasmine, quite enveloping the pillars of the rustic porch, and stretching to the very summit of the steep roof, frames with foliage the antique dormer-windows. The sloping lawn in front is green as emerald, and on either side of the gravel walk stands a rank of superb old chestnut-trees. With a somewhat abrupt ascent from the rear of the premises rises Beech Hill, covered half-way up with a wood of hemlocks, firs, and the black birch, with its dark, glossy rind and graceful, pendent branches. Beneath these trees, some of which were standing when the first dwelling of the white man was erected in the vicinity of the Ashuelot River, the soil is covered with a mosaic of mosses, ivy, ground-pine, wood-violets, and the partridge vine, with its dark, shining leaves, and berries of vivid scarlet. The spicy winter-green, too, grows there in profusion; and in its season, that loveliest of northern wild flowers, the trailing arbutus, enriches the air with its peculiar, exquisite odor—thus revealing its presence before the eye discovers its lurking-place. It is worth seeking; what a delicate flush it wears when at length you have found it! how prettily its broad, glassy leaves, spotted with brown, set off the faint pink petals! I do not know another flower "with look so like a smile." Just above the wood a spring of clear water issues from some mossy rocks, and singing to itself all summer long in a low, pleasant voice, threads downward its silver way till it reaches the Ashuelot, into whose waters it leaps eagerly, as glad to merge its sparkling life in the tranquil beauty of the broader stream.

For a long time the Holbrook House stood vacant. Its proprietor—the sole survivor of his branch of the family, and a sea-farer from boyhood—was an officer in our navy. There were occasional rumors of his return, but he never came. It was understood at length that the house was for sale or to be let.

One summer, half a score years ago, a stranger lady traveling with her two children—a drooping boy of twelve and a girl some years younger—stopped in our village for a few days to recruit the wearied boy. Influenced by the quiet beauty of the place, the healthfulness of the air, and the entreaties of the children, especially of the sickly one, who was heartily tired of wandering, she became the occupant of the Holbrook place. For the poor child it was time to rest. Traveling had only quickened the malady which his mother, with slow and reluctant conviction, at length perceived to be incurable. His disease was consumption; and in him it assumed its least formidable type—a slow fever, which gave a glow to his cheek, intense brilliancy to his dark blue eyes, and an ethereal beauty to his whole aspect. He lingered through the ensuing winter; but when the spring suns had melted the snow-wreaths from the hillside, he too had passed away. I remember well the bright, soft April day when he was laid in the village grave-yard. I remember his bright brown hair, the long lashes that lay on his fair cheek, and the pleasant smile on his lips. A simple grave-stone, with the inscription, "William Lyndhurst, Blantyre, Scotland," marked his resting-place.

I was passing the grave-yard one afternoon in summer, and I paused to look at the white, gleaming stones and the waving grass, over which floated shadows from the moving boughs above, and I heard a child's voice singing. It was Rose Lyndhurst, who sate by her brother's grave, one little arm thrown across the head-stone, and who sang in a low, sweet tone. I waited till she had done, and then joined her.

"What is that you were singing, Rose?" I said.

"Just a hymn to Willie," she replied; "one that he always liked."

And she told me of her home in the Old World beyond the sea; of her father, his failing health, and then, in the hope that a change of climate might restore him, of their determination to come to America; of his death on the passage, and the burial at sea; of Willie's wild sorrow for his father, which yielded to no soothing until there came the certainty of a speedy reunion. I, too, had a brother and a little sister in the grave-yard; and we children lingered there, talking of the past, and of the pleasant time there would be when we should meet our friends again, till we knew by the long shadows that evening was near, and we must go home.

From that time Rose and I were friends; we were mutually delighted when our parents encouraged our intimacy, and we cheerfully accomplished our allotted tasks with the pleasant incentive of a walk together, a day in the woods, or even a quiet afternoon within doors.

Year after year Mrs. Lyndhurst continued to reside among us; with no fixed purpose, I suppose, of a permanent residence; but she saw her remaining child happy and buoyant, becoming every year firmer in health, and so, at length, they came to be considered as belonging to us.

There was no need to send the child away to

school. Mrs. Lyndhurst was a lady of rare endowments, and would not willingly have relinquished her daughter's education to others. After a while it was settled that I should share Rose's studies under her mother's oversight; Mrs. Lyndhurst overcoming my own mother's reluctance to receive so great a favor, by convincing her that the benefit to Rose of a companion in her lessons quite equaled any advantage which I could receive from the arrangement.

Thus we lived almost constantly together. Between our two houses were only the gardens of each, and of these a gate opened from one into the other. Even my mother, who rarely walked, because she was too ill, was sometimes tempted to go with my father, or with my brother Rolfe, when he was at home, through the garden walk to Mrs. Lyndhurst's.

For Rolfe used to come home from Cambridge in the vacations. What pride I had in him! and so, I know, had our mother. He was so fine-looking, so manly, so courteous to every one, especially toward those who would most like it—old, poor people. When at last he went away for years, to pursue his studies in the schools of France and Germany—for he had high thoughts of a physician's duties—I do not believe there was one of them who did not miss him. This departure of his was my first great grief. A great grief it was to us all. I heard my father telling my mother, to comfort her, that as far as it was possible to rely on the uprightness of a human being, young though Rolfe was, he could trust in him.

Rose was to me like a sister. I had great delight in her uncommon beauty. To look at her was like listening to sweet music, or seeing a rare picture, or, better still, an exquisite flower. Her eyes were of the bluest, but very dark; with lashes, brows, and hair quite black. And such a wealth of hair! She was a little pale when silent, but speaking sent to her cheek a lovely, changing color; and to do her justice, she spoke a great deal, and in a voice singularly rich and clear; nothing could be sweeter, except her singing. She knew more old ballads than I had believed in existence; and to sing was as natural to her as to breathe. Alone at her needle-work, in her light tasks about the house or in the garden, away in the fields or woods, she sang in tones glad sometimes, sorrowful sometimes, but always sweet.

But a shadow crept slowly over that pleasant home. It was evident that Mrs. Lyndhurst was no longer so well as she had been. Her place in church was often vacant. She grew paler; her strength diminished; herself, she felt that life was waning away from her. Dr. Warburton, the village physician, was summoned. Equally far-sighted and skillful, he perceived at once that she did not need to be made aware of her condition, nor to be deluded with the hope of recovery.

A few months more, and then she died. It was a calm, summer evening; birds were singing in the larch-tree that shaded the west window, and through the branches came red gleams from the sunset. Mrs. Lyndhurst had seemed stronger than usual that day; and with her chair drawn close to the window, looked out on the beautiful evening. The granite peak of Monadnoc was all aglow with the lovely crimson splendor; the boles of the forest trees up the hillside were transmuted into shafts of flame; all the air was full of soft purple light. Rose knelt by her mother, and looked out too. They both thought alike of the time when the eyes of one would see beauty fairer than this.

"Rose," said her mother, "you have been always a blessing to me, from the time when first I looked on your sweet baby face in our far-off home in Scotland, till now that you are grown so like your father—so like him, dear." She laid her wasted hand on Rose's head. "I bless you, darling, again and again—in God's name I bless you." They were the last words she ever spoke.

Rose came to us. She never turned from consolation; the weary dread that comes over some of us when our friends die never visited her. Not a shadow of doubt dimmed her serene faith that they whom she loved were "not lost, but gone before."

My father and mother grew to love Rose as if she had been their own child. It must have been a hard heart that did not love her—so gentle she was always, so thoughtful for others, so unmindful of herself. The years that she had lived with us are among the happiest of my happy life. Frequent letters came from Rolfe; he was well, hard at work, and full of eager, cheerful courage.

Dr. Warburton was a friend of my father's from old college times. He rode over every Sunday to breakfast with us, for he said there was no coffee, far or near—no bread and butter—no cream—no eggs—like those which Martha Brent, our trusty handmaiden, set before him. Partly, I think, he came to see, in a quiet way, how my mother was doing, and partly because he loved to come and we loved to see him.

One day he announced that he found himself growing old—absolutely decrepit—and in urgent need of a partner.

"Did he want a lady," we inquired, "or a gentleman?"

Oh, a lady, if he might have had one of us, but, in despair of that, it was a gentleman whom he had fixed upon, and with whom he had made arrangements. He did not wish us to tantalize him with offers, now that it was too late. But as to this gentleman whom he expected, it was one in whom he had entire confidence—who was sensible, skillful in his profession, and good-looking, too—who had studied in Cambridge, and then gone abroad to learn more—who, indeed, was abroad now, but coming home soon—here I began to watch him—whom he had known from childhood, and could answer for.

"Was it Rolfe?" I asked that.

"And why Rolfe, Miss Olive? Is no other young man sensible or good-looking?"

Many a time I had thought of this as one of the most desirable things in the world, for I knew it would make my father and mother so happy; but I scarcely dared hope it, and now it was really going to take place!

There was a letter from Rolfe; he would take the very next steamer for home. How glad we all were, and how many things we discovered that must inevitably be done before his arrival, and so short a time in which to accomplish them! Rolfe's room must be nicely fitted up. A new matting must be had for the floor, and new book-shelves—Rose and I had appropriated the old ones; my mother's picture—Rose was doing that—to be finished, and hung opposite the bed; the new slippers to be completed. Hardly ever did we work so busily and so cheerfully.

Saturday arrived; that afternoon he was to come. The dear mother—her sweet, pale face a little paler than usual—sate in her arm-chair by the window, and without her needle-work for once. I always secretly thought my mother handsome, and so must any one have thought that day. The pretty lace shading her soft brown hair was very becoming. A tremulous, subdued happiness shone from her clear eyes, giving them the look that never grows old. My father walked up and down from the gate to the door, pausing at every turn, now under the old elm at the entrance, and now by the lilacs at the window where sate my mother. There were flowers every where—in Rolfe's room, in my mother's, in the low parlor, where, indeed, they grew in at the windows; even in the kitchen, Martha Brent had been fain to group hollyhocks and great red roses, in default of her prime favorites, peonies and snow-balls, whose day for the nonce was over. Ourselves, too, were in gala-dress; Rose in pure white, with coral bands around her throat and wrists, and in her beautiful, shining hair some red fuschias. I thought she had never looked so lovely. Martha Brent, who had that morning risen an hour earlier than usual to get through with the Saturday baking betimes, wore her newest gingham and ample black silk apron, and fastened her collar with a stately bow of purple ribbon.

Restless with joyful expectation, I was every where; now in the kitchen, admiring Martha's snowy loaves and airy pastry; now in the garden, gathering another rose, or more violets and carnations—Rolfe did not like odorless flowers; now in his room, brushing invisible dust from the books. How golden the sunshine was, and how soft and delicious the air, and how full of fragrance! And then came one of those fearful thoughts which, like shadows, haunt great happiness—"What if some dreadful thing had happened, and he should never come?" But there was a sound of wheels, they stopped at the gate—no more doubts or fears, Rolfe was there!

"Changed!" he repeated; he should never have guessed it was Rose or Olive—the girls had grown so much. But no one else in the dear old home had changed; he thanked God for that. I saw him look steadily at my mother, and she met his look with one as earnest, and then both smiled—such a loving, trusting smile. I suppose she read in his that her son was not changed, and he knew that she read it.

Ours was a fervent thanksgiving that night. Once in the midst of it I sobbed outright, but it was pure happiness.

And the next day, at church, it may have been entirely my own imagining, but it seemed as if every one felt glad in our delight. After service there was a great shaking of hands, and deaf old Polly Wheelock answered Rolfe's inquiry about her health with "Yes, Sir, I see that you are, and I venture to say there's many a one rejoiced at it; myself, I am, indeed, Sir." And well she might be, for as I have said before, he was always good to the old and the poor.

In the midst of all our comfort something befell which caused us great fear of losing one very dear to us. An elderly gentleman came to our house one morning, announcing himself as Mr. Home, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and the cousin of our Rose's mother. He had come to America hoping to find his young relative, and to take her home with him. He had, he said, a wife and children, who would gladly welcome her as daughter and sister. Apparently he had no doubt that she would willingly go. It was his present plan, he said, to spend a few weeks in traveling through the States, and on his return he should hope to find her in readiness to accompany him. Friends with whom he was to travel waited for him in New York, so that he could not now at all delay his journey. When he came again he would willingly remain longer. Quite needlessly, almost unkindly, I could not help thinking, he gave her the very item of information which had been most carefully reserved from her; namely, that the banking-house of Brotherson & Welles, of Montreal, in which was invested Rose's little fortune, had totally failed. This had occurred soon after Mrs. Lyndhurst's death, and my father and mother, though averse to family secrets, thought best for several reasons to say nothing at all about it.

Why, Rose, I thought, belonged to us. The possibility that she would go away had never entered my mind. The evening after Mr. Home had gone away—and he went the same day that he came—Rose and I talked it over, in our pleasant little room.

They had little right to her, I said, they were at best such far-off relatives.

As to right, Rose replied, it was rather a question of kindness. What right had she to the warm, unvarying love that my father and mother had bestowed on her ever since she had needed it? If they were not the kindest and

most generous persons in the world—besides, she had seen, herself—

"And what had she seen?" I asked.

"Oh, Olive, have I not seen, dear? Sometimes your mother has quietly put aside the handsome dress, or the nice shawl, which should have been hers, to buy something instead for the two daughters. I have seen how the old garments were turned and mended, by fingers that *would* not grow weary, and the old furniture was repaired, while there was no stinting about books for the girls. Do not you remember, Olive, the handsome oleander which Mr. Calton wanted her to buy, and whose fragrance and beauty brought back to her so vividly her old southern home? Yet she would forego the purchase, and the next week came our copy of Goethe. And all was done so thoughtfully and carefully, Olive, that I might never guess there was one too many!"

"Nor was there ever one too many, Rose! And if you come to that, and count expense so nicely, how came it to be unnecessary for me to go away to school? Who taught me all that I know of German and Italian, and music, too, and drawing? And then, Rose, who has made the whole house, every one in it, the happier by her presence? Besides," I said, "now that Rolfe has just come home, and we had all thought to be so happy together, I know it would go to his heart to have the family broken up."

To this she did not reply. It was growing late, but there was a bright moon, and looking out, I saw Rolfe, who had been away all day, coming up the walk, and I went down to make tea for him. Mr. Ways, the clergyman's nephew, was with him, and remained to tea; but at last he went, and then I could tell Rolfe all that had occurred during his absence. He said little in reply, and when I said, "Why, Rolfe, I thought you would care about it!" he only answered, "So I do, Olive," but his voice sounded quite different from usual. Finding him indisposed to talk with me, I bade him goodnight, and went up to our room. There I found the dear child, with her head laid on the sofa pillow, fast asleep. As I stood looking at her I felt sure, sure, that no one in all the world could care for her like ourselves, who had known her so many years, and I knelt and asked God to keep her, if it were His will, among us who so loved her. In truth, to think of her going to another country was much the same as to think of her dying. I heard Rolfe's step coming up the stairs, and going to the door beckoned him in. I feared he did not yet quite comprehend what it would be to lose her. A little while he stood looking at her, and I alternately at him and at her. I knew well he had never looked on any thing lovelier. Her long silken hair had fallen from the comb, her cheeks were flushed with a rich, beautiful crimson, and some tears that had fallen from the thick, dark lashes looked just like rain-drops on roses. Now and then a quivering motion came over her red mouth, and once or twice she sobbed, like a child that has cried itself asleep; and there was that holy look on her forehead which, I think, may be the mark of our Saviour.

But an expression came over Rolfe's face that I did not understand, a look of alarm. "Has she been ill to-day, Olive?" he asked.

She had not said so; but I remembered that she had been very pale—I thought from excitement.

"And she has far too much color now," he said. He took her hand; I felt it too; it was burning with fever.

And thus suddenly came on a long and fearful illness. For three weary weeks and more she recognized no one around her. Dr. Warburton was summoned, and he used to come often. But Rolfe watched her night and day. She called him Willie; and sometimes, when he left the room, her eyes followed him with a wistful look, as if she did not like him to be out of sight. Sometimes she would talk, incoherently indeed, but in a low, sweet voice, and in a way that showed her heart to be full of guileless, beautiful thoughts. One day Rolfe brought her in some flowers—a branch of daphne, which she particularly liked. Taking it in her thin, warm hand, "Thank you, Willie," she said, "and the next time you come, dear, bring me some leaves from the Tree of Life, which grows fast by the river of God; the leaves are for healing, you know." The tears stood in Rolfe's eyes, as was but natural. Rose saw them in a moment. "Are you ill?" she asked; "shall I do something for you? Last night the gates stood ajar, and I looked in; stoop low, Willie—I saw the sea of glass mingled with fire; jasper the walls were, shining jasper-stone, and the rainbow like glittering emerald; beautiful, beautiful! Where is my mother? Oh, mother! I am sick—sick." And for the first time since her illness, she wept, herself. I think there was no one else in the house but had wept for her many times. And we all prayed for her. One day, inadvertently opening the door of Martha Brent's room, I saw Martha, her face all blistered with tears. I would have retreated, but she bade me come in. "I was feeling badly," she said, "about Miss Rose, so we all do; I have been praying for her with all my might, and if that is no use I may just as well give up. I don't see that I can do any thing more;" and then she broke down again.

The fear that Rose would go away to Scotland was effectually displaced by a darker fear. How gloomily silent it had suddenly become in our home! Every voice was subdued to an undertone; the doors were opened and shut noiselessly; the front gate was effectually closed, that no chance comer might unawares break the stillness. The plash of the little waterfall, the soft rustling of the leaves, and the singing of birds, rather deepened than disturbed the hush.

A thunder-storm was gathering. For a week the air had been sultry; to-day the western sky was piled to the zenith with dense blue-

black, electric clouds. Rose, who had been unusually restless the preceding night, had at length fallen into a quiet sleep; Rolfe watched her; I recollected somewhat remorsefully that I had once in my heart accused him of indifference to her. At noon the thunder began; low, distant, continuous, at first; it came nearer and louder; flash after flash, the lightning filled the room from which I vainly tried to exclude it. One bolt of blinding white light smote a pine-tree on the near hillside, and shivered it to the root; but Rose never moved; no more than if she had been lifeless did the tumult disturb her, not the sharp rattle of the rain, the strong rushing wind, nor the jarring thunder. The dark hair lying in heavy masses round the white, wasted temples, the fringing lashes against the pure, wan cheek, the little hand, so thin, so entirely helpless, none of these gave a sign of life. That was manifest only in the regular, gentle breathing.

Toward evening the storm had spent itself; the clouds were swept away from the sun; raindrops glittered every where; the green was brighter, the blue intenser than before, and a brilliant rainbow arched the eastern hills, from North-mountain to Monadnoc. That omen I accepted; to me it has always been a herald of good. Perhaps it was the reflex of my own mood, but I thought as I turned toward Rolfe, that he too looked as if a weight had been lifted from his heart.

When Rose awoke the fever was gone, and with it, said Dr. Warburton, apparently all danger. I was sure of it! White she was, as a snow-drop, and just as powerless; but such nursing as she had! At first we dared not let her know how very ill she had been; scarcely to manifest our exceeding gladness in the prospect of her recovery. Every day, however, brought her increased strength, and every day we felt that she had become dearer to us than ever.

When she was well enough we gave her a letter that had come during her illness. It was from Mr. Home; he had been induced to prolong his tour beyond his first intention, and would not return till the last week in September, when, if it pleased Rose, he would like to go home as soon as possible.

She gave me the letter to read; Rolfe was there, he had just come in with his hands full of beautiful moss-roses. When I had finished reading I said, "Rose you will never leave us!" and then I bethought myself to go my ways. Something told me not to enter the room again until Rolfe came out. At last—it seemed an age—I heard him open the door, and went to meet him; I took his hands in mine, and looking up, said only, "*Well?*" His face was transfigured, so radiant with beautiful happiness; I needed no answer. I went in to Rose; she, too! Does love always so heighten beauty, I wonder?

Mr. Home came in September; quite surprised to find his plans thwarted, he yet endured the disappointment as well as we had expected, and, like a sensible man, made no attempt to prevent what he plainly saw to be inevitable. Indeed, as he came to know Rolfe, I think he was well content to leave Rose in his care, for he remained in America another month expressly to be present at the wedding, gave away the bride, and retaliated on Rose the surprise she had caused him, by the pretty gift of the Holbrook House, newly, completely, and most charmingly furnished; my own connivance enabling him at the same time to maintain the desired secrecy and to consult the pleasure of its future mistress.

There they live now, Rolfe and Rose. It is still the pleasantest place in the neighborhood, but not altogether the most quiet. Two children are there now; Alice, a little two-years maiden, through whose rippling curls look up trustingly a pair of loving eyes, blue as violets, and Lyndhurst, the baby, who is, it is said, his father over again; both rosy, joyous, and wide-awake. I do not know a happier woman than their mother, nor one who diffuses more happiness around her.

THE STORY OF A PIANO.

IT was the piano which spoke:

Strange it is how things change among these human beings! What joys and sorrows they go through—how they are born, and marry, and die—how they laugh and weep—and how in the end they all pass away like shadows! I have seen a little of their life, and it seems to me a strange tangled skein—a strange medley too of changing colors—not unlike the wild mingled hues of my mistress's perplexed embroidery.

When I was born, five years ago, and placed in Mr. Broadwood's show-room, I guessed little enough of the kind of world that I had entered. Even for six months after my birth, while I lived in a constant state of petty excitement concerning my future fate, I saw and knew all but nothing. I heard, indeed, many things that I did not understand—talk that had only a vague meaning for me; but my knowledge of life—my real acquaintance with it—only began when those six months were ended. It began at last thus.

One rainy morning I was bought by a gentleman and ordered to be sent home. The same afternoon, I reached my new abode, and was installed in a large, richly-furnished room. I soon discovered that I was a birth-day gift from my purchaser to his only daughter; I found, too, that not only was the day to be made notable by my arrival, but that it was to be celebrated also by the giving of a great entertainment at night.

That entertainment I remember well. Even yet I recollect, as a thing I scarcely hope to see again, its splendor and its brilliancy. How like a fairy scene it seemed to me, with its gleaming, dancing lights, with its wonderful gossamer-dressed figures, with its music and flowers, with its smiles and laughter. I have grown some-

what wiser in the ways of this strange world since then, and, looking back now upon that night, I can imagine that all hearts were not as light as they outwardly appeared to be—that some of the smiles had sadness under them, and some of the pleasant words were false and hollow; but I had no suspicions of such things then. I never thought of doubting what I saw, or dreaming that things were other than they seemed. I looked upon that bright scene in perfect faith and joy: it was all solid and real to me.

It was my first sight of the world—and even before this one night was ended, the history of all whose future scenes I was a witness began to unfold itself before me.

I did but little work throughout the evening, for, as I found was the habit, there was a hired band which performed all the dance music that was required. I did not, however, stand absolutely idle, for at one period of the evening a few ladies in succession sang before me, and after they had performed, my young mistress also came and trilled out a merry little song.

My mistress was young, and fair, and timid—a little delicate thing, with the brightest curling golden hair that I ever saw upon a woman. She had a pair of soft, blue, long-lashed eyes, and a bright quick color that came and went. She was dressed to-night in gauzy white, with some blue flowers in her hair, and the golden curls around her neck and on her shoulders.

She sang, I say, but when she had finished the song she did not rise like the others, for some one close to her asked her to sing again. The voice came from behind her, and I saw the speaker for the first time—a tall man, as dark as she was fair, as proud-looking as she was timid and gentle.

"Do not rise yet, Miss Ashford," he said; "you must give us more than this one song," and he looked into her blue eyes as she timidly raised them.

"But every one is so busy with dancing to-night," she said.

"Not *every* one."

He bent toward her, and she smiled and blushed as he spoke.

"I will sing again if you wish it," she said. "What shall I sing?"

He chose her song, and stood by her while she sang it. He talked to her, too, again when she had ended it, nor moved from his position, until at length another gentleman came up to her and addressed her with a quick, familiar—

"Amy, I want a partner—come away!"

Then with a laugh her dark companion suddenly offered her his arm.

"I was engaged to Mr. Linton before, Charley," she eagerly explained—and, as the newcomer retreated, with his composed smile Mr. Linton led her away.

She danced this dance with him, and more than this one. Again and again throughout the evening I saw him with her: she was on his arm, too, when they went down to supper—timid and quiet, yet always with something in her face when he was with her that it never wore with any one but him. I wondered; there were many others there whom *I* would rather have seen talking to or dancing with her, and yet *she* seemed to think of none of them what she thought of Mr. Linton. Before the evening came to an end, a hundred things had put it into my head that *his* presence made the happiness of it all to her.

They danced till the morning light began to shine through the closed curtains. It was broad day before the rooms were finally cleared, and my mistress's face looked pale, I thought, when they drew up the blinds, and let the white morning in.

I had heard before to-day of love and lovers: I had not been altogether clear about what either the one or the other meant, but I suspected that I had seen something of both to-night. I suspected, but was not absolutely sure: therefore, on the following day and days I kept my eyes alert, for I desired exceedingly to know what kind of thing this was in whose name and for whose sake, I had vaguely heard, some of the wildest deeds this strange world does are committed.

I watched, and discovered various things. I discovered that my mistress cared for Mr. Linton above all things else on earth—that he never came but she trembled with joy—that he never spoke to her but she flushed with happiness—that she was like a stringed instrument in his hands, echoing in her heart each word he said—taking the color of all her moods from him—silent when he was silent, gay when he was gay, sorrowful and grave when he was cold and proud.

I learned this soon—it was all easily read. But of him I discovered less. I only knew that he sought her constantly. For the rest, her presence never agitated him, his dark face never changed its color when she spoke, her words were never echoed and lingered over: his wooing was, I think, without the slightest doubt or fear of what its end would be. Neither did *I* doubt, yet I watched curiously.

When the crisis came at length, it happened thus.

It was a June day, and Mr. Linton had dined with us. It was evening, and he and my mistress and her father were in the drawing-room alone. Mr. Ashford and he had been talking for a long while together; and presently, while they talked, my mistress had stolen away and come to me.

For a little while she played alone, and then Mr. Linton left her father and followed her. I do not know that he cared much for music—I think he did not, for he often let my mistress play without taking notice of her—but to-night he came. She looked round as she heard his step.

"Oh, have I interrupted you?" she cried, quickly.

He said—

"No, go on. Play what you played just now again. It sounded pretty."

"Yes," she said; "it was a little song of Beethoven's," and she repeated it as he sat down beside her.

I remember even already, before the hour became memorable, thinking that this evening my mistress looked more than commonly beautiful. Her white dress came to her throat, and she had no decoration about her but one crimson rose fastened at her waist, and the abiding ornament of her golden hair. It was all round her neck now, not yellow only, but burning, for the low even red sunlight was shining over it.

As she played, Mr. Linton sat and looked at her. He did not watch her fingers, or, I think, listen to the music, but he gazed long and steadily at her face and figure as she sat—criticisingly at first, then admiringly, and then with a look deeper and warmer than admiration. I saw it, and felt that I had not seen its like on him before. My mistress saw it too. While he still wore it, her playing ended, and she turned to him.

She understood in a moment what with me had only been a dim suspicion. She had scarcely looked at him when her color sprang up like a frightened child's—there came a fluttering movement—a nervous effort even to rise, until he said one word—"Amy!"—and then she sat motionless.

"Stay with me," he whispered, "now and forever—my darling!—my love!"

Her wild eyes met his look again, but she never spoke a word; there was only for a moment a kind of broken sob, as he took her in his arms.

There she lay—happy and at rest—but, as I looked on her, I scarcely know what feeling it was that made my thoughts sadly follow the extinguished sunbeams that had taken away their golden burnish from her hair.

They were engaged only for two months before their marriage, but even these two months, happy as she always said she was, brought changes on my mistress. She grew so grave and anxious that I sometimes thought the weeks might have been years falling on her head. At the foundation of all her love for Mr. Linton there lay an insurmountable fear, which made her dread of offending him, or of falling short of what he expected her to be, a painful thing to see. And yet she always said that she was happy beyond all that she had ever deserved.

They were married on a day in August. They had what they call a fashionable wedding, and the scene was a very pretty one when the drawing-room, after they had come from church, was filled with its gay guests; yet to me it was not like that first bright gathering. The laughter and the smiles to-day had lost a portion of their light.

It was afternoon when she went away. The guests had gone down stairs to breakfast, and into the empty drawing-room my mistress came in her traveling-dress, and stood for a few moments looking round it. I watched her till she went. My own removal was close at hand. I knew that I should never see her in that room again.

II.

My mistress and her husband went abroad, and I had been for two months in my new abode—a very spacious handsome house—before I saw them again. It was almost winter when they at last came back—a wet evening of a cold November.

Through the open drawing-room doors I heard the sounds that betokened their arrival before I saw themselves; among these sounds, I caught Mr. Linton's voice.

"Make haste, Amy—do not let us stay here, for Heaven's sake!" he was saying. "Come up stairs. What a blast is blowing from that open door!"

Their steps were on the stair-case, and, in a minute more, they both had entered the room; Mr. Linton first, my mistress a step behind him. He walked straight to the fire, and angrily addressed a servant who was stirring it.

"What are you doing? The room is as cold as ice. Could you not have seen to this fire before?"

"It has been burning all day, Sir," the man said, sulkily.

"All day! It would not feel like this if it had. Upon my word," he exclaimed, shivering, "the room is like an ice-house!"

"The night is so cold—but it will feel more comfortable presently," my mistress said, cheerfully. "It is not easy with only fires to heat such a large room well."

"We must see to-morrow about some other means of managing it, then," he said, hastily. "But don't stand talking about it now, Amy; get your bonnet off, and let us have dinner."

They dined, and then returned to the drawing-room together. Mr. Linton wheeled a large chair, as soon as he entered, to the front of the fire, and took possession of it; my mistress rang for coffee, and then tried to talk, but Mr. Linton yawned and scarcely answered her. She was silent the moment she perceived he was disinclined to speak, and stole quietly about the room until the coffee came; then, pouring out a cup, she took it to him, and knelt at his side, holding the saucer while he drank.

"You had better go, dear—don't let me keep you from yours," he said, carelessly, when she prepared to stay; but when she told him she liked it, the service was accepted without another word.

"Abominable trash English coffee is!" he said, when the cup was emptied. "There—go and take your own!"

He leaned back in his luxurious chair, and in five minutes he had begun to doze. Not another word was spoken between them. My mistress crept softly about, as if she was moving in a sick room: presently, taking up a book, she stole to a chair near Mr. Linton's, and sat

down with her face to me. I saw that face fully then for the first time.

I think it is less than the truth to say that she looked as if years, rather than months, had passed over her. She was very beautiful still—possibly more beautiful than she had ever been—but all look of girlishness was gone from her forever. Such an anxious, wistful look had come to her eyes, such strange thin lines were beginning to form about her lips. To-night, too, she looked so pale and tired, and all her hair—her rich golden curls—were gathered from her face. I saw the change in her far more clearly now than I had done at first, while she had talked to Mr. Linton: it all came strangely out when the face was in repose. It was almost as if a mask had fallen from it.

She never read a word. She sat for a whole hour with the book upon her knees and never opened it. She sat, looking sometimes into the fire, oftener into her husband's face. At the hour's close a clock over the mantle-piece struck, and the weary look fled from her face, for Mr. Linton started and awoke.

"What time is that?" he exclaimed. "Eleven? Oh, Amy, you should be in bed! I dare say you are wretchedly tired."

"*You* are tired, too," she said.

"I? Oh, I am as tired as a dog!" and he yawned prodigiously. "I wish you had awakened me before. What have you been doing? reading?"—he gave a short laugh. "You are very studious, Amy!"

"I only had the book in my hand," she said.

"Well, put it away, and go to bed now. I will follow you immediately. How wretchedly cold it is!" and he poked the fire into a blaze, and bent over it.

She lighted her candle, but she did not go at once. She stood a moment looking wistfully toward him; then, with her timid color rising, she went to his chair again, and, stooping down, stole her arms round his neck.

"I am glad we are at home, Sherard," she whispered.

The tears were in her eyes as he turned round to her. He saw them, and looked softened. He took her by the hands and drew her toward him; he kissed her, and said, kindly,

"I ought to have given you a better welcome, Amy; but I am sure you know how glad I am to have you here. You do not think me unkind for not having said so?"

"Oh, no, no," she whispered.

He put his arm round her, and kissed her more than once before he let her go. He called her "his darling." It was the first caressing word, I remember, that he had said to her all the evening.

Mr. Linton was rich and idle. He had been born in India and had been in the army, as I heard, in that country, until a year ago, when, the death of his father having brought him into a large fortune, he had thrown up his commission and returned to England. But I do not think he much liked the change when he had made it, for while I knew him he was always grumbling at English manners and habits; and he must, in truth, have found time hang heavy on his hands, for he had no natural employments here to occupy him.

How he *did* pass most of his time I never clearly knew. While he was wooing my mistress I had seen him often content to lie for hours in the hottest sunshine, holding her hand, and scarcely ever speaking to her; but after he returned from the continent there was no hot sunshine to bask in, and little caressing—in any position—of my mistress's hands. His resources, therefore, whatever they were, he found thenceforward out of the house.

Before they had been at home more than a month he had fallen into the habit of passing almost every evening, until very late at night, away from my mistress. Where he went I did not know, nor did *she* ever ask him. Sadly and uncomplainingly, night after night, she sat alone. From the servants I occasionally heard hints, which I in no way understood, that he played and lost money. My own experience only told me that he came home at every hour of the night, and often in a furious temper.

I suppose that no one who had watched things from the first would be surprised to find that Mr. Linton's affection for my mistress did not last long. He soon tired of her. She knew this herself as well as any one, and almost before she had entered her house her heart had begun to break.

The winter passed, and in the spring, upon a day that I well remember, I, for the first time, saw a face that soon mixed itself familiarly with my mistress's history.

She had been out one morning, and coming, on her return, into the drawing-room, I perceived a very unusual brightness in her look. Mr. Linton was in the room.

"Oh! Sherard," she exclaimed at once, "I am so glad you are at home: I have something to tell you. I have had such a surprise!" she cried.

"Indeed!"

His tone was cold enough to have chilled her, but she would not notice it. Still cheerfully she went on:

"I have just seen some one at papa's whom I scarcely thought I ever should see again—a cousin of mine—an old playmate. Sherard, who do you think it was?"

"How can I possibly tell?" he said, impatiently.

She laughed out merrily.

"Ah! but that is the wonderful part of it!" she exclaimed. "It is somebody you know—somebody you used to know well in India. You can not guess, Sherard? It is Henry Vaughan!"

"What! Vaughan from Calcutta? Vaughan of the 4th?" he cried.

I do not think that Mr. Linton cared much in general for his friends—I had seen small signs of such affection in him hitherto; but either the surprise of finding that this one was

related to his wife, or the thought of seeing an old Indian comrade again, for the moment roused and pleased him. He went out at once to seek him, and, within an hour, he brought him to the house. Captain Vaughan dined and spent that evening with us.

It was spring time, I said. The primroses —the first spring flowers, as I have heard— were beginning to come out, and a glass of them, I remember, freshly gathered, stood this day on one of the drawing-room tables. My memory fails me sometimes in trying to count by days and weeks; but long before the primroses had ceased to blossom that year, I recollect that Captain Vaughan was daily at our house.

I liked him, and for a long time I was glad he came. He was lively, and he cheered my mistress. It was a kind of brightness for her, in each day, to see his pleasant, handsome face, and hear his kind voice. I saw, too, that he was very fond of her, and I did not like him the less for that.

It was more cheerful through this spring than the winter had been, and yet, presently, out of the very midst of this relief, slowly and gradually, there arose some mystery that I did not understand. It was a thing that crept over us like a shadow. What it was, what the change it wrought meant, I did not know; what even the explanation that I at length heard signified, I did not clearly understand. I only heard the servants whisper that Mr. Linton was growing jealous of my mistress.

It was full summer—a July morning. Mr. Linton was from home, and my mistress and her cousin were together in the drawing-room. He had been with her at the opera the night before, and he had come, he said, only for five minutes, to ask how she was; but, as usual, the five minutes soon lengthened out. He was fond of music, and they stood together that morning before me, turning over the music that they had heard last night—it was an opera that they called "Fidelio"—and my mistress, every now and then, at his request, sang little snatches from the different airs to recall them to him. At last they came upon one which he persuaded her to sing throughout. She sat down to do it, and he drew a seat beside her.

He sat looking in her face the whole time she sang. His eyes never left her. He looked at her as Mr. Linton had done the night when she promised to marry him.

Her song was ended. Before she turned to him his face had regained its customary look, and, in his usual voice, he spoke at once, though what he said had little reference to her singing.

"How long it is ago," he exclaimed, "since we were playmates together, Amy!"

"What made you think of that just now?" she asked.

He laughed lightly.

"You think I ought rather to have been listening to your song? Well, so I ought, Amy, and so I was, in a way—only my actual thoughts had traveled into old times. Do you remember a particular day that I was thinking of, when they nearly cheated us out of an afternoon together, because you had not known some lesson, and they wanted to shut you up alone?"

"Yes," she said, smiling; "and how you came and helped me, and the lesson got said. Harry, you used to help me very often with those lessons long ago. I missed you so when you went. I used fairly to sit down sometimes and cry about you."

"Did you, Amy?"

"Amy," he said again, after a pause, "I often think that those years when we were children together have been the happiest of our lives—at least they have been of mine. No happiness has come to me since but it has been mixed with clouds, and disappointments, and shortcomings."

She was pale—always very pale now; but while he spoke a flush of color came upon her cheek. For a few moments she made no reply. She turned her head away a little; she put up her hand and shaded her eyes before she answered him.

"There were clouds and disappointments then, too," she said, in a low voice, at last. "It is only we who, in looking back, half forget them. They were lighter than the clouds of after life, perhaps, but if they were"—her voice grew suddenly clear—"oh, Henry, the happiness was lighter too!"

"Perhaps you are right," he said, slowly. "You have had more cause for happiness in later years than I have had."

He watched her as he spoke. I watched her too. I do not know if *he* saw the tears that were visible to me, starting to her shaded eyes. If he did, it was not love, but selfishness and cruelty, that made him speak again.

"I sometimes can scarcely think that nine years have passed away since we were children," he said. "At times—though God knows the change *is* great enough!—when I talk to you, I can almost forget that I have been away at all—I can almost delude myself with the belief that every thing remains as it was once, with only a few years added to our ages."

She raised her head. I saw her face, with a startled look upon it, half of uneasiness, half of pain. His tone changed suddenly.

"What has set me thinking of these old times to-day?" he exclaimed. "Your singing must have done it, Amy."

She tried to smile.

"There was little in the song to recall them," she said.

"Then it must have been something in your look while you sang. Do you know, Amy, there come at times across your face such strange, flitting likenesses of your former self that they often startle me."

She raised her wan face to him reproachfully —almost sternly.

"You think I am so changed, then?" she said.

"I do," he answered, slowly.

He looked at her, and her eyes sank. They sank and almost closed. I saw her quivering lip as her face stooped. She did not reply to him.

"You are changed," he went on, after a moment's pause, "but it would have been madness to have expected that you should not be. After nine years you could not look the same laughing child that I left you. It is natural that you should be changed. It is natural that that deeper happiness you spoke of should have set some mark upon you—should have brought, not sadness, but perhaps a sweet, gentle gravity with it—as it has."

As it had!—yes, as it had—witnessed by that one mute look of anguish—by that passionate burst of tears!

I do not know what he had expected, but not that wild weeping, for at the sight of it he started up with a look of consternation.

"Amy," he cried, "what have I done? Good God, what is it?—what have I done? Oh, do not cry so! you will break my heart! Amy, hush! oh, hush, my darling, for God's sake!"

He bent over her with every sign of keen emotion; he caught and grasped her hands in his; while she sat, still too wildly weeping to be conscious, I think, of what he did, he passionately raised and pressed those hands upon his lips.

But in the very moment when he was thus in the act of kissing them—stooping so that he was almost kneeling by her—before them both there stood Mr. Linton. Stood—drawn to his full height—a figure almost majestic in its burning, fire-eyed hatred, in its deadly, motionless calmness, in its crushing, unutterable scorn.

There was no syllable spoken by any of them. Livid to the lips, Captain Vaughan started from my mistress's side: then there was a pause and perfect silence for several moments. When it ended it was Mr. Linton who had broken it. With fearful calmness he addressed my mistress.

"They told me that you were alone."

She opened her lips and tried to speak. Twice she tried and failed—the words would not come. The third time, when she did speak, she could faintly utter no more than this—

"I did not hear you return."

"I suppose not!" he answered.

The color rose to her poor white cheek. Captain Vaughan's eyes too flashed; his lip quivered; he made a step forward. Before he could speak or advance farther my mistress had risen up. She went to him and put out her hand.

"Henry, go now," she said.

He hesitated, but I think her face spoke a command that he did not dare to disobey. There was a moment's pause, a moment's reading of her passionate look—and then he went. He had wrung her hand; to Mr. Linton, as he passed him, he spoke.

"You know where to find me," he said, in a low voice—but Mr. Linton neither answered nor moved.

The door closed behind him. There was no pause then. All white like a statue—such terror and such agony in her eyes as I never had seen marked before upon a woman's face—with one broken sob my mistress came and threw herself upon her husband's neck.

"What have I done?" broke wildly from her. "Sherard, what have I done?"

He took her—the slightest, frailest thing I ever saw—and flung her from him, drowning the helpless cry that burst from her in a laugh of derision that might have come from a devil out of hell. With his bitter scoffing voice—

"What have you done?" he cried. "What! you mean to feign unconsciousness? You fool! can you concoct no story?—make out no varnished lie? Come—are you struck dumb, you miserable actress?"

I think she almost was. She was standing wild-eyed—cowering before him; as his voice ceased her white lips could but let fall one piteous cry—

"Have mercy on me!"

With fury burning in his eye he turned upon her.

"Mercy!" he shouted. "What mercy have *you* had on me? Fool! do you think I have been blind? Have you gone your miserable course, dreaming that my eye was never upon you? Have I not seen? Have I never watched you when you have sat listening to him—when you have sat drinking in his words—when you have sat, knowing his accursed eyes were on you?"

The wild anguish of her heart leaped out in a great cry; but it silenced him not for a second.

"Had I seen no other sight, do you think I did not see him *now?* Was *that* deception? Was *that* delusion—that he was kneeling there—that he had his lips upon you—that you were receiving his embrace? Woman! keep silence, I say!"

For she had stretched her arms out to him, breaking out into the passionate wail of her great misery.

"Help me! oh help me, my God!" she cried. "What shall I say? what shall I say? Sherard, have mercy!" she clasped her hands wildly to her brow. "Oh, give me time—help me—I can not think!" she cried.

He broke into a wild, fierce laugh.

"You can not think! no, it will need more calmness to frame an explanation! Defer it—you are wise! but I tell you, you will be wiser still," and harder and sterner rose his cruel voice—"*never* to attempt it! And listen to *this:* I warn you! I have borne what you have done till now—but I will bear no more! You go on at your peril! Before my name shall be dishonored by the open history of your shame"—the agonized cry that burst from her drowned his voice only for an instant—"I will crush you both beneath my feet! Woman, let me go!" he cried.

There burst over the room a long wild wail—the sobbing of a hopeless and passionate de-

spair. With the cry she fell down at his feet, and he broke from her, and left her lying there.

How long she lay I do not know: the time seemed long to me, but I was chill with terror and could not rightly count it. I thought until she stirred that he had killed her; and I could but stand and gaze, frozen with fear. But she was not dead—although her face—all wild and tearless—blank and white—looked, when at last she raised it, like no portion of a living thing.

She rose and went. She stood for a few moments gazing round her till her memory came; and when it came she broke into low, wild sobbing, and moaning at each breath with the most pitiful sound I think I ever heard, she went away. I heard her go up stairs; and all day I listened for her step again—but it came no more.

III.

It was the morning of another day, and I had been alone for almost four-and-twenty hours. But my solitude at length this morning was broken, about mid-day; broken, too, in a manner that surprised me, for the person who entered the room was neither Mr. Linton nor my mistress, but Captain Vaughan.

He came into the room alone with an agitated, excited look, and began restlessly to pace the floor. In about a minute the door was again opened, but the person who came in was only a servant, with this message—that my mistress was too unwell to leave her room.

Captain Vaughan stood staring at the man as he spoke with a strange blank look upon his face; then suddenly—

"Wait! you must go back to her!" he exclaimed, and he went hurriedly to my mistress's desk and wrote. What he said was only a few words. He fastened his note, and gave it to the servant, and then again, with the same appearance of agitation, he resumed his walk.

Ten minutes passed. Then at last a step came slowly down the stairs; again the door was opened, and I saw my mistress. Captain Vaughan sprang toward her, but before he reached her, and before he spoke I heard her hollow voice.

"Are you mad that you come here again?" she said.

He stood before her, wildly gazing at her livid and colorless face.

"Amy, is this *my* doing?" was the bitter cry that burst from him.

She took no heed of it. In silence she went a few steps feebly forward, and sank upon a chair. Then, with a strange cold, painful calmness, she began again to speak.

"Tell me what you want. What did you mean by the words you wrote? You dare not! You dare not!" she cried, breaking into sudden agitation.

He had flung himself upon his knees beside her chair.

"No—no—no!" he impetuously exclaimed, "I will do nothing—I will injure you no more. I only wanted to see you—to see you once—once again! No—no!" he cried passionately, as she tried to rise, "do not leave me! you *shall* not leave me! Stay with me for the one five minutes that I ask. Amy, stay! or the first time that I see him the demon will rise up in my heart!"

She turned her wan face upon him; hollow and stern came her toneless voice.

"What right have you to seek my husband's life?" she said. "Is it he who has wronged you? Or is it *you* who have brought this misery upon us?"

"God help me, it is I!" he cried. "I have broken your heart—you, who are my soul's idol! you whom I have worshiped!"

Her voice leaped up and stopped him. Ringing with scorn—as she burst from him, and stood erect, her cheek and eye on fire—it came.

"Am I so fallen," she cried, "that you dare to say to *me* what no woman ought to hear? And *is* this love? to insult me—to heap shame and sorrow on me—to rob me of the little all I had on earth—and not even *then* to leave me! Oh, who will help me? Who will help me?" she suddenly called out, wildly. "My God, what shall I do?"

She sank upon her chair, her momentary strength departed, her face hidden by her clasped hands. There was a long pause then; broken at last by one bitter groan.

It came from him. She heard it, and looked up—and even at that moment his sorrow touched her. She went to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I spoke harshly," she said, in a low voice; "I think I spoke unjustly just now. If I did, forgive me—but I can not quite remember—I feel so ill. I think we have both been wrong, Henry; let us forgive each other."

She touched his hand with hers. Shame on him! that even then he would make no effort at self-restraint. He took her hand and caught it to his lips, and kissed it passionately.

"You have *no* pity!" she said, bitterly, and she tore it from him.

"Amy," he cried, "forgive me!"

Once more her sternness melted. She clasped her hands in passionate entreaty to him.

"Oh, Henry, have mercy—go from me!" she cried. "It is so little to ask—and it is the last thing I shall ever ask from you—and my heart is breaking!" she cried.

The silence closed upon her words, but only for a moment.

"I will go!" he hoarsely whispered. "Do not curse me, Amy! God bless you! God bless you!"

Once more he took her hand and wrung it. He did not trust himself to look in her face again. "I have broken my own heart too!" he groaned; and he turned away, and rushed from the room.

She never looked after him, or spoke again. She sank into a chair and moved no more. She sat there, with her hands fallen together on her knees, with her eyes open, but not looking as

if they saw—with no sign of life about her. She sat thus until once more the room door was opened, and Mr. Linton came in, and came toward her. Then she rose.

With a look upon his face whose deadly hatred made her lips gasp as she saw it, and her arms extend in a wild mute attitude of deprecation, he advanced to her—dumb as herself—till he stood still before her. Then he spoke.

"Captain Vaughan has been here," he said.

She was shaking all over; she tried to answer him and could not. His eyes flashed fire.

"Do you deny it?" he cried.

She feebly whispered—"No."

"And you saw him?"

"Yes."

"You saw him!" he spoke closely through his set teeth. "Knowing what I told you yesterday—remembering how I warned you!"

It was not his words—it was his look—his accent—that made her shriek aloud. She cowered back from him—she hid her face.

"I could not help it! oh, I could not help it!" she cried. "He threatened me—he made me come. There was something that he came to say—I do not know—I think he told it to me—but—I can not remember it! I can not remember it!" she moaned, pitifully.

"You fool!" he cried, "do you mean to try that child's play again? Did I not warn you yesterday? And you have despised that warning!" he shouted; "but I tell you *now* it shall be fulfilled! I tell you now"—and with the shriek of a demon he stamped and ground his foot into the floor—"that I will crush you and him beneath my feet! Do you hear me?" He seized her by the arm and shook her. "I will crush you and him into the dust under my heel—and may my curse go down with you to hell!"

I heard a cry whose like never smote my ear before or since, and, wild-eyed, transformed into something that I did not know, my mistress flung herself on Mr. Linton's breast.

One instant I heard her voice—high—shrill on the air—

"My brain is on fire!" she shrieked. "Save me—save me—save me!"

Then the frantic cry was drowned in his fierce oath as he threw her from him.

He left her in the room alone, and in the centre of the floor she stood, rigid as stone, her hands stretched out, her eyes staring on vacancy. For one minute I saw her so—like a fearful statue; then, with a burst of laughter—a peal of hideous merriment—she flung her arms above her head, and fell.

They heard her fall, and came and raised her up, and carried her from the room. She was quite senseless. They bore her past me with her face turned upward, white and still. I saw it well; and I never saw it more!

They carried her up stairs, and three days passed, three long dark days, through which, from the room above my head, which was her room, I heard wild ravings. Then at last they ceased. The house was hushed. Where I stood the shutters were closed. They took away the book that had lain open on my desk since the last fatal morning that she touched me. They put it away and closed my case. They said she slept. Alas, alas! for *me*, she slept forever! Never more should the small slight figure seat itself before me, bending toward me with the sunlight on its golden hair.

LITTLE DORRIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LXVI.—CLOSING IN.

THE last day of the appointed week touched the bars of the Marshalsea gate. Black, all night, since the gate had clashed upon Little Dorrit, its iron stripes were turned by the early-glowing sun into stripes of gold. Far aslant across the city, over its jumbled roofs, and through the open tracery of its church-towers, struck the long, bright rays, bars of the prison of this lower world.

Throughout the day, the old house within the gateway remained untroubled by any visitors. But when the sun was low, three men turned in at the gateway and made for the dilapidated house.

Rigaud was the first, and walked by himself, smoking. Mr. Baptist was the second, and jogged close after him, looking at no other object. Mr. Pancks was the third, and carried his hat under his arm for the liberation of his restive hair, the weather being extremely hot. They all came together at the door-steps.

"You pair of madmen!" said Rigaud, facing about. "Don't go yet!"

"We don't mean to," said Mr. Pancks.

Giving him a dark glance in acknowledgment of his answer, Rigaud knocked loudly. He had charged himself with drink for the playing-out of his game, and was impatient to begin. He had hardly finished one long resounding knock, when he turned to the knocker again and began another. That was not yet finished, when Jeremiah Flintwinch opened the door, and they all clanked into the stone hall. Rigaud, thrusting Mr. Flintwinch aside, proceeded straight up stairs. His two attendants followed him, Mr. Flintwinch followed them, and they all came trooping into Mrs. Clennam's quiet room. It was in its usual state; except that one of the windows was wide open, and Affery sat on its old-fashioned window-seat, mending a stocking. The usual articles were on the little table; the usual deadened fire was in the grate; the bed had its usual pall upon it; and the mistress of all sat on her black bier-like sofa, propped up by her black angular bolster that was like the headsman's block.

Yet there was a nameless air of preparation in the room, as if it were strung up for an occasion. From what the room derived it—every one of its small variety of objects being in the fixed spot it had occupied for years—no one could have said without looking attentively at its mistress, and that, too, with a previous knowl-

edge of her face. Although her unchanging black dress was in every plait precisely as of old, and her unchanging attitude was rigidly preserved, a very slight additional setting of her features and contraction of her gloomy forehead was so powerfully marked, that it marked every thing about her.

"Who are these?" she said, wonderingly, as the two attendants entered. "What do these people want here?"

"Who are these, dear madame, is it?" returned Rigaud. "Faith, they are friends of your son the prisoner. And what do they want here, is it? Death, madame, I don't know. You will do well to ask them."

"You know you told us, at the door, not to go yet," said Pancks.

"And you know you told me, at the door, you didn't mean to go," retorted Rigaud. "In a word, madame, permit me to present two spies of the prisoner's—madmen, but spies. If you wish them to remain here during our little conversation, say the word. It is nothing to me."

"Why should I wish them to remain here?" said Mrs. Clennam. "What have I to do with them?"

"Then, dearest madame," said Rigaud, throwing himself into an arm-chair so heavily that the old room trembled, "you will do well to dismiss them. It is your affair. They are not *my* spies—not *my* rascals."

"Hark! You Pancks," said Mrs. Clennam, bending her brows upon him angrily, "you Casby's clerk! Attend to your employer's business and your own. Go. And take that other man with you."

"Thank you, ma'am," returned Mr. Pancks, "I am glad to say I see no objection to our both retiring. We have done all we undertook to do for Mr. Clennam. His constant anxiety has been (and it grew worse upon him when he became a prisoner), that this agreeable gentleman should be brought back here, to the place from which he slipped away. Here he is—brought back. And I will say," added Mr. Pancks, "to his ill-looking face, that in my opinion the world would be no worse for his slipping out of it altogether."

"Your opinion is not asked," added Mrs. Clennam. "Go."

"I am sorry not to leave you in better company, ma'am," said Pancks; "and sorry, too, that Mr. Clennam can't be present. It's my fault, that is."

"You mean his own," she returned.

"No, I mean mine, ma'am," said Pancks, "for it was my misfortune to lead him into a ruinous investment." (Mr. Pancks still clung to that word, and never said speculation.) "Though I can prove by figures," added Mr. Panck, with an anxious countenance, "that it ought to have been a good investment. I have gone over it since it failed, every day of my life, and it comes out—regarded as a question of figures—triumphant. The present is not a time or place," Mr. Pancks pursued, with a longing glance into his hat, where he kept his calculations, "for entering upon the figures; but the figures are not to be disputed. Mr. Clennam ought to have been at this moment in his carriage-and-pair, and I ought to have been worth from three to five thousand pound."

Mr. Pancks put his hair erect with a general aspect of confidence that could hardly have been surpassed if he had had the amount in his pocket. These incontrovertible figures had been the occupation of every moment of his leisure since he had lost his money, and were destined to afford him consolation to the end of his days.

"However," said Mr. Pancks, "enough of that. Altro, old boy, you have seen the figures, and you know how they come out." Mr. Baptist, who had not the slightest arithmetical power of compensating himself in this way, nodded, with a fine display of bright teeth.

At whom Mr. Flintwinch had been looking, and to whom he then said:

"Oh! It's you, is it? I thought I remembered your face, but I wasn't certain till I saw your teeth. Ah! yes, to be sure. It was this officious refugee," said Jeremiah to Mrs. Clennam, "who came knocking at the door, on the night when Arthur and Chatterbox were here, and who asked me a whole Catechism of questions about Mr. Blandois."

"It is true," Mr. Baptist cheerfully admitted. "And behold him, padrone! I have found him, consequentementally."

"I shouldn't have objected," returned Mr. Flintwinch, "to your having broken your neck consequentementally."

"And now," said Mr. Pancks, whose eye had often stealthily wandered to the window-seat, and the stocking that was being mended there, "I've only one other word to say before I go. If Mr. Clennam was here—but unfortunately, though he has so far got the better of this fine gentleman as to return him to this place against his will, he is ill and in prison—ill and in prison, poor fellow—if he was here," said Mr. Pancks, taking one step aside toward the window-seat, and laying his right hand upon the stocking; "he would say, 'Affery, tell your dreams!'"

Mr. Pancks held up his right forefinger between his nose and the stocking, with a ghostly air of warning, turned, steamed out, and towed Mr. Baptist after him. The house-door was heard to close upon them, their steps were heard passing over the dull pavement of the echoing court-yard, and still nobody had added a word. Mrs. Clennam and Jeremiah had exchanged a look; and had then looked, and looked still, at Affery; who sat mending the stocking with great assiduity.

"Come!" said Mr. Flintwinch at length, screwing himself a curve or two in the direction of the window-seat, and rubbing the palms of his hands on his coat-tail as if he were preparing them to do something: "Whatever has to

be said among us, had better be begun to be said, without more loss of time. So, Affery, my woman, take yourself off!"

In a moment, Affery had thrown the stocking down, started up, caught hold of the window-sill with her right hand, lodged herself upon the window-seat with her right knee, and was flourishing her left hand, beating expected assailants off.

"No, I won't, Jeremiah—no I won't—no I won't! I won't go, I'll stay here. I'll hear all I don't know, and say all I know. I will, at last, if I die for it. I will, I will, I will, I will!"

Mr. Flintwinch, stiffening with indignation and amazement, moistened the fingers of one hand at his lips, softly described a circle with them in the palm of the other hand, and continued with a menacing grin to screw himself in the direction of his wife: gasping some remark as he advanced, of which, in his choking anger, only the words "Such a dose!" were audible.

"Not a bit nearer, Jeremiah!" cried Affery, never ceasing to beat the air. "Don't come a bit nearer to me, or I'll rouse the neighborhood! I'll throw myself out of window! I'll scream Fire and Murder! I'll wake the dead! Stop where you are, or I'll make shrieks enough to wake the dead!"

The determined voice of Mrs. Clennam echoed "Stop!" Jeremiah had stopped already.

"It is closing in, Flintwinch. Let her alone. Affery, do you turn against me after these many years?"

"I do, if it's turning against you to hear what I don't know, and say what I know. I have broke out now, and I can't go back. I am determined to do it. I will do it, I will, I will, I will! If that's turning against you, yes, I turn against both of you two clever ones. I told Arthur when he first come home, to stand up against you. I told him it was no reason, because I was afeard of my life of you, that he should be. All manner of things have been agoing on since then, and I won't be run up by Jeremiah, nor yet I won't be dazed and scared, nor made a party to I don't know what, no more. I won't, I won't, I won't! I'll up for Arthur when he has nothing left, and is ill, and in prison, and can't up for himself. I will, I will, I will, I will!"

"How do you know, you heap of confusion," asked Mrs. Clennam, sternly, "that in doing what you are doing now, you are even serving Arthur?"

"I don't know nothing rightly about any thing," said Affery; "and if ever you said a true word in your life, it's when you call me a heap of confusion, for you two clever ones have done your most to make me such. You married me whether I liked it or not, and you've led me, pretty well ever since, such a life of dreaming and frightening as never was known, and what do you expect me to be but a heap of confusion? You wanted to make me such, and I am such; but I won't submit no longer; no, I won't, I won't, I won't, I won't!" She was still beating the air against all comers.

After gazing at her in silence, Mrs. Clennam turned to Rigaud. "You see and hear this foolish creature. Do you object to such a piece of distraction remaining where she is?"

"I, madame?" he replied, "do I? That's a question for you."

"I do not," she said, gloomily. "There is little left to choose now. Flintwinch, it is closing in."

Mr. Flintwinch replied by directing a look of red vengeance at his wife, and then, as if to pinion himself from falling upon her, screwed his crossed arms into the breast of his waistcoat, and, with his chin very near one of his elbows, stood in a corner, watching Rigaud in the oddest attitude. Rigaud, for his part, arose from his chair, and seated himself on the table, with his legs dangling. In this easy attitude, he met Mrs. Clennam's set face, with his mustache going up and his nose coming down.

"Madame, I am a gentleman—"

"Of whom," she interrupted, in her steady tones, "I have heard disparagement, in connection with a French jail and an accusation of murder!"

He kissed his hand to her, with his exaggerated gallantry. "Perfectly. Exactly of a lady, too! What absurdity! How incredible! I had the honor of making a great success then; I hope to have the honor of making a great success now. I kiss your hands. Madame, I am a gentleman (I was going to observe), who, when he says, 'I will definitely finish this or that affair at this present sitting,' does definitely finish it. I announce to you that we are arrived at our last sitting, on our little business. You do me the favor to follow, and to comprehend?"

She kept her eyes fixed upon him with a frown. "Yes."

"Further, I am a gentleman to whom mere mercenary trade—bargains are unknown, but to whom money is always acceptable as the means of pursuing his pleasures. You do me the favor to follow, and to comprehend?"

"Scarcely necessary to ask, one would say. Yes."

"Further, I am a gentleman of the softest and sweetest disposition, but who, if trifled with, becomes enraged. Noble natures, under such circumstances, become enraged. I possess a noble nature. When the lion is awakened—that is to say, when I enrage—the satisfaction of my animosity is as acceptable to me as money. You always do me the favor to follow, and to comprehend?"

"Yes," she answered, somewhat louder than before.

"Do not let me derange you. Pray be tranquil. I have said we are now arrived at our last sitting. Allow me to recall the two sittings we have held."

"It is not necessary."

"Death, madame," he burst out, "it's my fancy! Besides, it clears the way. The first sitting was limited. I had the honor of making your acquaintance—of presenting my letter. I am a Knight of Industry, at your service, madame, but my polished manners had won me so much of success as a master of languages among your compatriots, who are as stiff as their own starch is to one another, but ever ready to relax to a foreign gentleman of polished manners—and of observing one or two little things"—he glanced around the room and smiled—"about this honorable house, to know which was necessary to assure me and to convince me that I had the distinguished pleasure of making the acquaintance of the lady I sought. I achieved this. I gave my word of honor to our dear Flintwinch that I would return. I gracefully departed."

Her face neither acquiesced nor demurred. The same when he paused and when he spoke, it as yet showed him always the one attentive frown, and the dark revelation before mentioned of her being nerved for the occasion.

"I say gracefully departed, because it was graceful to retire without alarming a lady. To be morally graceful, not less than physically, is a part of the character of Rigaud Blandois. It was also politic, as leaving you with something overhanging you, to expect me again, with a little anxiety, on a day not named, But your slave is politic—by Heaven, madame, politic! Let us return. On the day not named I have again the honor to render myself at your house. I intimate that I have something to sell, which, if not bought, will compromise madame, whom I highly esteem. I explain myself generally. I demand—I think it was a thousand pounds. Will you correct me?"

Thus forced to speak, she replied, with constraint, "You demanded as much as a thousand pounds."

"I demand at present Two. Such are the evils of delay. But to return once more. We are not accordant; we differ on that occasion. I am playful—playfulness is a part of my amiable character. Playfully, I become as one slain and hidden. For, see you, it may alone be worth half the sum to madame to be freed from the suspicions that my droll idea awakens. Accident and spies intermix themselves against my playfulness, and spoil the fruit, perhaps—who knows? only you and Flintwinch—when it is just ripe. Thus, madame, I am here for the last time. Listen! Definitely the last."

As he struck his straggling boot-heels against the flap of the table, meeting her frown with an insolent gaze, he began to change his tone for a fiercer one.

"Bah! Stop an instant! Let us advance by steps. Here is my Hotel-note to be paid, according to contract. Five minutes hence we may be at daggers' points. I'll not leave it till then, or you'll cheat me. Pay it! Count me the money!"

"Take it from his hand and pay it, Flintwinch," said Mrs. Clennam.

He spirted it into Mr. Flintwinch's face when the old man advanced to take it, and held forth his hand, repeating noisily, "Pay it! Count it out! Good money!" Jeremiah picked the bill up, looked at the total with a bloodshot eye, took a small canvas bag from his pocket, and told the amount into his hand.

Rigaud chinked the money, weighed it in his hand, threw it up a little way and caught it, chinked it again.

"The sound of it to the bold Rigaud Blandois is like the taste of fresh meat to the tiger! Say, then, madame. How much?"

He turned upon her suddenly, with a menacing gesture of the weighted hand that clenched the money, as if he were going to strike her with it.

"I tell you again, as I told you before, that we are not rich here, as you suppose us to be, and that your demand is excessive. I have not the present means of complying with such a demand, if I had ever so great an inclination."

"If!" cried Blandois. "Hear this lady with her If! Will you say that you have not the inclination?"

"I will say what presents itself to me, and not what presents itself to you."

"Say it, then. As to the inclination. Quick! Come to the inclination, and I know what to do."

She was no quicker and no slower in her reply. "It would seem that you have obtained possession of a paper—or of papers—which I assuredly have the inclination to recover."

Rigaud, with a loud laugh, drummed his heels against the table and chinked his money. "I think so! I believe you there!"

"The paper might be worth to me a sum of money. I can not say how much or how little."

"What the Devil!" he asked savagely. "Not after a week's grace to consider?"

"No! I will not, out of my scanty means—for I tell you again, we are poor here, and not rich—I will not offer any price for a power that I do not know the worst and the fullest extent of. This is the third time of your hinting and threatening. You must speak explicitly, or you may go where you will and do what you will. It is better to be torn to pieces at a spring, than to be a mouse at the caprice of such a cat."

He looked at her so hard with those eyes too near together, that the sinister sight of each crossing that of the other seemed to make the bridge of his hooked nose crooked. After a long survey, he said, with the further setting-off of his infernal smile:

"You are a bold woman!"

"I am a resolved woman."

"You always were. What? She always was; is it not so, my little Flintwinch?"

"Flintwinch, say nothing to him. It is for

him to say here, and now, all he can; or to go hence, and do all he can. You know this to be our determination. Leave him to his action on it."

She did not shrink under his evil leer, or avoid it. He turned it upon her again, but she remained steady at the point to which she had fixed herself. He got off the table, placed a chair near the sofa, sat down in it, and leaned an arm upon the sofa close to her own, which he touched with his hand. Her face was ever frowning, attentive, and settled.

"It is your pleasure then, madame, that I shall relate a morsel of family history in this little family society," said Rigaud, with a warning play of his lithe fingers on her arm. "I am something of a doctor. Let me touch your pulse."

She suffered him to take her wrist in his hand. Holding it, he proceeded to say:

"A history of a strange marriage, and a strange mother, and a revenge, and a suppression.—Ay, ay, ay? This pulse is beating curiously! It appears to me that it doubles while I touch it. Are these the usual changes of your malady, madame?"

There was a struggle in her maimed arm as she twisted it away, but there was none in her face. On his face there was his own smile.

"I have lived an adventurous life. I am an adventurous character. I have known many adventurers; interesting spirits—amiable society! To one of them I owe my knowledge, and my proofs—I repeat it, estimable lady—proofs—of the ravishing little family history I go to commence. You will be charmed with it. But, bah! I forget. One should name a history. Shall I name it the history of a house? But, bah, again. There are so many houses. Shall I name it the history of this house?"

Leaning over the sofa, poised on two legs of his chair and his left elbow—that hand often tapping her arm, to beat his words home; his legs crossed; his right hand sometimes arranging his hair, sometimes smoothing his mustache, sometimes striking his nose, always threatening her whatever it did; coarse, insolent, rapacious, cruel, and powerful—he pursued his narrative at his ease.

"In fine, then, I name it the history of this house. I commence it. There live here, let us suppose, an uncle and nephew. The uncle, a rigid old gentleman of strong force of character; the nephew, habitually timid, repressed, and under constraint."

Mistress Affery, fixedly attentive in the window-seat, biting the rolled-up end of her apron, and trembling from head to foot, here cried out, "Jeremiah, keep off from me! I've heerd in my dreams, of Arthur's father and his uncle. He's a talking of them. It was before my time here; but I've heerd in my dreams that Arthur's father was a poor, irresolute, frightened chap, who had had every thing but his orphan life scared out of him when he was young, and that he had no voice in the choice of his wife even, but his uncle chose her. There she sits! I heerd it in my dreams, and you said it to her own self."

As Mr. Flintwinch shook his fist at her, and as Mrs. Clennam gazed upon her, Rigaud kissed his hand to her.

"Perfectly right, dear Madame Flintwinch. You have a genius for dreaming."

"I don't want none of your praises," returned Affery. "I don't want to have nothing at all to say to you. But Jeremiah said they was dreams, and I'll tell 'em as such!" Here she put her apron in her mouth again, as if she were stopping somebody's else's mouth—perhaps Jeremiah's, which was chattering with threats as if he were grimly cold.

"Our beloved Madame Flintwinch," said Rigaud, "developing all of a sudden a fine susceptibility and spirituality, is right to a marvel. Yes. So runs the history. Monsieur, the uncle, commands the nephew to marry. Monsieur says to him in effect, 'My nephew, I introduce to you a lady of strong force of character, like myself: a resolved lady, a stern lady, a lady who has a will that can break the weak to powder: a lady without pity, without love, implacable, revengeful, cold as the stone, but raging as the fire.' Ah! what fortitude! Ah, what superiority of intellectual strength! Truly, a proud and noble character that I describe in the supposed words of Monsieur, the uncle. Ha, ha, ha! Death of my soul, I love the sweet lady!"

Mrs. Clennam's face had changed. There was a remarkable darkness of color on it, and the brow was more contracted. "Madame, madame," said Rigaud, tapping her on the arm, as if his cruel hand were sounding a musical instrument, "I perceive I interest you. I perceive I awaken your sympathy. Let us go on!"

The drooping nose and the ascending mustache had, however, to be hidden for a moment with the white hand, before he could go on; he enjoyed the effect he made so much.

"The nephew, being, as the lucid Madame Flintwinch has remarked, a poor devil who has had every thing but his orphan life frightened and famished out of him—the nephew abases his head, and makes response! 'My uncle, it is to you to command. Do as you will!' Monsieur, the uncle, does as he will. It is what he always does. The auspicious nuptials take place; the newly married come home to this charming mansion; the lady is received, let us suppose, by Flintwinch. Hey, old intriguer?"

Jeremiah, with his eyes upon his mistress, made no reply. Rigaud looked from one to the other, struck his ugly nose, and made a cluckling with his tongue.

"Soon the lady makes a singular and exciting discovery. Thereupon, full of anger, full of jealousy, full of vengeance, she forms—see you, madame!—a scheme of retribution, the weight of which she ingeniously forces her crushed husband to bear himself, as well as

execute upon her enemy. What superior intelligence!"

"Keep off, Jeremiah!" cried the palpitating Affery, taking her apron from her mouth again. "But it was one of my dreams that you told her, when you quarreled with her one winter evening, at dusk—there she sits, and you looking at her—that she oughtn't to have let Arthur, when he come home, suspect his father only; that she had always had the strength and the power; and that she ought to have stood up more to Arthur for his father. It was in the same dream where you said to her that she was not—not something, but I don't know what—for she burst out tremendous and stopped you. You know the dream as well as I do. When you come down stairs into the kitchen with the candle in your hand, and hitched my apron off my head. When you told me I had been dreaming. When you wouldn't believe the noises." After this explosion Affery put her apron into her mouth again; always keeping her hand on the window-sill, and her knee on the window-seat, ready to cry out or jump out, if her lord and master approached.

Rigaud had not lost a word of this.

"Haha!" he cried, lifting his eyebrows, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair. "Assuredly, Madame Flintwinch is an oracle! How shall we interpret the oracle—you and I, and the old intriguer? He said that you were not, ——? And you burst out and stopped him! What was it you were not? What is it you are not? Say, then, madame!"

Under this ferocious banter she sat breathing harder, and her mouth was disturbed. Her lips quivered and opened, in spite of her utmost efforts to keep them still.

"Come, then, madame! Speak, then! Our old intriguer said that you were not ——, and you stopped him. He was going to say that you were not—what? I know already, but I want a little confidence from you. How, then? You are not what?"

She tried again to repress herself, but broke out vehemently, "Not Arthur's mother!"

"Good," said Rigaud. "You are amenable."

With the set expression of her face all torn away by the explosion of her passion, and with a bursting from every rent feature of the smouldering fire so long pent up, she cried out, "I will tell it myself! I will not hear it from your lips, and with the taint of your wickedness upon it. Since it must be seen, I will have it seen by the light I stood in. Not another word. Hear me!"

"Unless you are a more obstinate and more persisting woman than even I know you to be," Mr. Flintwinch interposed, "you had better leave Mr. Rigaud, Mr. Blandois, Mr. Beelzebub, to tell it in his own way. What does it signify, when he knows all about it?"

"He does not know all about it."

"He knows all he cares about it," Mr. Flintwinch testily urged.

"He does not know *me*."

"What do you suppose he cares for you, you conceited woman?" said Mr. Flintwinch.

"I tell you, Flintwinch, I will speak. I tell you, when it has come to this, I will tell it with my own lips, and will express myself throughout it. What! Have I suffered nothing in this room—no deprivation, no imprisonment, that I should condescend at last to contemplate myself in such a glass as *that?* Can you see him? Can you hear him? If your wife were a hundred times the ingrate that she is, and if I were a thousand times more hopeless than I am of inducing her to be silent if this man is silenced, I would tell it myself, before I would bear the torment of hearing it from him."

Rigaud pushed his chair a little back, pushed his legs out straight before him, and sat, with his arms folded, over against her.

"You do not know what it is," she went on, addressing him, "to be brought up strictly and straitly. I was so brought up. Mine was no light youth of sinful gayety and pleasure. Mine were days of wholesome repression, punishment, and fear. The corruption of our hearts, the evil of our ways, the curse that is upon us, the terrors that surround us—these were the themes of my childhood. They formed my character, and filled me with an abhorrence of evil-doers. When old Mr. Gilbert Clennam proposed his orphan nephew to my father for my husband, my father impressed upon me that his bringing-up had been, like mine, one of severe restraint. He told me that, besides the discipline his spirit had undergone, he had lived in a starved house, where rioting and gayety were unknown, and where every day was a day of toil and trial like the last. He told me that he had been a man in years long before his uncle had acknowledged him as one; and that, from his school-days to that hour, his uncle's roof had been a sanctuary to him from the contagion of the irreligious and dissolute. When, within a twelvemonth of our marriage, I found my husband, at that time when my father spoke of him, to have sinned against the Lord and outraged me by holding a guilty creature in my place, was I to doubt that it had been appointed to me to make the discovery, and that it was appointed to me to lay the hand of punishment upon that creature of perdition? Was I to dismiss in a moment—not my own wrongs—in what was I! but all the rejection of sin, and all the war against it, in which I had been bred?"

She laid her wrathful hand upon the watch on the table.

"No! 'Do not forget.' The initials of those words are within here now, and were within here then. I was appointed to find the old letter that referred to them, and that told me what they meant, and whose work they were, and why they were worked, lying with this watch in his secret drawer. But for that appointment, there would have been no discovery. 'Do not

forget.' It spoke to me like the voice from an angry cloud. Do not forget the deadly sin, do not forget the appointed discovery, do not forget the appointed suffering. I did not forget. Was it my own wrong I remembered? Mine! I was but a servant and a minister. What power could I have had over them, but that they were bound in the bonds of their sin, and delivered to me!"

More than forty years had passed over the gray head of this determined woman since the time she recalled. More than forty years of strife and struggle with the whisper that, by whatever name she called her vindictive pride and rage, nothing through all eternity could change their nature. Yet, gone those more than forty years, and come this Nemesis now looking her in the face, she still abided by her old impiety—still reversed the order of Creation, and breathed her own breath into a clay image of her Creator. Verily, verily, travelers have seen many monstrous idols in many countries, but no human eyes have ever seen more daring, gross, and shocking images of the Divine nature, than we creatures of the dust make in our own likenesses, of our own bad passions.

"When I forced him to give her up to me, by her name and place of abode," she went on in her torrent of indignation and defense; "when I accused her, and she fell hiding her face at my feet, was it my injury that I asserted, were they my reproaches that I poured upon her? Those who were appointed of old to go to wicked kings and accuse them—were they not ministers and servants? And had not I, unworthy, and far-removed from them, sin to denounce? When she pleaded to me her youth, and his wretched and hard life (that was her phrase for the virtuous training he had belied), and the desecrated ceremony of marriage there had secretly been between them, and the terrors of want and shame that had overwhelmed them both, when I was first appointed to be the instrument of their punishment, and the love (for she said the word to me, down at my feet) in which she had abandoned him and left him to me, was it *my* enemy that became my footstool, were they the words of *my* wrath that made her shrink and quiver! Not unto me the strength be ascribed; not unto me the wringing of the expiation!"

Many years had come and gone since she had had the free use even of her fingers; but it was noticeable that she had already more than once struck her clenched hand vigorously upon the table, and that when she said these words she raised her whole arm in the air, as though it had been a common action with her.

"And what was the repentance that was extorted from the hardness of her heart and the blackness of her depravity? I, vindictive and implacable? It may seem so, to such as you who know no righteousness, and no appointment except Satan's. Laugh; but I will be known as I know myself, and as Flintwinch knows me, though it is only to you and this half-witted woman."

"Add, to yourself, madame," said Rigaud. "I have my little suspicions that madame is rather solicitous to be justified to herself."

"It is false. It is not so. I have no need to be," she said, with great energy and anger.

"Truly?" retorted Rigaud. "Hah!"

"I ask, what was the penitence, in works, that was demanded of her? 'You have a child; I have none. You love that child. Give him to me. He shall believe himself to be my son, and he shall be believed by every one to be my son. To save you from exposure, his father shall swear never to see or communicate with you more; equally to save him from being stripped by his uncle, and to save your child from being a beggar, you shall swear never to see or communicate with either of them more. That done, and your present means, derived from my husband, renounced, I charge myself with your support. You may, with your place of retreat unknown, then leave, if you please, uncontradicted by me, the lie that when you passed out of all knowledge but mine, you merited a good name.' That was all. She had to sacrifice her sinful and shameful affections; no more. She was then free to bear her load of guilt in secret, and to break her heart in secret; and through such present misery (light enough for her, I think!) to purchase her redemption from endless misery, if she could. If, in this, I punished her here, did I not open to her a way hereafter? If she knew herself to be surrounded by insatiable vengeance and unquenchable fires, were they mine? If I threatened her, then and afterward, with the terrors that encompassed her, did I hold them in my right hand?"

She turned the watch upon the table, and opened it, and, with an unsoftening face, looked at the worked letters within.

"They did *not* forget. It is appointed against such offenses that the offenders shall not be able to forget. If the presence of Arthur was a daily reproach to his father, and if the absence of Arthur was a daily agony to his mother, that was the just dispensation of Jehovah. As well might it be charged upon me that the stings of an awakened conscience drove her mad, and that it was the will of the Disposer of all things that she should live so many years. I devoted myself to reclaim the otherwise predestined and lost boy; to give him the reputation of an honest origin; to bring him up in fear and trembling, and in a life of practical contrition for the sins that were heavy on his head before his entrance into this condemned world. Was that a cruelty. Was I not visited with consequences of the original offense, in which I had no complicity? Arthur's father and I lived no further apart, with half the globe between us, than when we were together in this house. He died, and sent this watch back to me, with its Do not forget. I do NOT forget, though I do not read it as

he did. I read, in it, that I was appointed to do these things. I have so read these three letters since I have had them lying on this table, and I did so read them, with equal distinctness, when they were thousands of miles away."

As she took the watch-case in her hand, with that new freedom in the use of her hand of which she showed no consciousness whatever, bending her eyes upon it as if she were defying it to move her, Rigaud cried with a loud and contemptuous snapping of his fingers, "Come, madame! Time runs out. Come, lady of piety, it must be! You can tell nothing I don't know. Come to the money stolen, or I will! Death of my soul, I have had enough of your other jargon. Come straight to the stolen money!"

"Wretch that you are," she answered, and now her hands clasped her head; "through what fatal error of Flintwinch's, through what incompleteness on his part, who was the only other person helping in these things and trusted with them, through whose and what bringing together of the ashes of a burned paper, you have become possessed of that codicil, I know no more than how you acquired the rest of your power here—"

"And yet," interrupted Rigaud, "it is my odd fortune to have by me, in a convenient place that I know of, that same short little addition to the will of Monsieur Gilbert Clennam, written by a lady, and witnessed by the same lady and our old intriguer! Ah, bah, old intriguer, crooked little puppet! Madame, let us go on. Time presses. You or I to finish?"

"I!" she answered, with increased determination, if it were possible. "I, because I will not endure to be shown myself, and have myself shown to any one, with your horrible distortion upon me. You, with your practices of infamous foreign prisons and galleys, would make it the money that impelled me. It was not the money."

"Bah, bah, bah! I repudiate, for the moment, my politeness, and say, Lies, lies, lies! You know you suppressed the deed, and kept the money."

"Not for the money's sake, wretch!" She made a struggle, as if she were starting up; even as if, in her vehemence, she had almost risen on her disabled feet. "If Gilbert Clennam, reduced to imbecility, at the point of death, and laboring under the delusion of some imaginary relenting toward a girl, of whom he had heard that his nephew had once had a fancy for her, which he had crushed out of him, and that she afterward drooped away into melancholy and withdrawal from all who knew her —if, in that state of weakness, he dictated to me, whose life she had darkened with her sin, and who had been appointed to know her wickedness from her own hand and her own lips, a bequest meant as a recompense to her for supposed unmerited suffering; was there no difference between my spurning that injustice and coveting mere money—a thing which you, and your comrades in the prisons, may steal from any one?"

"Time presses, madame. Take care!"

"If this house was blazing from the roof to the ground," she returned, "I would stay in it to justify myself, against my righteous motives being classed with those of stabbers and thieves."

Rigaud snapped his fingers tauntingly in her face. "One thousand guineas to the little beauty you slowly hunted to death. One thousand guineas to the youngest daughter her patron might have at fifty, or (if he had none) brother's youngest daughter, on her coming of age, 'as the remembrance his disinterestedness may like best of his protection of a friendless young orphan girl.' Two thousand guineas. What! You will never come to the money?"

"That patron," she was vehemently proceeding, when he checked her.

"Names! Call him Mr. Frederick Dorrit. No more evasions!"

"That Frederick Dorrit was the beginning of it all. If he had not been a player of music, and had not kept, in those days of his youth and prosperity, an idle house where singers and players, and such-like children of Evil, turned their backs on the Light and their faces to the Darkness, she might have remained in her lowly station, and might not have been raised out of it to be cast down. But, no. Satan entered into that Frederick Dorrit, and counseled him that he was a man of innocent and laudable tastes who did kind actions, and that here was a poor girl with a voice for singing music with. Then he is to have her taught. Then Arthur's father, who has all along been secretly pining in the ways of virtuous ruggedness, for those accursed snares which are called the Arts, becomes acquainted with her. And so, a graceless orphan, training to be a singing girl, carries it, by that Frederick Dorrit's agency, against me, and I am humbled and deceived! Not I, that is to say," she added quickly, as color flushed into her face; "a greater than I. What am I?"

Jeremiah Flintwinch, who had been gradually screwing himself toward her, and who was now very near her elbow without her knowing it, made a specially wry face of objection when she said these words, and moreover twitched his gaiters, as if such pretensions were equivalent to little barbs in his legs.

"Lastly," she continued, "for I am at the end of these things, and I will say no more of them, and you shall say no more of them, and all that remains will be to determine whether the knowledge of them can be kept among us who are here present; lastly, when I suppressed that paper, with the knowledge of Arthur's father—"

"But not with his consent, you know," said Mr. Flintwinch.

"Who said with his consent?" She started to find Jeremiah so near her, and drew back her head, looking at him with some rising dis-

trust. "You were often enough between us, when he would have had me produce it and I would not, to have contradicted me if I had said, with his consent. I say, when I suppressed that paper, I made no effort to destroy it, but kept it by me, here in this house, many years. The rest of the Gilbert property being left to Arthur's father, I could at any time, without unsettling more than the two sums, have made a pretense of finding it. But, besides that I must have supported such pretense by a direct falsehood (a great responsibility), I have seen no new reason, in all the time I have been tried here, to bring it to light. It was a rewarding of sin; the wrong result of a delusion. I did what I was appointed to do, and I have undergone, within these four walls, what I was appointed to undergo. When the paper was at last destroyed—as I thought—in my presence, she had long been dead, and her patron, Frederick Dorrit, had long been deservedly ruined and imbecile. He had no daughter. I had found the niece before then; and what I did for her was better for her, far, than the money of which she would have had no good." She added, after a moment, as though she addressed the watch: "She herself was innocent, and I might not have forgotten to relinquish it to her at my death;" and sat looking at it.

"Shall I recall something to you, worthy madame?" said Rigaud. "The little paper was in this house on the night when our friend the prisoner—jail-comrade of my soul—came home from foreign countries. Shall I recall yet something more to you? The little singing-bird that never was fledged, was long kept in a cage by a guardian of your appointing, well enough known to our old intriguer here. Shall we coax our old intriguer to tell us when he saw him last?"

"I'll tell you!" cried Affery, unstopping her mouth. "I dreamed it, first of all my dreams. Jeremiah, if you come a-nigh me now, I'll scream to be heard at St. Paul's! The person as this man has spoken of, was Jeremiah's own twin brother; and he was here in the dead of the night, on the night when Arthur come home, and Jeremiah with his own hands give him this paper, along with I don't know what more, and he took it away in an iron box.—Help! Murder! Save me from Jere-*mi*-ah!"

Mr. Flintwinch had made a run at her, but Rigaud had caught him in his arms midway. After a moment's wrestle with him, Flintwinch gave up, and put his hands in his pockets.

"What!" cried Rigaud, rallying him as he poked and jerked him back with his elbows. "Assault a lady with such a genius for dreaming? Ha, ha, ha! Why, she'll be a fortune to you as an exhibition. All that she dreams comes true. Ha, ha, ha! You're so like him, Little Flintwinch. So like him, as I knew him (when I first spoke English for him to the host) in the Cabaret of the Three Billiard Tables, in the little street of the high roofs, by the wharf at Antwerp! Ah, but he was a brave boy to drink! Ah, but he was a brave boy to smoke! Ah, but he lived in a sweet bachelor apartment—furnished, on the fifth floor, above the wood and charcoal merchant's, and the dress-maker's, and the chair-maker's, and the maker of tubs—where I knew him, too, and where, with his cognac and tobacco, he had twelve sleeps a-day and one fit, until he had a fit too much and ascended to the skies. Ha, ha, ha! What does it matter how I took possession of the papers in his iron box? Perhaps he confided it to my hands for you, perhaps it was locked and my curiosity was piqued, perhaps I suppressed it. Ha, ha, ha! What does it matter, so that I have it safe? We are not particular here; hey, Flintwinch? We are not particular here; is it not so, madame?"

Retiring before him with vicious counter-jerks of his own elbows, Mr. Flintwinch had got back into his corner, where he now stood with his hands in his pockets, taking breath, and returning Mrs. Clennam's stare. "Ha, ha, ha! But what's this?" cried Rigaud. "It appears as if you don't know one the other. Permit me, Madame Clennam who suppresses, to present Monsieur Flintwinch who intrigues."

Mr. Flintwinch, unpocketing one of his hands to scrape his jaw, advanced a step or so in that attitude, still returning Mrs. Clennam's look, and thus addressed her:

"Now, I know what you mean by opening your eyes so wide at me, but you needn't take the trouble, because I don't care for it. I've been telling you for how many years that you're one of the most opiniated and obstinate of women. That's what *you* are. You call yourself humble and sinful, but you are the most Bumptious of your sex. That's what *you* are. I have told you, over and over again when we have had a tiff, that you wanted to make every thing go down before you, but I wouldn't go down before you—that you wanted to swallow up every body alive, but I wouldn't be swallowed up alive. Why didn't you destroy the paper when you first laid hands upon it? I advised you to; but no, it's not your way to take advice. You must keep it, forsooth. Perhaps you may carry it out at some other time, forsooth. As if I didn't know better than that! I think I see your pride carrying it out, with a chance of being suspected of having kept it by you. But that's the way you cheat yourself. Just as you cheat yourself into making out that you didn't do all this business, because you were a rigorous woman, all slight, and spite, and power, and unforgivingness, but because you were a servant and a minister, and were appointed to do it. Who are you, that you should be appointed to do it? That may be your religion, but it's my gammon. And, to tell you all the truth while I am about it," said Mr. Flintwinch, crossing his arms and becoming the express image of irascible doggedness, "I have been rasped—rasped these forty years—by your taking such high ground even with me, who knows better; the effect of it being coolly

to put me on low ground. I admire you very much; you are a woman of strong head and great talent; but the strongest head and the greatest talent can't rasp a man for forty years without making him sore. So I don't care for your present eyes. Now I am coming to the paper, and mark what I say. You put it away somewhere, and you keep your own counsel where. You're an active woman at that time, and if you want to get that paper, you can get it. But, mark! There comes a time when you are struck into what you are now, and then if you want to get that paper, you can't get it. So it lies, long years, in its hiding-place. At last, when we are expecting Arthur home every day, and when any day may bring him home, and it's impossible to say what rummaging he may make about the house, I recommend you five thousand times, if you can't get at it, to let me get at it, that it may be put in the fire. But no—no one but you knows where it is, and that's power; and, call yourself whatever humble names you will, I call you a female Lucifer in appetite for power! On a Sunday night Arthur comes home. He has not been in this room ten minutes when he speaks of his father's watch. You know very well that the Do Not Forget, at the time when his father sent that watch to you, could only mean, the rest of the story being then all dead and over, Do Not Forget the suppression. Make restitution! Arthur's ways have frightened you a bit, and the paper shall be burned after all. So, before that jumping jade and Jezabel," Mr. Flintwinch grinned at his wife, "has got you into bed, you at last tell me where you have put the paper, among the old ledgers in the cellars, where Arthur himself went prowling the very next morning. But it's not to be burned on a Sunday night. No; you are strict, you are; we must wait over twelve o'clock, and get into Monday. Now, all this is a swallowing of me up alive, that rasps me; so, feeling a little out of temper, and not being as strict as yourself, I take a look at the document before twelve o'clock, to refresh my memory as to its appearance—fold up one of the many yellow old papers in the cellars like it—and afterward, when we have got into Monday morning, and I have, by the light of your lamp, to walk from you, lying on that bed, to this grate, make a little exchange like the conjuror, and burn accordingly. My brother Ephraim, the lunatic keeper (I wish he had had himself to keep in a strait waistcoat), had had many jobs since the close of the long job he got from you, but had not done well. His wife died (not that that was much; mine might have died instead, and welcome), he speculated unsuccessfully in lunatics, he got into difficulty about over-roasting a patient to bring him to reason, and he got into debt. He was going out of the way, on what he had been able to scrape up, and a trifle from me. He was here that early Monday morning, waiting for the tide; in short, he was going to Antwerp, where (I am afraid you'll be shocked at my saying, And be damned to him!) he made the acquaintance of this gentleman. He had come a long way, and, I thought then, was only sleepy; but, I suppose now, was drunk. When Arthur's mother had been under the care of him and his wife, she had been always writing, incessantly writing—mostly letters of confession to you, and prayers for forgiveness. My brother had handed, from time to time, lots of these sheets to me. I thought I might as well keep them to myself, as have them swallowed up alive too; so I kept them in a box, looking them over when I felt in the humor. Convinced that it was advisable to get the paper out of the place, with Arthur coming about it, I put it into this same box, and I locked the whole up with two locks, and I trusted it to my brother to take away and keep, till I should write about it. I did write about it, and never got an answer. I did'nt know what to make of it till this gentleman favored us with his first visit. Of course, I began to suspect how it was then; and I don't want his word for it now to understand how he gets his knowledge from my papers, and your paper, and my brother's cognac and tobacco talk (I wish he'd had to gag himself). Now, I have only one thing more to say, you hammer-headed woman, and that is, that I haven't altogether made up my mind whether I might, or might not, have ever given you any trouble about the codicil. I think not; and that I should have been quite satisfied with knowing I had got the better of you, and that I held the power over you. In the present state of circumstances, I have no more explanation to give you till this time to-morrow night. So you may as well," said Mr. Flintwinch, terminating his oration with a screw, "keep your eyes open at somebody else, for it's no use keeping 'em open at me."

She slowly withdrew them when he had ceased, and dropped her forehead on her hand. Her other hand pressed hard upon the table, and again the curious stir was observable in her, as if she were going to rise.

"This box can never bring, elsewhere, the price it will bring here. This knowledge can never be of the same profit to you, sold to any other person, as sold to me. But, I have not the present means of raising the sum you have demanded. I have not prospered. What will you take now, and what at another time, and how am I to be assured of your silence?"

"My angel," replied Rigaud, "I have said what I will take, and time presses. Before coming here, I placed copies of the most important of these papers in another hand. Put off the time till the Marshalsea gate shall be shut for the night, and it will be too late to treat. The prisoner will have read them."

She put her two hands to her head again, uttered a loud exclamation, and started to her feet. She staggered for a moment, as if she would have fallen; then stood firm.

"Say what you mean. Say what you mean, man!"

Before her ghostly figure, so long unused to its erect attitude, and so stiffened in it, Rigaud fell back and dropped his voice. It was, to all the three, as if a dead woman had risen.

"Miss Dorrit," answered Rigaud, "the little niece of Monsieur Frederick, whom I have known across the water, is attached to the prisoner. Miss Dorrit, little niece of Monsieur Frederick, watches at this moment over the prisoner, who is ill. For her, I with my own hands left a packet at the prison, on my way here, with a letter of instructions '*for his sake*' —she will do any thing for his sake—to keep it without breaking the seal, in case of its being reclaimed before the hour of shutting up to-night —if it should not be reclaimed before the ringing of the prison bell, to give it to him; and it incloses a second copy for herself, which he must give to her. What! I don't trust myself among you, now we have got so far, without giving my secret a second life. And as to its not bringing me elsewhere the price it will bring here, say then, madame, have you limited and settled the price the little niece will give—for his sake—to hush it up? Once more I say, time presses. The packet not reclaimed before the ringing of the bell to-night, you can not buy. I sell, then, to the little girl!"

Once more the stir and struggle in her, and she ran to a closet, tore the door open, took down a hood or shawl, and wrapped it over her head. Affery, who had watched her in terror, darted to her in the middle of the room, caught hold of her dress, and went on her knees to her.

"Don't, don't, don't! What are you doing? Where are you going? You're a fearful woman, but I don't bear you no ill-will. I can do poor Arthur no good now, that I see; and you needn't be afraid of me. I'll keep your secret. Don't go out, you'll fall dead in the street. Only promise me, that, if it's the poor thing that's kept here, secretly, you'll let me take charge of her and be her nurse. Only promise me that, and never be afraid of me."

Mrs. Clennam stood still for an instant, at the height of her rapid haste, saying, in stern amazement,

"Kept here? She has been dead a score of years and more. Ask Flintwinch—ask *him*. They can both tell you that she died when Arthur went abroad."

"So much the worse," said Affery, with a shiver, "for she haunts the house, then. Who else rustles about it, making signals by dropping dust so softly? Who else comes and goes, and marks the walls with long crooked touches, when we are all abed? Who else holds the doors sometimes? But don't go out—don't go out! Mistress, you'll die in the street!"

Her mistress only disengaged her dress from the beseeching hands, said to Rigaud "Wait here till I come back!" and ran out of the room. They saw her, from the window, run wildly through the court-yard and out at the gateway.

For a few moments they stood motionless. Affery was the first to move, and she, wringing her hands, pursued her mistress. Next, Jeremiah Flintwinch, slowly backing to the door, with one hand in a pocket, and the other rubbing his chin, twisted himself out in his reticent way, speechlessly. Rigaud, left alone, composed himself upon the window-seat of the open window, in the old Marseilles Jail attitude. He laid his cigarettes and fire-box ready to his hand, and fell to smoking.

"Whoof! Almost as dull as the infernal old jail. Warmer, but almost as dismal. Wait till she comes back? Yes, certainly; but where is she gone, and how long will she be gone? No matter! Rigaud Lagnier Blandois, my amiable subject, you will get your money. You will enrich yourself. You have lived a gentleman; you will die a gentleman. You triumph, my little boy; but it is your character to triumph. Whoof!"

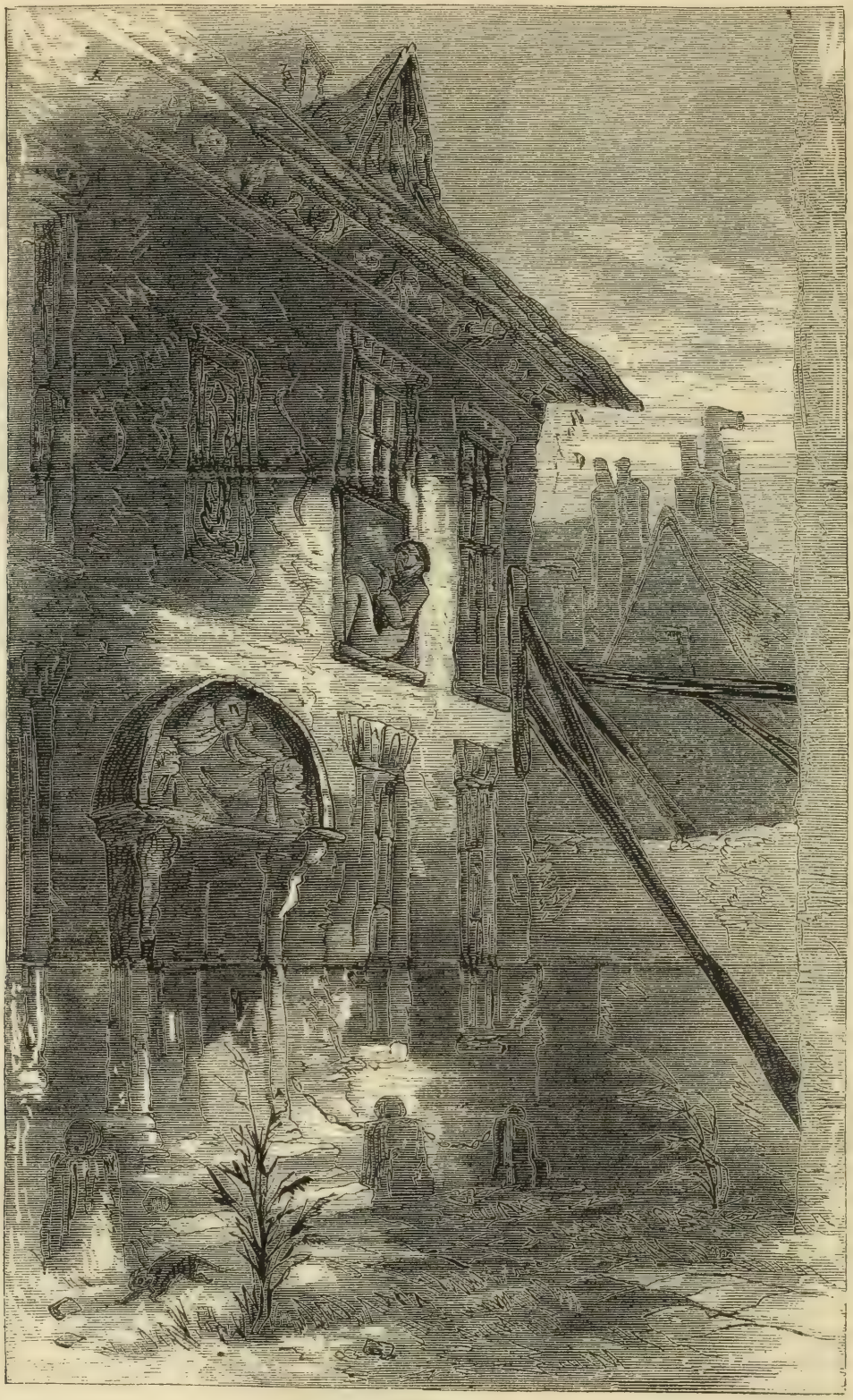
In the hour of his triumph, his mustache went up and his nose came down, as he ogled a great beam over his head with particular satisfaction.

CHAPTER LXVII.—CLOSED.

The sun had set, and the streets were dim in the dusty twilight, when the figure so long unused to them hurried on its way. In the immediate neighborhood of the old house it attracted little attention, for there were only a few straggling people to notice it; but ascending from the river, by the crooked ways that led to London Bridge, and passing into the main road, it became surrounded by astonishment.

Resolute and wild of look, rapid of foot and yet weak and uncertain, conspicuously dressed in its black garments and with its hurried head covering, gaunt and of an unearthly paleness, it pressed forward, taking no more heed of the throng than a sleep-walker. More remarkable by being so removed from the crowd it was among than if it had been lifted on a pedestal to be seen, the figure attracted all eyes. Saunterers pricked up their attention to observe it; busy people, crossing it, slackened their pace and turned their heads; companions pausing and standing aside, whispered one another to look at this spectral woman who was coming by; and the sweep of the figure as it passed seemed to create a vortex, drawing the most idle and most curious after it.

Made giddy by the turbulent irruption of this multitude of staring faces into her cell of years, by the confusing sensation of being in the air and the yet more confusing sensation of being afoot, by the unexpected changes in half-remembered objects, and the want of likeness between the controllable pictures her imagination had often drawn of the life from which she was secluded, and the overwhelming rush of the reality, she held her way, as if she were environed by distracting thoughts rather than by external humanity and observation. But having crossed the bridge, and gone some distance straight onward, she remembered that she must ask for a



DAMOCLES.

direction; and it was only then, when she stopped and turned to look about her for a hopeful place of inquiry, that she found herself surrounded by an eager glare of faces.

"Why are you encircling me?" she asked, trembling.

None of those who were nearest answered; but, from the outer ring, there arose a shrill cry of "'Cause you're mad!"

"I am as sane as any one here. I want to find the Marshalsea prison."

The shrill outer circle again retorted, "Then that 'ud show you was mad if nothing else did, 'cause it's right opposite!"

A short, mild, quiet-looking young man, made his way through to her, as a whooping ensued on this reply, and said: "Was it the Marshalsea you wanted? I'm going on duty there. Come across with me."

She laid her hand upon his arm, and he took her over the way; the crowd, rather injured by the near prospect of losing her, pressing before and behind and on either side, and recommending an adjournment to Bedlam. After a mo-

mentary whirl in the outer court-yard, the prison-door opened, and shut upon them. In the lodge, which seemed by contrast with the outer noise a place of refuge and peace, a yellow lamp was already striving with the prison shadows.

"Why, John!" said the turnkey, who had admitted them. "What is it?"

"Nothing, father; only this lady not knowing her way, and living badgered by the boys. Who did you want, ma'am?"

"Miss Dorrit. Is she here?"

The young man became more interested. "Yes, she is here. What might your name be?

"Mrs. Clennam."

"Mr. Clennam's mother?" asked the young man.

She pressed her lips together, and hesitated. "Yes. She had better be told it is his mother."

"You see," said the young man, "the Marshal's family living in the country at present, the Marshal has given Miss Dorrit one of the rooms in his house, to use when she likes. Don't you think you had better come up there, and let me bring Miss Dorrit?"

She signified her assent, and he unlocked a door, and conducted her up a side stair-case into a dwelling-house above. He showed her into a darkening room, and left her. The room looked down into the darkening prison-yard, with its inmates strolling here and there, leaning out of windows, communing as much apart as they could with friends who were going away, and generally wearing out their imprisonment as they best might, that summer evening. The air was heavy and hot; the closeness of the place oppressive; and from without there arose a rush of free sounds, like the jarring memory of such things in a headache and heartache. She stood at the window, bewildered, looking down into this prison as it were out of her own different prison, when a soft word or two of surprise made her start, and Little Dorrit stood before her.

"Is it possible, Mrs. Clennam, that you are so happily recovered as—"

Little Dorrit stopped, for there was neither happiness nor health in the face that turned to her.

"This is not recovery; it is not strength; I don't know what it is." With an agitated wave of her hand she put all that aside. "You have had a packet left with you which you were to give to Arthur, if it was not reclaimed before this place closed to-night?"

"Yes."

"I reclaim it."

Little Dorrit took it from her bosom, and gave it into her hand, which remained stretched out after receiving it.

"Have you any idea of its contents?"

Frightened by her being there, with that new power of movement in her, which, as she had said herself, was not strength, and which was unreal to look upon, as though a picture or a statue had been animated, Little Dorrit answered, "No."

"Read them."

Little Dorrit took the packet from the still outstretched hand, and broke the seal. Mrs. Clennam then gave her the inner packet that was addressed to herself, and held the other. The shadow of the wall and of the prison-buildings, which made the room sombre at noon, made it too dark to read there, with the dusk deepening apace, save in the window. In the window, where a little of the bright summer-evening sky could shine upon her, Little Dorrit stood and read. After a broken exclamation or so of wonder and of terror, she read in silence. When she had finished, she looked round, and her old mistress bowed herself before her.

"You know, now, what I have done."

"I think so. I am afraid so; though my mind is so hurried, and so sorry, and has so much to pity, that it has not been able to follow all I have read," said Little Dorrit, tremulously.

"I will restore to you what I have withheld from you. Forgive me. Can you forgive me?"

"I can, and Heaven knows I do! Do not kiss my dress and kneel to me; you are too old to kneel to me; I forgive you freely, without that."

"I have more to ask yet."

"Not in that posture," said Little Dorrit. "It is unnatural to see your gray hair lower than mine. Pray rise; let me help you." With that she raised her up, and stood rather shrinking from her, but looking at her earnestly.

"The great petition that I make to you (there is another which grows out of it), the great supplication that I address to your merciful and gentle heart, is, that you will not disclose this to Arthur until I am dead. If you think, when you have had time for consideration, that it can do him any good to know it while I am yet alive, then tell him. But, you will not think that; and, in such case, will you promise me to spare me until I am dead?"

"I am so sorry, and what I have read has so confused my thoughts," returned Little Dorrit, "that I can scarcely give you a steady answer. If I should be quite sure that to be acquainted with it will do Mr. Clennam no good—"

"I know you are attached to him, and will make him the first consideration. It is right that he should be the first consideration; I ask that. But, having regarded him, and still finding that you may spare me for the little time I shall remain on earth, will you do it?"

"I will."

"God bless you!"

She stood in the shadow so that she was only a vailed form to Little Dorrit in the light; but the sound of her voice, in saying those three grateful words, was at once fervent and broken. Broken by emotion as unfamiliar to her frozen eyes as action to her frozen limbs.

"You will wonder, perhaps," she said, in a stronger tone, "that I can better bear to be known to you whom I have wronged than to the son of my enemy who wronged me—for she

did wrong me! She not only sinned grievously against the Lord, but she wronged me. What Arthur's father was to me, she made him. From our marriage day I was his dread, and that she made me. I was the scourge of both, and that is referable to her. You love Arthur (I can see the blush upon your face; may it be the dawn of happier days to both of you!), and you will have thought already that he is as merciful and kind as you, and why do I not trust myself to him as soon as to you? Have you not thought so?"

"No thought," said Little Dorrit, "can be quite a stranger to my heart that springs out of the knowledge that Mr. Clennam is always to be relied upon for being kind, and generous, and good."

"I do not doubt it. Yet Arthur is, of the whole world, the one person from whom I would conceal this while I am in it. I kept over him as a child, in the days of his first remembrance, my restraining and correcting hand. I was stern with him, knowing that the transgressions of the parents are visited on their offspring, and that there was an angry mark upon him at his birth. I have sat with him and his father, seeing the weakness of his father yearning to unbend to him; and forcing it back, that the child might work out his release in bondage and hardship. I have seen him, with his mother's face, looking up at me in awe from his little books, and trying to soften me with his mother's ways that hardened me."

The shrinking of her auditress stopped her for a moment in her flow of words, delivered in a retrospective, gloomy voice.

"For his good. Not for the satisfaction of my injury. What was I, and what was the worth of that, before the curse of Heaven! I have seen that child grow up, not to be pious in a chosen way (his mother's offense lay too heavy on him for that), but still to be just and upright, and to be submissive to me. He never loved me, as I once half hoped he might—so frail we are, and so do the corrupt affections of the flesh war with our trusts and tasks; but he always respected me, and ordered himself dutifully to me. He does to this hour. With an empty place in his heart that he has never known the meaning of, he has turned away from me, and gone his separate road; but, even that he has done considerately and with deference. These have been his relations toward me. Yours have been of a much slighter kind, spread over a much shorter time. When you have sat at your needle in my room, you have been in fear of me, but you have supposed me to have been doing you a kindness; you are better informed now, and know me to have done you an injury. Your misconstruction and misunderstanding of the cause in which, and the motives with which, I have worked out this work, is lighter to endure than his would be. I would not, for any worldly recompense I can imagine, have him in a moment, however blindly, throw me down from the station I have held before him all his life, and change me altogether into something he would cast out of his respect, and think detected and exposed. Let him do it, if it must be done, when I am not here to see it. Let me never feel, while I am still alive, that I die before him, and utterly perish away from him, like one consumed by lightning and swallowed by an earthquake."

Her pride was very strong in her, the pain of it and of her old passions was very sharp with her, when she thus expressed herself. Not less so, when she added:

"Even now, I see *you* shrink from me, as if I had been cruel."

Little Dorrit could not gainsay it. She tried not to show it, but she recoiled with dread from the state of mind that had burned so fiercely and lasted so long. It presented itself to her with no sophistry upon it, in its own plain nature.

"I have done," said Mrs. Clennam, "what it was given to me to do. I have set myself against evil; not against good. I have been an instrument of severity against sin. Have not mere sinners like myself been commissioned to lay it low in all time?"

"In all time?" repeated Little Dorrit.

"Even if my own wrong had prevailed with me, and my own vengeance had moved me, could I have found no justification? None in the old days when the innocent perished with the guilty, a thousand to one? When the wrath of the hater of the unrighteous was not slaked even in blood, and yet found favor?"

"Oh, Mrs. Clennam, Mrs. Clennam!" said Little Dorrit, "angry feelings and unforgiving deeds are no comfort and no guide to you and me. My life has been passed in this poor prison, and my teaching has been very defective; but, let me implore you to remember later and better days. Be guided only by the healer of the sick, the raiser of the dead, the friend of all who were afflicted and forlorn, the patient Master who shed tears of compassion for our infirmities. We can not but be right if we put all the rest away, and do every thing in remembrance of Him. There is no vengeance and no infliction of suffering in His life, I am sure. There can be no confusion in following Him, and seeking for no other footsteps, I am certain!"

In the softened light of the window, looking from the scene of her early trials to the shining sky, she was not in stronger opposition to the black figure in the shade than the life and doctrine on which she rested were to that figure's history. It bent its head low again, and said not a word. It remained thus, until the first warning bell began to ring.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Clennam, starting. "I said I had another petition. It is one that does not admit of delay. The man who brought you this packet and possesses these proofs is now waiting at my house to be bought off. I can keep this from Arthur only by buying him off. He asks a large sum; more than I can get to-

gether to pay him, without having time. He refuses to make any abatement, because his threat is, that if he fails with me he will come to you. Will you return with me, and show him that you already know it? Will you return with me, and try to prevail with him? Will you come and help me with him? Do not refuse what I ask in Arthur's name, though I dare not ask it for Arthur's sake!"

Little Dorrit yielded willingly. She glided away into the prison for a few moments, returned, and said she was ready to go. They went out by another stair-case, avoiding the lodge; and, coming into the front court-yard, now all quiet and deserted, gained the street.

It was one of those summer evenings when there is no greater darkness than a long twilight. The vista of street and bridge was plain to see, and the sky was serene and beautiful. People stood and sat at their doors, playing with children and enjoying the evening; numbers were walking for air; the worry of the day had almost worried itself out, and few but themselves were hurried. As they crossed the bridge, the clear steeples of the many churches looked as if they had advanced out of the murk that usually enshrouded them and come much nearer. The smoke that rose into the sky had lost its dingy hue and taken a brightness upon it. The beauties of the sunset had not faded from the long light films of cloud that lay at peace in the horizon. From a radiant centre, over the whole length and breadth of the tranquil firmament, great shoots of light streamed among the early stars, like signs of the blessed later covenant of peace and hope that changed the crown of thorns into a glory.

Less remarkable, now that she was not alone and it was darker, Mrs. Clennam hurried on at Little Dorrit's side, unmolested. They left the great thoroughfare at the turning by which she had entered it, and wound their way down among the silent, empty, cross-streets. Their feet were at the gateway, when there was a sudden noise like thunder.

"What was that? Let us make haste in!" cried Mrs. Clennam.

They were in the gateway. Little Dorrit, with a piercing cry, held her back.

In one swift instant the old house was before them, with the man lying smoking in the window; another thundering sound, and it heaved, surged upward, opened asunder in fifty places, collapsed, and fell. Deafened by the noise, stifled, choked, and blinded by the dust, they hid their faces and stood rooted to the spot. The dust storm, driving between them and the placid sky, parted for a moment and showed them the stars. As they looked up wildly crying for help, the great pile of chimneys which was then alone left standing, like a tower in a whirlwind, rocked, broke, and hailed itself down upon the heap of ruin, as if every tumbling fragment were intent on burying the crushed wretch deeper.

So blackened by the flying particles of rubbish as to be unrecognizable, they ran back from the gateway into the street, crying and shrieking. There, Mrs. Clennam dropped upon the stones; and she never from that hour moved so much as a finger again, or had the power to speak one word. For upward of three years she reclined in her wheeled chair, looking attentively at those about her, and appearing to understand what they said; but the rigid silence she had so long held was evermore enforced upon her, and, except that she could move her eyes and faintly express a negative and affirmative with her head, she lived and died a statue.

Affery had been looking for them at the prison, and had caught sight of them at a distance on the bridge. She came up to receive her old mistress in her arms, to help to carry her into a neighboring house, and to be faithful to her. The mystery of the noises was out now; Affery, like greater people, had always been right in her facts, and always wrong in the theories she deduced from them.

When the storm of dust had cleared away, and the summer night was calm again, numbers of people choked up every avenue of access, and parties of diggers were formed to relieve one another in digging among the ruins. There had been a hundred people in the house at the time of its fall, there had been fifty, there had been fifteen, there had been two. Rumor finally settled the number at two: the foreigner and Mr. Flintwinch.

The diggers dug all through the short night by flaring pipes of gas, and on a level with the early sun, and deeper and deeper below it as it rose into its zenith, and aslant of it as it declined, and on a level with it again as it departed. Sturdy digging, and shoveling, and carrying away in carts, barrows, and baskets went on without intermission by night and by day; but it was night for the second time when they found the dirty heap of rubbish that had been the foreigner before his head had been shivered to atoms, like so much glass, by the great beam that lay upon him, crushing him.

Still they had not come upon Flintwinch yet; so the sturdy digging, and shoveling, and carrying away went on without intermission by day and by night. It got about that the old house had had famous cellarage (which indeed was true), and that Flintwinch had been in a cellar at the moment, or had had time to escape into one, and that he was safe under its strong arch, and even that he had been heard to cry, in hollow, subterranean, suffocated notes, "Here I am!" At the opposite extremity of the town it was even known that the excavators had been able to open a communication with him through a pipe, and that he had received both soup and brandy by that channel, and that he had said, with admirable fortitude, that he was All right, my lads, with the exception of his collar-bone. But the digging, and shoveling, and carrying

away went on without intermission, until the ruins were all dug out, and the cellars opened to the light; and still no Flintwinch, living or dead, all right or all wrong, had been turned up by pick or spade.

It began then to be perceived that Flintwinch had not been there at the time of the fall; and it began then to be perceived that he had been rather busy elsewhere, converting securities into as much money as could be got for them on the shortest notice, and turning to his own exclusive account his authority to act for the Firm. Affery, remembering that the clever one had said he would explain himself further in four-and-twenty hours' time, determined for her part that his taking himself off within that period with all he could get, was the final satisfactory sum and substance of his promised explanation; but she held her peace, devoutly thankful to be quit of him. As it seemed reasonable to conclude that a man who had never been buried could not be unburied, the diggers gave him up when their task was done, and did not dig down for him into the depths of the earth.

This was taken in ill part by a great many people, who persisted in believing that Flintwinch was lying somewhere among the London geological formations. Nor was their belief much shaken by repeated intelligence which came over in course of time, that an old man, who wore the tie of his neckcloth under one ear, and who was very well known to be an Englishman, consorted with the Dutchmen on the quaint banks of the canals at the Hague, and in the drinking-shops of Amsterdam, under the style and designation of Mynheer von Flyntevynge.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—GOING.

Arthur continuing to lie very ill in the Marshalsea, and Mr. Rugg descrying no break in the legal sky affording a hope of his enlargement, Mr. Pancks suffered desperately from self-reproaches. If it had not been for those infallible figures which proved that Arthur, instead of pining in imprisonment, ought to be promenading in a carriage and pair, and that Mr. Pancks, instead of being restricted to his clerkly wages, ought to have from three to five thousand pounds of his own, at his immediate disposal, that unhappy arithmetician would probably have taken to his bed, and there have made one of the many obscure persons who turned their faces to the wall and died, as a last sacrifice to the late Mr. Merdle's greatness. Solely supported by his unimpugnable calculations, Mr. Pancks led an unhappy and restless life; constantly carrying his figures about with him in his hat, and not only going over them himself on every possible occasion, but entreating every human being he could lay hold of to go over them with him, and observe what a clear case it was. Down in Bleeding Heart Yard there was scarcely an inhabitant of any note to whom Mr. Pancks had not imparted his demonstration, and, as figures are catching, a kind of ciphering measles broke out in that locality, under the influence of which the whole Yard was light-headed.

The more restless Mr. Pancks grew in his mind, the more impatient he became of the Patriarch. In their later conferences his snorting had assumed an irritable sound which boded the Patriarch no good; likewise, Mr. Pancks had on several occasions looked harder at the Patriarchal bumps than was quite reconcilable with the fact of his not being a painter, or a peruke-maker, in search of the living model.

However, he had steamed in and out of his little back Dock, according as he was wanted or not wanted in the Patriarchal presence, and business had gone on in its customary course. Bleeding Heart Yard had been harrowed by Mr. Pancks, and cropped by Mr. Casby, at the regular seasons; Mr. Pancks had taken all the drudgery and all the dirt of the business as his share; Mr. Casby had taken all the profits, all the ethereal vapor, and all the moonshine, as *his* share; and, in the form of words which that benevolent beamer generally employed on Saturday evenings, when he twirled his fat thumbs after striking the week's balance, "every thing had been satisfactory to all parties—all parties—satisfactory, Sir, to all parties."

The Dock of the Steam-Tug, Pancks, had a leaden roof, which, boiling in the very hot sunshine, may have heated the vessel. Be that as it may, one glowing Saturday evening, on being hailed by the lumbering bottle-green ship, the Tug instantly came working out of the Dock in a highly heated condition.

"Mr. Pancks," was the Patriarchal remark, "you have been remiss, you have been remiss, Sir."

"What do you mean by that?" was the short rejoinder.

The Patriarchal state, always a state of calmness and composure, was so particularly serene that evening as to be provoking. Every body else within the bills of mortality was hot; but the Patriarch was perfectly cool. Every body was thirsty, and the Patriarch was drinking. There was a fragrance of limes or lemons about him; and he had made a drink of golden sherry, which shone in a large tumbler, as if he were drinking the evening sunshine. This was bad, but not the worst. The worst was, that with his big blue eyes, and his polished head, and his long white hair, and his bottle-green legs stretched out before him, terminating in his easy shoes easily crossed at the instep, he had a radiant appearance of having in his extensive benevolence made the drink for the human species, while he himself wanted nothing but his own milk of human kindness.

Wherefore, Mr. Pancks said, "What do you mean by that?" and put his hair up with both hands, in a highly portentous manner.

"I mean, Mr. Pancks, that you must be sharper with the people, sharper with the people,

much sharper with the people, Sir. You don't squeeze them. You don't squeeze them. Your receipts are not up to the mark. You must squeeze them, Sir, or our connection will not continue to be as satisfactory as I could wish it to be, to all parties. All parties."

"*Don't* I squeeze 'em?" retorted Mr. Pancks, "What else am I made for?"

"You are made for nothing else, Mr. Pancks. You are made to do your duty, but you don't do your duty. You are paid to squeeze, and you must squeeze to pay." The Patriarch so much surprised himself by this brilliant turn, after Doctor Johnson, which he had not in the least expected or intended, that he laughed aloud; and repeated with great satisfaction, as he twirled his thumbs and nodded at his youthful portrait, "Paid to squeeze, Sir, and must squeeze to pay."

"Oh!" said Pancks. "Any thing more?"

"Yes, Sir, yes, Sir, something more. You will please, Mr. Pancks, to squeeze the Yard again, the first thing on Monday morning."

"Oh!" said Pancks. "An't that too soon? I squeezed it dry to-day."

"Nonsense, Sir. Not near the mark, not near the mark."

"Oh!" said Pancks, watching him as he benevolently gulped down a good draught of his mixture. "Any thing more?"

"Yes, Sir, yes, Sir, something more. I am not at all pleased, Mr. Pancks, with my daughter; not at all pleased. Besides calling much too often to inquire for Mrs. Clennam, Mrs. Clennam, who is not just now in circumstances that are by any means calculated to—to be satisfactory to all parties, she goes, Mr. Pancks, unless I am much deceived, to inquire for Mr. Clennam in jail. In jail."

"He's laid up, you know," said Pancks. "Perhaps it's kind."

"Pooh, pooh, Mr. Pancks. She has nothing to do with that, nothing to do with that. I can't allow it. Let him pay his debts and come out, come out; pay his debts, and come out."

Although Mr. Pancks's hair was standing up like strong wire, he gave it another double-handed impulse in the perpendicular direction, and smiled at his proprietor in a most hideous manner.

"You will please to mention to my daughter, Mr. Pancks, that I can't allow it, can't allow it," said the Patriarch, blandly.

"Oh!" said Pancks. "You couldn't mention it yourself."

"No, Sir, no; you are paid to mention it," the blundering old booby could not resist the temptation of trying it again, "and you must mention it to pay, mention it to pay."

"Oh!" said Pancks. "Any thing more?"

"Yes, Sir. It appears to me, Mr. Pancks, that you yourself are too often and too much in that direction, that direction. I recommend you, Mr. Pancks, to dismiss from your attention both your own losses and other people's losses, and to mind your business, mind your business."

Mr. Pancks acknowledged this recommendation with such an extraordinarily abrupt, short, and loud utterance of the monosyllable "Oh!" that even the unwieldy Patriarch moved his blue eyes in something of a hurry to look at him. Mr. Pancks, with a sniff of corresponding intensity, then added, "Any thing more?"

"Not at present, Sir, not at present. I am going," said the Patriarch, finishing his mixture and rising with an amiable air, "to take a little stroll, little stroll. Perhaps I shall find you here when I come back. If not Sir, duty, duty; squeeze, squeeze, squeeze, on Monday; squeeze on Monday!"

Mr. Pancks, after another stiffening of his hair, looked on at the Patriarchal assumption of the broad-brimmed hat, with a momentary appearance of indecision contending with a sense of injury. He was also hotter than at first, and breathed harder. But he suffered Mr. Casby to go out, without offering any further remark, and then took a peep at him over the little green window-blinds. "I thought so," he observed. "I knew where you were bound to. Good!" He then steamed back to his Dock, put it carefully in order; took down his hat, looked round the Dock, said "Good-by!" and puffed away on his own account. He steered straight for Mrs. Plornish's end of Bleeding Heart Yard, and arrived there, at the top of the steps, hotter than ever.

At the top of the steps, resisting Mrs. Plornish's invitations to come and sit along with father in Happy Cottage—which, to his relief, were not so numerous as they would have been on any other night than Saturday, when the connection who so gallantly supported the business with every thing but money gave their orders freely—at the top of the steps, Mr. Pancks remained until he beheld the Patriarch, who always entered the Yard at the other end, slowly advancing, beaming, and surrounded by suitors. Then Mr. Pancks descended and bore down upon him, with his utmost pressure of steam on.

The Patriarch, approaching with his usual benignity, was surprised to see Mr. Pancks, but supposed him to have been stimulated to an immediate squeeze instead of postponing that operation until Monday. The population of the Yard were astonished at the meeting, for the two powers had never been seen there together within the memory of the oldest Bleeding Heart. But they were overcome by unutterable amazement when Mr. Pancks, going close up to the most venerable of men, and halting in front of the bottle-green waistcoat, made a trigger of his right thumb and forefinger, applied the same to the brim of the broad-brimmed hat, and, with singular smartness and precision, shot it off the polished head as if it had been a large marble.

Having taken this little liberty with the Patriarchal person, Mr. Pancks further astounded and attracted the Bleeding Hearts by saying, in an audible voice, "Now, you sugary swindler, I mean to have it out with you!"

Mr. Pancks and the Patriarch were instantly the centre of a press, all eyes and ears: windows were thrown open, and door-steps were thronged.

"What do you pretend to be?" said Mr. Pancks. "What's your moral game? What do you go in for? Benevolence, an't it? You benevolent!" Here Mr. Pancks, apparently without the intention of hitting him, but merely to relieve his mind and expand his superfluous power in wholesome exercise, aimed a blow at the bumpy head, which the bumpy head ducked to avoid. This singular performance was repeated, to the ever-increasing admiration of the spectators, at the end of every succeeding article of Mr. Pancks's oration.

"I have discharged myself from your service," said Pancks, "that I may tell you what you are. You're one of a lot of impostors that are the worst lot of all the lots to be met with. Speaking as a sufferer by both, I don't know that I wouldn't as soon have the Merdle lot as your lot. You're a driver in disguise, a screwer by deputy, a wringer, and squeezer, and shaver by substitute! You're a philanthropic sneak! You're a shabby deceiver!"

(The repetition of the performance at this point was received with a burst of laughter.)

"Ask these good people who's the hard man here. They'll tell you Pancks, I believe."

This was confirmed with cries of "Certainly!" and "Hear!"

"But I tell you, good people—Casby! This mound of meekness, this lump of love, this bottle-green smiler—this is your driver!" said Pancks. "If you want to see the man who would flay you alive—here he is! Don't look for him in me, at thirty shillings a week, but look for him in Casby, at I don't know how much a year!"

"Good!" cried several voices. "Hear Mr. Pancks!"

"Hear Mr. Pancks?" cried that gentleman (after repeating the popular performance), "yes, I should think so! It's almost time to hear Mr. Pancks! Mr. Pancks has come down into the Yard to-night on purpose that you should hear him. Pancks is only the Works; but here's the Winder!"

The audience would have gone over to Mr. Pancks, as one man, woman, and child, but for the long, gray, silken locks, and the broad-brimmed hat.

"Here's the Stop," said Pancks, "that sets the tune to be ground. And there is but one tune, and its name is Grind, Grind, Grind! Here's the Proprietor, and here's his Grubber. Why, good people, when he comes smoothly spinning through the Yard to-night, like a slow-going, benevolent Humming-top, and when you come about him with your complaints of the Grubber, you don't know what a cheat the Proprietor is! What do you think of his showing himself to-night, that I may have all the blame on Monday? What do you think of his having had me over the coals this very evening because I don't squeeze you enough? What do you think of my being, at the present moment, under special orders to squeeze you dry on Monday?"

The reply was given in a murmur of "Shame!" and "Shabby!"

"Shabby?" snorted Pancks. "Yes, I should think so! The lot that your Casby belongs to is the shabbiest of all the lots. Setting their Grubbers on, at a wretched pittance, to do what they're ashamed and afraid to do, and pretend not to do, but what they will have done, or give a man no rest! Imposing on you to give their Grubbers nothing but blame, and to give them nothing but credit! Why, the worst-looking cheat in all this town, who gets the value of eighteen-pence under false pretenses, an't half such a cheat as this sign-post of The Casby's Head here!"

Cries of "That's true!" and "No more he an't!"

"And see what you get of these fellows, besides," said Pancks. "See what more you get of these precious Humming-Tops, revolving among you with such smoothness that you've no idea of the pattern painted on 'em, or the little window in 'em! I wish to call your attention to myself for a moment. I an't an agreeable style of chap, I know that very well."

The auditory were divided on this point; its more uncompromising members crying, "No, you are not," and its politer materials, "Yes, you are."

"I am, in general," said Mr. Pancks, "a dry, uncomfortable, dreary Plodder and Grubber. That's your humble servant. There's his full-length portrait, painted by himself and presented to you, warranted a likeness! But what's a man to be with such a man as this for his Proprietor. What can be expected of him? Did any body ever find boiled mutton and caper-sauce growing in a cocoa-nut?"

None of the Bleeding Hearts ever had, it was clear from the alacrity of their response.

"Well," said Mr. Pancks, "and neither will you find in Grubbers like myself, under Proprietors like this, pleasant qualities. I've been a Grubber from a boy. What has my life been? Fag and grind, fag and grind, turn the wheel, turn the wheel! I haven't been agreeable to myself, and I haven't been likely to be agreeable to any body else. If I was a shilling a week less useful in ten years' time, this impostor would give me a shilling a week less; if as useful a man could be got at sixpence cheaper, he would be taken in my place at sixpence cheaper. Bargain and sale, bless you! Fixed principles! It is a mighty fine sign-post, is The Casby's Head," said Mr. Pancks, surveying it with any thing rather than admiration; "but the real name of the House is The Sham's Arms. Its motto is, Keep the Grubber always at it. Is any gentleman present,"

said Mr. Pancks, breaking off and looking round, "acquainted with the English Grammar?"

Bleeding Heart Yard was shy of claiming that acquaintance.

"It's no matter," said Mr. Pancks. "I merely wish to remark that the task this Proprietor has set me has been, never to leave off conjugating the Imperative Mood Present Tense of the verb To keep always at it. Keep thou always at it. Let him keep always at it. Keep we or do we keep always at it. Keep ye or do ye or you keep always at it. Let them keep always at it. Here is your benevolent Patriarch of a Casby, and there is his golden rule! He is uncommonly improving to look at, and I am not at all so. He is as sweet as honey, and I am as dull as ditch-water. He provides the pitch, and I handle it, and it sticks to me. Now," said Mr. Pancks, closing upon his late Proprietor again, from whom he had withdrawn a little, for the better display of him to the Yard, "as I am not accustomed to speak in public, and as I have made a rather lengthy speech, all circumstances considered, I shall bring my observations to a close by requesting you to get out of this."

The Last of the Patriarchs had been so seized by assault, and required so much room to catch an idea in, and so much more room to turn it in, that he had not a word to offer in reply. He appeared to be meditating some Patriarchal way out of his delicate position, when Mr. Pancks, once more suddenly applying the trigger to his hat, shot it off again with his former dexterity. On the preceding occasion, one or two of the Bleeding Heart Yarders had obsequiously picked it up and handed it to its owner; but Mr. Pancks had now so far impressed his audience, that the Patriarch had to turn and stoop for it himself.

Quick as lightning, Mr. Pancks, who for some moments had had his right hand in his coat pocket, whipped out a pair of shears, swooped upon the Patriarch behind, and snipped off short the sacred locks that flowed upon his shoulders. In a paroxysm of animosity and rapidity, Mr. Pancks then caught the broad-brimmed hat out of the astounded Patriarch's hand, cut it down into a mere stew-pan, and fixed it on the Patriarch's head.

Before the frightful results of this desperate action, Mr. Pancks himself recoiled in consternation. A bare-polled, goggle-eyed, big-headed, lumbering personage stood staring at him, not in the least impressive, not in the least venerable, who seemed to have started out of the earth to ask what was become of Casby. After staring at this phantom in return, in silent awe, Mr. Pancks threw down his shears, and fled for a place of hiding, where he might lie sheltered from the consequences of his crime. Mr. Pancks deemed it prudent to use all possible dispatch in making off, though he was pursued by nothing but the sound of laughter in Bleeding Heart Yard, rippling through the air, and making it ring again.

CHAPTER LXIX.—GOING.

The changes of a fevered room are slow and fluctuating; but the changes of the fevered world are rapid and irrevocable.

It was Little Dorrit's lot to wait upon both kinds of change. The Marshalsea walls, during a portion of every day, again embraced her in their shadows as their child while she thought for Clennam, worked for him, watched him, and only left him still to devote her utmost love and care to him. Her part in the life outside the gate urged its pressing claims upon her, too, and her patience untiringly responded to them. Here was Fanny, proud, fitful, whimsical, further advanced in that disqualified state for going into society which had so much fretted her on the evening of the tortoise-shell knife, resolved always to want comfort, resolved not to be comforted, resolved to be deeply wronged, and resolved that nobody should have the audacity to think her so. Here was her brother, a weak, proud, tipsy, young-old man, shaking from head to foot, talking as indistinctly as if some of the money he plumed himself upon had got into his mouth and couldn't be got out, unable to walk alone in any act of his life, and patronizing the sister whom he selfishly loved (he always had that negative merit, ill-starred and ill-launched Tip!) because he suffered her to lead him. Here was Mrs. Merdle in gauzy mourning—the original cap whereof had possibly been rent to pieces in a fit of grief, but had certainly yielded to a highly becoming article from the Parisian market—warring with Fanny foot to foot, and breasting her with her desolate bosom every hour in the day. Here was poor Mr. Sparkler, not knowing how to keep the peace between them, but humbly inclining to the opinion that they could do no better than agree that they were both remarkably fine women, and that there was no nonsense about either of them—for which gentle recommendation they united in falling upon him frightfully. Then, too, here was Mrs. General, got home from foreign parts, sending a Prune and a Prism by post every other day, demanding a new Testimonial by way of recommendation to some vacant appointment or other. Of which remarkable gentlewoman it may be finally observed, that there surely never was a gentlewoman of whose transcendent fitness for any vacant appointment on the face of this earth so many people were (as the warmth of her Testimonials evinced) so perfectly satisfied—or who was so very unfortunate in having a large circle of ardent and distinguished admirers, who never themselves happened to want her, in any capacity.

On the first crash of the eminent Mr. Merdle's disease, many important persons had been unable to determine whether they should cut Mrs. Merdle, or comfort her. As it seemed,

however, essential to the strength of their own case that they should admit her to have been cruelly deceived, they graciously made the admission and continued to know her. It followed that Mrs. Merdle, as a woman of fashion and good breeding, who had been sacrificed to the wiles of a vulgar barbarian (for Mr. Merdle was found out, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, the moment he was found out in his pocket), must be actively championed by her order, for her order's sake. She returned this fealty, by causing it to be understood that she was even more incensed against the felonious shade of the deceased than any body else was; thus, on the whole, she came out of her furnace like a wise woman, and did exceedingly well.

Mr. Sparkler's lordship was fortunately one of those shelves on which a gentleman is considered to be put away for life, unless there should be reasons for hoisting him up with the Barnacle crane to a more lucrative height. That patriotic servant accordingly stuck to his colors (the Standard of four Quarterings), and was a perfect Nelson in respect of nailing them to the mast. On the profits of his intrepidity, Mrs. Sparkler and Mrs. Merdle, inhabiting different floors of the genteel little temple of inconvenience to which the smell of the day before yesterday's soup, and coach-horses was as constant as Death to man, arrayed themselves to fight it out in the lists of Society, sworn rivals. And Little Dorrit, seeing all these things as they developed themselves, could not but wonder, anxiously, into what back corner of the genteel establishment Fanny's children would be poked by-and-by, and who would take care of those unborn little victims.

Arthur being far too ill to be spoken with on subjects of emotion or anxiety, and his recovery greatly depending on the repose into which his weakness could be hushed, Little Dorrit's sole reliance during this heavy period was on Mr. Meagles. He was still abroad; but, she had written to him, through his daughter, immediately after first seeing Arthur in the Marshalsea, and since, confiding her uneasiness to him on the points on which she was most anxious, but especially on one. To that one, the continued absence of Mr. Meagles abroad, instead of his comforting presence in the Marshalsea, was referable.

Without disclosing the precise nature of the documents that had fallen into Rigaud's hands, Little Dorrit had confided the general outline of that story to Mr. Meagles, to whom she had also recounted his fate. The old cautious habits of the scales and scoop at once showed Mr. Meagles the importance of recovering the original papers; wherefore, he wrote back to Little Dorrit, strongly confirming her in the solicitude she expressed on that head, and adding that he would not come over to England "without making some attempt to trace them out."

By this time, Mr. Henry Gowan had made up his mind that it would be agreeable to him not to know the Meagleses. He was so considerate as to lay no injunctions on his wife in that particular; but he mentioned to Mr. Meagles that personally they did not appear to him to get on together, and that he thought it would be a good thing if—politely, and without any scene, or any thing of that sort—they agreed that they were the best fellows in the world, but were best apart. Poor Mr. Meagles, who was already sensible that he did not advance his daughter's happiness by being constantly slighted in her presence, said "Good, Henry! You are my Pet's husband; you have displaced me, in the course of nature; if you wish it, good!" This arrangement involved the contingent advantage, which perhaps Henry Gowan had not foreseen, that both Mr. and Mrs. Meagles were more liberal than before to their daughter, when their communication was only with her and her young child; and that his high spirit found itself better provided with money, without being under the degrading necessity of knowing whence it came.

Mr. Meagles, at such a period, naturally seized an occupation with great ardor. He knew from his daughter the various towns which Rigaud had been haunting, and the various hotels at which he had been living for some time back. The occupation he set himself was, to visit these with all discretion and speed, and, in the event of finding any where that he had left a bill unpaid and a box or parcel behind, to pay such bill, and bring away such box or parcel.

With no other attendant than mother, Mr. Meagles went upon this pilgrimage, and encountered a number of adventures. Not the least of his difficulties was, that he never knew what was said to him, and that he pursued his inquiries among people who never knew what he said to them. Still, with an unshaken confidence that the English tongue was somehow the mother-tongue of the whole world, only the people were too stupid to know it, Mr. Meagles harangued innkeepers in the most voluble manner, entered into loud explanations of the most complicated sort, and utterly renounced replies in the native language of the respondents, on the ground that they were "all bosh." Sometimes interpreters were called in; whom Mr. Meagles addressed in such idiomatic terms of speech as instantly to extinguish and shut up—which made the matter worse. On a balance of the account, however, it may be doubted whether he lost much; for, although he found no property, he found so many debts and various associations of discredit with the proper name which was the only word he made intelligible, that he was almost every where overwhelmed with injurious accusations. On no fewer than four occasions, the police were called in to receive denunciations of Mr. Meagles as a Knight of Industry, a good-for-nothing, and a thief; all of which opprobrious language he bore with the best temper (having no idea what it meant), and was in

the most ignominious manner escorted to steamboats and public carriages, to be got rid of, talking all the while, like a cheerful and fluent Briton as he was with Mother under his arm.

But, in his own tongue, and in his own head, Mr. Meagles was a clear, shrewd, persevering man. When he had "worked round," as he called it, to Paris in his pilgrimage, and had wholly failed in it so far, he was not disheartened. "The nearer to England I follow him, you see, Mother," argued Mr. Meagles, "the nearer I am likely to come to the papers, whether they turn up or no. Because it is only reasonable to conclude that he would deposit them somewhere where they would be safe from people over in England, and where they would yet be accessible to himself, don't you see?"

At Paris, Mr. Meagles found a letter from Little Dorrit lying waiting for him; in which she mentioned that she had been able to talk for a minute or two with Mr. Clennam, about this man who was no more; and that when she told Mr. Clennam that his friend Mr. Meagles, who was on his way to see him, had an interest in ascertaining something about the man if he could, he had asked her to tell Mr. Meagles that he had been known to Miss Wade, then living in such a street at Calais. "Oho!" said Mr. Meagles.

As soon afterward as might be, in those Diligence days, Mr. Meagles rang the cracked bell at the cracked gate, and it jarred open, and the peasant-woman stood in the dark door-way, saying, "Ice-say! Seer! Who?" In acknowledgment of whose address, Mr. Meagles murmured to himself that there was some sense about these Calais people, who really did know something of what you and themselves were up to; and returned, "Miss Wade, my dear." He was then shown into the presence of Miss Wade.

"It's some time since we met," said Mr. Meagles, clearing his throat; "I hope you have been pretty well, Miss Wade?"

Without hoping that he or any body else had been pretty well, Miss Wade asked him to what she was indebted for the honor of seeing him again? Mr. Meagles, in the mean while, glanced all round the room, without observing any thing in the shape of a box.

"Why, the truth is, Miss Wade," said Mr. Meagles, in a comfortable, managing, not to say coaxing, voice, "it is possible that you may be able to throw a light upon a little something that is at present dark. Any unpleasant by-gones between us are by-gones, I hope. Can't be helped now. You recollect my daughter? Times change so! A mother!"

In his innocence, Mr. Meagles could not have struck a worse key-note. He paused for any expression of interest, but paused in vain.

"That is not the subject you wished to enter on?" she said, after a cold silence.

"No, no," returned Mr. Meagles, "No. I thought your good-nature might—"

"I thought you knew," she interrupted, with a smile, "that my good-nature is not to be calculated upon."

"Don't say so," said Mr. Meagles; "you do yourself an injustice. However, to come to the point." For he was sensible of having gained nothing by approaching it in a roundabout way. "I have heard from my friend Clennam, who, you will be sorry to hear, has been and still is very ill—"

He paused again, and again she was silent.

"—that you had some knowledge of one Blandois, lately killed in London by a violent accident. Now, don't mistake me! I know it was a slight knowledge," said Mr. Meagles, dexterously forestalling an angry interruption which he saw about to break. "I am fully aware of that. It was a slight knowledge, I know. But, the question is," Mr. Meagles's voice here became comfortable again, "did he, on his way to England last time, leave a box of papers, or a bundle of papers, or some papers or other in some receptacle or other—any papers—with you: begging you to allow him to leave them here for a short time, until he wanted them?"

"The question is?" she repeated. "Whose question is?"

"Mine," said Mr. Meagles. "And not only mine, but Clennam's question, and other people's question. Now, I am sure," continued Mr. Meagles, whose heart was overflowing with Pet, "that you can't have any unkind feeling toward my daughter; it's impossible. Well! It's her question, too; being one in which a particular friend of hers is nearly interested. So here I am, frankly to say that *is* the question, and to ask, Now, did he?"

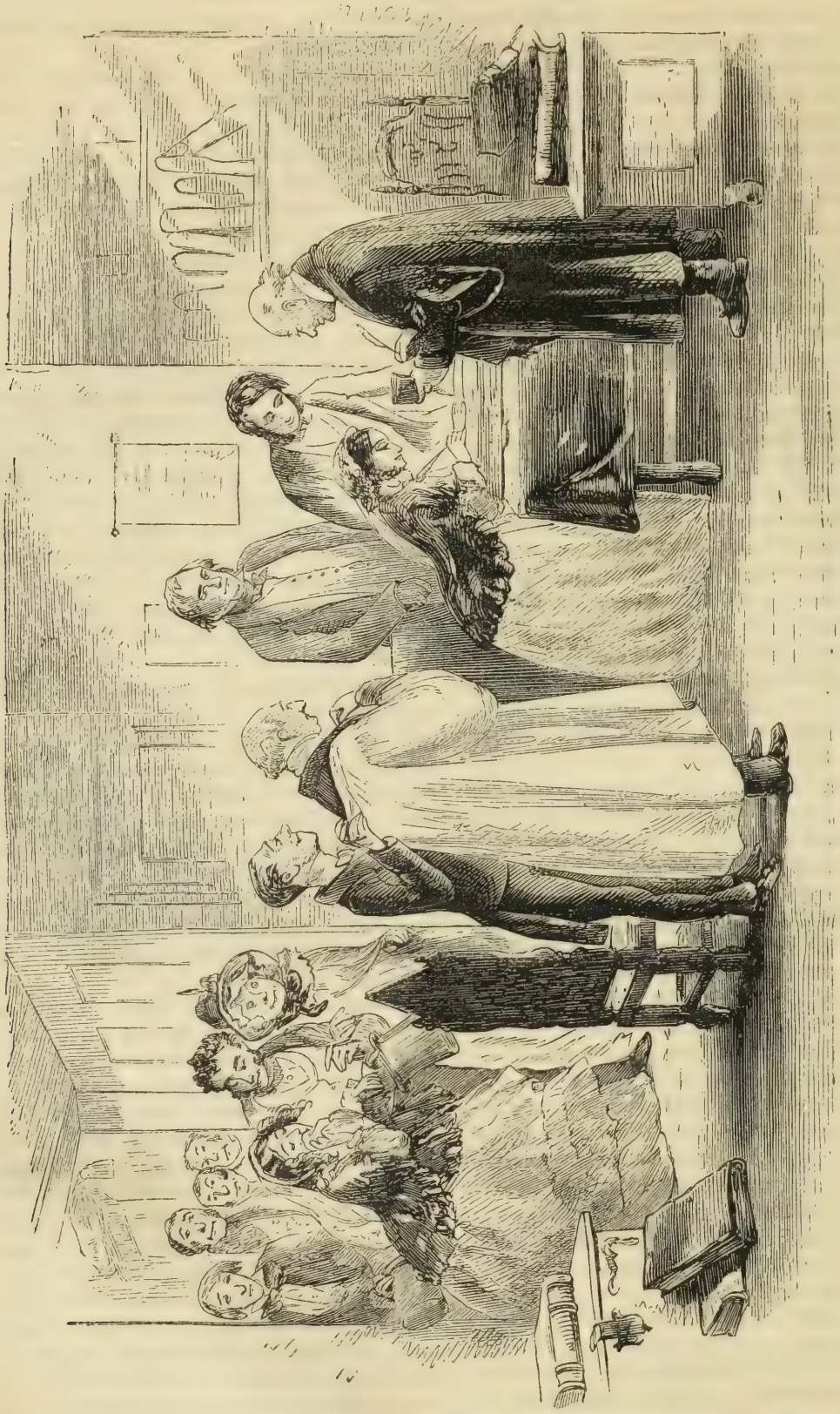
"Upon my word," she returned, "I seem to be a mark for every body who knew any thing of a man I once in my life hired, and paid, and dismissed, to aim their questions at!"

"Now, don't," remonstrated Mr. Meagles, "don't! Don't take offense, because it's the plainest question in the world, and might be asked of any one. The documents I refer to were not his own, were wrongfully obtained, might at some time or other be troublesome to an innocent person to have in keeping, and are sought by the people to whom they really belong. He passed through Calais going to London, and there were reasons why he should not take them with him then, why he should wish to be able to put his hand upon them readily, and why he should distrust leaving them with people of his own sort. Did he leave them here? I declare, if I knew how to avoid giving you offense, I would take any pains to do it. I put the question personally, but there's nothing personal in it. I might put it to any one; I have put it already to many people. Did he leave them here? Did he leave any thing here?"

"No."

"Then unfortunately, Miss Wade, you know nothing about them?"

"I know nothing about them. I have now



THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE REGISTERS.

answered your unaccountable question. He did not leave them here, and I know nothing about them."

"There!" said Mr. Meagles, rising. "I am sorry for it; that's over; and I hope there is not much harm done.—Tattycoram well, Miss Wade?"

"Harriet well? Oh yes!"

"I have put my foot in it again," said Mr. Meagles, thus corrected. "I can't keep my foot out of it, here, it seems. Perhaps, if I had thought twice about it, I might never have given her the jingling name. But, when one means to be good-natured and sportive with young people, one doesn't think twice. Her old friend leaves a kind word for her, Miss Wade, if you should think proper to deliver it."

She said nothing as to that; and Mr. Meagles, taking his honest face out of the dull room, where it shone like a sun, took it to the Hotel where he had left Mrs. Meagles, and where he made the report: "Beaten, Mother; no ef-

fects!" He took it next to the London Steam-packet, which sailed in the night, and next to the Marshalsea.

The faithful John was on duty when Father and Mother Meagles presented themselves at the wicket toward nightfall. Miss Dorrit was not there then, he said; but she had been there in the morning, and invariably came in the evening. Mr. Clennam was slowly mending; and Maggy, and Mrs. Plornish, and Mr. Baptist took care of him by turns. Miss Dorrit was sure to come back that evening before the bell rang. There was the room the Marshal had lent her up stairs, in which they could wait for her if they pleased. Mistrustful that it might be hazardous to Arthur to see him without preparation, Mr. Meagles accepted the offer; and they were left shut up in the room, looking down through its barred window into the jail.

The cramped area of the prison had such an effect on Mrs. Meagles that she began to weep, and such an effect on Mr. Meagles that he began to gasp for air. He was walking up and down the room, panting and making himself worse by laboriously fanning himself with his handkerchief, when he turned toward the opening door.

"Eh! Good gracious!" said Mr. Meagles; "this is not Miss Dorrit! Why, mother, look! Tattycoram!"

No other. And in Tattycoram's arms was an iron box some two feet square. Such a box had Affery Flintwinch seen in the first of her dreams, going out of the old house in the dead of the night, under Double's arm. This, Tattycoram put on the ground at her old master's feet; this, Tattycoram fell on her knees by, and beat her hands upon, crying, half in exultation and half in despair, half in laughter and half in tears, "Pardon, dear Master; take me back, dear Mistress; here it is!"

"Tatty!" exclaimed Mr. Meagles.

"What you wanted!" said Tattycoram. "Here it is! I was put in the next room not to see you. I heard you ask her about it; I heard her say she hadn't got it; I was there when he left it; and I took it at bedtime and brought it away. Here it is!"

"Why, my girl," cried Mr. Meagles, more breathless than before, "how did you come over?"

"I came in the boat with you. I was sitting wrapped up at the other end. When you took a coach at the wharf I took another coach, and followed you here. She never would have given it up, after what you had said to her about its being wanted; she would sooner have sunk it in the sea, or burned it. But here it is!"

The glow and rapture that the girl was in, with her "Here it is!"

"She never wanted it to be left, I must say that for her; but he left it, and I know well that after what you said, and after her denying it, she never would have given it up. But here it is! Dear Master, dear Mistress, take me back again, and give me back the dear old name! Let this intercede for me. Here it is!"

Father and Mother Meagles never deserved their names better than when they took the headstrong foundling-girl into their protection again.

"Oh, I have been so wretched!" cried Tattycoram, weeping much more after that than before; "always so unhappy, and so repentant! I was afraid of her from the first time I ever saw her. I knew she had got a power over me, through understanding what was bad in me so well. It was a madness in me, and she could raise it whenever she liked. I used to think, when I got into that state, that people were all against me because of my first beginning; and the kinder they were to me the worse fault I found in them. I made it out that they triumphed above me, and that they wanted to make me envy them, when I know—when I even knew then, if I would—that they never thought of such a thing. And my beautiful young mistress not so happy as she ought to have been, and I gone away from her! Such a brute and wretch as she must think me! But you'll say a word to her for me, and ask her to be as forgiving as you two are! For I am not so bad as I was," pleaded Tattycoram; "I am bad enough, but not so bad as I was, indeed. I have had Miss Wade before me all this time, as if it was my own self grown ripe—turning every thing the wrong way, and twisting all good into evil. I have had her before me all this time, finding no pleasure in any thing but in keeping me as miserable, suspicious, and tormenting as herself. Not that she had much to do, to do that," cried Tattycoram, in a closing great burst of distress, "for I was as bad as bad could be. I only mean to say that, after what I have gone through, I hope I shall never be quite so bad again, and that I shall get better by very slow degrees. I'll try very hard. I won't stop at five-and-twenty, Sir. I'll count five-and-twenty hundred, five-and-twenty thousand!"

Another opening of the door, and Tattycoram subsided, and Little Dorrit came in, and Mr. Meagles, with pride and joy, produced the box, and her gentle face was lighted up with grateful happiness and joy. The secret was safe now! She could keep her own part of it from him; he should never know of her loss; in time to come, he should know all that was of import to himself; but he should never know what concerned her only. That was all past, all forgiven, all forgotten.

"Now, my dear Miss Dorrit," said Mr. Meagles, "I am a man of business—or at least was—and I am going to take my measures, promptly, in that character. Had I better see Arthur to-night?"

"I think not to-night. I will go to his room and ascertain how he is. But I think it will be better not to see him to-night."

"I am much of your opinion, my dear," said

Mr. Meagles; "and therefore I have not been any nearer to him than this dismal room. Then I shall probably not see him for some little time to come. But I'll explain what I mean when you come back."

She left the room. Mr. Meagles, looking through the bars of the window, saw her pass out of the Lodge below him into the prison-yard. He said, gently, "Tattycoram, come to me a moment, my good girl."

She went up to the window.

"You see that young lady who was here just now—that little, quiet, fragile figure passing along there, Tatty? Look. The people stand out of the way to let her go by. The men—see the poor, shabby fellows—pull off their hats to her quite politely, and now she glides in at that door-way. See her, Tattycoram?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I have heard tell, Tatty, that she was once regularly called the child of this place. She was born here, and lived here many years. I can't breathe here. A doleful place to be born and bred in, Tattycoram?"

"Yes indeed, Sir!"

"If she had constantly thought of herself, and settled with herself that every body visited this place upon her, turned it against her, and cast it at her, she would have led an irritable and probably a useless existence. Yet I have heard tell, Tattycoram, that her young life has been one of active resignation, goodness, and noble service. Shall I tell you what I consider those eyes of hers that were here just now, to have always looked at, to get that expression?"

"Yes, if you please, Sir."

"Duty, Tattycoram. Begin it early, and do it well; and there is no antecedent to it, in any origin or station, that will tell against us with the Almighty, or with ourselves."

They remained at the window, Mother joining them and pitying the prisoners, until she was seen coming back. She was soon in the room, and recommended that Arthur, whom she had left calm and composed, should not be visited that night.

"Good!" said Mr. Meagles, cheerily. "I have not a doubt that's best. I shall trust my remembrances then, my sweet nurse, in your hands, and I well know they couldn't be in better. I am off again to-morrow morning."

Little Dorrit, surprised, asked him where?

"My dear," said Mr. Meagles, "I can't live without breathing. This place has taken my breath away, and I shall never get it back again until Arthur's out of this place."

"How is that a reason for going off again to-morrow morning?"

"You shall understand," said Mr. Meagles. "To-night we three will put up at a city hotel. To-morrow morning, Mother and Tattycoram will go down to Twickenham, where Mrs. Tickit, sitting attended by Dr. Buchan in the parlor-window, will think them a couple of ghosts; and I shall go abroad again for Doyce. We must have Dan here. Now, I tell you, my love, it's of no use writing, and planning, and conditionally speculating, upon this, and that, and the other, at uncertain intervals and distances; we must have Doyce here. I devote myself, at daybreak to-morrow morning, to bringing Doyce here. It's nothing to me to go and find him. I'm an old traveler, and all foreign languages and customs are alike to me—I never understand any thing about any of 'em. Therefore I can't be put to any inconvenience. Go at once I must, it stands to reason; because I can't live without breathing freely, and I can't breathe freely until Arthur is out of this Marshalsea. I am stifled at the present moment, and have scarcely breath enough to say this much, and to carry this precious box down stairs for you."

They got into the street as the bell began to ring, Mr. Meagles carrying the box. Little Dorrit had no conveyance there, which rather surprised him. He called a coach for her, and she got into it, and he placed the box beside her when she was seated. In her joy and gratitude she kissed his hand.

"I don't like that, my dear," said Mr. Meagles. "It goes against my feeling of what's right, that *you* should do homage to *me*—at the Marshalsea Gate."

She bent forward and kissed his cheek.

"You remind me of the days," said Mr. Meagles, suddenly dropping—"but she's very fond of him, and hides his faults, and thinks that no one sees them—and he certainly is well connected, and of a very good family!"

It was the only comfort he had in the loss of his daughter, and if he made the most of it, who could blame him?

CHAPTER LXX.—GONE!

On a healthy autumn day, the Marshalsea prisoner, weak, but otherwise restored, sat listening to a voice that read to him. On a healthy autumn day, when the golden fields had been reaped and plowed again, when the summer fruits had ripened and waned, when the green perspectives of hops had been laid low by the busy pickers, when the apples clustering in the orchards were russet, and the berries of the mountain-ash were crimson among the yellowing foliage. Already, in the woods, glimpses of the hardy winter that was coming, were to be caught through unaccustomed openings among the boughs where the prospect shone defined and clear, free from the bloom of the drowsy summer weather, which had rested on it as the bloom lies on the plum. So from the sea-shore the ocean was no longer to be seen lying asleep in the heat, but its thousand sparkling eyes were open, and its whole breadth was in joyful animation, from the cool sand on the beach to the little sails on the horizon, drifting away like autumn-tinted leaves that had drifted from the trees.

Changeless and barren, looking ignorantly at all the seasons with its fixed, pinched face of pov-

erty and care, the prison had not a touch of any of these beauties on it. Blossom what would, its bricks and bars bore uniformly the same dead crop. Yet Clennam, listening to the voice as it read to him, heard in it all that great Nature was doing, heard in it all the soothing songs she sings to man. At no Mother's knee but hers had he ever dwelt in his youth on hopeful promises, on playful fancies, on the harvests of tenderness and humility that lie hidden in the early-fostered seeds of the imagination; on the oaks of retreat from blighting winds, that have the germs of their strong roots in nursery acorns. But in the tones of the voice that read to him there were memories of an old feeling of such things, and echoes of every merciful and loving whisper that had ever stolen to him in his life.

When the voice stopped, he put his hand over his eyes, murmuring that the light was strong upon them.

Little Dorrit put the book by, and presently arose quietly to shade the window. Maggy sat at her needlework in her old place. The light softened, Little Dorrit brought her chair closer to his side.

"This will soon be over now, dear Mr. Clennam. Not only are Mr. Doyce's letters to you so full of friendship and encouragement, but Mr. Rugg says his letters to him are so full of help, and that every body (now a little anger is past) is so considerate, and speaks so well of you, that it will soon be over now."

"Dear girl. Dear heart. Good angel!"

"You praise me far too much. And yet it is such an exquisite pleasure to me to hear you speak so feelingly, and to—and to see," said Little Dorrit, raising her eyes to his, "how deeply you mean it, that I can not say Don't."

He lifted her hand to his lips.

"You have been here many, many times, when I have not seen you, Little Dorrit?"

"Yes, I have been here sometimes when I have not come into the room."

"Very often?"

"Rather often," said Little Dorrit, timidly.

"Every day?"

"I think," said Little Dorrit, after hesitating, "that I have been here at least twice every day."

He might have released the little light hand, after fervently kissing it again: but that, with a very gentle lingering where it was, it seemed to court being retained. He took it in both of his, and it lay softly on his breast.

"Dear Little Dorrit, it is not my imprisonment only that will soon be over. This sacrifice of you must be ended. We must learn to part again, and to take our different ways so wide asunder. You have not forgotten what we said together, when you came back?"

"Oh no, I have not forgotten it. But something has—You feel quite strong to-day, don't you?"

"Quite strong."

The hand he held crept up a little nearer to his face.

"Do you feel quite strong enough to know what a great fortune I have got?"

"I shall be very glad to be told. No fortune is too great or good for Little Dorrit."

"I have been anxiously waiting to tell you. I have been longing and longing to tell you. You are sure you will not take it?"

"Never!"

"You are quite sure you will not take half of it?"

"Never, dear Little Dorrit?"

As she looked at him silently, there was something in her affectionate face that he did not quite comprehend; something that was full of repressed feeling; that could have broken into tears in a moment, and yet that was happy and proud.

"You will be sorry to hear what I have to tell you about Fanny. Poor Fanny has lost every thing. She has nothing left but her husband's income. All that papa gave her when she married was lost as your money was lost. It was in the same hands, and it is all gone."

Arthur was more shocked than surprised to hear it. "I had hoped it might not be so bad," he said: "but I had feared a heavy loss there, knowing the connection between her husband and the defaulter."

"Yes. It is all gone. I am very sorry for Fanny; very, very, very sorry for poor Fanny. My poor brother, too!"

"Had *he* property in the same hands?"

"Yes! And it is all gone—How much do you think my great fortune is?"

As Arthur looked at her inquiringly with a new apprehension on him, she withdrew her hand, and laid her face down on the spot where it had rested.

"I have nothing in the world. I am as poor as when I lived here. When papa came over to England, he confided every thing he had to the same hands, and it is all swept away. Oh, my dearest and best, are you quite sure you will not share my fortune with me now?"

Locked in his arms, held to his heart, with his manly tears upon her own cheek, she drew the slight hand round his neck, and clasped it in its fellow-hand.

"Never to part, my dearest Arthur; never any more until the last! I never was rich before, I never was proud before, I never was happy before. I am rich in being taken by you, I am proud in having been resigned by you, I am happy in being with you in this prison, as I should be happy in coming back to it with you, if it should be the will of God, and comforting and serving you with all my love and truth. I am yours any where, every where! I love you dearly! I would rather pass my life here with you, and go out daily, working for our bread, than I would have the greatest fortune that ever was told, and be the greatest lady that ever was honored. Oh, if poor papa may only

know how blest at last my heart is, in this room where he suffered for so many years!"

Maggy had of course been staring from the first, and had of course been crying her eyes out, long before this. Maggy was now so overjoyed that, after hugging her Little Mother with all her might, she went down stairs like a clog-hornpipe to find somebody or other to whom to impart her gladness. Whom should Maggy meet but Flora and Mr. F.'s Aunt opportunely coming in? And whom else, as a consequence of that meeting, should Little Dorrit find waiting for herself, when, a good two or three hours afterward, she went out?

Flora's eyes were a little red, and she seemed rather out of spirits. Mr. F.'s Aunt was so stiffened that she had the appearance of being past bending, by any means short of powerful mechanical pressure. Her bonnet was cocked up behind in a terrific manner; and her stony reticule was as rigid as if it had been petrified by the Gorgon's head, and had got it at that moment inside. With these imposing attributes, Mr. F.'s Aunt, publicly seated on the steps of the Marshal's official residence, had been for the two or three hours in question a great boon to the younger inhabitants of the Borough, whose sallies of humor she had considerably flushed herself by resenting, at the point of her umbrella, from time to time.

"Painfully aware, Miss Dorrit, I am sure," said Flora, "that to propose an adjournment to any place to one so far removed by fortune and so courted and caressed by the best society must ever appear intruding even if not a pie-shop far below your present sphere and a back-parlor though a civil man but if for the sake of Arthur—can not overcome it more improper now than over late Doyce and Clennam—one last remark I might wish to make one last explanation I might wish to offer perhaps your good-nature might excuse under pretense of three kidney ones the humble place of conversation."

Rightly interpreting this rather obscure speech, Little Dorrit returned that she was quite at Flora's disposition. Flora accordingly led the way across the road to the pie-shop in question, Mr. F.'s Aunt stalking across in the rear, and putting herself in the way of being run over, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

When the "three kidney ones," which were to be a blind to the conversation, were set before them on three little tin platters, each kidney one ornamented with a hole at the top, into which the civil man poured hot gravy out of a spouted can, as if he were feeding three lamps, Flora took out her pocket-handkerchief.

"If Fancy's fair dreams," she began, "have ever pictured that when Arthur—can not overcome it pray excuse me—was restored to freedom even a pie as far from flaky as the present and so deficient in kidney as to be in that respect like a minced nutmeg might not prove unacceptable if offered by the hand of true regard such visions have forever fled and all is canceled but being aware that tender relations are in contemplation beg to state that I heartily wish well to both and find no fault with either not the least, it may be withering to know that ere the hand of Time had made me much less slim than formerly and dreadfully red on the slightest exertion particularly after eating I well know when it takes the form of a rash it might have been and was not through the interruption of parents and mental torpor succeeded until the mysterious clew was held by Mr. F. still I would not be ungenerous to either and I heartily wish well to both."

Little Dorrit took her hand, and thanked her for all her old kindness.

"Call it not kindness," returned Flora, giving her an honest kiss, "for you always were the best and dearest little thing that ever was if I may take the liberty and even in a money point of view a saving being Conscience itself though I must add much more agreeable than mine ever was to me for though not I hope more burdened than other people's yet I have always found it far readier to make one uncomfortable than comfortable and evidently taking a greater pleasure in doing it but I am wandering, one hope I wish to express ere yet the closing scene draws in and it is that I do trust for the sake of old times and old sincerity that Arthur will know that I didn't desert him in his misfortunes but that I came backward and forward constantly to ask if I could do any thing for him and that I sat in the pie-shop where they very civilly fetched something warm in a tumbler from the hotel and really very nice hours after hours to keep him company over the way without his knowing it."

Flora really had tears in her eyes now, and they showed her to great advantage.

"Over and above which," said Flora, "I earnestly beg you as the dearest thing that ever was if you'll still excuse the familiarity from one who moves in very different circles to let Arthur understand that I don't know after all whether it wasn't all nonsense between us though pleasant at the time and trying too and certainly Mr. F. did work a change and the spell being broken nothing could be expected to take place without weaving it afresh which various circumstances have combined to prevent of which perhaps not the least powerful was that it was not to be, I am not prepared to say that if it had been agreeable to Arthur and had brought itself about naturally in the first instance I should not have been very glad being of a lively disposition and moped at home where papa undoubtedly is the most aggravating of his sex and not improved since having been cut down by the hand of the incendiary into something of which I never saw the counterpart in all my life but jealousy is not my character nor ill-will though many faults."

Without having been able closely to follow Mrs. Finching through this labyrinth, Little

Dorrit understood its purpose, and cordially accepted the trust.

"The withered chaplet my dear," said Flora, with great enjoyment, "is then perished the column is crumbled and the pyramid is standing upside-down upon its what's-his-name call it not giddiness call it not weakness call it not folly I must now retire into privacy and look upon the ashes of departed joys no more but taking the further liberty of paying for the pastry which has formed the humble pretext of our interview will forever say Adieu!"

Mr. F.'s Aunt, who had eaten her pie with great solemnity, and who had been elaborating some grievous scheme of injury in her mind, since her first assumption of that public position on the Marshal's steps, took the present opportunity of addressing the following Sibyllic apostrophe to the relict of her late nephew:

"Bring him for'ard, and I'll chuck him out o' winder!"

Flora tried in vain to soothe the excellent woman, by explaining that they were going home to dinner. Mr. F.'s Aunt persisted in replying, "Bring him for'ard, and I'll chuck him out o' winder!" Having reiterated this demand an immense number of times, with a sustained glare of defiance at Little Dorrit, Mr. F.'s Aunt folded her arms, and sat down in the corner of the pie-shop parlor, steadfastly refusing to budge until such time as "he" should have been "brought for'ard," and the chucking portion of his destiny accomplished.

In this condition of things, Flora confided to Little Dorrit that she had not seen Mr. F.'s Aunt so full of life and character for weeks; that she would find it necessary to remain there "hours perhaps," until the inexorable old lady could be softened; and that she could manage her best alone. They parted, therefore, in the friendliest manner, and with the kindest feeling on both sides.

Mr. F.'s Aunt holding out like a grim fortress, and Flora becoming in need of refreshment, a messenger was dispatched to the hotel for the tumbler already glanced at, which was afterward replenished. With the aid of its contents, a newspaper, and some skimming of the cream of the pie-stock, Flora got through the remainder of the day in perfect good-humor; though occasionally embarrassed by the consequences of an idle rumor which circulated among the credulous infants of the neighborhood, to the effect that an old lady had sold herself to the pie-shop, to be made up, and was then sitting in the pie-shop parlor, declining to complete her contract. This attracted so many young persons of both sexes, and, when the shades of evening began to fall, occasioned so much interruption to the business, that the merchant became very pressing in his proposals that Mr. F.'s Aunt should be removed. A conveyance was accordingly brought to the door, which, by the joint efforts of the merchant and Flora, this remarkable woman was at last induced to enter; though not without even then putting her head out of the window, and demanding to have him "brought for'ard" for the purpose originally mentioned. As she was observed at this time to direct baleful glances toward the Marshalsea, it has been supposed that this admirably consistent female intended by "him," Arthur Clennam. This, however, is mere speculation; who the person was, who, for the satisfaction of Mr. F.'s Aunt's mind, ought to have been brought forward, and never was brought forward, will never be positively known.

The autumn days went on, and Little Dorrit never came to the Marshalsea now and went away without seeing him. No, no, no.

One morning, as Arthur listened for the light feet that every morning ascended winged to his heart, bringing the heavenly brightness of a new love into the room where the old love had wrought so hard and been so true; one morning, as he listened, he heard her coming, not alone.

"Dear Arthur," said her delighted voice outside the door, "I have some one here. May I bring some one in?"

He had thought from the tread there were two with her. He answered "Yes," and she came in with Mr. Meagles. Sunbrowned and jolly Mr. Meagles looked, and he opened his arms and folded Arthur in them, like a sunbrowned and jolly father.

"Now, I am all right," said Mr. Meagles, after a minute or so. "Now, it's over. Arthur, my dear fellow, confess at once that you expected me before."

"I did," said Arthur; "but Amy told me—"

"Little Dorrit. Never any other name." It was she who whispered it.

"—But my Little Dorrit told me that, without asking for any further explanation, I was not to expect you until I saw you."

"And now you see me, my boy," said Mr. Meagles, shaking him by the hand stoutly; "and now you shall have any explanation and every explanation. The fact is, I *was* here—came straight to you from the Allongers and Marshongers, or I should be ashamed to look you in the face to-day—but you were not in company trim at the moment, and I had to start off again to catch Doyce."

"Poor Doyce!" sighed Arthur.

"Don't call him names that he don't deserve," said Mr. Meagles. "*He*'s not poor; *he*'s doing well enough. Doyce is a wonderful fellow over there. I assure you, he is making out his case like a house afire. He has fallen on his legs, has Dan. Where they don't want things done and find a man to do 'em, that man's off his legs; but where they do want things done and find a man to do 'em, that man's on his legs. You won't have occasion to trouble the Circumlocution Office any more. Let me tell you, Dan has done without 'em!"

"What a load you take from my mind!" cried Arthur. "What happiness you give me!"

"Happiness?" retorted Mr. Meagles. "Don't talk about happiness till you see Dan. I assure you Dan is directing works and executing labors over yonder that it would make your hair stand on end to look at. He's no public offender, bless you, now! He's medaled and ribboned, and starred and crossed, and I don't-know-what all'd, like a born nobleman. But we mustn't talk about that over here."

"Why not?"

"Oh, egad!" said Mr. Meagles, shaking his head very seriously, "he must hide all those things under lock and key when he comes over here. They won't do, over here. In that particular, Britannia is a Britannia in the Manger—won't give her children such distinctions herself, and won't allow them to be seen, when they're given by other countries. No, no, Dan," said Mr. Meagles, shaking his head again. "That won't do here!"

"If you had brought me (except for Doyce's sake) twice what I have lost," cried Arthur, "you would not have given me the pleasure that you give me in this news."

"Why, of course, of course," assented Mr. Meagles. "Of course I know that, my good fellow, and therefore I come out with it in the first burst. Now, to go back, about catching Doyce. I caught Doyce. Ran against him, among a lot of those dirty brown dogs in women's nightcaps a great deal too big for 'em, calling themselves Arabs and all sorts of incoherent races. *You* know 'em! Well! He was coming straight to me, and I was going straight to him, and so we came back together."

"Doyce in England?" exclaimed Arthur.

"There!" said Mr. Meagles, throwing open his arms. "I am the worst man in the world to manage a thing of this sort. I don't know what I should have done if I had been in the diplomatic line—right, perhaps! The long and the short of it is, Arthur, we have both been in England this fortnight. And if you go on to ask where Doyce is at the present moment, why, my plain answer is—here he is! And now I can breathe again, at last!"

Doyce darted in from behind the door, caught Arthur by both hands, and said the rest for himself.

"There are only three branches of my subject, my dear Clennam," said Doyce, proceeding to mould them severally, with his plastic thumb on the palm of his hand, "and they're soon disposed of. First, not a word more from you about the past. There was an error in your calculations. I know what that is. It affects the whole machine, and failure is the consequence. You will profit by the failure, and will avoid it another time. I have done a similar thing myself, in construction, often. Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn; and you are too sensible a man not to learn from this failure. So much for firstly. Secondly: I was sorry you should have taken it so heavily to heart, and reproached yourself so severely; I was traveling home night and day to put matters right, with the assistance of our friend, when I fell in with our friend, as he has informed you. Thirdly: We two agreed that, after what you had undergone, after your distress of mind, and after your illness, it would be a pleasant surprise if we could so far keep quiet as to get things perfectly arranged without your knowledge, and then come and say that all the affairs were smooth, that every thing was right, that the business stood in greater want of you than it ever did, and that a new and prosperous career was opened before you and me as partners. That's thirdly. But you know we always make an allowance for friction, and so I have reserved space to close in. My dear Clennam, I thoroughly confide in you; you have it in your power to be quite as useful to me as I have, or have had it in my power to be useful to you; your old place awaits you, and wants you very much; there is nothing to detain you here one half-hour longer."

There was a silence, which was not broken until Arthur had stood for some time at the window with his back toward them, and until his little wife that was to be had gone to him and staid by him.

"I made a remark a little while ago," said Daniel Doyce then, "which I am inclined to think was an incorrect one. I said there was nothing to detain you here, Clennam, half an hour longer. Am I mistaken in supposing that you would rather not leave here till to-morrow morning? Do I know, without being very wise, where you would like to go direct from these walls and from this room?"

"You do," returned Arthur. "It has been our cherished purpose."

"Very well!" said Doyce. "Then, if this young lady will do me the honor of regarding me for four-and-twenty hours in the light of a father, and will take a ride with me now toward St. Paul's Church-yard, I dare say I know what we want to get there."

Little Dorrit and he went out together soon afterward, and Mr. Meagles lingered behind to say a word to his friend.

"I think, Arthur, you will not want Mother and me in the morning, and we will keep away. It might set Mother thinking about Pet; she's a soft-hearted woman. She's best at the cottage, and I'll stay there and keep her company."

With that they parted for the time. And the day ended, and the night ended, and the morning came, and Little Dorrit, simply dressed as usual, and having no one with her but Maggy, came into the prison with the sunshine. The poor room was a happy room that morning. Where in the world was there a room so full of quiet joy?

"My dear love," said Arthur. "Why does Maggy light the fire? We shall be gone directly."

"I asked her to do it. I have taken such an odd fancy. I want you to burn something for me."

"What?"

"Only this folded paper. If you will put it in the fire with your own hand, just as it is, my fancy will be gratified."

"Superstitious, darling Little Dorrit? Is it a charm?"

"It is any thing you like best, my own," she answered, laughing with glistening eyes and standing on tiptoe to kiss him, "if you will only humor me when the fire burns up."

So they stood before the fire, waiting: Clennam with his arm about her waist, and the fire shining, as fire in that same place had often shone, in Little Dorrit's eyes. "Is it bright enough now?" said Arthur. "Quite bright enough now," said Little Dorrit. "Does the charm want any words to be said?" asked Arthur, as he held the paper over the flame. "You can say (if you don't mind) 'I love you!'" answered Little Dorrit. So he said it, and the paper burned away.

They passed very quietly along the yard; for no one was there, though many heads were stealthily peeping from the windows. Only one face, familiar of old, was in the Lodge. When they had both accosted it, and spoken many kind words, Little Dorrit turned back one last time with her hand stretched out, saying, "Good-by, good John! I hope you will live very happy, dear!"

Then they went up the steps of the neighboring Saint George's Church, and went up to the altar, where Daniel Doyce was waiting in his paternal character. And there was Little Dorrit's old friend, who had given her the Burial Register for a pillow, full of admiration that she should come back to them to be married, after all.

And they were married, with the sun shining on them through the painted figure of Our Saviour on the window. And they went into the very room where Little Dorrit had slumbered after her party, to sign the Marriage Register. And there Mr. Pancks (destined to be chief clerk to Doyce and Clennam, and afterward partner in the house), sinking the Incendiary in the peaceful friend, looked in at the door to see it done, with Flora gallantly supported on one arm and Maggy on the other, and a background of John Chivery and father, and other turnkeys who had run round for the moment, deserting the parent Marshalsea for its happy child. Nor had Flora the least signs of seclusion upon her, notwithstanding her recent declaration; but, on the contrary, was wonderfully smart, and enjoyed the ceremonies mightily, though in a fluttered way.

Little Dorrit's old friend held the inkstand as she signed her name, and the clerk paused in taking off the good clergyman's surplice, and all the witnesses looked on with special interest. "For you see," said Little Dorrit's old friend, "this young lady is one of our curiosities, and has come now to the third volume of our Registers. Her birth is in what I call the first volume; she lay asleep on this very floor, with her pretty head on what I call the second volume; and she's now a-writing her little name as a bride, in what I call the third volume."

They all gave place when the signing was done, and Little Dorrit and her husband walked out of the church alone. They paused for a moment on the steps of the portico, looking at the fresh perspective of the street in the autumn morning sun's bright rays, and then went down.

Went down into a modest life of usefulness and happiness. Went down to give a mother's care, in the fullness of time, to Fanny's neglected children no less than to their own, and to leave that lady going into Society for ever and a day. Went down to give a tender nurse and friend to Tip for some few years, who was never vexed by the great exactions he made of her, in return for the riches he might have given her if he had ever had them, and who lovingly closed his eyes upon the Marshalsea and all its blighted fruits. They went quietly down into the roaring streets, inseparable and blessed; and as they passed along in sunshine and in shade, the noisy and the eager, and the arrogant and the froward, and the vain, fretted, and chafed, and made their usual uproar.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE state of things in Utah has during the past month occupied a large share of public attention. In order to check the treasonable designs of the Mormon leaders, it has been determined by the President to send a considerable military force to this Territory, under the command of General Harney. Brigham Young is to be removed from his post as Governor, but his successor has not yet been appointed. Major M'Culloch, to whom the office was tendered, has positively declined to accept it. Parley Pratt, one of the leading Mormon elders, was shot near Little Van Buren, Arkansas, by a Mr. M'Lean, whose wife had been by him induced to leave her husband, taking with her their two children. "*The Mormon*," a newspaper published by the Saints in New York, eulogizes Pratt as a great and upright man, whose life has been one of honor and faithfulness, and his days well spent in the service of his God.——The census of Kansas, just taken, gives the whole number of registered voters, in nineteen out of twenty-six counties, as 9250. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary, acting as Governor, has issued a proclamation for the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention. The Free State party seem disposed to adhere to their original resolution not to take any part in this election. Governor Walker reached

Leavenworth on the 24th of May, and issued an address to the people of the Territory. He discusses at length the affairs of the Territory; says that the question whether slavery shall be permitted or prohibited must be decided by the people of Kansas; that the validity of the law calling the Convention has been affirmed by the highest tribunals; that those who refuse to vote are bound by the action of those who avail themselves of the right of voting; and that he has no right to dictate the proceedings of the Convention, and no alternative except to support the laws and see that they are fairly executed. He has no doubt that the Convention, after having framed a Constitution, will submit it for ratification or rejection to the people of Kansas. For himself, he regards the framing of a Constitution by delegates as a mere preliminary proceeding, expressing the opinions of the delegates, and only obligatory when ratified by the solemn vote of the people themselves. He suggests that the Constitution may be framed without making any provision on the subject of slavery; and in this case, unless expressly prohibited by the Constitution, the Legislature would have the right to prohibit the introduction of slaves. He expatiates at length on the position of Kansas, which will be the Central State of the Union, equidistant from the Atlantic and the Pacific; and expresses the belief that, bounded as she will be on the south and east by slaveholding States, and on the north and west by free States, if from soil, climate, and productions she should ultimately become a free State, she will feel no disposition to become a propagandist of Abolition, an asylum for fugitive slaves, nullifying the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and storing up volcanic fires in the heart of the American Union. He anticipates no occasion for resorting to military power in the execution of his mission; but declares that if the laws are forcibly resisted, or an attempt be made to defy the authority of Congress, acting through the instrumentality of the Territorial Legislature, he must do his duty in seeing that the laws are faithfully executed, and leave the consequences to a higher power.

Some excitement has existed in and about New York in reference to the location of the Quarantine establishment. A dense population having sprung up around its present position on Staten Island, which is also in hourly communication with the city, it has been deemed advisable to remove it. Sandy Hook seemed the most proper location, but this lies in the State of New Jersey, the Legislature of which refused to grant the necessary permission, and passed a law forbidding the use of any portion of the territory of the State for such a purpose. In the mean while Commissioners had been appointed to select a suitable site for a temporary quarantine station and hospital, who fixed upon Seguine's Point, on Staten Island. This is near the site of a large oyster trade, which it is supposed would be ruined by the hospital. The Commissioners, however, purchased a piece of ground here, upon which were several buildings, which were designed to be converted to hospital purposes. These were burned to the ground by a mob; and although a reward of $2500 was offered for the detection of the incendiaries, they have not been detected. Threats have been made that any other buildings erected here for the same purpose shall be destroyed.—The contest between the old and the new Police authorities is not yet over. A majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court have decided in favor of the constitutionality of the law establishing the Metropolitan Police District, and the case has been carried up to the Court of Appeals. In the mean while a large portion of the Police Department continue to recognize the authority of the old Board. The new measure is generally looked upon with disfavor in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, which are principally affected by it.—Mrs. Emma A. Cunningham has been tried for the murder of Dr. Burdell in January last, and acquitted. Mr. Eckel, who was indicted as an accomplice, was discharged upon his own recognizances. The witnesses whose testimony before the Coroner, as noted in our Record for March, bore most strongly against the prisoners, were not produced on the trial.——The Anniversaries of the principal religious and benevolent societies were held as usual in New York during the month of May. The subjoined table gives the amount of their receipts for the last three years:

Societies.	1855.	1856.	1857.
American Bible Society	$346,811	$393,317	$441,805
American Tract Society	413,174	415,606	420,585
American B. C. of Foreign Missions	154,232	*158,700	†307,318
Pres. Board of Foreign Missions	181,074	201,333	205,768
American Home Mission Society	180,137	193,548	178,060
American and For. Chris. Union	63,867	65,500	76,296
American and For. Bible Society	46,034	105,618	45,000
American Bap. Home Miss. Society	64,345	51,541	44,507
American Anti-Slavery Society	18,000	18,000	38,000
Ladies Home Mission Society	‡8,000	9,957	37,557
N. Y. State Colonization Society	17,571	18,993	†36,933
Female Guardian Society	20,133	27,925	30,353
N. Y. Sunday School Union	‡18,000	‡10,000	15,538
Seamen's Friend Society	22,845	22,283	27,520
Pease Five Points Mission	26,000	30,000	20,000
American Abolition Society	‡4,000	‡5,000	6,546
Young Men's Christian Association	—	—	3,947
Female Magdalen Society	3,348	‡3,000	3,334
American Congregational Union	—	7,060	2,945
Infirmary for Women and Children (new society)	—	—	3,000
American Temperance Union	2,350	1,587	2,004
Society for Ameliorating Condition of the Jews	10,000	7,000	‡10,000
Children's Aid Society	9,859	10,164	11,142
Systematic Beneficence Society	(new)	—	1,142
Society for Ed. of Colored Children	—	—	650
Total	$1,595,780	$1,756,672	$1,971,808
Increase of 1856 over 1855			$160,892
Increase of 1857 over 1856			215,136
Increase of 1857 over 1855			376,028

† Seven months. † Including educational fund. ‡ Estimated.

In *Ohio* a collision has taken place between the State and Federal authorities. A United States Deputy Marshal, with a number of assistants, undertook to arrest an alleged fugitive slave near Springfield in that State. The slave resisted, and the officers retreating he made his escape by the "underground railroad." The officers returned, and arrested a number of persons on charge of harboring the fugitive. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued and placed in the hands of the Sheriff of Clarke County, who was resisted in its execution by the United States officers. These were, however, overpowered, taken prisoners, and held to bail on a charge of attempting to murder the sheriff.——A bloody riot occurred at the municipal election in Washington, held June 1. The contest lay between the Democratic and the American candidates. In order to prevent the success of the former, as is stated, a gang of rowdies came from Baltimore, and commenced a disturbance at the polls. The police were driven away, and the Mayor called upon the President for the aid of a company of United States Marines from the Navy Yard. The rioters had in the mean while obtained a small cannon, which was taken from them by the Marines, who were fired upon by the rioters. They returned the fire, killing at least six, and wounding some fifteen or twenty. Their fire must have been very carelessly directed, for it is said

that the majority of those injured were peaceable citizens.

Governor Gardner of Massachusetts has vetoed the bill passed by the Legislature appropriating $100,000 for the relief of citizens of that State who have suffered losses in Kansas. He has also refused to comply with the request of the Legislature to remove from office Judge Loring. This request grew out of the action of the Judge in reference to the case of a fugitive slave many months since. ——In the neighborhood of Patterson, New Jersey, considerable excitement has been occasioned by the discovery of pearls in the fresh-waters muscles found in brooks in that vicinity. They are usually of small size; but one, the value of which is stated at $25,000, was spoiled by cooking the muscle in whose body it had been formed.——Dred Scott, the slave whose famous "case" has excited so much attention, has been emancipated by his master.——The Legislature of California adjourned on the 30th of April, having passed an act, which has received the signature of the Governor, submitting to the people at the next election the question as to the payment of the debt of the State.

Hon. Joshua A. Spencer, one of the most eminent members of the New York bar, died recently at Utica.—Hon. Andrew P. Butler, United States Senator from South Carolina, died at his residence in that State on the 24th of May. Mr. Butler was the uncle of the late Preston S. Brooks; and it was on account of an alleged insult to him that Mr. Brooks committed the assault on Mr. Sumner.—Lieutenant Isaac G. Strain, U.S.N., died at Panama, May 15. Lieutenant Strain was well known as the commander of the unfortunate Darien Expedition.—Hon. James Bell, United States Senator from New Hampshire, died at Guilford in that State, May 25.—Hon. Thomas J. Oakley, Judge of the Superior Court of New York, one of the oldest and ablest jurists in the country, died on the 11th of May.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the ecclesiastical authorities tried to excite an insurrection during Holy Week, but the attempt was easily suppressed. The archbishop, the bishop of the diocese, and a number of the principal clergy were arrested, and sentenced to banishment. The sentence of the archbishop was remitted on account of his advanced age, but he was confined to his palace.—The province of Sonora has been invaded by a band of California filibusters under the command of Colonel Crabbe. After gaining some advantages, they were finally met by a superior force and taken prisoners. Orders had been dispatched to bring them to the capital, but their stubborn resistance so exasperated the captors, that they were all shot, to the number of more than 60. Mr. Crabbe was still a young man. He went to California soon after the discovery of the gold deposits, and commencing the practice of the law became prominent in his profession and as a politician.—There are reports of the discovery of a plot to assassinate President Comonfort, in which some of his most intimate associates are implicated. The friends of Santa Anna are intriguing to bring about his restoration to power, and an active canvass is moreover going on among the candidates for the Presidency. A minister has been dispatched to Rome, and it is hoped that a reconciliation with the Holy See would be effected.

The enterprise of Walker in *Nicaragua* has at length come to an end, for the present at least. During the whole month of April he remained closely shut up in Rivas, and although he succeeded in repelling the direct attacks of the Allies, he found it impossible to procure provisions for his forces, which were daily weakened by desertions as well as by the hardships which they endured, while no reinforcement reached them from either side. The condition of the besiegers also was any thing but satisfactory, and they were disposed to embrace any means of ridding themselves of their enemies. At the end of April, Captain Davis, commander of the United States sloop-of-war *St. Marys*, then in the harbor of San Juan del Sur, arrived in the allied camp, and by the consent of the commander opened negotiations with Walker, who finally agreed to capitulate to the Americans, after being assured of the surrender of the forces under Lockridge at Greytown, and also that even if he should succeed in cutting his way out of Rivas, and reaching the sloop *Granada* then at San Juan, that vessel would not be allowed by Captain Davis to leave the harbor. The conditions of the surrender were, that Walker and sixteen of his officers should be conveyed by Captain Davis to Panama, and that the remainder of his forces should be placed under the protection of an American officer, under the guarantee of the American flag, who should be transported by another route to Panama. The Allies thus took no direct part in the capitulation, although it was, of course, entered into with their sanction. The surrender took place on the 1st of May. In his last general order, Walker says that, "reduced to our present position by the cowardice of some, the incapacity of others, and the treachery of many, the army has yet written a page of American history which it is impossible to forget or erase. From the future, if not from the present, we may expect just judgment." When the surrender was made they were in a deplorable condition. There were only about 260 men, including natives, fit to bear arms; there were 175 sick, wounded, and hospital attendants, and more than 100 prisoners. They were reduced to three days' provisions, and these consisted of three horses, two mules, and two oxen, the latter having been reserved to drag the cannon and ammunition. Rivas, and all the arms and ammunition there, and the sloop *Granada*, in the harbor of San Juan, having been surrendered to Captain Davis, were by him made over to the Allies. General Mora wrote a letter to the American Captain, thanking him for having thus put an end to the war. The President of Costa Rica, under date of May 8, has issued a proclamation announcing that there were no longer any filibusters in Central America, the few hundreds of them that still exist being unarmed, and that Nicaragua, delivered from her invaders, was restored to her existence under the entire will of her children. Until her complete reorganization, the troops of Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras would remain in the interior, while those of Costa Rica would guard the steamers and forts on the line from the mouth of the lake to the bay of San Juan, on the Atlantic. It is denied that there is on the part of the Allies any intention of destroying the integrity of Nicaragua; and it is affirmed that the Transit Route will forthwith be reopened, it being the desire of Costa Rica that it should be placed under the joint protection of England and the United States. General Henningsen has published a statement of the operations of Walker during his occu-

pancy of Nicaragua from January 29, 1855, to May 1, 1857. He states that the total number of men enlisted or holding commissions under him was 2518. Of these, 1000 were killed in battle or died of wounds and sickness; 700 deserted; 250 were discharged; 430 were surrendered at Rivas, and there were 80 in garrison or on board the river steamers. The native and allied forces opposed to him during this period numbered in all, he says, 17,800 men, besides 1200 Costa Ricans said to be on the river. Of these, 5860 were either killed or wounded in action, besides thousands who died of disease. Of the 2400 Costa Ricans who retreated from Rivas, only 500 returned to San José, 1000 having died of cholera. It is estimated that there are now, including prisoners, deserters, women, and children, six or eight hundred filibusters in Central America. The Costa Ricans intend to collect these at Greytown, and thence send them home in a steamer. In accordance with the terms of the capitulation, Walker was conveyed by Captain Davis to Panama, whence he departed for the United States, and arrived at New Orleans on the 27th of May. Here he met with a warm reception from his sympathizers.

The prospects of the revolutionists in *Peru* are unfavorable. They landed at Callao on the 22d of March, but were met by the government forces and repulsed, after a combat of three hours.

EUROPE.

The British Parliament was formally opened May 7 by the royal speech, read by the Lord Chancellor. In reference to American affairs it merely says that the negotiations in which her Majesty has been engaged with the Government of Honduras in regard to the affairs of Central America have not yet been brought to a close. On the 15th Lord Palmerston presented a message from the Queen stating that she had agreed to a marriage proposed between the Princess Royal and his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and asking such a provision for her daughter as became the dignity of the crown and the honor of the country. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed that a marriage portion of £40,000 and an allowance of £8000 a year should be granted. The sum was agreed to with a slight show of opposition.—The Duchess of Gloucester, the last child of George III., has died at the age of 81. Of the thirteen children of this King, who attained maturity, only four left legitimate offspring.——An Exhibition of Art Treasures, on an unexampled scale, was opened at Manchester on the 6th of May.—The American minister has transmitted to Lord Clarendon a letter inclosing twenty-one silver medals and a bill of exchange for £270, to be bestowed in the name of the President of the United States upon the boatmen who, at the eminent risk of their lives, saved the crew of the American ship *Northern Belle* some months ago.—The steamer *Niagara* arrived at Deal on the 13th of May, having occupied 17 days on the passage, the greater part of the time being merely under sail. It is supposed that it will require some six weeks to ship the telegraph cable on board the steamers, and that they will be ready to set out for their destination early in July.—The question of the supply of cotton is exciting attention. A deputation from Liverpool has waited on the Cotton Supply Association of Manchester, and a national meeting on the subject is proposed.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia has been paying a visit to France, where he was received with the utmost distinction. He made a most minute inspection of the arsenals and military works. From France the Grand Duke proceeds to England.—Baron Gros, the Embassador to China, has taken his departure.

Disturbances, occasioned by the dearness of food, have taken place in Spain, in consequence of which a royal decree has been issued prolonging until the 31st of December the time for the free importation of corn. It is announced that the difficulties between Spain and Mexico are virtually settled.——Efforts are making under the auspices of the King of Bavaria to effect a reconciliation between the King of Naples and the Western powers.——The Emperor of Austria has determined not to confine his measures of clemency in favor of the Hungarians to a mere political amnesty, but will restore to them their landed property, which has been confiscated and administered by commission since the insurrection of 1850.——The Emperor of Russia, also, upon occasion of his birthday, issued a further amnesty in favor of political and other offenders.——By the recent treaty between Russia and Persia, the former gives up all claims to certain sums of money due from the latter, and receives in return accessions of territory of great strategical importance.——It is announced, now apparently upon good grounds, that a final settlement has been made of the controversy between Prussia and Switzerland.

THE EAST.

There has been some fighting in Persia subsequent to the negotiation of the treaty. The city of Mohammerah was captured by the English on the 26th of April. The British loss was only 10, while the Persians lost 200 men, besides 17 guns and a vast amount of ammunition and military stores. General Stalker, commander of the Forces, and Commodore Etheridge, of the Navy, committed suicide at about the same time. Temporary insanity, occasioned by anxiety, is assigned as the reason in both cases.——Some additional troops have reached China, but no very active operations have been undertaken. Seventeen piratical junks were destroyed by boats from the steamer *Hornet*. The Chinese at Sarawak, on the island of Borneo, rose on the 17th of February, and massacred several Europeans, and Sir James Brooke, the "Rajah," narrowly escaped by swimming across a river. An English steamer opportunely arriving, afforded him the means of taking ample vengeance. The Dyaks were then let loose upon the Chinese, and in a short time, out of a population of 4000 or 5000, not more than 2000, of whom half were women and children, were left alive.—The Emperor of Anam, whose dominions include Tonquin, Cochin-China, Cambodia, and Laos, has refused to accede to the overtures for an alliance made by the court of Pekin, and has announced his intention to remain neutral in the coming war.—Governor Yeh has forwarded to Mr. Parker, the American Minister, a letter in relation to the poisonings at Hong Kong. He says it was a detestable act, although provoked by the unnumbered wrongs committed by the English; but, as it was done at Hong Kong, it is impossible for him to investigate the facts. The Americans, he says, having done nothing to injure the Chinese, have nothing to fear; and he suggests that the American Minister might very properly issue an exhortation to his countrymen to attend quietly to their own business, and there would be no question but the Chinese would treat them in a proper manner.

Literary Notices.

The Norse-Folk; or, a Visit to the Homes of Norway and Sweden, by CHARLES LORING BRACE. (Published by Charles Scribner.) Mr. Brace has already won an eminent position among the numerous agreeable and instructive writers of travels, who are, in many respects, the most worthy boasts of our native literature. He owes his distinction, not to any remarkable descriptive powers, or to any peculiar felicities of style, for he never attempts to dazzle his readers by the pomp and splendor of word-painting, and he is so much more intent on reality than effect, that he often indulges in a diffuse and careless diction, which might call down the wrath of critics, were not the fault amply redeemed by the presence of so many rare and sterling qualities. It is the influence of his genial temperament, large and humane sympathies, and habit of liberal appreciation, that gives his writings their singular charm with the majority of readers. He has a wonderful talent of throwing himself into the scenes of which he is the accidental witness. No social circle, however widely contrasted with his accustomed associations and impressions, makes him feel like a foreigner. Every where he is at home. Every where he makes friends. Every where he is received with the gracious hospitality which is accorded not so much to social eminence as to social congeniality. He does not shut up his heart when he closes the doors of his house. He carries the affections of home into foreign lands. Hence he gains knowledge with his sympathies no less than by his eyes. His books, accordingly, are not so much a record of statistics as a revelation of interior life. He shows more interest in the means of spiritual culture possessed by a country, than in the number of its cattle or the price of its land. Nothing connected with the interests of education, religion, or public morals, escapes his notice. He is equally alive to the varying aspects of manners and domestic customs which mark the social life of the people in different countries. Although his dominant passion is the love of humanity, he has no taint of philanthropic pedantry—none of the stiffness, formality, and one-sidedness which are often mixed up with the virtues of the professed reformer, like the dead flies in the apothecary's ointment.

It is just one year since Mr. Brace found himself in Christiana, where his first date is the twenty-first of June, one of the national holidays of the old Norse people, and celebrated as the longest summer day. Flowers were on the tables; green arbors had been erected in the gardens; the night before had been made brilliant with bonfires; and the whole people were enjoying the festive occasion—some in rural or aquatic excursions, some in more quiet pleasures, and all arrayed in their gayest attire. Soon after this initiation into Norwegian life, Mr. Brace takes a nearer view of it at a friendly dinner-party, where he was present as a guest. The company consisted of some eighteen or twenty gentlemen and ladies, including several students of the University, an English naturalist in pursuit of specimens, a distinguished Swedish professor, an English salmon-fisher, and one or two Norwegian celebrities. The language spoken was mostly English. Toasts and compliments were the order of the day. The dishes were such as to expand the eyes of a less catholic traveler than our author. The first course after the soup was sauer-kraut and ham cut up with peas; the second was boiled lobsters in their primitive simplicity; then came a huge dish of asparagus in solitary grandeur; chickens and mutton followed; and the grand finale was given in the form of custards, fruit, and cakes, with a sparkling profusion of generous wines. The cookery was excellent, with free use of cream in the dishes. At the close the gentlemen led the ladies into the drawing-room, each bowing to his companion, and then shaking hands with the host, with the phrase "Thanks for the meal." Coffee was then served in the drawing-room, and cigars in the library.

One of the most remarkable features in Norwegian society is a class of persons called Bonders, a sort of peasant-farmers, but usually possessing a large proportion of the wealth of the country. The Bonder is by no means a common peasant, but, in some sense, might be called a landed aristocrat. He is an owner of the soil. He traces back his lineage to the ancient leaders, and sometimes to the princes of the nation. His class sends the most of the representatives to the National Assembly. Still they have less of the gentlemen, and more of the relics of the old peasantry, than the farmers of America or the yeomanry of England. In some provinces you see them continually in the boats, at the post-houses, and working in the fields. Their features are large and strong, with an intelligent expression, and their blonde complexion is much reddened by exposure to the weather. Their forms are of excellent proportions, and have an air of great vigor. Their common costume is a red cap, jacket with metal buttons, and primeval breeches. One of their estates was shown to Mr. Brace, which was estimated to be worth $100,000.

With the enterprising curiosity of the Yankee tourist, Mr. Brace determined to make a visit to a certain representative of this class, although he was a total stranger, and unprovided with letters of introduction. The estate was in a sightly position, commanding an extensive view on every side, and the buildings so arranged as to form a protection from the winter winds. Upon presenting himself to the owner, Mr. Brace experienced a cordial reception. This person, with his tall figure, imposing features, long black hair, and dignified presence, impressed you as a kind of natural prince. He wore the red woolen cap and the usual costume of the farmers, but his manners were marked by innate courtesy, and a certain, unpolished grace. The visitor was first shown into a large room, with a handsome, uncarpeted floor. Each side of the apartment was furnished with splendid carved cabinets and tables, black and gilt, with pictures in the panels; while in the midst of the room stood a common deal table, with enormous legs, and in the corners were small tables and wooden settees, like those seen in an English country ale-house. There was an immense number of bed-rooms. Some of them had the plainest rustic furniture, others elegantly curtained beds and expensive ornaments. The guest was conducted to the store-rooms and attic. There were the winter coats, the bear-skins and furs, and reindeer-boots and high water-boots, blankets, com-

fortables, and various dresses; then little sleds and sleighs for the snow; huge piles of oatmeal cakes, not less than a foot-and-a-half in diameter, kept for the food of the laborers; heaps of birch-bark for tanning, spinning-wheels for weaving, shoe-blocks for shoe-making. The kitchen was a separate house. The stone range in the corner was covered with a little roof which carried off the smoke and flames of the cooking. In another part was a great tub for baking bread, and large vats or vessels for boiling. One side was occupied with beds for the servants. The next little log-house was for keeping preserved meats; another was used for some common farm purposes, and had a little cupola and bell on the roof—a picturesque arrangement which is often seen in the Norwegian farm-clusters. Mr. Brace completed his examination of the premises with the liveliest sense of the intelligence and kindness of his host; and from the character of the class, derives an indirect argument in favor of democratic institutions.

The excursions of the author in Sweden and Denmark are of no less interest than those in Norway, of which he has given us such an agreeable description. His whole volume is full of curious information in regard to the customs, traditions, literature, and character of the people of Northern Europe, and is every where marked by freshness and fervor.

Random Sketches of European Travel in 1856, by Rev. JONATHAN E. EDWARDS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Without claiming the merit of profound research or original discovery, the genial author of this volume has contributed an agreeable addition to the library of American travels. His course led him over the beaten path, and although he can not number the charm of novelty among the attractions of his work, his liveliness of feeling and vigor of description impart a fresh interest to familiar scenes. A valuable feature of his narrative is found in the circumstance that it was written from the glowing impressions of the moment, before they had become frigid and spectral in the dimness of memory. With his faithful note-book in his hand, he gives himself up to the influence of the scenes before him, and records the ideas and emotions which they suggest while their magnetic action is still powerful on his mind. The result of this procedure is not exaggeration, but fidelity to nature. He rarely permits his judgment to be heated by enthusiasm. With ardent convictions, and even not entirely free from a spice of partisan feeling, he is a careful observer. His volume abounds with terse sketches of eminent European celebrities, notices of social life and manners in France, Italy, and England; appreciative comments on the monuments of history in the Old World, criticisms on literature and the arts, and intelligent reflections on the religious condition of different countries. As a traveling companion for the foreign tourist, as well as a work of reference for the library, it will be found to compare favorably with most recent publications of the kind.

Common Sense applied to Religion, by CATHARINE E. BEECHER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The fruits of thirty years' experience in the work of education are embodied in this volume. During that time the writer became convinced that the duties of her vocation were founded on certain religious theories which seemed at war both with the common sense and the moral sense of mankind. After giving an autobiographical sketch of singular interest, in which her mental struggles are vividly depicted, she proceeds to examine the theories in question in the light of reason and Scripture. She arrives at the conclusion that the doctrine of human depravity, as set forth in the creeds of the Church, is a mere figment of the brain; and that the native, constitutional powers of mind are perfect in their character, and thus afford the highest evidence of the wisdom, justice, and benevolence of the Creator. The dogma of original sin is traced back to the teachings of the celebrated St. Augustine, and an interesting historical view is given of its subsequent development, and of the attempts to set aside its consequences by various theologians. In a word, the volume is a vigorous polemic against the foundation of the Calvinistic system, on philosophical principles, and, proceeding from a member of the distinguished family whose venerable head has taken such a prominent part in the defense of opposite views, it can not fail to excite a profound and universal interest.

Harper and Brothers have published an edition of Dr. WILLIAM SMITH'S *Gibbon*, comprising *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, abridged, and incorporating the researches of recent commentators. For the young student of universal history, or for readers who have not the resolution to grapple with the voluminous work of Gibbon in the original, it will be found a convenient and useful compend.

Among the novels of the month is a reprint of LEVER'S *Fortunes of Glencore* (published by Harper and Brothers), a spirited Irish story, in the characteristic style of the favorite author.—The same house has issued a collection of original *Tales* by Miss MULOCK, the author of "John Halifax," written, for the most part, in the free, graceful manner which has given so much eclat to her more elaborate productions.—A new novel, entitled *Leonora D'Orco*, by G. P. R. JAMES, is among the publications of Harper and Brothers. The scene is laid in Italy, at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. The execution of the story shows no falling off in the constructive or pictorial skill of the author, and the world will probably witness the completion of many such by his facile and intrepid pen.—Derby and Jackson have tempted the throng of novel-readers to fall back on the ancient favorites of their grandmothers by the publication of a neat edition of the world-famous romances of Mrs. RADCLIFFE, and JANE PORTER'S *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *Scottish Chiefs*. It is a curious experiment to try the effect of these high-spiced productions of a past age on readers who have been trained in the school of nature and reality, so successfully illustrated by Scott and Cooper.—Our record closes with *The Heiress of Greenhurst*, by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, an autobiographical story, depicting the loves and hates of a gipsy of Granada. It is a work of no little power and originality. The plot combines a series of startling incidents, which are wrought up into an intense but not extravagant narrative. It shows the same richness and brilliancy of imagination as the previous novels which have established the fame of Mrs. Stephens as a successful writer of fiction, and is clothed in a still more terse and pointed diction. The whole composition of the work gleams with the splendors of a warm Spanish atmosphere, and preserves an admirable harmony with the character of the scene.

Editor's Table.

CHARACTER.—It is impossible to cast the most superficial glance over the community, without being impressed by the predominance of associated over individual action, and of people over persons. Few dare to announce unwelcome truth, or even to defend enthusiastic error, without being backed by some sect, party, association, or clique; and, thus sustained, the thing is in danger of subsiding from a duty into a pleasure or passion. It might be supposed that this companionable thinking—this moral or religious power owned in joint-stock—would at least operate against egotism and the vices of capricious individualism; but, practically, it is apt to result in self-admiration through mutual admiration; to pamper personal pride without always developing a personality to be proud of; and to raise the market price of mediocrity by making genius and heroism small and cheap. Formerly, to attack a community intrenched in laws, customs, institutions, and beliefs, required dauntless courage—a soul sublimed by an idea above the region of vanity and conceit—a character resolutely facing responsibilities it clearly realized, and especially a penetrating vision into the spirit and heart of the objects assailed. This last characteristic is insisted upon by all the authorities. "There is nothing so terrible as activity without insight," says Goethe. "I would open every one of Argus's hundred eyes before I used one of Briareus's hundred hands," says Lord Bacon. "Look before you leap," says John Smith, all over the world. But it is too much the mistake of many hopeful people of our day to consider organized institutions, which sprung originally from vices or necessities in human nature, to possess no authority over the understanding if they happen to contradict certain abstract truisms, and a still greater mistake to suppose that these institutions will yield to a proclamation of opinions or a bombardment of words.

It being then evident that institutions can be successfully attacked only by forces kindred in nature to those by which they were originally organized, the question arises—What is it that really forms and reforms institutions, communicates life and movement to society, and embodies thoughts in substantial facts? The answer is, in one word, Character; and this conducts us at once beneath the sphere of associated and merely mechanical contrivances into the region of personal and vital forces. It is character which gives authority to opinions, puts virile meaning into words, and burns its way through impediments insurmountable to the large in brain who are weak in heart; for character indicates the degree in which a man possesses creative spiritual energy, is the exact measure of his real ability, is, in short, the expression, and the only expression, of the man—the person. His understanding and sensibility may play with thoughts and coquet with sentiments, and his conscience flirt with beautiful ideals of goodness, and this amateur trifling he may call by some fine name or other; but it is the centre and heart of his being, the source whence spring living ideas and living deeds, which ever determines his place when we estimate him as a power. The great danger of the conservative is his temptation to surrender character and trust in habits; the great danger of the radical is his temptation to discard habits without forming character. One is liable to mental apathy, the other to mental anarchy; and apathy and anarchy are equally destitute of causative force and essential individuality.

As character is thus the expression of no particular quality or faculty, but of a whole nature, it reveals, of course, a man's imperfections in revealing his greatness. He is nothing unless he acts; and as in every vital thought and deed character appears, his acts must partake of his infirmities, and the mental and moral life communicated in them be more or less diseased. As he never acts from opinions or propositions, his nature can not be hidden behind such thin disguises, the fatal evidence against him being in the deed itself. If there be sensuality, or malignity, or misanthropy in him, it will come out in his actions, though his tongue drop purity and philanthropy in every word. Probably more hatred, licentiousness, and essential impiety are thus communicated through the phraseology and contortions of their opposites, than in those of vice itself. Moral life is no creation of moral phrases. The words that are truly vital powers for good or evil are only those which, as Pindar says, "the tongue draws up from the deep heart."

Now as men necessarily communicate themselves when they produce from their vital activity, it follows that their productions will never square with the abstract opinions of the understanding, but present a concrete, organic whole, compounded of truth and error, evil and good, exactly answering to the natures whence they proceed. This actual process of creation we are prone to ignore or overlook, and to criticise institutions as Rymer and Dennis criticised poems, that is, as though they were the manufactures of mental and moral machines, working on abstract principles; whereas creation on such a method is impossible, and we are compelled to choose between imperfect organisms and nothing. That this imperfection is not confined to jurists and legislators, is sufficiently manifest when the vehement and opinionated social critic undertakes the work of demolition and reconstruction, and all the vices peculiar to his own nature, such as his intolerance of facts and disregard of the rights and feelings of others, have an opportunity of displaying themselves. His talk is fine, and his theories do him honor; but when he comes to act as a man, when he comes to exhibit what he is as well as what he thinks, it is too commonly found that four months of the rule of so-called philosophers and philanthropists are enough to make common men sigh for their old Bourbons and Bonapartes. Robespierre, anarchist and philanthropist, Frederick of Prussia, despot and philosopher, were both bitter and vitriolic natures, yet both, in their youth, out-ranted Exeter Hall itself in their professions of universal beneficence, and evinced, in their rants, not hypocrisy, but self-delusion. Frederick indeed wrote early in life a treatise called "The Anti-Machiavel, which was," says his biographer, "an edifying homily against rapacity, perfidy, arbitrary government, unjust war; in short, against almost every thing for which its author is now remembered among men."

Thus, to the pride of reason and vanity of opinion, character interposes its iron limitations, de-

claring war against all forms and modes of pretension, and affording the right measure of the wisdom and folly, the righteousness and the wickedness, substantially existing in persons and in communities of persons. Let us now consider this power in some of the varieties of its manifestation, observing the law of its growth and influence and the conditions of its success. Our purpose will rather be to indicate its radical nature than to treat of those superficial peculiarities which many deem to be its essential elements.

The question has been often raised, whether character be the creation of circumstances, or circumstances the creation of character? Now, to assert that circumstances create character, is to eliminate from character that vital causative energy which is its essential characteristic; and to assert that circumstances are the creation of character, is to endow character with the power not only to create, but to furnish the materials of creation. The result of both processes would not be character, but caricature. The truth seems to be that circumstances are the nutriment of character, the food which it converts into blood; and this process of assimilation presupposes individual power to act upon circumstances. Goethe says, in reference to his own mental growth and productiveness, "Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things. The learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age, have come in turn—generally without the least suspicion of it—to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience; often they have sowed the harvest I have reaped. My work is that of an aggregate of beings taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe." Yes, it bears the name of Goethe, because Goethe assimilated all this knowledge and all this aggregate of beings into Goethe—broadening, enriching, and deepening his individuality, but not annihilating it; so that his character became as comprehensive as his experience.

Indeed, in all the departments of life, meditative and practical, success thus depends on a thorough knowledge, proceeding from a complete assimilation, of all the circumstances connected with each department—the man standing for the thing, having mastered and, as it were, consumed it; so that all its forces are in himself as personal power and personal intelligence. The true merchant, the true statesman, the true military commander, becomes a man of character only when he "puts on," and identifies himself with, his particular profession or art. Balzac thought he could not describe a landscape until he had turned himself for the moment into trees, and grass, and fountains, and stars, and effects of sunlight, and thus entered into the heart and life of the objects he ached to reproduce. Nelson realized with such intensity the inmost secrets of his profession, that experience and study had been converted into intuition, so that he could meet unexpected contingencies with instinctive expedients. If he failed, through lack of means, to snatch all the possible results of victory, his unrealized conception tortured him more than a sabre cut or a shattered limb. At the Battle of the Nile many French ships escaped because he had no frigates to pursue them. In his dispatches he writes: "Should I die this moment, 'want of frigates' would be found written on my heart!"

With this view of character as the embodiment of things in persons, it is obviously limited in its sphere to the facts and laws it has made its own, and out of that sphere is comparatively feeble. Thus, many able lawyers and generals have been blunderers as statesmen; and one always shudders for the health of the community when the name of a statesman or clergyman—properly authoritative in his special department—is employed to recommend some universal panacea, or some aqueous establishment for washing away the diseases of the world. Character speaks with authority only of those matters it has realized, and in respect to them its dogmatisms are reasons, and its opinions are judgments. When Mr. Webster, in attacking a legal proposition of an opponent at the bar, was reminded that he was assailing a dictum of Lord Camden, he turned to the Court, and after paying a tribute to Camden's greatness as a jurist, simply added: "But, may it please your Honor, *I* differ from Lord Camden." It is evident that such self-assertion would have been ridiculous had not the character of the man relieved it from all essential pretension; but if the case had been one of surgery or theology, and Mr. Webster had emphasized his "*ego*" in a difference from Sir Astley Cooper or Hooker, the intrusion of his "I" would have been an impertinence which his reputation as a statesman or lawyer could not have shielded from contempt. Indeed, injustice is often done to the real merits of eminent men when they get enticed out of their strongholds of character, and venture into unaccustomed fields of exertion, where their incapacity is soon detected. Macaulay has vividly shown how Hastings, the most vigorous and skillful of English statesmen in India, blundered the moment he applied the experience he acquired in Bengal to English politics; and that perfection in one profession does not imply even common judgment outside of it, was painfully demonstrated a few years ago, in the case of an accomplished American general, among whose splendid talents writing English does not appear to be one. When, therefore, not content to leave his prodigies of strategy and tactics to speak for themselves, he invaded the domain of rhetoric, and crossed pens with Secretary Marcy, people began to imagine, as verbs went shrieking about after nouns, and relative pronouns could find no relations, that the great general had no character at all.

But confine a characteristic man to the matters he has really mastered, and there is in him no blundering, no indecision, no uncertainty, but a straightforward, decisive activity, sure as insight, and rapid as instinct. You can not impose upon it by nonsense of any kind, however prettily you may bedizen it in inapplicable eloquence. Thus Jeremiah Mason—a man who was not so much a lawyer as he was law embodied—was once engaged to defend a clergyman accused of a capital crime, and was repeatedly bothered by the attempts of the brethren to make him substitute theological for legal evidence. As he was making out his brief, one of these sympathizers with the prisoner rushed joyously into the room, with the remark that Brother A—— was certainly innocent, for an angel from heaven had appeared to him the night before, and had given him direct assurance of the fact. "That is very important evidence, indeed," was the gruff reply of Mason; "but can you subpœna that angel?" The anecdote we mention because it is representative; for the philosophy which prompted such a demand annually saves thousands

of merchants, manufacturers, and farmers from rushing into ruinous speculations, and preserves society itself from dissolving into a mere anarchy of fanaticisms. The resistance doubtless comes, in many cases, from stupidity; but then stupidity is a great conservative power, especially in those periods of moral flippancy and benevolent *persiflage* when it rains invitations to square the circle, to undertake voyages to the moon, and to peril the existence of solid realities on the flighty hope of establishing a millennium on their ruins.

As the perfection of character depends on a man's embodying the facts and laws of his profession to such a degree of intensity that power and intelligence are combined in his activity, it is evident that mere unassimilated knowledge—knowledge that does not form part of the mind, but is attached to it—will often blunder as badly as ignorance itself. Thus Marshal Berthier enjoyed for some time the reputation of planning Napoleon's battles, and of being a better general than his master—an impression which his own conceit doubtless readily indorsed; but the illusion was dispelled in the campaign of 1809, when Napoleon sent him on in advance to assume the command. It took him but a marvelously short time to bring the army to the brink of destruction, and his incompetency was so glaring that some of the Marshals mistook it for treachery. Instead of concentrating the forces, he dispersed them over a field of operations forty leagues in extent, and exposed them to the danger of being destroyed in detail, thinking all the while that he was exhibiting singular depth of military genius—when, in fact, it was only the opportune arrival of Napoleon, and his fierce, swift orders for immediate concentration, that saved the army from disgraceful dispersion and defeat—an army which, under Napoleon, soon occupied Vienna, and eventually brought the campaign to a victorious conclusion at Wagram.

It is, however, the misfortune of nations that such men as Berthier are not always tested by events, and the limitations of their capacity plainly revealed. Besides, it must be admitted that, in practical politics, circumstances sometimes lift into power small-minded natures, who are exactly level to the prejudices of their time, and thus make themselves indispensable to it. Mr. Addington, by the grace of intolerance made for a short period Prime Minister of England—a man of great force of self-consequence, and great variety of demerit—was one of these fortunate echoes of character; and as his littleness answered admirably to all that was little in the nation, he was, during his whole life, an important element of party power. Canning used despairingly to say of him, that "he was like the small-pox—every administration had to take him *once*." No party ever succeeded that did not thus represent the public nonsense as well as the public sense; and happy is that body of politicians where one of the members relieves his associates of all fear for their safety, not by his vigor or sagacity in administration, but by his being one in whom the public nonsense knows it can confide. Indeed, Sydney Smith declares that every statesman who is troubled by a rush of ideas to the head should have his foolometer ever by his side, to warn him against offending or outstriding public opinion. This foolometer is as necessary to despotic as to liberal governments; for one great secret of the art of politics all over the world is never to push evil or beneficent measures to that point where resistance commences on the part of the governed.

Character, in its intrinsic nature, being thus the embodiment of things in persons, the quality which most distinguishes men of character from men of passions and opinions is persistency, tenacity of hold upon their work, and power to continue in it. This quality is the measure of the force inherent in character, and is the secret of the confidence men place in it—soldiers in generals, parties in leaders, people in statesmen. Indeed, if we sharply scrutinize the lives of persons eminent in any department of action or meditation, we shall find that it is not so much brilliancy and fertility as constancy and continuousness of effort which make a man great. This is as true of Kepler and Newton as of Hannibal and Cæsar; of Shakspeare and Scott as of Howard and Clarkson. The heads of such men are not merely filled with ideas, purposes, and plans, but the primary characteristic of their natures and inmost secret of their success is this: that labor can not weary, nor obstacles discourage, nor drudgery disgust them. The universal line of distinction between the strong and the weak is, that one persists; the other hesitates, falters, trifles, and at last collapses or "caves in."

This principle obtains in every department of affairs and every province of thought. Even in social life, it is persistency which attracts confidence more than talents and accomplishments. Mr. Macaulay, the historian, is the most brilliant, rapid, and victorious of talkers—inexhaustible in words and in matter—so endless, indeed, that on those rare occasions when he allowed others to put in an occasional word, he was hit by Sydney Smith's immortal epigram, complimenting his "flashes of silence;" but in character, and in the influence that radiates from character, he is probably inferior to his taciturn father, Zachary Macaulay, who, with an iron grasp of an unpopular cause, and a soul which was felt as inspiration in whatever company he appeared, had still hardly a word to spare. The son converses, but the mere presence of the father was conversation. The son excites admiration by what he says, the father wielded power and enforced respect, and became the object to which the conversation of the circle referred, in virtue of what he was and of what every body knew he would persist in being.

In politics, again, no mere largeness of comprehension or loftiness of principle will compensate for a lack of persistency to bear, with a mind ever fresh and a purpose ever fixed, all the toil, dullness, fret, and disappointment of the business; and this is perhaps the reason that, in politics, the perseverance of the sinners makes us blush so often for the pusillanimity of the saints. So, in war, mere courage and military talent are not always sufficient to make a great military commander. Thus Peterborough is, in comparison with Marlborough, hardly known as a general; yet Peterborough, by his skillful and splendid audacity, gained victories which Marlborough might have been proud to claim. The difficulty with Peterborough was, that he could not endure being bored; while Marlborough's endurance of bores was quite as marvelous as the military genius by which he won every battle he fought and took every place he besieged. If Peterborough was prevented by the caution of his government or his allies from seizing an occasion for a great exploit, he resigned his command in a pet; but Marlborough patiently

submitted to be robbed by the timidity of his allies of opportunities for victories greater even than those he achieved, and persisted, in spite of irritations which would have crazed a more sensitive spirit, until the object of the heterogeneous coalition which his genius welded together had been attained.

Again, in the conduct of social and moral reforms, persistency is the test by which we discriminate men of moral opinions from men in whom moral opinions have been deepened into moral ideas and consolidated in moral character. To be sure, a man may, without character, seem to persist in the work of reform, provided society will fly into a passion with him, and thus furnish continual stimulants to his pride and pugnacity; but true persistency becomes indispensable when his ungracious task is to overcome that smiling indifference, that self-pleased ignorance, that half-pitying, irritating contempt with which a fat and contented community commonly receives the arguments and the invectives of innovation. It is the more important to insist on sinewy vigor and constancy in the champions of reform, because, in our day, the business attracts to it so many amateurs who mistake vague intellectual assent to possible improvements for the disposition and genius which make a reformer, who substitute bustle for action, sauciness for audacity, the itch of disputation for the martyr-spirit, and who arrive readily at prodigious results through a bland ignoring of all the gigantic obstacles in the path. Thus it would not be difficult, on any pleasant morning, to meet at any city restaurant some ingenious gentleman getting what he is pleased to call a living after the old Adamic method of competition, who will, over a cup of coffee, dispose of concrete America in about ten minutes; slavery disappears after the first sip; the Constitution goes in two or three draughts; the Bible vanishes in a pause of deglutitional satisfaction; and a new order of society springs up while, in obedience to the old, he draws forth a reluctant shilling to pay for the beverage. Now, there is no disgrace in lacking insight into practical life, and power to change it for the better; but certainly these amiable deficiencies are as gracefully exhibited in assenting to what is established as in playing at reform, attitudinizing martyrdom, and engaging in a scheme to overturn the whole world as a mere relaxation from the severer duties of life.

In passing from practical life to literature, we shall find that persistency is the quality separating first-rate genius from all the other rates—proving, as it does, that the author mentally and morally lives in the region of thought and emotion about which he writes—accepts the drudgery of composition as a path to the object he desires to master—and is too much enraptured with the beautiful vision before his eyes to weary of labor in its realization. In the creations of such men there is neither languor nor strain, but a "familiar grasp of things Divine." They are easily to be distinguished from less bountifully endowed natures and less raised imaginations. Thus Tennyson, as a man, is evidently not on a level with his works. He is rather a writer of poems than, like Wordsworth, essentially a poet; and, accordingly, he only occasionally rises into that region where Wordsworth permanently dwells; the moment he ceases his intense scrutiny of his arrested mood, and aims to be easy and familiar, he but unbends into laborious flatness; but we think a trained eye can detect, even in the commonplaces of Wordsworth, a ray of that light, "that never was on sea or land." Still, Tennyson, in his exalted moods, has a clear vision of a poetical conception, persists in his advances to it, discards all vagrant thoughts, and subordinates all minor ones, to give it organic expression; and when he descends from his elevation, always brings a poem with him—not a mere collection of poetical lines and images. Such a man, though his poetical character is—relatively to the greatest poets—imperfect, is still, of course, to be placed far above a mere mental *roué*, like the author of "Festus," who debauches in thoughts and sentiments; pours forth memories and fancies with equal arrogance of originality; and having no definite aim, except to be very fine and very saucy, produces little more than a collection of poetic materials, not fused, but confused. From such an anarchy of the faculties no great poem was ever born, for great poems are the creations of great individualities—of that causative and presiding "Me" which contemptuously rejects the perilous impertinences it spontaneously engenders, and drives the nature of which it is the centre persistingly on to the object that gleams and enlarges in the distance. Make a man of Milton's force and affluence of imagination half-intoxicated and half-crazy, and any enterprising bookseller might draw from the lees of his mind a "Festus" once a-week, and each monstrosity would doubtless be hailed by some readers, who think they have a taste for poetry, as a greater miracle of genius than "Paradise Lost."

Indeed, in all the departments of creative thought, fertility is a temptation to be resisted before inventions and discoveries are possible. The artist who dallies with his separate conceptions as they throng into his mind, produces no statue or picture, for that depends on austerely dismissing the most enticing images, provided they do not serve his particular purpose at the time. The same truth holds in the inventive arts and in science.

It is needless to say that the most common and most attractive manifestations of persistency of character proceed from those natures in whom the affections are dominant. An amazing example, replete with that pathos which "lies too deep for tears," is found in the story, chronicled by John of Brompton, of the mother of Thomas-à-Becket. His father, Gilbert-à-Becket, was taken prisoner during one of the Crusades by a Syrian Emir, and held for a considerable period in a kind of honorable captivity. A daughter of the Emir saw him at her father's table, heard him converse, fell in love with him, and offered to arrange the means by which both might escape to Europe. The project only partly succeeded; he escaped, but she was left behind. Soon afterward, however, she contrived to elude her attendants, and, after many marvelous adventures by sea and land, arrived in England, knowing but two English words, "London" and "Gilbert." By constantly repeating the first, she was directed to the city; and there, followed by a mob, she walked for months from street to street, crying, as she went, "Gilbert! Gilbert!" She at last came to the street in which her lover lived: the mob and the name attracted the attention of a servant in the house; Gilbert recognized her; and they were married. We doubt if any poet, if even Chaucer, ever imaginatively conceived sentiment in a form so vital and primary as it is realized in this fact.

Character, whether it be small or great, evil or good, thus always represents a positive and persisting force, and can, therefore, like other forces, be *calculated*, and the issues of its action predicted. Brougham probably knows Lord Campbell so thoroughly that he can exactly realize the picture which Campbell will draw of him in the future volumes of the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors;" and he accordingly remarked that Campbell's announcement of his intention to continue that work infinitely increased to him the horrors of death. There is nothing really capricious in character to a man gifted with the true piercing insight into it; and Pope was right in bringing the charge of insanity against Curll, the bookseller, provided Curll did *once* speak politely to a customer, and did *once* refuse two-and-sixpence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays—two things which Curll, of course, never could have done in a sane state of mind. There is nothing more mortifying to a reader of mankind than to be convicted of error in spelling out a character. We can all sympathize with the story of that person who was once requested, by a comparative stranger, to lend him ten dollars, to be returned the next day at 10 o'clock. The request was complied with; but the lender felt perfectly certain that the borrower belonged to that large and constantly-increasing class of our fellow-citizens who are commonly included in the genus "sponge," and he therefore bade his money, as it left his purse, that affectionate farewell which is only breathed in the moment of permanent separations. Much to his chagrin, however, the money was returned within a minute of the appointed time. A few days after, the same person requested a loan of thirty dollars, promising, as before, to return the sum at a specified hour. "No!" was the response of insulted and indignant sagacity; "you disappointed me once, Sir, and I shall not give you an opportunity of doing it again."

A commanding mind, in any station, is indicated by the accuracy with which it calculates the power and working intelligence of the subaltern natures it uses. In business, in war, in government, in all matters where many agents are employed to produce a single result, one miscalculation of character by the person who directs the complex operation is sufficient to throw the whole scheme into confusion. Napoleon's rage at General Dupont for capitulating at Baylen, was caused not more by the disasters which flowed from it, than by the irritation he felt in having confided to Dupont a task he proved incompetent to perform. Napoleon did not often thus miscalculate the capacity of his instruments. In the most desperate exigency of the battle of Wagram he had a cheerful faith that he would in the end be victorious, relying, as he did, on two things—probabilities to others but certainties to him—namely, that the column led by Macdonald would pierce the Austrian centre, and that the difficult operation committed to Davoust would be carried out, whatever failure might have been possible had it been intrusted to any other Marshal. So, after the defeat at Essling, the success of Napoleon's attempt to withdraw his beaten army depended on the character of Massena, to whom the Emperor dispatched a messenger telling him to keep his position for two hours longer at Aspern. This order, couched in the form of a request, was almost requiring an impossibility; but Napoleon knew the indomitable tenacity of the man to whom he gave it. The messenger found Massena seated on a heap of rubbish, his eyes blood-shot, his frame weakened by his unparalleled exertions during a contest of forty hours, and his whole appearance indicating a physical state better fitting the hospital than the field. But that steadfast soul seemed altogether unaffected by bodily prostration. Half-dead as he was with physical fatigue, he rose painfully, and said: "Tell the Emperor that I will hold out for two hours—six—twenty-four—as long as it is necessary for the safety of the army." And, it is needless to add, he kept his word.

In politics, where so many foul purposes are vailed in fair pretenses, the calculation of character is of primal importance; but the process requires insight and foresight beyond what people commonly exercise in practical affairs, and the result is that misconception of men and events which has so often involved individuals and governments in frightful calamities. A true judgment of persons penetrates through the surface to the centre and substance of their natures, and can even detect in pretenses, which may deceive the pretenders, that subtle guile which corrupt character always infuses into the most labored professions of morality or humanity. In every French revolution, for example, it rains beneficent words; but if we really desire to know how the bland and amiable humanities of the movement are to terminate, we must give slight attention to what the social and political leaders say and think, except so far as in their sayings and thoughts there are occasionally those unconscious escapes of character which shed unwilling light on what they really are and what they really mean. We must not hesitate to deny undoubted truths if they are pompously announced for the purpose of serving the ends of falsehood. There is an acrid gentleman of our acquaintance, who, whenever he sees a quack advertisement commencing with the startling interrogation, "Is health desirable?" instantly answers, "No!" because, if the premise be once admitted, the pills follow in logical sequence; and, to save health in the concrete, he is willing to deny it in the abstract. So it is well to reject even liberty, equality, and fraternity, when, from the nature of their champions, or from the nature of the society to which they are applied, equality means the dominion of a clique, fraternity introduces massacre, and liberty ushers in Louis Napoleon and the Empire. It was by looking through the rhodomontade of such virtue prattlers, and looking at men and things in their essential principles, which enabled Burke to predict the issue of the French Revolution of 1789, and to give French news in advance, not merely of the mail, but of the actual occurrence of events. He read events in their principles and causes.

This calculation of character—this power of discerning the tendencies and results of actions in the nature of their actors, is not confined to practical life, but is applicable also to literature, another great field in which character is revealed, and to which some allusion has already been made in treating of persistency. As all the vital movements of the mind are acts, character may be as completely expressed in the production of a book as in the conduct of a battle or the establishment of an institution. This is not merely the case in authors like Montaigne, Charles Lamb, and Sydney Smith, whose quaint exposure of individual peculiarities constitutes no small portion of their charm, or in authors like Rousseau and Byron, who exultingly exact attention to their fooleries

and obliquities by furiously dragging their readers into the privacies of their moral being, or in authors like Lamartine, who seem to dwell in an innocent ignorance or dainty denial of all external objects which offend their personal tastes, and who dissolve their natures into a sentimental mist, which is diffused over every province of nature and human life which they appear to describe or portray. But the same principle, in these so glaringly apparent, holds with regard to writers whose natures are not obtruded upon the attention, but which escape in the general tone and animating spirit of their productions. Guizot and Milman have both subjected the original authorities, consulted by Gibbon in his history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, to the intensest scrutiny, to see if the historian has perverted, falsified, or suppressed facts. Their judgment is in favor of his honesty and his conscientious research. Yet this by no means proves that we can obtain through his history the real truth of persons and events. The whole immense tract of history he traverses he has thoroughly *Gibbonized*. The qualities of his character steal out in every paragraph; the words are instinct with Gibbon's nature; though the facts may be obtained from without, the relations in which they are disposed are communicated from within; and the human race for fifteen centuries is made tributary to Gibbon's thought, and wears the colors and badges of Gibbon's nature; is denied the possession of any pure and exalted experiences which Gibbon can not verify by his own; and the reader, who is magnetized by the historian's genius, rises from the perusal of the vast work, informed of nothing, as it was in itself, but every thing, as it appeared to Gibbon, and especially doubting two things—that there is any chastity in women, or any divine truth in Christianity. Yet we suppose that Gibbon would not, by critics, be ranked in the subjective class of writers, but in the objective class. Still, the sensuality and skepticism which are in him are infused into the minds of his docile readers with more refined force than Rousseau and Byron ever succeeded in infusing theirs.

Every author, indeed, who really influences the mind, who plants in it thoughts and sentiments which take root and grow, communicates his character. Error and immorality—two words for one thing, for error is the immorality of the intellect, and immorality the error of the heart—these escape *from* him if they are *in* him, and pass into the recipient mind through subtle avenues invisible to consciousness. We accordingly sometimes find open natures, gifted with more receptivity than power of resistance or self-assertion, spotted all over with the sins of the intellects they have hospitably entertained, exhibiting evidence of having stormed heaven with Æschylus, and anatomized damnation with Dante, and reveled in indecencies with Rabelais, and got drunk with Burns, and violated all the austerer moralities with Moore.

Influence being thus the communication from one mind to another of positive individual life, great natures are apt to overcome smaller natures, instead of developing them—a conquest and usurpation as common in literature as in practical affairs. This spiritual despotism, wielded by the Cæsars and Napoleons of thought, ever implies personal and concentrated might in the despot; and the process of its operation is very different from those mental processes in which some particular faculty or sentiment acts, as it were, on its own account—processes which lack all living force and influence, creating nothing, communicating nothing, equally good for nothing, and bad for nothing. Thus, by wading through what Robert Hall calls the "continent of mud" of a mechanical religious writer, it is impossible to obtain any religious life; and diabolical vitality will perhaps be as vainly sought in the volumes of such a mechanical reprobate as Wycherley. But the moment you place yourself in relation with living minds, you find Shakspeare pouring Norman blood into your veins and the feudal system into your thoughts, and Milton putting iron into your will, and Spinoza entangling your poor wit in inextricable meshes of argumentation, and Goethe suffusing your whole nature with a sensuous delight, which converts heroism itself into a phase of the comfortable, and disinterestedness into one of the fine arts. The natures of such men being deeper, healthier, and more broadly inclusive than the natures of intense and morbid authors, are necessarily stronger, more searching, and admit of less resistance. In order that they may be genially assimilated, we must keep them at such a distance as to save our own personality from being insensibly merged into theirs. They are dangerous guests if they eat you, but celestial visitants if you can contrive to eat even a portion of them. It is curious to see what queer pranks they sometimes play with aspiring mediocrities, unqualified to receive more than the forms of any thing; who strut about in their liveries, ostentatious of such badges of intellectual servitude, and emulous to act in the farce of high life as it is below stairs. Thus, when Goethe first invaded the United States, it was noised about that he was a many-sided man, free from every sort of misdirecting enthusiasm, and conceiving and presenting all things in the right relations. Instantly a swarm of Goethes sprang up all around us, wantoning in *nonchalance* and the fopperies of affected comprehensiveness. The thing was found to be easier even than Byronism—requiring no scowls, no cursing and swearing, no increased expenditure for cravats and gin—and, accordingly, one could hardly venture into company without meeting some youthful *blasé*, whose commonplace was trumpeted as comprehension, whose intellectual laziness was dignified with the appellation of repose, and whose many-sidedness was the feeble expression of a personality without sufficient force to rise even into one-sidedness.

So far we have considered character principally as it works in practical affairs and in literature; but perhaps its grandest and mightiest exemplifications are in those rare men who have passed up, through a process of life and growth, from the actual world into the region of universal sentiments and great spiritual ideas. Every step in the progress of such men is through material and spiritual facts, each of which is looked into, looked through, and converted into force for further advance. The final elevation they attain, being the consequence of natural growth, has none of the instability of heights reached by occasional raptures of aspiration, but is as solid and as firm as it is high; and their characters, expressed in deeds all alive with moral energy, are fountains whence the world is continually replenished with a new and nobler life. A great and comprehensive person of this exalted order, to whom the imaginations of the poet seem but the commonplaces of the heaven in which he dwells, is not to be confounded with his counter-

feits—that is, with certain agile natures who leap, with one bound of thought, from the every-day world to an abstract and mocking ideal; and, perched on their transitory elevation, fleer and gibe at the social system to which they really belong, and of which, with all its sins and follies, they are far from being the best or the wisest members. The impression left by the reality is radiant spiritual power; the impression left by the counterfeit is simply pertness.

But let a great character, with the celestial city actually organized within him, descend upon a community to revolutionize and reform, and, in the conflict which ensues, he is sure to be victorious; for he is strong with a diviner strength than earth knows, and wields weapons whose stroke no mortal armor can withstand. If he come at all, he comes in a bodily form, and he comes to disturb; and society, with a bright apprehension of these two facts, has heretofore thought it a shrewd contrivance to remove him to another world before he had utterly disordered this. But in this particular case its axes, and gibbets, and fires could not apply; for the tremendous personality it sought to put out of the way had been built up by an assimilation of the life of things; and all mortal engines were therefore powerless to destroy one glowing atom of his solid and immortally persisting nature. Accordingly, after his martyrdom, he is the same strange, intrusive, pertinacious, resistless force that he was before—active as ever in every part of the social frame; pervading the community by degrees with his peculiar life; glaring in upon his murderers in their most secret nooks of retirement; rising, like the ghost of Banquo, to spread horror and amazement over their feasts; searing their eyeballs with strange "sights," even in the public markets; nor does he put off the torment of his presence until the cowards who slew him have gone, like Henry the Second, to the tomb of Becket, and, in the agonies of fear and remorse, have canonized him as a saint.

In these scattered remarks on a subject broad as human life, and various as the actual and possible combinations of the elements of human nature, we have attempted to indicate the great vital fact in human affairs, that all influential power in all the departments of practical, intellectual, and moral energy, is the expression of character, of forcible, persisting, and calculable persons, who have grown up into a stature more or less colossal through an assimilation of material or spiritual realities. This fact makes production the test and measure of power, imprints on production the mental and moral imperfections of that power, and, with a kind of sullen sublimity, declares that as a man is so shall be his work. It thus remorselessly tears off all the gaudy ornaments of opinion and phrase with which conceit bedizens weakness, and exhibits each person in his essential personality. The contemplation of this fact, like the contemplation of all facts, may sadden the sentimental and the luxurious, as it reveals Alps to climb, not bowers of bliss to bask in; but to manly natures, who disdain the trappings of pretension, the prospect is healthy, and the sharp, sleet air invigorating. By showing that men and things are not so good or so great as they seem, it may destroy the hope born of our dreams; but it is the source of another and more bracing hope, born of activity and intelligence. By the acidity with which it mocks the lazy aspirations, blown up as bubbles from the surface of natures which are really crumbling into dust amidst their pretty playthings, this fact may seem a sneering devil; but if it start into being one genuine thrill of vital thought, or touch that inmost nerve of activity whence character derives its force, it will be found to cheer and to point upward like other angels of the Lord.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is a great pleasure to be remembered by friends. When those friends are of the softer sex, and write letters of remembrance, the pleasure becomes an excitement. In the midst of piles of envelopes addressed in a fierce, masculine chirography to the editor, calling his attention to a little sketch upon the probable destination of flying-fishes upon the wing—or to an inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful—or inclosing an epic poem upon the Mind, in twelve books—or a tale of love and misery—or a little humorous sketch, "hardly worthy his attention"—amidst piles of these valuable documents, which the world would not willingly let die if they could only ever get a chance to live, the vision of a friendly Italian hand—not, dear Gunnybags, the veritable tawny flesh and blood member of some rare Contessa or lovely Prima Donna, but a scrap of Italian handwriting—is as a breeze in this sultry month to him who, belated, has hastened, with carpet-bag in hand and shawl on arm, along the sunny side of the street to the train, whose locomotive shrieks and snorts with impatience; or the steamer, whose bell tolls the last inexorable minute.

Even such a joy was thy handwriting, Melissa, upon the fair envelope, which must have perfumed the mail-bag, and cheered many a man with an unknown odor, as of queens' gloves and boudoirs in sunset pavilions.

It came one lovely morning of late, when the whole force of country suggestions and delights laid close siege to the old Easy Chair; and that citadel had an arrant traitor in league with those sweet besiegers—nothing less than a longing desire to be away beyond bricks, beyond even Barnum's Museum and the city smells, and deep in the heart of the country. As our four legs tottered abstractedly down town, vast acres of clover-bloom waved, wind-swept, before the eyes of our venerable imagination. In place of the excellent Fernando Wood's dust-heaps we saw hay-cocks and mounds of flowers, plots of scarlet verbena upon sunny lawns, and lucent-eyed water-lilies, the Sabrinas fair of mazy, meandering, murmuring brooks. Gentle slopes of summer verdure—billowy reaches of full-foliaged woods—hills of trembling silver in the noon deepening to purple distances of sunset—all these composed the landscape in which we walked. The legs moved along the crowded thoroughfare, but the heart of the Easy Chair cleaved to the soft splendors of its dream, and disbelieved in Broadway.

The good Gunnybags went by, doubtless, but we saw him not. Instead of his substantial person—a very pillar of the national commercial prosperity—we beheld large-eyed oxen calmly chewing the cud, languidly whisking off the flies, as they stood under solitary trees in pastures, or, better still, in meadow streams fringed with shrub and trees, the water rippling around their firmly-planted legs, as the currents of the Mediterranean about the Colos-

sus of Rhodes. The few dandies whom a generous fate spares to the summer prisoners of the city, who are passing from one gay haunt to another, but who serve, in the inscrutable wisdom of Nature, to remind those prisoners of the happiness of the happier sojourners at those haunts, who enjoy the sight of vast multitudes of dandies during all the summer hours—these, doubtless, went by. But the Easy Chair saw them not. It saw only golden butterflies darting in eccentric gorgeous orbits—fluttering and floating in the air like flowers from immortal gardens drifting by; or humming-birds around honey-suckle trellises confounded themselves with the spicy blossoms; and the children ran and shouted delighted, in the plenitude of happiness and youth.

Such sights and sounds, as of hidden brooks, and the coo of doves, and the mingled murmur of the barn-yards, the Easy Chair saw and heard, as it wheeled slowly along Broadway that lovely July morning. Shall it henceforth acknowledge presentiments? Shall it believe in necromancy? Shall it allow that mysterious communication, spiritual or magnetic relations, may be established, and as the sun foretells his rising by the auroral flush of dawn, and flowers by perfume prophesy themselves to the comer, so friendship foreshows its token by suggestions of its own, which include within their charmed circle a sense of the influence under which it speaks?

This is rather a mystical way of stating the case, but then the case is mystical, and what can you do? A plain spoken Easy Chair, that has eschewed Mrs. Hatch, and prefers that the learned Judge Edmonds should go to it rather than it should go to him, desires to tell all its experiences in the most lucid possible way.

But then, O Gunnybags, your way is not the most lucid because it is yours. It is good for you only because it best expresses what you have to say. The Easy Chair, O Gunnybags, will trouble you to put Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" into more lucid English. We are not discoursing of the hours at which cars start, but of dreams and longings—of mental fogs, in short, Gunnybags—or hazes, or vapors, and they require and necessitate a misty method of discourse. The clouds at sunset are vapors—the *Fata Morgana* is a picture on the air. What do you think of the Quattlebum Central, which you have bought to deliver at one hundred and twenty-two and one-eighth? Do you consider that a vapor, a *Fata Morgana*, a picture on the air? It is just the chance that it may be a bubble, a puff-ball—phew, whisk! it is gone; or a solid result in houses and lands, and more promises of more stock to deliver.

When you talk of mysteries, vapors, moonshine, poetry—meaning humbug—then bethink thee of Quattlebum Central to deliver in thirty days, my gentle Gunnybags!

Can such visions as the Easy Chair saw that morning be properly called vapors, since, upon arriving at his Crystal Palace in Franklin Square, it beheld thy hand, Melissa, thy perfumed chirography, fresh from country air and sea air, awaiting him?

There are seers, or prophets, or magicians, who can read the character of the writer of a letter simply by holding the letter in their hands. By some unknown effluence, by some mystic sympathy, it is revealed that our brunette Margaret is a blonde; and that our favorite Augustus, excellent in polkas and the German, is a melancholy poet. Even so, as we held that charmed billet, and wheeled ourselves to the great window whence we survey the world, we felt a sense of thy surpassing loveliness, Melissa, glide into the innermost recesses of our heart of oak, and irradiate with blither beauty the summer morning.

Melissa—be it known to you, most patient and courteous of readers!—is one of those women who make Shakspeare's women possible. Sir Richard Steele would have spoken of her as he did of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings: "Yet though her mien carries more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior, and to love her is a liberal education." There is no romance or poetry in the old literature, or in the conversation of the most poetical of our friends, that the coming of Melissa does not explain and justify. Nor that only; but when she adds her speech to her presence, it is the marriage of the nightingale with the bird of Paradise.

Melissa is a belle; for as no tide-bay is so shallow and sluggish that its waters do not answer the moon, so no man is so dull that he can resist the persuasion of her beauty. But her beauty is not a sweet symmetry of feature only, although that is always satisfactory: it is the mien and manner of her soul which seem to shine through all her person. Then her manners do not seem like her dresses, which are suited to seasons and occasions, and are of a various excellence—some costly and some coarse; some for dancing in the saloons of an emperor, some for walking in the mud—but they are rather like her skin, always the same, and always beautiful, and always inseparable from herself. There is something pathetic in her grace and gentleness and womanly decision. You feel that there is no station in life that she would not make appear to be the most desirable of all possible stations. She would irradiate the very White House with a supreme splendor of demeanor that would make every beholder wish to be President; or she would make a cottage, even in a fever and ague district, so charming that every man would buy quinine, and dare the issue.

Her learning is not like Hypatia's nor the Lady of Padua's. It is not scientific, nor black-letter, nor theological erudition. But she knows something of her own structure, and that of the earth on which she lives, and when she looks into a flower cup she can recognize the family likeness. She can bake bread and darn stockings; she can embroider velvet and crochet. In poetry and history and the pure *belles-lettres* she is well read, and knows that Scott wrote the Waverley novels. Yet when she converses she does not force her quotation of the wit of others to expose her own want of wit, and she never makes the fatal mistake of supposing that the recitation of sentimental poetry can do duty for romantic feeling. She sings, not like La Grange, far less like Jenny Lind, but sweetly and simply, songs which are natural and intelligible to her. In singing she does not suffer under the delusion that a cross expression and a wrinkled brow express tragic passion, nor that convulsive breath stands for deep emotion. In truth, she avoids singing in a crowded parlor, because she can not arise from hearing young Ourang say, "How defful hot!" and immediately pour out the soul of Juliet over Romeo's body.

When Melissa dances, fastidious mothers forget their scruples, and wonder how they have so long

prohibited Sarah Jane from an amusement so graceful, so poetic, so agreeable. Not like a square-trotting palfrey, not like an animated churn, but with a phantom motion, with noiseless celerity, gliding, meandering, as if a spring of smooth music moved her from within, Melissa passes before our eyes, and so long as she continued dancing we should not know the music had ceased.

Yet this is not nightly, nor all night. The roses that bloom on her cheeks are fed with morning dew, not with midnight gaslight. And the morning dew, when she is away from town, is brushed by her early feet going toward those to whom her coming is as daybreak and calm to shipwrecked seamen. Because her own lot in life is fair, she does not forget those whose fate is drearier; and her ministry to the poor is not the charity of the work-house to paupers, but of heavenly showers to the thirsty earth. It is not bread only nor always that she carries, for she knows that man lives not by bread alone. The kind word of real sympathy, not as a conscience-forced duty to save disagreeable remorse, but a heartfelt proffer of assistance, and a genuine sorrow for the suffering; these are the balms and boons she bears into the miserable homes, and out of them she carries a blessing.

Good health and a happy soul make life to her a luxury. Her companions peak and pine, and sigh over the flounce too scant, or the skirt too short, or the ill-matched ribbon. But Melissa's flounces are never scanty, her skirts are always long, and her ribbons match. It is the temper that all these things fit, and the temper is exquisitely elastic. When you see her bounding over the lawn, with the dog leaping by her side, and the butterflies flitting in the air, the birds singing in the trees around her, and the children shouting as she comes, the hope of the world, which the city corroded, begins to heal, and even the millennial "peace on earth, good will to men" seem possible.

Do you wonder Melissa is a belle—Melissa with the flowing hair and the tender eyes, and the voice that makes spring, as the first thrush makes it?

There is another who is called a belle—Belinda, whom you may see every where. Belinda, too, is pretty, and bright, and laughs easily and well. Her taste in silks and muslins, in laces and ribbons, and toilet effects, is exquisite. When she comes forth from her chamber, it is as if the very genius of dress-making were incarnated. But you see at a glance that a touch upon her smooth hair would make her shudder; that a rumple in her ample skirt would grieve her soul. She is nothing but a monument of mantua-making. Her soul is wrapped up in her dress, as her body is, and she has no room for a generous emotion, for a throb of sympathy, for any fun which is not satirical, for any comparison which is not compelled. She goes to ragged-schools, and she has a list of poor women to relieve, who are fearful bores to her, and she secretly wishes she did not feel that she ought to help them. She reads novels, and cries over them; she goes to plays, and cries at them, too; she goes to church, and cries over the funeral sermons. She thinks she is a person of profound sensibility and vast passions carefully controlled. She is clever, and thinks herself a wit. Could she have lived two hundred years ago, she might have rivaled certain famous French women—she might have shone illustrious at Versailles. She dreams of this beautiful possibility, and privately worships her own genius and deplores her unhappy fate. She could be an actress, too, she knows she could—Mrs. Siddons, Mademoiselle Mars, Rachel. Belinda is perpetually the heroine of a novel, which she constructs in her imagination from the life around her; and she has a superficial enthusiasm, which easily passes off in tears, and never deepens into feeling.

When Melissa and Belinda meet, in the manner of the first there is a cordial welcome; in that of the last a subdued sarcasm, hidden under a ceremonious address. If Melissa has any thing astray in her dress, Belinda sees it, and no lovely feeling, no generous appreciation, no human sympathy and wit that Melissa should reveal, could hide the discrepancy for a moment from the contemptuous contemplation of Belinda.

No man thinks of Belinda with a wish to marry her; no man, even if he loved her, would dare to wed her. She loves only herself, and the meanest part of herself. She loves best the mask under which she has buried her noblest features.

Both these belles are away. Venerable Easy Chairs, that can not follow them in fact, follow them in imagination. But the recollection of Belinda paints no visions upon our morning fancies. If we think of her, we do not the less behold Gunnybags and the dandies. To remember her is not to be solicited by singing birds, and gurgling waters, and banks of flowers in the sun. To name her name is not to repeat a spell which makes earth a paradise and heaven its continuance. To think of her face is not to see the sky in all its breadth of midsummer repose, on which the clouds lie soft as blossoms on a lawn, and in which, when the sun sets, the holy stars shine. To know Melissa is to think better of mankind, and to rejoice in the bountiful goodness of God. There are not many moments in the life of any man when he does this. The great, overflowing high-tides of joy and jubilee are rare, but marvelous and magnificent when they come. These are the waters upon which a man's soul is lifted, as Mohammed's was, into the seventh heaven: then they catch a glimpse of the glory; and, though they should never see it again, they could never forget it; and however dark, and dismal, and endless the night may seem, they know there is a day, and a perfect sun shining in a perfect heaven.

This revelation comes in many ways, but in none more exquisitely than through admiration of the loveliest form of creation. If man be the head of nature, is not woman the heart of man? If the Easy Chair were only a Persian or a poet, a Dr. Watts or a Mr. Tupper, it would now throw up all its legs and burst into song. And yet not even a Tupper can have lovelier thoughts than Melissa suggests to whoever beholds her.

Through so long and so various a preface we approach her letter. It is as if we wandered through the long galleries of the Vatican, down the far vistas of ranging vases, and bas-reliefs, and statues, on our way to the room of the Transfiguration. Yet when you come to the letter, it will be as when you come to the great picture, in which there is nothing surprising or striking. Like the coming of spring—like the break of day—all fair and perfect things strike us as only natural.

"Dear old Easy Chair," writes Melissa, "I can not think of you imprisoned in town without a regret and a wish. If I could only send you a breath of this morning by the sea, I should feel as if my letter were sure of a welcome. But since I

am no fairy, I can only send you the best wishes —which are at least as fresh, if not as valuable, as the morning air. Our life here is as quiet as the fields among which we live, but as pleasant, too. Only those people seem to me to be really happy who can get on without any thing to do. I mean they must not have the possibility of feeling bored. I am doing something all the time; but when I have nothing to do (my bull will gore your arms), I am quite as willing to do nothing. That is the true summer spirit. But around us here there are so many curious people, such quaint, and droll, and also commonplace people, that I am all the time gadding when I am not at home. Swarms of poor people also, and mostly Irish, as usual. They are certainly not interesting paupers. But somehow they can not tire out my patience.

"I have not been down the coast to Newport. My summer recollections of old times there are very alluring, but I am not seduced by the vision of that long promenade to Bateman's, in a fog of dust, or even that afternoon drive upon the beach, with the sea humming at us in derision as it breaks and slides up the smooth beach sand. And yet that drive is the finest in the world. No city has a park or garden promenade of fashion so splendid as that shore. But I find that fashion belittles every thing it touches. We must all conform to it, in some degree; but if a man or a woman strikes you, or is described to you as fashionable, you instantly think of them as frivolous. I grant that to be resolutely out of fashion is just as absurd as to be too fashionable. If I should go into the street or go to a ball dressed as the Empress Josephine dressed for balls, I should be carried to a madhouse. It would certainly be much more foolish to do that than to wear a skirt more expansive than little Sheba's. But a fashionable woman means, for all that, a weak woman. To be in fashion is the instinct of a lady—to be fashionable is the ambition of a fool.

"However, it is not my fear of being fashionable that keeps me away from Newport, only it is not convenient to go. I am sorry to miss those nights when, walking by the sea along the cliff, I heard, far away over level fields, the sweet clangor of midnight music—pleading, protesting, triumphing, sighing, dying in the night. Those moments held the purest romantic feeling. The gay, brilliant excitement of the place burst over me in full perfection, and only what was lovely and poetic stood in my imagination. I shall not tell you who was with me then, nor say that no companion could possibly know, by any sign or word, how high the enjoyment was. Such moments, made up of moonlight, youth, and music, explain themselves to every one, but none can explain them in turn.

"I think the charm of such summer resorts to imaginative people is, that they regard others as being just what the imagination makes them. So much depends upon circumstance and opportunity, that many a man, who is really an inoffensive nobody, may loom into a hero in the magic of music and the dance. And I have known girls, who were really nobodies, seem to be somebodies by the mere force of good-humor.

"However, this is dangerous ground; for I don't know who is to determine how much is in the personality of a man, and how much in his surroundings. I suppose a man in a Newport ball-room, reeling in the last round of the German at one in the morning, is a very different being from the same man in a Wall Street office at one in the afternoon. There could be no little doubt of the difference, if you fancy the observer in the first place to be a panting partner, and in the second her father.

"Here our only music is that of the waves and Laura's piano. She plays all the morning, while I read or study. In the afternoon I must be Lady Bountiful, and see how many people have no chance of ever enjoying what I enjoy. We had a sermon last Sunday which was, I consider, really unchristian, although it was preached decorously from a Christian pulpit. The text was, 'The poor ye have always with you;' and the improvement was, that there would always be poverty, do what we would. There it stopped, leaving the wicked inference that we might suspend all our effort, for it would do no good."

The letter is a long, long letter, such as redeems a whole dusty month. An old Easy Chair must needs fall to pondering upon it, and wondering about the future of the lovely Melissa. Why, when a beautiful girl is the subject of our reveries, why must we always speculate upon her marriage? We do not ask ourselves, with a half-painful curiosity, whom will this gallant and gay young Adonis Broadbrim marry? The brilliant youth seems complete in himself. But directly the fair Melissa appears, we peer anxiously into her destiny, and forecast her wedded fate.

Perhaps even now, as the old Easy Chair looks listlessly from the window into the busy old square beneath, and wishes that the summer were over and gone, and all the beautiful estrays at home again —even now, in the sweet, soft light that already grows tenderer as the day declines, Melissa wanders by the sea she loves so well, and hears a voice whose music is sweeter than its own, more persuasive than the pathetic clangor of that distant music floating over level fields far away; and as all that the music of those other days prophesied and promised rises into reality into her life, she breathes the word that breaks many a heart, and loses her forever to her fond old Easy Chair.

Surely, courteous reader, you will pardon the space which has been devoted to Melissa. But she does not speak of the dreadful rumors which reach us from Aquidneck, or the Isle of Rhodes or Rhode Island, that the interest of a long-suffering and much-paying public in the first of our watering-places, if not in the world—Newport—has begun to decline.

In the early spring Bat, the talented editor, told us how it was to be. But Bat, the talented editor, has told us how so many things were going to be that never were at all, that we can not have that profound reliance upon his statements and prognostications which it is so desirable to repose in a public censor and chronicler. Yet it seems that he was right this time. If you only keep saying, to-day it will rain, rain will at last come, and put you in the right.

You would have been perfectly safe in saying so during all the recent spring; for May was a howling wilderness at the gates of the summer. The savage northeast tempests roamed over it, and ravaged as they would. Bat was perfectly correct in calling it unprecedented weather.

But the glory can never go from Newport, however the fashion may change. The fickle tyrant can never reduce the sea-side retreat to the des-

olation of Ballston, over whose departed charm the grandmothers of Saratoga belles are eloquent. There will still be the sea, and the shore, and the wide solitary fields. There will still be the cliffs, and the rocks, and the inland hills. There will still be the lovely western bay gliding smooth, with lowly shores, far up into the land; still the soft, warm, sapphire ocean laving the gently-rising coasts, as the Mediterranean holds her many isles.

If the great barns of foolish people are closed and taken down, if excited youths are dethroned from the chariots they so recklessly conduct, if the jaded belles are taken to quieter places than the present July Newport, and sent to bed betimes instead of being suffered to dance till one and eat lobster salad until two in the morning, if tawdry vulgarity is sent to Coventry, and the fresh, healthful, delightful Newport is "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled," who will weep but Lydia Languish? who will swear but Sir Lucius O'Trigger? who will curse his luck and seek other pigeons, but Crocky himself, or his bosom friends and allies Rouge and Noir?

No recent humorous event has more excited our cynical neighbor, the retired highwayman, than certain passages in a recent plea of the eminent orator and lawyer, Mr. Choate, of Boston.

The titles of sundry law-books are not unfamiliar, even to our moderate legal intelligence. There is Chitty on something, and Coke upon somebody, and somebody else upon something else; but the treasury of legal lore is now enriched with Choate upon flirtation.

Could his theory be put into the form of a book, is there any difficulty in deciding which of all his books would be the law-student's *vade-mecum?* Could it be reduced to practice, is there any doubt what department of practice would be selected by the ambitious legal aspirant?

The Choate theory of flirtation imports that there is a delicious drooping, an exhilarating balancing, a tempting treading along the very edges of offense; a wetting, so to say, of the least little tip of the toe of propriety in the waters of sin, which is not naughtiness nor crime, but from which the bewildered neophyte may return faithful still, but self-rebuked, to the inmost bosom of love and constancy.

Richard and Robin, for instance, are two pretty men; but then Mrs. Richard and Mrs. Robin are two pretty women. Mr. Richard meets Mrs. Robin, and the male Robin likewise encounters the female Richard. Mrs. Robin leans upon Mr. Richard's arm, sighs, walks slowly, sips coffee at his expense, drives with him to the country, receives passionate protestations from him, sighs again, endures his embracing arm around her waist, languishes, sups at his expense, does it many times, endures it often, and returning always to the marital bosom of Mr. Robin, is guiltless. Guiltless? Yes, of petty larceny, or of hamstringing a horse, but guiltless?

"No," says the eloquent Mr. Choate, "not guiltless, my beloved fellow-citizens, but guilty, guilty of flirtation in the first degree."

Society clearly owes the learned advocate a service of plate. All Crinolina should rally to do him homage. Yet as the debt is peculiarly a woman's debt, let it be the duty of every woman to discharge it in her degree. Now there are some debts which it is sweeter to discharge than to incur, and this is one of them; for, whenever chance shall open the way, is it not womanly duty to walk in it?

We recommend, then, as an Easy Chair of steady and sedate pulses, that those ladies who wish to reward well-doing, and return by acts a kind word spoken in their behalf, should never let slip an occasion to flirt in the first degree with the eminent counsel. It may be very near naughtiness—so near as to have the aroma and the flavor—but it is not over the line; it is within the rules.

And of all the sensible things that lawyers have said—and are they not always saying them?—it is not easy to find any thing truer than what Mr. Choate says. There isn't half so much naughtiness as people believe. There is a general conspiracy to believe that certain circumstances indicate something terrible, because something terrible has at some time accompanied those circumstances. But the circumstances constantly occur without the crime, and reputations are blasted by a precedent. There was a great deal of good sense, as well as good rhetoric, in what the orator said. In the special case he defended, it may have been simply a stroke of policy and skill; but he was certainly right. There will certainly be a great deal of very innocent intimacy in many summer resorts this season which will seem to be prodigious, and to threaten a dissolution of the social fabric; but youth and fondness will still flirt, if you choose to call their natural association flirting.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is a provoking nothingness about French *feuilleton* writing, which it is impossible to catch, except as you catch the pleasant aroma of newly-opened Burgundy—by respiration. It goes wholly to the nostril: the tongue or palate can boast no sense of it, and the pen of your translator can not take it up or transfix it.

It is provoking: thus we see a fat, Paris, gossipy article, with a piquant name at its foot, and think—what a godsend have we here for our Western clientage! But, as we read, the periods turn shadowy—dissolve in spicy perfume—float away with our cigar-smoke, and are lost in the charmingest of *enfantillage*. The moment we turn it, in thought even, into our matter-of-fact Saxon word-craft, its resonance (wherein lies its pleasantness) has subsided into the clapping of dull metal, and the sweet bell we listened to is cracked past mending.

Let us instance: Villemot, the Saturday tattler for the *Independance Belge*, writing from Paris, is going to Bordeaux and Toulouse. Who cares for that? What boots it to Belgian readers? Nothing. Yet Villemot thinks otherwise, takes his forty thousand readers by their button-holes, and prates in this way:

"Off for Bordeaux this evening, with only half an hour to spare. There is to be a grand celebration at Toulouse; and on Thursday all the Paris press and the millionaires are to meet, and banquet at the foot of the Capitol. Only half an hour is left me to tell you of things stirring in the city; and this while I pack my portmanteau, and say a dozen of adieux to incoming friends.

"You know what this is. 'A pleasant journey to you'—'Come back soon'—'Don't forget your traveling-cap'—'You haven't ten minutes'—'The train leaves promptly.'

"And so, with all this din in one's ear, we must make short work of the Paris gossip; lay no sieges

to great scandal, but carry what we can to a quick step and at the point of the bayonet. For it would be worst scandal of all if our *courrier* should utterly fail. Fancy the lights put out some dark night on the Capes of Breton! Poor mariners! Poor Belgic readers! if they should lose their week's survey of the theatres—the balls—the report of what young Dumas is doing—of his last *bon mot*—of the great dinner of Mirés—of the libel suits of Mirecourt—of the new cravat of Rothschild—of the incoming of the nephew and the fair London bride—of what they say in the *coulisses* of the pretty Countess de Castiglione—of the Duke Constantine—so business-like, so keen, so unlike our old notions of Imperial Dukes, so old a head upon so young shoulders, and so on."

All this stretched to a five-hundred-franc *feuilleton*, and reduced by us to a syllabub, worth—shall we say?—half the money.

It is observable, by-the-by, that we Americans are inclining much more to the French mode of news-writing than to the more matter-of-fact style of our English brethren. We paint more, and measure less. We carry a brush on our travels rather than a yard-stick. The English tourists have never grown into love of the French mode; they can not make much of little; they can not cook you ten dishes from a nettle-pot; they know no way of incorporating tattle in print. There is less demand for it in the home market. Readers do not count by the million, as with us; they do not so much incline to story-telling. Towns of milliner-girls are not eager for such news as comes baited with piquancy; nor, on the other hand, do they, like the French, relish a *bon mot* as much as a new fact, and appreciate repartee like an argument.

While speaking of this style of writing, we may note the passing away of an eminent master of the craft—Alfred de Musset, of the French Academy.

He was born at Paris, in 1810. At the age of twenty only, he published the work by which perhaps he is best known—the "Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie." Subsequent books of the same author have borne title, "Spectacle dans un Fauteuil," and "Comédies Injouables." He also undertook, in connection with Stahl, the "Voyage ou il vous Plaira;" but, after long delays, and the urgence and ridicule of his co-worker and the publisher, his only contribution was a sonnet. Tony Johannot, the gay and tender (your Darley stands in place of him on the American boards), illustrated the book, and a pretty one it is. De Musset was an essentially lazy man, a timid man, a sensitive man—fearful always of not doing well enough, and so doing very little. With somewhat more of what Hazlitt would have called "constitutional talent," he would have made his name one of the most brilliant in the field of French literature. Besides this negative failing he had a positive one, which, it is whispered, undermined his energies and prostrated his nervous system—he wrote with the bottle by him. "There is George Sand," says he somewhere, "who, with only a dish of milk before her, will drop off her duodecimos by the dozen—easy as a hen lays eggs; but for me, I have gone to the last drop in my flask before I have completed a score of crazy lines, which I burn the next day."

Dumas, the father, it is said, used to find exaltation, when he wrought out "Monte Cristo," in a heaping basket of peaches or nectarines. Balzac sought it in coffee, that turned the night into day. It would be curious to inquire which among the popular French books of the day have been written without the excitement of any artificial stimulant.

We have heard of an eccentric lawyer who made his best pleas under the stimulus of a bottle of—Congress water (we mean of the Saratoga Spring). George Sand, it appears, is still more *naïve*, and finds mental illustration in—milk! We trust she does not qualify with sugar and cognac.

We observe that in your fast city you are reproducing the mercurial things of Dumas the younger, and that the moral guardians of your vexed metropolis are declaiming against the introduction of such extreme illustrations of French life. Can we believe what we hear? Can we credit our eyes and ears when they bring us intelligence that New York fears Parisian infection? Can we entertain the notion that so toward a daughter as "New York society" (*me tædet, pigetque verbi!*) is now really looking askance at the morals of the mother? Is the tender admiration, the overweening love, the relishing pursuit of things Parisian—of excesses Parisian, even—giving way at last to a doubt and a shudder? Do the dear girls, who expand their crinoline, as they do their faith, to the utmost verge of imported fashion, bethink them at last of reducing the circumference of their habits, and of drawing nearer in hoops and faith to nature and truth?

But this is not the province for sermonizing; all our sermons are laid upon the Table.

Apropos, however, of plays, and French plays, we see you have imported the Money Question and Camille. Have you taken Fiammina? Do you know it?

Various circumstances beyond its intrinsic merits have given it a "run" here upon the boards of the classic *Français*.

First, it was written by a new man—M. Mario Uchard. He is the husband of a pretty actress of this same *Theatre Français*, and a quiet, successful plodder in the money circles of the Bourse. If Mr. Little, or Mr. Wesley, or Mr. Drew, were suddenly to have their names on the posters at Wallack's as the authors of fine new comedies—approved by the clergymen and sanctioned at the Plymouth Church—there could hardly be more surprise than was felt at the announcement that M. Mario Uchard was "coming out" with a play.

Some rumors of unfortunate domestic relations gave piquancy to the intelligence. M. Uchard was a quiet, sedate man; his wife an admired and pretty woman—playing successfully, now in Paris, and now in Petersburg. There is not (and we speak no scandal) much fondness or intimacy between the husband and the wife. We can not say but they are in the enjoyment of a divorce—certainly a moral one, if the law has not put its seal upon it.

And now—with these facts in our eye—what sort of play does M. Uchard write? Fiammina (who gives name to the piece) is a singer, who wins triumphs every where by her voice and her charms.

The story opens with pretty love-scenes between a certain young Henri Lambert and a certain Laura. Both are winning and won. They are betrothed, and a marriage-day and charming domestic vista opens upon their young eyes. Of course, you look for an interruption to the smoothness of this sweet love current; and it comes. It comes in mysterious, vague shape: there is a shadow in the family of the appointed bridegroom. His father is an artist—calm, inexorable, earnest—

working at his canvas, as a man with like faculties and other education might work at ledgers and averages.

No wife softens the monotony of his labor, or spends a mother's sympathy or caresses upon the head of the hopeful Henri. All that is gone; and where is it gone? Is the mother of Henri dead?

Alas (if you will permit that word), no! The mother of Henri, and the wife of the sedate old gentleman, his father, is the admired actress Fiammina. The husband had met her in his youth-time in Italy; had become enamored; had wooed, won, and married her.

But for the Italian warm-blood, set on fire by the blaze of theatres, and the intenser blaze of applause, the calm, steadfast painter was too dull a twin. Reproaches, petulance, and recriminations brought their fruit in a break and a parting; and the Fiammina deserted home and husband, leaving young Henri motherless.

He grows up under a father's tenderness, ignorant of all this; jocund, blithe, hopeful, and setting his heart on this union with Laura. But Laura has a good, conventional mother; and this good, conventional mother learns how the wife of the old painter is the admired and splendid Fiammina.

The actress—whether tired of triumphs or with the yearning of the mother's heart strong in her—has, indeed, sought to find her way again to the home and heart of the painter. But the old man has repulsed her. "Where," says he, with very French philosophy, "would lie the reward for devoted mothers, if those forgetful of their duties and unfaithful to their trust can regain to love and esteem?"

Fiammina, maddened by rebuke, is wilder and more faithless than ever. She comes to sing at the Opera of Paris. The world is noisy with her charms, and talks pleasantly of her *liaison* with the accomplished Lord Dudley.

Here, and at this time, the truth dawns upon young Henri. In a frenzy he rushes away, and challenges Dudley to mortal combat. The cool, ceremonious nobleman refuses, upon knowledge of the facts, to fight the son, but avows willingness to meet the father.

But the father replies—in the presence of the crazed Fiammina—"My lord, my son is carried away by his feelings. For myself, I have no wrongs to avenge. There is no party here, save my son, whom I feel bound to defend."

The ties are all broken; the home once deserted can be a home for the deserter no more forever!

Is this a *coup* for Madame Uchard? People ask it; people say it; people deny it; people remember it.

On the stage, Fiammina gives way to grief. She has ruined the prospects of her boy; and, in an access of virtuous indignation, she resolves upon quitting the stage; upon living a life of penance; upon devoting herself to religious objects; upon utter retirement, where, perhaps, her boy may come to cheer her solitude.

The conventional mother will then withdraw her opposition (perhaps?), and Henri and Laura be happy; and the inexorable old gentleman—stately under his steadfastness—enjoy the reflection that vice has been its own punisher, and that forgiveness belongs only to Heaven.

What if Madame Uchard were to come back from Petersburg, and to play Fiammina, and Monsieur Mario Uchard were to sit in an orchestra *stalle?*

Real and scenic life touch each other oftener than we think; and there is hardly a tear dropped even in a Paris theatre which—if you were to analyze it—would not show its quotum of real woe. This sounds like a *banality* of quill craft; but yet has truth at its bottom.

Hinging upon this topic of plays, we may make mention of the growing taste in the metropolis for private theatricals. We hear of them here and there, along the Chaussèe d'Antin, and in the Champs Elysées, which, in these times of grand rents and princely houses (a fever which is by no manner of means limited to New York), is becoming the court end of the town. Emile de Girardin, enriched by his shrewdness—first, in publishing and instituting a cheap newspaper (the *Presse*), and next, in successful speculations—is one of the land-owners and palace-owners upon the great central avenue from the palace to the Bois de Boulogne, and one of the givers of the theatric *fêtes* to which we have alluded. Poor Madame Girardin, who would have ennobled such *fêtes* by her pen and presence, and whose memory is embalmed in the hearts of play-goers by her *Joie fait peur*, is no longer the mistress of the establishment; at least it is not *the* Madame Girardin of whom you know who now receives the guests at the festal suppers of Emile. A new patroness, a new wife, who shines rather by her youth, and beauty, and wealth, than by any quality *spirituelle*, now crowns the Girardin *fêtes*.

How the world changes (another *banality* of the pen)! When we were in Paris, long ago (the old Chair never confesses to its age), Emile Girardin was almost an adventurer; the son of a father who would not acknowledge him; the murderer (in duel) of the beloved Armand Carrel; the projector of a new scheme, in connection with the Paris *Presse*, which was looked doubtfully upon by all; the energetic, closet worker—thinking, plotting, writing, biding his time. He has seen his office mobbed, and has himself been hunted like a beast. In the days of February—memorable as the last of the Louis Philippe dynasty—he threw himself into that *bourgeois* current which ran toward a regency and the Duchess of Orleans. All in vain; for the waves were too high for him—the waves which his own fulminations had stirred upon the deeps of the Paris world. The tide bore on, as you know, to Provisional Republic, and Emile appears next as the inhabitant of a dungeon, sent thither by Eugene Cavaignac, when the Republican General put the city under martial law, in the days of June.

But Girardin came out thence, after far more harmful grumbles from the prison than any grumblings from his desk of the Rue Montmartre. As a politician he scarcely appears again, except in curt, sharp, short periods, which make readers start and waver, and dread and wonder. The paper, however, he has established achieves a financial victory; his pen and brain have wrought his fortune; it is sold for a fabulous sum—only when the Napoleonic dynasty has made such law as snatches all the piquancy from the Girardin paragraphs. He plunges headlong into speculation, but with eyes wide open. He is covertly favored by the imperial advisers; for they count it safe to create a new love (the money love) in the heart of a man who has been thus far so noisy and so dan-

gerous. He succeeds in all his projects; coins money by the million; loses a witty and pretty wife; replaces her by a fond and rich one; sells his Paris house for a new fortune; speculates in realty with added success; and the next generation may possibly know Emile de Girardin best as the millionaire of the Bourse, and the founder of a new race of French *lairds*.

And is he not a type of the times? Does he not illustrate the tendency of intellect nowadays toward the arena of the Exchange—toward the great goal of Mammon? Do we love, or sigh after, or long for any thing more? Is it a new worship, or only old worship revived? Are not Pharisees as old as our Christian faith, and have we not been praying these many a year—we who pay tithes of mint, and cummin, and such like—for the poor publicans who stand in corners, and sell only small drams for small profits?

Will the time ever come (supposing the Cumming prophecy to fail) when poverty will have its place of honor, and men be measured for what they are, and not for what they have? The Parisian aspect of business is not favorable to a just view of the subject. And we republican equalizers—so far as we can examine ourselves by Paris representatives—are not taking the initiative in a laudation of poverty, or of humility, even.

Talking of Paris representatives reminds us of a mention we saw the other day of Senator Sumner, coupled with a mention of the brother of "*le General Walker.*" It is piquant, as showing the handle by which European letter-writers take hold upon other-side things. We translate literally: "We have in this moment at Paris one of the abolition chiefs of the United States—the Senator Sumner—of whom there is special mention (saving mistake) in one of the latter works of Madame Becker-Stowe. You remember, of course, the history of this Senator, which forms a striking episode of the legislative manners of America. This is the man who, a year or two ago, talked with so much energy in relation to the affairs of the *State* of Kansas, that his adversary (*sic*), without arguments, descended from his bench, and gave him a blow with his cane upon the head. The blow was so effectively given, that M. Sumner fell at once, and I am able to see still the marks of it upon the *face* of the honorable legislator."

For ourselves, we must confess to our inability to see any such marks, and are quite glad indeed to find so hale and hearty, and well-looking a man. Whatever may be the opinion about the taste of the speech which provoked the wanton assault upon Mr. Sumner, there can hardly be but one about the fine physical *status* of the traveling senator; and knowing nothing of his antecedents, we should be loth to approach him in hostile attitude with gutta percha or other cane. But the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift.

Speaking of hostile attitudes, we suspect Americans are not generally informed of the Hotspur spirit which is fixed upon them by European opinions just now. The presumption hereabouts is, that every man travels with his revolver, and that the Colonel Colt, for his appliances in that way, is regarded as a sort of tutelary saint. We have had the pleasure of astonishing many people who speak little English and listen kindly to our bad French, by telling them that a man can go safely out after dark without weapon of any kind, provided he does not live in New York. As for your city, we are silent respecting it. We do not know but we blush when mention is made of our Metropolitan Police system. We certainly exercise all our ingenuity and all our French in turning conversation to other topics. When boldly appealed to, we *have* confessed to the fact of having passed many—nearly all—of our years in your city, and have excited exclamations of astonishment in consequence. Yet we are not over old. Gray hairs, wrinkles, there may be. "And do you mean to return?" say the astonished ones. *Cela depend;* not surely until the police is upon other footing; not until we may know to whom we may appeal for justice, whether to the honorable Commissioners or to the honorable Mayor.

And yet, with all its short-comings and its chances for garroters, we feel kindly toward the Republican cities when we go by our bayoneted *casernes* upon this side, and think that it is fear and not love, subjection and not consort, that keeps up the order we see and live under. Just now—today—we have come back from a visit to the new *caserne* by the Boulevard du Temple, in process of erection; and so situated that its five thousand soldiery (for it will quarter so many) will command the whole stretch of two new Boulevards.

Another thing noticeable about this new fortress is the fact that it rises, stone by stone, wholly through the magic of steam. A turn of a lever, and a rock is grappled; another turn, and it mounts; another, and it sways to the top of the wall; another, and it trundles away to its destined position. The Duke Constantine (with yardstick in hand) has looked admiringly upon all this, and has made such note of it as will very likely by-and-by be adding easy stones to the fortress of Cronstadt and Helsingfors.

Speaking of the Duke, have you not observed, journal-wise, how he has made his way to the sympathies of the French people?—admiring their arsenals, toasting their army, ogling their pretty women? And is not our staid neighbor John Bull chafing somewhat at the sight of this new coquetry between the bearded lover of the north and *la belle France?* Has not John been playing the lover to the Gallic nymph with such assiduity these four years past, and with so few triumphs to his gallantry, that he feels sourly now, in spite of himself, at the sudden conquest the young Duke is making?

Leaving, now, the company of the Grand Duke, we may take our matter-of-fact country readers (of whom we are sure we have a host) out to the Fair-grounds of Poissy—the great butcher mart for Paris. We will show them there a new method of testing prize cattle, and one which we venture has not yet been entered upon the practice of our Agricultural Fairs at home—we mean that proof of them which lies in the eating. The six or the dozen premium cattle are killed, cooked, and tasted by appointed judges; the sirloin is stewed, broiled, roasted, and under each aspect offered to the epicures. The tail is souped, baked, and tested in its turn; the brain is submitted to a French fry, and the *entrecotes* to a broil with onions. Appetites are kept alive by sound Orleans wine, and there is a strife to be upon the sirloin committees. May we not suggest this, as an added attraction to those Agricultural Fairs at home which are now compelled to bring Amazons upon the field to keep up the tale of their receipts?

Another interesting matter for sober readers will

be a knowledge of the establishment of a "Vulcanite Court" by Mr. Goodyear in the Sydenham Palace, near to London. We clip a description of it from the papers:

"It is placed in the South Transept Gallery, upon the Terrace side; and whoever is anxious to obtain any just idea of the rapid progress of invention in that which relates to India rubber or its appliances, should witness what is here exhibited, more particularly if the desire is to have any conception of the present and future results of the discovery of the vulcanization of India rubber, and the apparently endless uses to which this material is already and may be hereafter applied. When the Vulcanite Court was yet unfinished and unfurnished, we alluded to the wide-spread benefits it was destined to confer upon the public. Already, so far as civilization extends, there is hardly a nook so obscure or a person so humble as not to have been in some degree benefited by it; and few who do not know something of the merits of one of almost the necessaries of life—the American India rubber galoche, one of the first articles to which the discovery was applied. The same remark is applicable to a vast number of other articles of vulcanized and vulcanite India rubber. It needs but a glance for the visitor to discover that a far more extensive industry is now opened with this new material, vulcanite, which has grown out of only another phase of vulcanization. This will not appear so strange to our readers who have not seen these displays, if they consider that in this material there is found a substitute for ivory, whalebone, bone, and shell—possessing their valuable qualities without their defects, such as splitting, altering by change of temperature, waste in working, and expensiveness of carving, turning, etc.; when also they consider that these articles are worked without waste of material, and moulded in a soft state with all the facility of wax or dough.

"It would occupy considerable space to detail the hundreds of articles exhibited, which, from the now well-known properties of this material, are proved to be unquestionably superior to the same articles heretofore made of ivory, buck-horn, bone, etc. We therefore pass to a brief description of the Court and the main features of the invention.

"The Vulcanite Court is about sixty feet in length by eighteen feet in breadth. It is built, for the most part—more particularly such portions as are the most ornamental and striking—of the vulcanite, the columns being inlaid in different colors of workmanship, and the signs, lettering, etc., being of the same material. The interior is divided into three compartments—drawing-room, bedroom, and dining-room. These are filled with exquisite works of ornament and utility. The drawing-room is elegantly furnished with all the articles usually found in the most fashionable mansions, added to which there are numbers of others of interest, and entirely new. The jewelry and carving, and the entire requirements of both the gentleman's and lady's toilet, are unexceptionable. The walls are decorated with choice engravings, worked upon vulcanite parchment; and the paintings in oil on vulcanite panels are evidently from the hands of accomplished masters, and are framed in polished or gilded vulcanite frames. In a word, every thing that an accomplished resident might require is here found in its place; and while the *tout ensemble* is made simply to represent an elegant suite of apartments, the reflective mind can not but view it as an unique cabinet, in which are tastefully arranged the proofs of that unerring sequence of Providence which finds a substitute at the exact period of the decline or extinction of that which it is intended to supersede. Thus, at a period when the scarcity of whales is an accepted fact, we have here an artificial whalebone, now used almost throughout America, and greatly on the continent of Europe. With the dearth of elephants and the greater demand for ivory, a fitting and unimpeachable substitute is provided by vulcanite, and so throughout a length and breadth of usefulness of encyclopædian variety."

The pride with which this great invention may be regarded by Americans is somewhat modified by the fact, that the art which has fashioned the infinite variety of its products is wholly foreign. American ingenuity has wrought out the great secret of the vulcanite and adapted it to mechanical uses; but the men who are taught in foreign schools of design have been needed to carry the invention almost into the province of art.

Editor's Drawer.

HARPER'S FERRY is known the land over for the picturesque and magnificent scenery of the region, as well as for the extensive Armory of the United States Government there located. A few weeks ago, as the railway train stopped at this romantic place, for the passengers to take refreshments, a traveling *H*inglishman stepped out of the cars upon the platform, and looking around him, inquired of a boy,

"What is the name of this place, my little man?"

"Harper's Ferry," said the boy.

"Oh! ah! thank you. 'Arper's Ferry, is it? And, pray, is '*Arper's Magazine* at this ferry, too?"

The boy was stumped for a moment, but Young America soon recovered himself, and replied,

"You mean the powder *magazine*, Sir."

"Ay, ay," responded Bull.

"Yes, Sir, that's here, down there below the Armory; and if you go to look at it, '*Arper's Weakly* will be there too!"

The Englishman could make neither head nor tail of the matter, but walked in to his dinner, muttering to himself, "'Arper's Ferry, 'Arper's Magazine, 'Arper's Weekly! What a musical people these Yankees must be, so many '*Arpers* all in one place!"

MR. STEELE was putting up a splendid suit of apartments. One of the largest of them was to be devoted to public lectures, and he was very solicitous that it should be so constructed as to be favorable for the transmission of sound. He was very slack in paying his workmen; and one day, when he was quite behindhand in this matter, he came suddenly into the midst of them, to see what progress they were making. They were at work on the lecture-room, and he told the boss carpenter to stand on the rostrum and make a speech, so that he might judge of the effect of sound in the house. The carpenter took the stand, but commenced scratching his head instead of speaking, and was obliged to say that he was a better hand at clenching nails than arguments, and could make a house sooner than a speech.

"Never mind," said the owner, "never mind

that; say the first thing that comes into your head."

"Well then, your Honor, if I must, I must; so here goes: We have been working here for six months past, and have not received one dollar of our pay, and we would just like to know how soon you intend to do the fair thing?"

"Very well done," said Mr. Steele; "you speak very well. I can hear distinctly, but I must confess I don't like the subject!"

This reminds us of a very good thing that was said and done last winter at a capital dinner-party—capital party and capital dinner. It was given by Mr. Stoneham, in Fourteenth Street, to a select circle of friends, including some of the pleasantest characters of the town. All went merrily as a dozen marriage belles, and when the health of Mr. Stoneham was given, and a speech invoked, he said—what was, indeed, very true—that he never made a speech in his life, and it was too late for him now to begin. But he would call upon his friend, Mr. Wagjaw, who was sitting on his right, to express his feelings, instead of attempting to do it himself.

Mr. Wagjaw rose, and regretted that some one else had not been called on to do justice to Mr. Stoneham's sentiments; but having been commanded to speak in behalf of their noble host, he would thank the gentlemen for the honor of their company around his social board; the pleasure he had enjoyed in their flow of soul; and he would beg that they would give him the additional happiness of *dining with him again a week from this day.*

A sudden start of Mr. Stoneham told the company how unexpected was this climax to the speech of his mouth-piece; but the unbounded applause with which it was received, and the richness of its humor, silenced all objections, and he made the best of it by repeating his banquet on the following Thursday. It was another good season.

Phonography, or funnygraphy, as it is called, is certainly making progress. A Western correspondent sends us the original copy of the following notice, written and posted in the village whence he writes, and by the learned teacher whose name is hereunto appended:

"Notice will here be given that those wishing to studdy Phonography or the Ponetic short hand can have lessons in this useful art of learning to rite it is far superior to any yet thoaght of you can tell better when you come to see some of it and see whairin it is better. all of those wishing to studdy this useful studdy are requested to call to Mr. Milners Saturday eavning March the 28 1857 between the ours of 7 and 8 C B Carman"

A few days ago the doctor at the Demilt Dispensary was greatly amused with a limping Irishman, who had been there a short time before with a sprained ankle. Dr. B—— wrote out a prescription for a liniment, and told Paddy to rub it on his ankle every night, and come back at the end of a week and report. Paddy now presented a paper, sadly soiled and worn, which proved to be the original prescription as written by the doctor.

"Well, what have you been doing with this, Pat?"

"Sure, yer honor, I've did as ye tould me. I've rubbed me ankle with it every night, and it's cured intirely, God bliss yer honor!"

And so the poor fellow had got well without the liniment; and many another patient would find that rubbing the prescription in is quite as effectual as the medicine.

The Hutchinson boys were very popular some years ago, until Judson set up for a wit, and proved to be too much of a fool. His wretched attempts at fun made him a laughing-stock when he, poor fellow, thought they were laughing at his poor jokes. The Buckley minstrels, in their negro caricatures, take off the Hutchinsons; and the other night one big black fellow steps out on the stage, *à la Judson*, and, imitating him to the life—voice, manner, shirt-collar, and all—he said: "If—any—of the ladies—wish—to—to—to—kiss the performers, they will have an—opportunity at the close of the entertainment." It would have taken the conceit out of Jud to have seen himself in this imitation nigger.

"What a lovely woman!" was the exclamation of Lord Chancellor Eldon, upon passing a first-class beauty, when pacing up and down Westminster Hall, with his friend the Master of the Rolls, previous to the opening of their respective courts.

"What an excellent *judge!*" said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

Not long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect:

"Do you not know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?"

"And, mayhap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they comed."

The noble lord felt that he had the worst of it.

Great effects from little causes flow, as tall oaks from little acorns grow; but we have rarely heard of a more extraordinary illustration of the fact than is seen in the case of Sir Thomas Colby, an English gentleman. It is stated of him that, waking up in the night, he recollected that he had left the key of his wine cellar on the parlor table, and fearing that his servants would improve the inadvertence, and drink some of his wine, he got up and went down stairs after it. He was in a profuse perspiration, which was suddenly checked as he rose and stepped into the colder halls. The check of perspiration threw him into a fit of sickness, which terminated fatally in a few days. His illness was so brief and severe that he could make no will, and his immense property of six millions of dollars was divided among five or six day-laborers, who were his nearest relatives.

It has cost many a man many a hard sweat to get that amount of money, but few have lost so much by getting out of a sweat.

The man who wrestled with adversity wore out his silk stockings, and got worsted.

"On the canal a few miles from our village," says a contributor to the Drawer, "a party of laborers were at work, all green from the greenest isle of the sea. The overseer was a rascally Yankee, who one day found a snapping-turtle; and, knowing that the raw Irishmen had never seen

such a beast before, he took it by the tail, placed it on the smooth-graded bank, and put upon its back a bit of turf that covered it entirely. As it slowly marched off with its burden, he called the attention of one of the men to the singular fact that the sod was traveling.

"With a cry to startle the Seven Sleepers, he called the 'byes' to witness the wonderful spectacle. 'Holy mother of Moses!' said he; 'did ever ye see the likes o' that? Here's a bit o' bog trottin' off for all the world like meself after takin' me third pint!'

"In a moment all hands had dropped shovel and pick, and stood in noisy wonder around the moving turf. At length Mike White, a bolder boy than the rest, stooped slowly, and peeping under, began to feel if the thing had any legs, or what in creation made it go.

"Snap! and in an instant Mike's thumb was seized, and the poor fellow howled with pain. The creature clung fast, and Mike brought him up, his legs all spread abroad, and roared out:

"'Let go o' that, ye bloody spalpeen! or I'll knock yez out o' that little box ye're sittin' in! Let go!'

"But the more Mike swore the more the beast held on; and not till the overseer 'axed' him would he quit the Paddy's thumb."

Ben Brown opened a store in Swoptown, and, in order to hook every body in to trade, he offered to treat every one that bought any thing at his store. Money being pretty scarce, there was a good deal of barter going on in those days. So Sam Jones called into the grocery and dry-goods store of Mr. Brown, and asked for a darning-needle, offering in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle, Jones said:

"Come, Sir, ain't you going to treat?"

"What! on that trade?"

"Certainly—a trade's a trade, let it be big or little."

"Well, what will you take?"

"A glass of wine," said Jones.

The wine was poured out, when the sponge said, "Would it be asking too much to request you to put an egg into this wine? I am very fond of wine and egg."

Appalled by the man's meanness, the storekeeper took the identical egg which he had received for the darning-needle, and handed it to his customer, who, on breaking it into his wine-glass, discovered that it contained a double yolk.

"Look here," said the sponge, "don't you think you ought to give me another darning-needle? This, you see, is a double yolk!"

Judge Norton, of Grundy County, Illinois, is remarkable for his dignity, urbanity, and love of humor, the latter of which three qualities he dispenses freely in perfect consistency with the first.

"In the midst of Court the other day," writes a Western friend, "the proceedings were interrupted by the howling of a dog that had been trodden on by some one of the crowd in attendance. The Judge drew himself up with great dignity, and, in a full, distinct voice, said:

"'Mr. Sheriff, we will excuse the further attendance of that dog upon this Court!'"

There never was a greater villain than Aaron Burr—never! What is written of him—what has become history and world talk—is nothing to the unwritten, untold deeds of darkness that he was ever perpetrating. His whole life was intrigue. Woman was his spoil. He lived before the world as an aspirant for power: in social life he lived to triumph over the weakness of the sex. His treachery, his infamous exposure of confidential letters addressed to him by ladies of rank and fashion, his utter heartlessness, are now well known; but the chapters of his love affairs, if published, will make the most extraordinary revelations that have ever yet appeared in connection with the name of this remarkable man.

The late honest, but poor Matthew L. Davis, his executor, received from him, while living, trunks full of feminine correspondence, by which Burr sought to make Davis's fortune, but which were generously returned, without fee or reward, to the grateful recipients.

Lobbying—now an anomaly—was then in full force. Several important bills had passed the New York Legislature, and some were so uncharitable as to intimate that improper influences had been resorted to. Davis was accused of being engaged in bringing about a successful result.

A lady of rank and fashion condescended—and ladies rarely condescend to mingle in any thing out of their appropriate sphere, the limits of the domestic circle—to say hard things of Davis; she went so far as to intimate she could calmly look on and see him hung. Davis went to her door, rang the bell, sent up his name, and was promptly answered she was not, and never would be at home to Mr. Davis.

"Pray ask her if she has heard from her husband at Niagara?"

He was forthwith invited up stairs. The lady entered in trepidation and alarm.

"Has any calamity happened to my beloved husband?" said she.

"This will explain all," said Davis, handing her a letter in her own chirography, addressed to Colonel Aaron Burr.

"Good Heavens, Sir!" said she; "for what purpose is this letter destined to remain in your possession?"

"Madam, to be disposed of by you, at your own discretion," was the reply.

"My kind friend," exclaimed she, "how can I ever repay such an act of unparalleled magnanimity? I, who have spoken so unkindly, so unjustly, of so noble a friend!"

"Ever afterward," said Davis, "she almost broke her neck in extending her head out of the carriage window to greet me as she passed."

THE WEDDING-DAY.

I can not sleep, I tremble so,
And such a tumult fills my brain;
It must be joy I feel, I know,
But oh, how near it seems to pain!
The wind moans through the old pear-tree;
The morn is cold, and damp, and gray;
Who would have thought the world would be
So sad upon my wedding-day?

No less I love thee, Charlie Ray,
God knows my heart is full of thee—
So full, that if I kneel to pray,
Thine image only can I see.
And I would not exchange this morn—
Its cold, its mist, its hoary rime—
For all the splendors that adorn
The young day in some fairer clime.

Hark, hark, he comes! Be still my heart—
Be still! Be proud! Be blest! Be gay!
What need hast thou to ache and start
When Charlie comes—my Charlie Ray?
He comes—he comes! and I must be
All smiles, and wipe these tears away;
It would be wrong to let him see
I've wept upon my wedding-day.

As a specimen of original composition, we do not remember having met with any thing to exceed the letter written by an Irish laborer, who had received some education and many favors at the hands of his employer, to whom he had been consigned. After he had obtained a situation through the influence of this benevolent gentleman, he gratefully acknowledged the kindness in these words and lines:

"DEAR SIR,—I send these few lines as my apology for my dilatory and inadvertent respect (appearingly) conferred on you by not going to see you or exchanging a filial sheet. Also by attention to our Business, it appears industrious to our employer. But I hope you will receive this with Equal Benignity as if from the classic pen of an opulent friend and through the same motives as I send it. The only condign compensation I can render you for your unmerited Benevolence toward me and to entreat you for your admonition for the best Mode of my procedure, and that you will take a fraternal interest in a correspondence with me in the stages of life and at this period when juvenile faculties feel exigencies for a Sapient friend of maturer years that has experienced the divers characters of society, both domestic and alien, since there is snares awaits us through all the paths of life. Sincerely yours."

SMALL'S warehouse is well known in Baltimore; but a Dutchman, with his cart, went hunting all over town asking for "von *leetel* varehuss;" and it was not till he produced his ticket of direction, that he learned the difference between *small* and *little*, in this worst of all languages for a foreigner to get the hang of.

"I CAN not resist," says a friend over the water, "the pleasure of sending to the Drawer the neatest classical pun I ever met with; and I know that you have many readers to appreciate and enjoy it.

"Moore, in his Diary edited by Lord John Russell, says:

"'A very agreeable day. Some good Latin poems of Jekyl's. Upon hearing that Logier taught thorough-base in three lessons, he said it contradicted the saying of Horace:

"'Nemo fuit repente turpissimus. In English, No one becomes suddenly *thoroughly base.*'"

THE late Dr. Knox, of Larbert, while entertaining one day a few of his clerical friends to dinner, happened rather unceremoniously to help himself to some vegetables upon the table by using his fingers, and was told by one of his brethren that he reminded him of Nebuchadnezzar; when the Doctor immediately replied, "Oh yes; that was when he was eating with the beasts."

A SOUTHWESTERN gentleman sends us the following authentic fact; and it is admirably suited to the present times, when many preachers of the gospel (?) think of Paul as Mr. Winston did:

"George Winston was a devoted Baptist man in Mississippi, and an equally ardent Democrat. It was hard to tell which had the warmest place in his affections—his wife, his church, or his political party. On one occasion he had several friends spending the evening with him; and, before they retired, he took down the family Bible to read a portion of Scripture and have a word of prayer. It so happened that he opened the sacred book at the Epistle to Titus, where the Apostle says, 'Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work.' As it was a habit with him to comment upon the text as he went along, when he came to this passage he took off his spectacles, and with a gravity suited to the time and place, he remarked:

"'*There*, my friends, is where I differ from Brother Paul. Mr. Jefferson tells us that the true doctrine is just the reverse of this; that is, men in office should always be obedient to the people; and I agree with the great author of the Declaration of Independence. The Apostle was no doubt a great preacher and a good Christian, but it is clear enough he was no Democrat.'"

THE profound theological wisdom of some of our Scriptural expositors is very amusing, or would be, if the subject were not too serious for amusement. "A short time since," so writes an Illinois friend, "in the Universalist Sabbath-school in Oquawka, in the Hoosier State, the question was asked, what the Saviour meant when he said, 'Put not new cloth into an old garment.' It passed all around the school, and no one was prepared to answer, when the Superintendent was called on to explain it himself. With a countenance indicating deep reflection, and a very oracular voice, he remarked: 'It is very evident to my mind that our Lord meant to teach this great truth, viz., *a hole will last longer than a patch!*'"

THE fashionable circles of Chicago—for, strange to say, the Western cities, not yet out of the stumps and hardly out of the woods, are infested with fashionable circles—were thrown into excitement by the arrival among them of a French count, polished and fascinating in his manners, and immediately a lion among the young ladies and their ambitious mammas. For a month he was the honored and admired of the *beau monde;* and many a fair maiden had tried her own Christian name with *Countess* before it, to hear how lovingly it would sound. All at once the same fashionable world was horrified to behold a barber's pole before a door, over which was a sign with the dashing count's name upon it in glittering gilt. What could it mean? They called upon him to demand an explanation! He had deceived them! They thought he was a gentleman! Was he indeed a barber?

The illustrious foreigner received his indignant friends with great politeness, and went on stropping a razor, while he replied:

"True, very true vat you say; but I poor man, I am. I make must a leeving; *I must shave de peeple!*"

The Count is not the only man who thinks shaving the people the only way to make a *leeving.*

To hear Gough tell the "drugger" story is worth a quarter any time. The story is a capital one, but it takes the man to tell it. This he does in some such words as these:

"A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug-store and asked:

"'Be you the drugger?'

"'Well, I s'pose so; I sell drugs.'

"'Wall, hev you got any of this here scentin' stuff as the gals put on their handke'chers?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Wall, our Sal's gine to be married, and she gin me ninepence and told me to invest the hull 'mount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you've a mind, I'll jest smell round.'

"The Yankee smelled round without being suited until the 'drugger' got tired of him; and, taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:

"'I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkercher will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but, to get the strength of it, you must take a good big smell.'

"'Is that so, Mister? Wall, just hold on a minute till I get my breath; and when I say *Neow*, you put it under my smeller.'

"The hartshorn of course knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has done many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does? Not he; but, rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said:

"'You made me smell that tarnal everlastin' stuff, Mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone.'"

Governor Clark, who was relieved of the cares of State by the advent of a King last winter, has been ticketed for immortality as the pardoning Governor. If he is forgiven as he forgave others, it will go well with him here and hereafter. Some people are so uncharitable as to think that some of these good deeds of his ought to be repented of. But Governor Clark was fond of quoting a text of Scripture which reads like this: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." He had an eye to the promise when he opened the prison-doors.

One time he made a visit to the Clinton County prison, and while there inquired after a prisoner whom he had resolved to pardon, as he was satisfied that he had been wrongfully convicted. The warden pointed him to the man, who was digging potatoes in the open field. The Governor walked up to the man, and after a few words with him informed the fellow that he had concluded to pardon him.

The prisoner, leaning on his hoe-handle, looked at the Governor a minute in silence, and then said:

"I'm much obliged to you, Gov'nor, for the pardon; but if it's *all the same to you*, I'd like to stay here a couple of weeks or so, till I git in these potatoes. I've tuk care of 'em so far, and I'd like to see 'em all through. Now, Gov'nor, ain't them *nice* potatoes?" handing some to his Excellency, who was not a little astonished to find the man so fond of his potato patch that he preferred to stay in prison for the sake of seeing it done up right.

General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B., Governor of Scinde, was a man, a true man, as well as a conquering hero. He had the heart as well as the nerve. Before he went to India his wife had a dream—a bright being came to her by night, and told her that Sir Charles would be rich and powerful, and have a great name in India! It was all so. And when he had gained and grasped them all, he writes thus in his journal:

"Nineteen long letters from Lord Ellenborough! He has made me Governor of Scinde, with additional pay; and he has ordered the captured guns to be cast into a triumphal column, with our names. I wish he would let me go back to my wife and girls; it would be more to me than pay, and glory, and honors. Eight months now away from them, and my wife's strange dream realized. This is glory, is it? Yes! Nine princes have surrendered their swords to me on fields of battle, and their kingdoms have been conquered by me and attached to my own country. I have received the government of the conquered province, and all honors are paid to me while living in mine enemy's capital. Well, all the glory that can be desired is mine, and I care so little for it that, the moment I can, all shall be resigned to live quietly with my wife and girls; no honor or riches repays me for absence from them. Otherwise, this sort of life is agreeable, as it may enable me to do good to these poor people. Oh! if I can do one good thing to serve them where so much blood has been shed in accursed war, I shall be happy. May I never see another shot fired! horrid, horrid war! Yet how it wins upon and hardens one when in command! No young man can resist the temptation—I defy him; but thirty and sixty are different."

Every one remembers the story of the contest between two painters—one of them painted a basket of cherries so naturally that the birds flew down to eat them. A curtain was before the picture of the other, and the rival, elated with his own success, stepped up and attempted to remove it. It was a painted curtain! The one had deceived the birds, the other had deceived the painter. *My City Friend*, a cute little paper, tells this very good one of the painters:

"Beauvallet is a comedian. Beauvallet is an amateur painter. He paints between acts we may say, and landscapes from preference. His genius runs in that line, and he is not without a certain originality. His figures are like willows by the roadside; and, on the other hand, his trees look as if they wore wigs.

"Another amateur has a mania for *re-touching*. On a visit to a lady friend he saw a small landscape in a corner of the saloon.

"'That's not bad.'

"'That is by Beauvallet,' said the lady.

"'It is a little too naked,' said the visitor; 'there should be a monk, a horseman, or something, as we say, to "enliven the landscape;" two strokes of the brush are enough—I will attend to it.' And he carries off the picture.

"Two days after, corrected and enlivened, it is returned. Beauvallet paid a visit in his turn. His eye detected the change in his work.

"'What's that?' approaching for a nearer view.

"'That is a horseman. You forgot to put one on the road, and your friend B. thought it an improvement to insert one.'

"'How? on the *road?* That's not a *road; it's a river!*'"

Ever-ready Pat sometimes says the neatest thing in the world, if he does make a bull oftener than any thing better. "Some years ago," says a friend of ours, "I was passing through Pennsylvania in a stage, and we stopped at a country tavern for breakfast. Among the passengers was a pleasant Irishman, whose good humor had enter-

tained us through many a weary mile and hour. At breakfast a very pretty maid, who was waiting on table, said to him,

"'Will you have some sugar in your tea, Sir?'

"'Sugar in my tay, Miss? No, I thank you; you have looked into it, and it's quite swate enough!'"

The Duke of Marlborough was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the Duchess.

"I will be hanged," said her Grace, "if it does not cure you."

Dr. Garth, who was present, and to whom the vixen character of the lady was well known, instantly exclaimed:

"Take it, then, your Grace, by all means: it is sure to do good, *one way or the other*."

It was the habit of Lord Eldon, when Attorney-General, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said, "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and, to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the Solicitor-General, began to weep.

"Just look at Mitford," said a by-stander to Horne Tooke. "What on earth is he crying for?"

Tooke replied: "He is crying to think what a little inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get!"

Whence it came into the Drawer we can not say, or we would; but mightily amused the "funny man" has been with the live Yankee who came to a clothing "emporium" in Lewiston, Maine, to buy him a weddin' suit. His name was Nehemiah Newbegin, and he was about to make a new beginning in buying clothes as well as in keeping house. Having selected coat, vest, and pants that seemed to be about right as to price, he tried the store-man in the way of barter, in this style:

"Dew you ever take projuce for your clothing?"

"Take what?"

"Projuce—garden sass and sich; don't do it, dew you?"

"Well, occasionally we do. What have you to sell?"

"Oh, almost any thing; little of every thing, from marrowfat peas to rye straw; got the allkillinest dried punkins yeou ever sot your eye on—'xpect neow, you'd like some of that dried punkin, squire?"

The proprietor declined negotiating for the dried pumpkin; but inquired if he had any good butter.

"G-o-o-d butter! now, squire, I expect I've got some of the nicest and yellerest you ever sot your eyes on. Got some eout here now—got some in a shooger box, eout in dad's wagon. Brought it down for Kernel Waldron, but yeou can have it. I'll bring it rite strate in here, darned ef I don't!"

On the strength of the butter, a dicker was speedily contracted, for which Nehemiah was put in immediate and absolute possession of a coat, vest, and pants.

But would they fit? Nehemiah was willing to trust the coat and vest; indeed, he could put them on and off in a minute, and they were neat as wax. Where could he try the pants on? Not right there in the store, with the street-door open, and women folks coming and going all the while. Now it happened well that the new clothing store had a corner curtained off for the purpose, and Nehemiah was speedily closed therein.

The pants had straps, and the straps were buttoned. Nehemiah had seen straps before, but the art of managing them was a mystery. On consideration, he decided that the boots must go on first. He then mounted a chair, elevated his pants at a proper angle, and endeavored to coax his legs into them. He had a time of it. His boots were none of the smallest, and the pants were none of the widest; the chair, too, was rickety, and bothered him; but bending his energy to the task, he succeeded in inducing one leg into the "pesky things." He was straddled like the Colossus of Rhodes, and just in the act of raising the other foot, when whispering and giggling in his immediate vicinity made him alive to the appalling fact that nothing but a chintz curtain separated him from twenty or thirty of the prettiest and wickedest girls that were ever caged in one shop.

Nehemiah was a bashful youth, and would have made a circumbendibus of a mile any day rather than meet those girls, even if he had been in full dress; as it was, his mouth was much ajar at the bare possibility of making his appearance among them in his present dishabille. What if there was a hole in the curtain? What if he should fall? It wouldn't bear thinking of; and plunging the foot into the vacant leg with a sort of frantic looseness, he brought on the very catastrophe he was so anxious to avoid. The chair collapsed with a sudden scrouch, pitching Nehemiah heels over head through the curtain, and he made a grand entrance among the stitching divinities, on all fours, like a fattened rhinoceros.

Perhaps Collier himself never exhibited a more striking *tableau vivant* than was now displayed. Nehemiah was a "model," every inch of him, and, though not exactly revolving on a pedestal, he was going through that movement quite as well on his back—kicking and plunging; in short, personifying in thirty seconds all the attitudes ever chiseled! As for the girls, they screamed, of course, jumped upon chairs and cutting-boards, threw their hands over their faces, peeped through their fingers—perfectly natural!—screamed again, and declared they should die—they knew they should!

"O Lord!" blubbered the distressed young man; "don't, gals, don't! I didn't go tew, I swan to man I didn't—it's all owing to these cussed trowsers—ev'ry mite on't. Ask your boss; he'll tell you how it was. Oh, dear! won't nobody kiver me up with old clothes, or turn the wood-box over me? Oh, Moses in the bullrushes! what will Nancy say?"

He managed to raise himself on his feet, and made a bold plunge toward the door; but the entangling alliances tripped him up again, and he fell kerslap upon the goose of the pressman. This was the unkindest cut of all. The goose had been heated expressly for thick cloth seams, and the way it sizzed in the seat of the new pants was afflicting to the wearer. Nehemiah riz in an instant, and seizing the source of all his troubles by the slack, he tore himself from all save the straps and some fragments that hung about his ankles, as he dashed through the "Emporium" at a 2·40 rate, and "made tracks" for hum.

Family Daguerreotypes, found every where.



Grand Pa.



Grand Ma.



Pa and Ma before Marriage.



Pa and Ma after Marriage.



The Baby!!



Little Tommy and Sis!



Brother John.



Sister Mary Ann, who writes Poetry.



Cousin Frank, who adores Mary Ann.



Aunt Sally, who attends all the Charity Fairs.



Uncle Ben, who lives in Illinoy!



Uncle Josh, who has been to Congress, and is *rich*.



"Lucy Lilac" and "Carrie Cowslip" (our Cousins, who write for the Magazines).



Our Uncle, Colonel Popkins. (Taken while on Duty.)



Cousin Fred, who sent this Picture from California to his Mother.



Cousin Tom, the New York Volunteer who received that Gold Snuff-box. (Picture rather vague.)

Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Dinner, Carriage, or Evening Toilet, and Child's Costume.

FIGURE 1 illustrates a toilet equally applicable for the carriage, or for a dinner or evening dress. The robe is of white and green grenadine, with three flounces, *à disposition;* these are quadrilled alternately with green and white velvet or plush, with small tufts of the material varying the surface, and ornamented with a fringe. The corsage is half-pointed. On the top of the body are three berthés, inwoven; the upper two being spread, and the under one confined by a stitch to the body, upon which it forms a deep point. Upon this is placed a nœud of taffeta ribbon, alternately green and white. The sleeves are formed by narrow hollow plaits which expand at the elbow into a *bouillonnée*, which is continued at the elbow into a very deep frill. The velvet forms the ornament for the puff and the bottom of the sleeves, which are caught up on the front arm by a fancy button. The bracelets are of pearl, and the gloves should be straw-colored. The *coiffure* is *à la Grec*, with large pearls passing twice over the front hair, and twisted through the knot. Care should be taken, especially in an evening toilet, that this style of coiffure should not be adopted unless it harmonizes with the features.

The CHILD'S DRESS consists of a basque, with scrolled bretelles cut open at the shoulders. In front these terminate in a point at the waist; behind, they are apparently continued in a bow with floating ends. The basque is scolloped, and is slashed upon the sides, where it is slashed and laced with tasseled cords. The back and front are laid in large fan-shaped folds. The sleeves are puffed, with bows upon the shoulders. The skirt is formed of a succession of frills.



FIGURE 3.—INFANT'S ROBE.

The INFANT'S ROBE is entirely needle-wrought, with the exception of the lace ruffling. The fabrication and ornamenting of such a garment will be a labor of love to many a young mother.

The BLACK LACE FICHU is a very becoming style. The lace is joined under a range of loops of black satin terminating in a bow.

The WHITE LACE FICHU is another tasteful variety of this pretty adjunct of the toilet. In its construction white satin ribbon is employed in connection with any favorite lace.

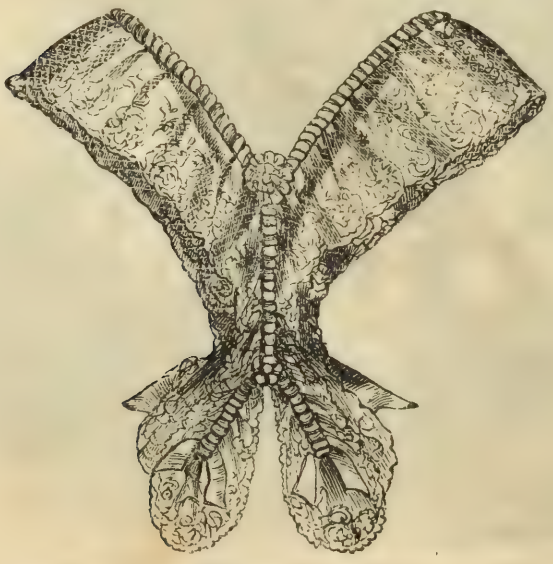


FIGURE 4.—WHITE LACE FICHU

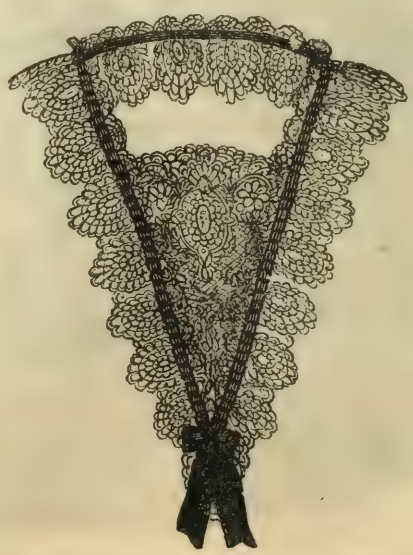


FIGURE 5.—BLACK LACE FICHU.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXVII.—AUGUST, 1857.—Vol. XV.

NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

IV.—THE GOLD REGION.

"Earth, yield me roots;
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison. What have we here?
Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Gold Region of North Carolina lies west of the Yadkin, and the most important mines are found between that river and the Catawba, in the counties of Rowan, Cabarras, and Mecklenburg.

The following account, furnished by Colonel Barnhardt, is given in Wheeler's History of the State:

"*A Sketch of the Discovery and History of the Reed Gold Mine, in Cabarras County, North Carolina, being the first Gold Mine discovered in the United States.*"

"The first piece of gold found at this mine was in the year 1799, by Conrad Reed, a boy of about twelve years old, a son of John Reed, the proprietor. The discovery was made in an accidental manner. The boy above named, in company with a sister and younger brother, went to a small stream, called Meadow Creek, on Sabbath day, while their parents were at church, for the purpose of shooting fish with bow and arrow; and while engaged along the bank of the creek, Conrad saw a yellow substance shining in the water. He went in and picked it up, and found it to be some kind of metal, and carried it home. Mr. Reed examined it, but as gold was unknown in this part of the country at that time, he did not know what kind of metal it was. The piece was about the size of a small smoothing-iron.

"Mr. Reed carried the piece of metal to Concord, and showed it to William Atkinson, a silversmith; but he, not thinking of gold, was unable to say what kind of metal it was.

"Mr. Reed kept the piece for several years on his house floor, to lay against the door to keep it from shutting. In the year 1802 he went to market to Fayetteville, and carried the piece of metal with him, and on showing it to a jeweler, the jeweler immediately told him it was gold, and requested Mr. Reed to leave the metal with him, and said he would flux it. Mr. Reed left it, and returned in a short time, and on his return the jeweler showed him a large bar of gold, six or eight inches long. The jeweler then asked Mr. Reed what he would take for the bar. Mr. Reed, not knowing the value of gold, thought he would ask a big price; and so he asked three dollars and fifty cents. The jeweler paid him his price.

"After returning home, Mr. Reed examined and found gold in the surface along the creek. He then associated Frederick Kisor, James Love, and Martin Phifer with himself, and in the year 1803 they found a piece of gold in the branch that weighed twenty-eight (28) pounds. Numerous pieces were found at this mine weighing from sixteen pounds down to the smallest particles.

"The whole surface along the creek for nearly a mile was very rich in gold.

"The veins of this mine were discovered in the year 1831. They yielded a large quantity of gold. The veins are flint and quartz.

"I do certify that the foregoing is a true statement of the discovery and history of this mine, as given by John Reed and his son Conrad Reed, now both dead.

"GEORGE BARNHARDT.

"*January*, 1848."

At the present day the surface gold is very scarce, and the precious ore is found principally in veins of quartz, bedded in the hardest black slate.



FINDING GOLD.

The mines are located in what has been from very early times an opulent and well-peopled district, the theatre of many important political and military events before and during our struggle for national independence.

What effect the discovery of gold may have had upon the general prosperity of the region we do not know; but having heard divers and conflicting opinions on the subject, we have dis-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

creetly concluded to indulge in no speculations thereon. We will, therefore, resume our narrative of the observations and adventures of our heroic traveler, Porte Crayon.

At Salisbury, the seat of justice of Rowan County, he found comfortable quarters at the Rowan House. The first object which attracted his attention here was a spry, crockery-colored lad, clothed in red linsey, and tipped off with an extraordinary crop of red wool. This youth has an uncommon talent for handing hot cakes, and, according to his own account, is a cross of the Indian and Red Fox.



THE RED FOX.

Salisbury contains about three thousand inhabitants, and is a well-built, flourishing town. Among other notable objects it contains the office where General Jackson studied law, and the houses which, in earlier times, were respectively the head-quarters of Greene and Cornwallis, as pursued and pursuing they passed through on the famous retreat across the Dan. In connection with this event, an interesting anecdote is related of Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, one of the strong-minded women of that day, at whose house Greene was entertained the evening of the first of February, 1781.

As he arrived, after a hard day's ride through the rain, he said despondingly to Surgeon Reed that he was fatigued, hungry, and penniless.

It was not long before the distinguished soldier was seated at a well-spread table, near a roaring fire, when his hostess entered, the blush of modesty mantling her cheek, the fervor of patriotism burning in her eye. "General," said she, "I overheard what you said to Doctor Reed; take these, for you will want them, and I can do without them." So saying, she drew two small bags of specie, the savings of years, from beneath her apron, and placed them beside his plate.

In the lives of those high-mettled dames of the olden time, the daughters, wives, and mothers of *men*, the earnest inquirer might find much to elucidate that befogged question of the present day, "What are the rights of women?"

Even our modern statesmen and patriots might with benefit peruse the proceedings and resolutions of a simple, earnest people, who expected to stand up to what they *Resolved*, and did not understand legislating for Buncombe, that world-famous county not having been then established.

In the proceedings of the Committee of Safety for Rowan County in 1774, we find the following expressive clause: "*Resolved*, That the cause of the town of Boston is the common cause of the American Colonies."

From Salisbury Mr. Crayon took the coach for Gold Hill, twenty miles distant. He was accompanied on this journey by a young gentleman from Massachusetts, who, led by a common curiosity, was desirous of visiting the most famous of the North Carolina gold mines. Their road passed through a pleasantly diversified country, budding and blooming under the soft influences of spring. Here and there they remarked heaps of red earth, broken rocks, decaying windlasses, and roofless sheds, designating the spots where men had wasted time and money in searching for "earth's most operant poison."

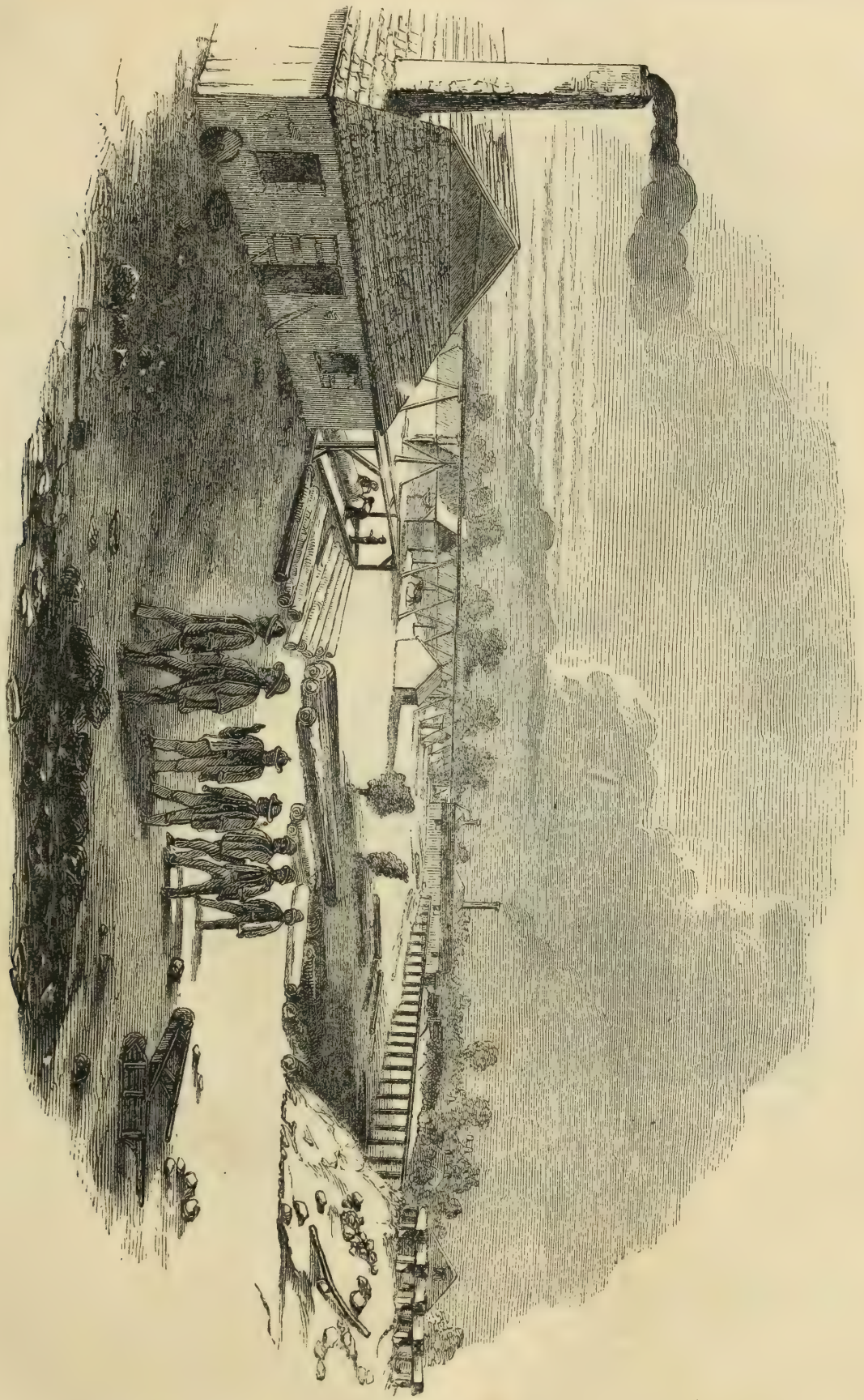
As the terrapin in the fable won the race by steady perseverance, so the vehicle that conveyed Porte Crayon and his friend at length reached Gold Hill. This famous village contains about twelve hundred inhabitants, the population being altogether made up of persons interested in and depending on the mines. There is certainly nothing in the appearance of the place or its inhabitants to remind one of its auriferous origin, but, on the contrary, a deal of dirt and shabbiness. Our philosophic tourist, however, is rarely satisfied with a superficial view of things if he can find opportunity to dive deeper in search of truth. If this retiring goddess is so partial to the bottom of a well, possibly she may lie in the bottom of a mine.

"But, Mr. Crayon, how can you say with propriety that truth lies any where?"

"Aroynt thee, Punster! P——, you have been reading Shakspeare."



LITTLE BRITONS.



VIEW OF THE GOLD HILL WORKS.

Having presented their credentials to the superintendent of the works, the travelers were politely received, and in due time arrangements were made to enable them to visit the subterranean streets of Gold Hill. The foreman of the working gangs was sent for and our friends placed under his charge, with instructions to show them every thing. Matthew Moyle was a Cornish man, a handsome, manly specimen of a Briton. With bluff courtesy he addressed our adventurers:

"You wish to see every thing right, gentlemen?"

"We do."

"Then meet me at the store at eight o'clock this evening, and all things shall be in readiness."



MAT MOYLE AND NICKY TREVETHAN.

Eight o'clock soon arrived, and all parties were met at the place of rendezvous. Moyle and his assistant, Bill Jenkins, looked brave in their mining costume. This consisted of a coat with short sleeves and tail, and overalls of white duck. A round-topped wide-brimmed hat of indurated felt, protected the head like a helmet. In lieu of crest or plume each wore a lighted candle in front, stuck upon the hat with a wad of clay. Crayon and his companion donned similar suits borrowed for their use, and thus accoutred the party proceeded immediately to the mouth of the ladder shaft. This was a square opening lined with heavy timber, and partly occupied by an enormous pump used to clear the mines of water and worked by steam. The black throat of the shaft was first illuminated by Moyle, who commenced descending a narrow ladder that was nearly perpendicular. Porte Crayon followed next, and then Boston. The ladders were about twenty inches wide, with one side set against the timber lining of the shaft, so that the climber had to manage his elbows to keep from throwing the weight of the body on the other side. Every twenty feet or thereabout the ladders terminated on the platforms of the same width, and barely long enough to enable one to turn about to set foot on the next

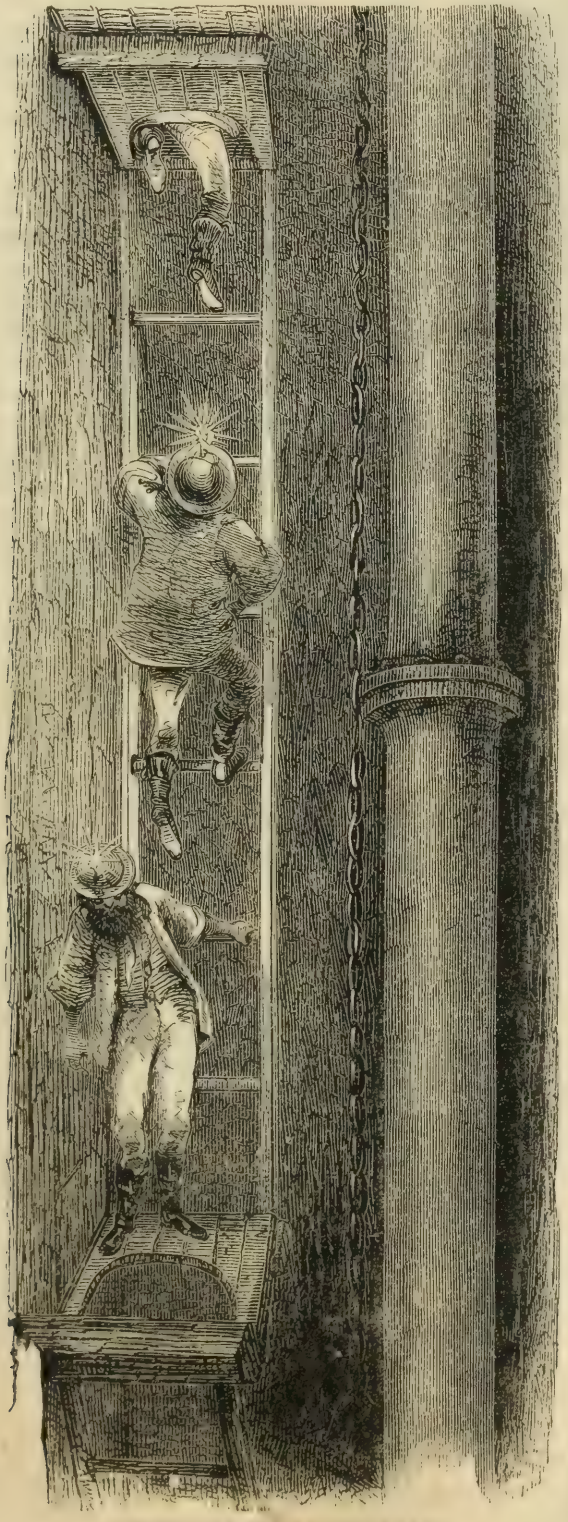
ladder. In addition, the rounds and platforms were slippery with mud and water. As they reached the bottom of the third or fourth ladder Crayon made a misstep which threw him slightly off his balance, when he felt the iron grasp of the foreman on his arm:

"Steady, man, steady!"

"Thank you, Sir. But, my friend, how much of this road have we to travel?"

"Four hundred and twenty-five feet, Sir, to the bottom of the shaft."

"And those faint blue specks that I see below, so deep deep down that they look like stars reflected in the bosom of a calm lake, what are they?"



DESCENDING THE LADDER-SHAFT

"Lights in the miners' hats, who are working below, Sir."

Porte Crayon felt a numbness seize upon his limbs.

"And are we, then, crawling like flies down the sides of this open shaft, with no foothold but these narrow slippery ladders, and nothing between us and the bottom but four hundred feet of unsubstantial darkness?"

"This is the road we miners travel daily," replied the foreman; "you, gentlemen, wished to see all we had to show, and so I chose this route. There is a safer and an easier way if you prefer it."

Crayon looked in the Yankee's face, but there was no flinching there.

"Not at all," replied he; "I was only asking questions to satisfy my curiosity. Lead on until you reach China; we'll follow."

Nevertheless after that did our hero remove his slippery buckskin gloves and grip the muddy rounds with naked hands for better security; and daintily enough he trod those narrow platforms as if he were walking on eggs, and when ever and anon some cheery jest broke out, who knows but it was uttered to scare off an awful consciousness that, returning again and again, would creep numbingly over the senses during the intervals of silence?

But we can not say properly that they ever moved in silence, for the dull sounds that accompanied their downward progress were even worse. The voices of the workmen rose from the depths like inarticulate hollow moanings, and the measured strokes of the mighty pump thumped like the awful pulsations of some earth-born giant.

Heated and reeling with fatigue, they at length halted at the two hundred and seventy foot gallery. Here they reposed for a few minutes, and then leaving the shaft walked some distance into the horizontal opening. At the end they found a couple of negroes boring in the rock with iron sledge and auger. Having satisfied their curiosity here, they returned to the shaft and descended until they reached the three hundred and thirty foot gallery. Here appeared a wild-looking group of miners, twenty or more in number, who had crowded on a narrow gallery of plank that went round the shaft until it seemed ready to break with their weight. A number of negroes were huddled in the entrance of an opposite gallery, and among them our friends preferred to bestow themselves for better security.

The miners were congregated here, awaiting the explosion of a number of blasts in the main gallery. The expectancy was not of long duration, for presently our friends felt and heard a stunning crash as if they had been fired out of a Paixhan gun, then came another and another in quick succession. They were soon enveloped in an atmosphere of sulphurous smoke, and as the explosions continued Boston remarked, that in a few minutes he should imagine himself in the trenches at Sebastopol.



BORING.

When the blasting was over the men returned to their places, and Moyle, having requested his visitors to remain where they were, went to give some directions to the workmen. During his absence, Boston, with the characteristic sharpness of his people, commenced prying about him.

"What the deuce," quoth he, "is in these bags on which we are sitting?"

"Oh, nothing!" replied Crayon, in a listless tone.

"But the bags are full," persisted the Yankee; "and I guess there must be something in them."

"Salt, perhaps."

"I guess they have no particular use for salt down here."

"Gold dust, maybe," and Crayon yawned.

"I've a mind to see, just to satisfy my curiosity," said Boston, opening his penknife.

He quietly slit one of the canvas bags, and taking out a handful of coarse black grains handed them over to Crayon.

Our hero opened his eyes, and then put a pinch of the substance into his mouth. He sprang up suddenly as if he had been shot at.

"Mind your light! Gunpowder, by Heaven! come, let us leave."

"Wait a minute," said Boston, "until I return the powder and close the bag securely."

And having done this with great *sang froid*, he followed Crayon's suggestion.

When the foreman returned, our friends descended to the bottom of the mine without further stoppages. Here they found a number of men at work, with pick and auger, knocking out the glittering ore. The quartz veins are here seen sparkling on every side with golden sheen. At least so it appears; but the guide dispelled the delusion by informing them that this shining substance was only a sulphuret of copper, the gold in the ore being seldom discernible by the naked eye, except in specimens of extraordinary richness. Several of these specimens he found and kindly presented to the visitors.

Having, at length, satisfied their curiosity, and beginning to feel chilled by their long sojourn in these dripping abodes, our friends intimated to their guide that they were disposed to revisit the earth's surface.

The question then arose whether they should reascend the ladders, or go up in the ore bucket. The ladders were more fatiguing, the bucket more dangerous, and several miners counseled against attempting that mode. Moyle, however, encouraged them with the assurance that they did not lose many men that way. Crayon settled the question by the following observation:

"Sometimes it is prudent to be rash. I'm tired; and, paying due respect to the calves of my legs, I have concluded to try the bucket."

The bucket is a strong copper vessel about the size of a whisky barrel, used to carry the ore to the surface. It is drawn up through the shaft on a strong windlass worked by horse-power. The operation is double—an empty bucket descending as the loaded one ascends. One of the risks from ascending in this way is in passing this bucket. Crayon stuck his legs into the brazen chariot, and held the rope above. Moyle stood gallantly upon the brim, balancing himself lightly with one arm akimbo. The signal-cord was jerked, and up they went.

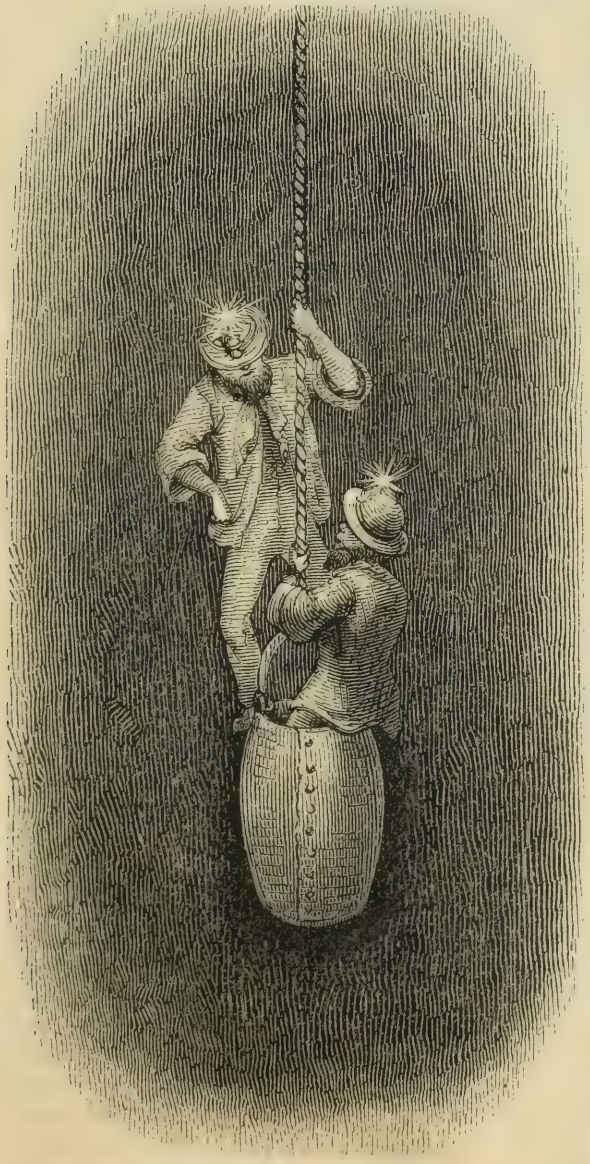
Slowly and steadily they rose. Crayon talked and laughed, occasionally trusting himself with a glance downward, hugging the rope closer as he looked. Moyle steered clear of the descending bucket, and in a short time our hero found himself at the mouth of the shaft. With much care and a little assistance he was safely landed, and the foreman again descended to bring up the Yankee.

As Moyle went down, Crayon, with due precaution, looked down into the shaft to watch the proceeding. He saw the star in the miner's helmet gradually diminish until it became a faint blue speck scarcely visible. Then other tiny stars flitted around, and faint, confused sounds rose from the awful depth. At the signal the attendant at the windlass reversed the wheel, and the bucket, with the men, began to ascend.

While Crayon watched the lights, now growing gradually on his sight, he was startled by a stunning, crashing sound that rose from the shaft. The first concussion might have been mistaken for blasting, but the noise continued with increasing violence. The signal-chains rattled violently, and the windlass was immediately stopped. Loud calls were heard from the shaft, but it was impossible to distinguish what was said amidst the confused roar.

"Stop the pump!" said Crayon to the negro. "I believe the machinery below has given way."

The negro pulled a signal-rope connected with the engine-house, and presently the long crank that worked the pump was stopped; at the same time the frightful sounds in the shaft ceased. The adventurers in the bucket then resumed their upward journey. When they arrived at the mouth of the shaft Moyle nimbly skipped upon the platform. Boston, who was in the bucket, was preparing to land with more precaution; but the horse, probably excited by the late confusion, disregarding the order to halt, kept on his round. The bucket was drawn up ten or twelve feet above the landing, and its brim rested on the windlass. Boston, to save his hands from being crushed, was obliged to loose his hold on the rope, and throw his arms over the turning beam. One moment more, one step further, and the bucket, with its occupant, would have been whirled over and precipitated into the yawning abyss from which they had just risen. Moyle looked aghast—the negro attendant yelled an oath of mighty power and sprang toward the horse. The movement would have been unavailing, for the horse was on the further side of his beat; but it appears he understood Mumbo Jumbo, and, at the talismanic word, the brute stood still. Cuffee seized his head and backed him until the bucket descended to the level of the platform, and the Yankee was rescued from his perilous position, altogether less flurried and excited than any of the witnesses.



ASCENDING BUCKET-SHAFT.

Crayon then ascertained that his surmise in regard to the hubbub in the shaft was correct. At a point about a hundred and fifty feet from the bottom some of the pump machinery was accidentally diverted from its legitimate business of lifting water, and got to working among the planks and timbers that lined the shaft, crushing through every thing, and sending a shower of boards and splinters below. The fracas was appalling, and, but for the prompt stoppage of the machinery, serious damage and loss of life might have been the result.

As they were about to leave Porte Crayon approached the negro.

"Uncle," said he, speaking with evident embarrassment, "you have been at some trouble on our account—got us safely out of the shaft. I wish to thank you, and to offer you some remuneration in the shape of a present. If, indeed, you, who are continually up to your knees in gold, would condescend to look upon a pitiful piece of silver."

"Silber, Massa?" ejaculated Cuffee, opening his eyes.

"Yes, I take the liberty," continued Crayon, "of offering you a trifle," and, with a sheepish air, he dropped half a dollar into the extended palm.

"In a place where you habitually tread gold under your feet, I am really ashamed to offer you baser metal."

"Silber, Massa!" said Cuffee, grinning from ear to ear, "why I ain't seed sich a sight sence last Christmas;" and he louted so low that his ragged hat swept the ground.

As the strangers retired the voice was heard still muttering:

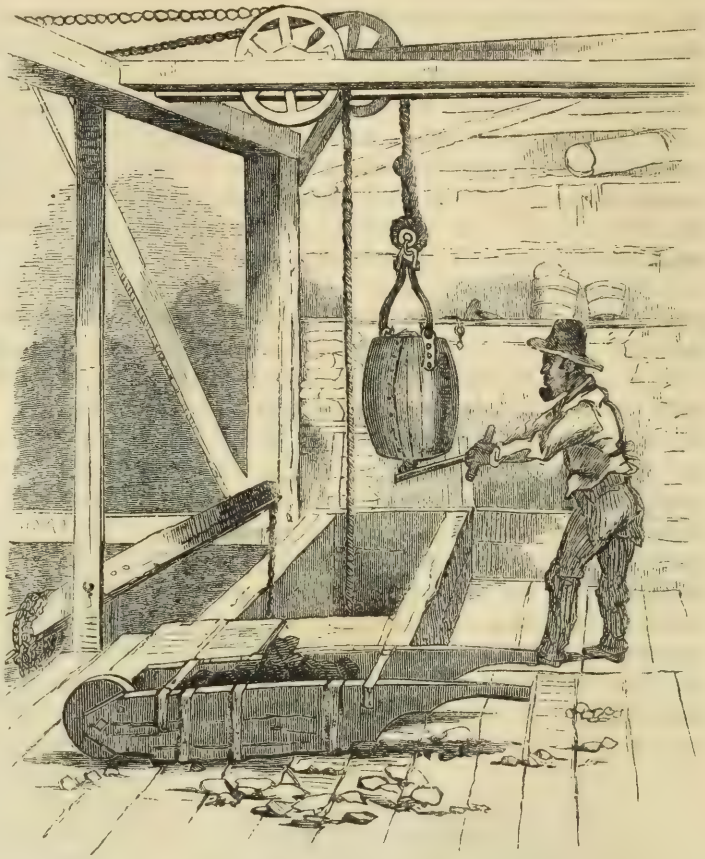
"Think nothin' of silber, eh! I like dat—dat's money. Dese yaller stones ain't no use to us. Silber! ke, he—dem's gemplums sure enough."

Before they parted Crayon formally returned his thanks to the foreman, and delicately hinted at remuneration. The offer met a polite but decided refusal from the manly Englishman.

Altogether the visit to the mine occupied about four hours, and the travelers were suffi-

ciently fatigued to appreciate their beds that night.

On the following morning they visited the works accompanied by the superintendent, who explained to them in a satisfactory manner the whole process of getting gold. In the first place, the ore taken from the mine is broken with hammers to the size of turnpike stone. It is then subjected to a process of grinding in water, passing through the crushing, dragging, and stirring mills, until it is reduced to an impalpable powder, or, in its wet condition, to a light gray mud, which is washed down, and collects in a large vat below the mills. From this it is carried in wheel-barrows to the cradles. The cradles are eighteen or twenty feet long, formed from the trunks of trees split in twain and scooped out like canoes. They are laid upon parallel timbers with a slight inclination, and fastened together, so that a dozen or more may be moved with the same power. They are closed at the upper end, open at the lower, and at intervals on the inside are cut with shallow grooves to hold the liquid quicksilver. The golden mud is distributed in the upper end of these cradles, a small stream of water turned upon it, and the whole vigorously and continually rocked by machinery. The ground ore is thus carried down by the water, the particles of gold taken up by the quicksilver, and the dross washed out at the lower end, where a blanket is ordinarily kept to prevent the accidental loss of the quicksilver. After each day's performance the quicksilver is taken out, squeezed in a clean blanket or bag, and forms a solid lump called the amalgam. This amalgam is baked in a retort, the quicksilver sublimates and runs off into another vessel, while the pure gold remains in the retort.



AT MOUTH OF BUCKET-SHAFT.



SARAH JACKSON.

Although this is the most approved mode yet known of separating the gold from the ore, it is so imperfect that, after the great works have washed the dust three or four times over, private enterprise pays for the privilege of washing the refuse, and several persons make a good living at the business.

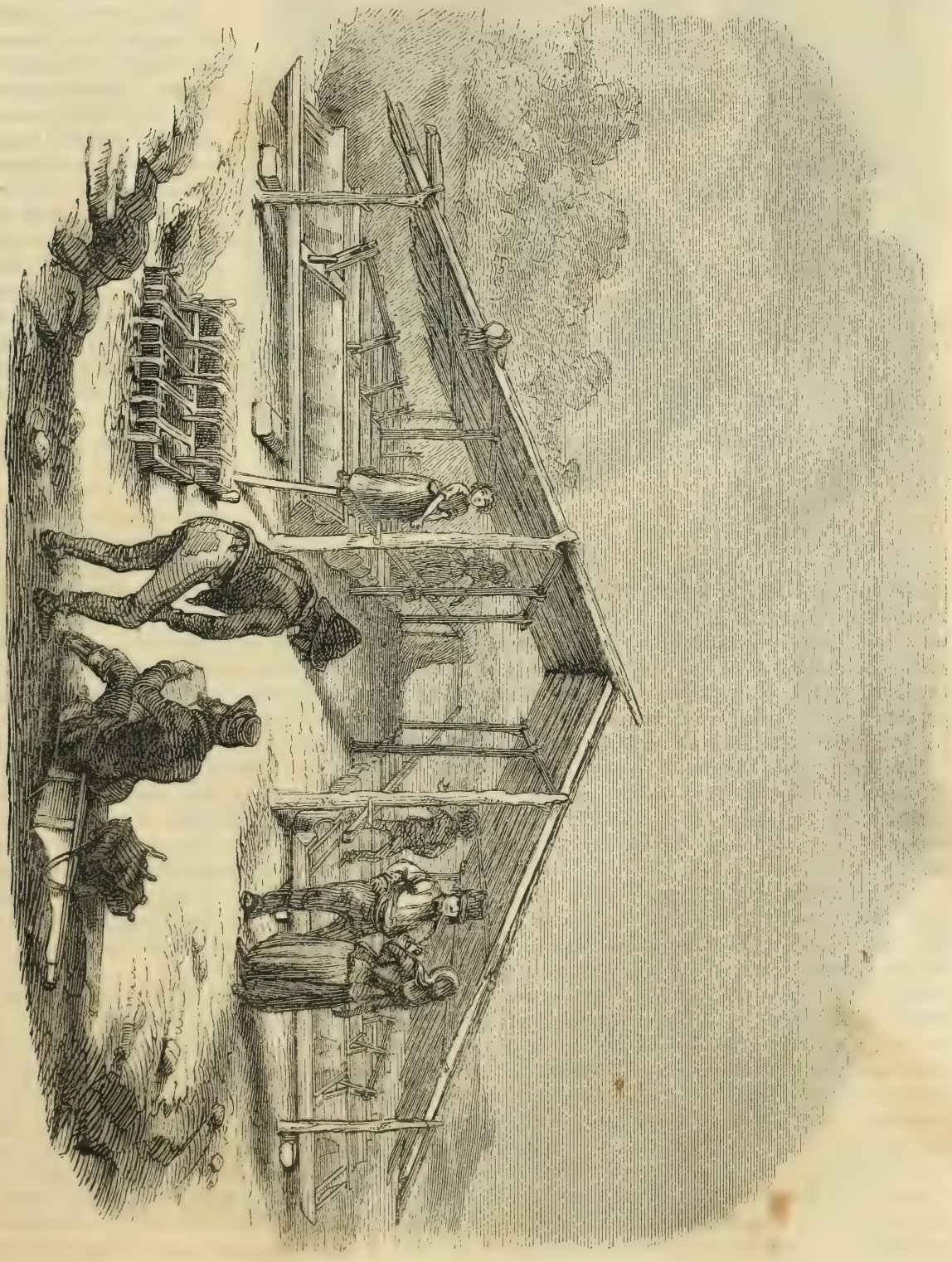
These private establishments are less complicated and far more picturesque in appearance than the great ones. The only machines necessary there are the cradles and the motive power, half a dozen lively little girls from twelve to

fifteen years of age. This power, if not so reliable and steady, is far more graceful and entertaining than steam machinery. Although the fastidious might find fault with their apparel, yet the graceful activity of these barefooted lasses as they skip and dance over their rolling stage, with elf-locks waving free, cheeks rosy with exercise, and eyes bright with fun, is far more pleasing to the eye of taste than the strained, extravagant, and unnatural posturings of your Ellslers and Taglionis that we make such a fuss about, excelling them as the wild rose of nature does the bewired and painted artificial, or—ah!—as the—Crayon suggests—as freckles and dirt excel rouge and tinsel.

As our artist was amusing himself sketching one of these establishments, he observed the children at a neighboring shed apparently in consultation. Presently the tallest one among them approached him, and after hovering around for some time, at length leaned over and addressed him in a whisper:

"I say, man, when you've done here, please come up our way and give us a touch."

Gold Hill, we were informed, belongs to a Northern company. The works are on a more extensive scale than at any other point in North Carolina. They give employment to about three hundred persons, and seem to be in a highly prosperous condition. The working



ROCKING CRADLES.



BILL JENKINS.

of the mines is chiefly under the direction of Englishmen from the mining districts of Cornwall, and negroes are found to be among the most efficient laborers. All the machinery of the different establishments is worked by steam power except the windlasses for raising the ore, where blind horses are used in preference.

Having stuffed his knapsack with specimens of ore, and enriched his portfolio with several portraits of the miners, Porte Crayon with his companion took the stage and returned to Salisbury.

"I pray, come crush a cup of wine, rest you merry." What's this? An invitation to a May-day picnic. The earth has already put on her summer livery, wearing it daintily and fresh like a bran-new gown. The southern breeze blows balmily, all perfumed like a sweet damsel just come from her toilet. The birds sing like fifers, and the meads, bepranked with flowers, vie in beauty with our fashionable hotel carpets. Woods, breezes, birds, and flowers—all nature joins in the invitation.

At an early hour on the third of May a numerous and brilliant company took the cars at the Salisbury depot in answer to the foregoing invitation. There was broadcloth and beauty in proper proportions, and a profusion of flowers, wit, and merriment. The disembarkation at Holtsburg developed still further the intentions and resources of the party. Numerous mysterious hampers were transferred from the baggage-car to the platform of the station-house, and a brace of Cuffees, bearing instruments of music, made themselves a part of the company.

This couple reminded one of Don Quixote and his Squire done in ebony. Alfred, the fiddler, was a lathy, long-armed, knock-kneed black, with a countenance that vied in ruefulness with that of the Knight of La Mancha; while Simon, the tambour-major, was a short, wiry, jolly-faced fellow, who thumped his sheepskin with a will. Of these, however, more anon.

The idea of "dancing on the green" is eminently poetical, but quite absurd in practice; the managers of the picnic had therefore wisely determined to take advantage of the springy floor of the Holtsburg station-house. This was pleasantly situated near the silvery Yadkin, in the midst of a beautiful woodland, and a more fitting locality could not have been selected. They were at first somewhat disconcerted at finding the station-house entirely occupied with bales of hay; but this untoward circumstance was so turned to account by the ingenuity and energy of the gentlemen that it was afterward esteemed a lucky hit. The bales were rolled out on the platforms, arranged around the room, and piled up at one end, where they served admirably for tables, seats, couches, galleries, and added greatly to comfort and the appearance of the scene.

The early part of the day passed most agreeably in rural walks, music, dancing, cards, and conversation. Then the mid-day feast was spread and eaten, of course. Every body pronounced every thing delightful, every body was pleased, and every body was quite right. The bright Champagne foamed in o'erflowing bumpers. The corks flew about like shot in a sharp skirmish. Much store of wit and mirth, which, like the music in the bugle of Munchausen's postillion, had remained congealed by the frost

of ceremony, now broke forth spontaneously, under the melting influences of wine. The fiddler struck up a merrier tune, and even Alfred's rueful visage seemed to catch a gleam of jollity. The tambourine boomed and jangled with redoubled power as the excited Simon rapped the sounding sheepskin consecutively with knuckles kneepan, pate, and elbow. Alfred's legs and arms worked like the cranks of a grasshopper engine, going at thirty miles an hour. The spirit of the dancers kept pace with the music until the approach of evening warned them to get ready for the train which would bear them back to Salisbury. Things were packed up, and the necks of several bottles of Champagne, discovered among the stuff, were broken off to pass away the time while they waited for the train."

"What a delightful day we've had! How charmingly every thing has passed off! not an incident to mar the enjoyment!"

Just then Alfred appeared on the platform, his trembling knees knocked together, his bosom heaved like a blacksmith's bellows, his face was ashy pale, and his eyes rolled upward with a mingled expression of terror and despair. For some moments he was dumb; but his attitude and accessories told his story—a grief too big for words. In one hand he held an empty bag, and in the other his tuneful friend and companion, the fiddle. But in what a case! splintered, smashed, mammocked, bridge and sounding-post gone, the tail-piece swinging by the idle strings.

Simon looked on aghast.

"Somebody done sot on her!" he exclaimed.

Alfred at length spoke: "Da! dat fiddle is done ruinged!" and again relapsed into dumbness, while two big tears gathered in his eyes. The hearts of the spectators were touched, and they crowded round the unhappy negro.

"Why, Alfred," cried one, "it can be mended."

"Never, massa, she'll never sound agin.'"

"Pass round your hat, Alfred."

That was a woman's voice. God bless the ladies! May their kind hearts never know sorrow!

The hat circulated, and substantial sympathy showered in it so freely that there was presently enough to buy two fiddles. A glow of happiness overspread the minstrel's face, and as he acknowledged and pocketed the contents of the hat, he glanced again at his mutilated instrument.

"I specks I kin mend her up yit."

Now Simon was an interested spectator of these proceedings, and when he saw the turn things had taken he grew thoughtful and began to scratch his head. Anon he disappeared, and after a short time returned with tears in his eyes, uttering groans and lamentations.

"Well, Simon, what has befallen you?"

"Oh, master," replied Simon, with a tragedy countenance, "I wouldn't a had dis to happen for five dollars; jis look at dis tambourine—busted clean through."



PICNIC.



"DAT FIDDLE DONE RUINGED."

"How did this occur, Simon?" said the gentleman, examining the broken instrument.

"Why, master, I don't know exactly how it come; but I specks somebody put dere foot in it."

"I would not be surprised," returned the examiner, "if some one had put his foot in it. Now, Simon, you perceive the frame of the tambourine is perfectly sound, and the cracked sheepskin can be easily replaced. Your estimate of five dollars damages is excessive. In my judgment, a judicious expenditure of ten cents will put every thing *in statu quo ante bellum*. Here is a dime, Simon."

During this discourse the tambour-major looked very sheepish and restive, but habitual deference for the opinions of the dominant race induced him to accept the award without demurrer, only observing, as he joined in the general laugh,

"I mought as well not a-broke it."

Meanwhile one of the company had got hold of the broken tambourine-head, declaring that the events of the day deserved to be written on parchment.

A call was made upon the company for poetical contributions, which was answered by a shower of couplets. A committee appointed to collect and arrange the proceeds reported the following:

VERSES WRITTEN BY A PICNIC PARTY ON THE HEAD OF A BROKEN TAMBOURINE WITH A CORKSCREW.

"Of all the year, the time most dear
Is buxom, blooming, merry May;
In woodland bowers we gather flowers
From morning fair to evening gray.

"Time we beguile with beauty's smile,
And sweetly while the hours away,
Champagne sipping, lightly tripping,
Like lambs skipping in their play.

"Music sounding, mirth abounding,
Old care drowning in the foam
Of sparkling bumper—fill a thumper
And we'll drink to friends at home.

"Pray mind your work and pop the cork,
Just take a fork if corkscrews fail;
'Think'st thou, because thou'rt virtuous,
There shall be no more cakes and ale?'

"To ladies eyes 'neath southern skies,
To those we prize on earth most dear,
Another brimming goblet fill—
But, hark! the warning whistle near.

"Drink quick—'tis time to close our rhyme—
To Holtsburg's halls a farewell—hic;
To Yadkin's bowers and fragrant flowers—
Quick—*transit gloria mundi*—sick."



FINIS

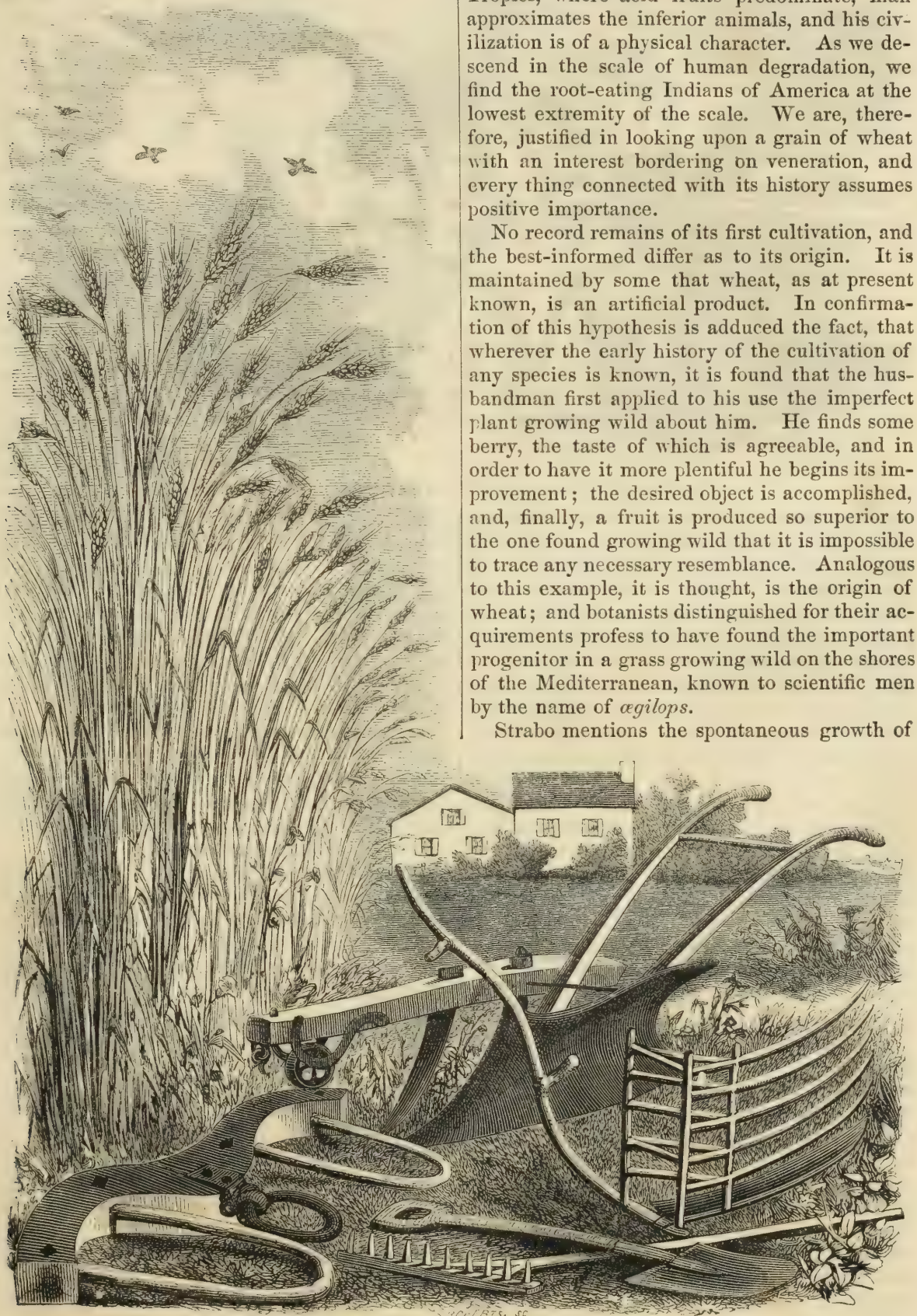
WHEAT AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY T. B. THORPE.

OF all the plants cultivated, wheat is the most important to the welfare of man; for pure wheat is the standard of food, and, more than the precious metals, the standard of all values. It is chiefly the product of temperate climes, but it is successfully cultivated within seven or eight degrees of the polar circle, and flourishes with considerable vigor on the verge of the tropics. The highest condition of man—the perfection, indeed, of the race—has always been associated with wheat-producing and wheat-consuming countries; and this is true from the days of the Pharaohs downward to the enlightenment of the present times. The rice-eating nations are inferior to the consumers of wheat. In the Arctics, where fish is the chief food, and in the Tropics, where acid fruits predominate, man approximates the inferior animals, and his civilization is of a physical character. As we descend in the scale of human degradation, we find the root-eating Indians of America at the lowest extremity of the scale. We are, therefore, justified in looking upon a grain of wheat with an interest bordering on veneration, and every thing connected with its history assumes positive importance.

No record remains of its first cultivation, and the best-informed differ as to its origin. It is maintained by some that wheat, as at present known, is an artificial product. In confirmation of this hypothesis is adduced the fact, that wherever the early history of the cultivation of any species is known, it is found that the husbandman first applied to his use the imperfect plant growing wild about him. He finds some berry, the taste of which is agreeable, and in order to have it more plentiful he begins its improvement; the desired object is accomplished, and, finally, a fruit is produced so superior to the one found growing wild that it is impossible to trace any necessary resemblance. Analogous to this example, it is thought, is the origin of wheat; and botanists distinguished for their acquirements profess to have found the important progenitor in a grass growing wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, known to scientific men by the name of *ægilops*.

Strabo mentions the spontaneous growth of



GROWING WHEAT AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.



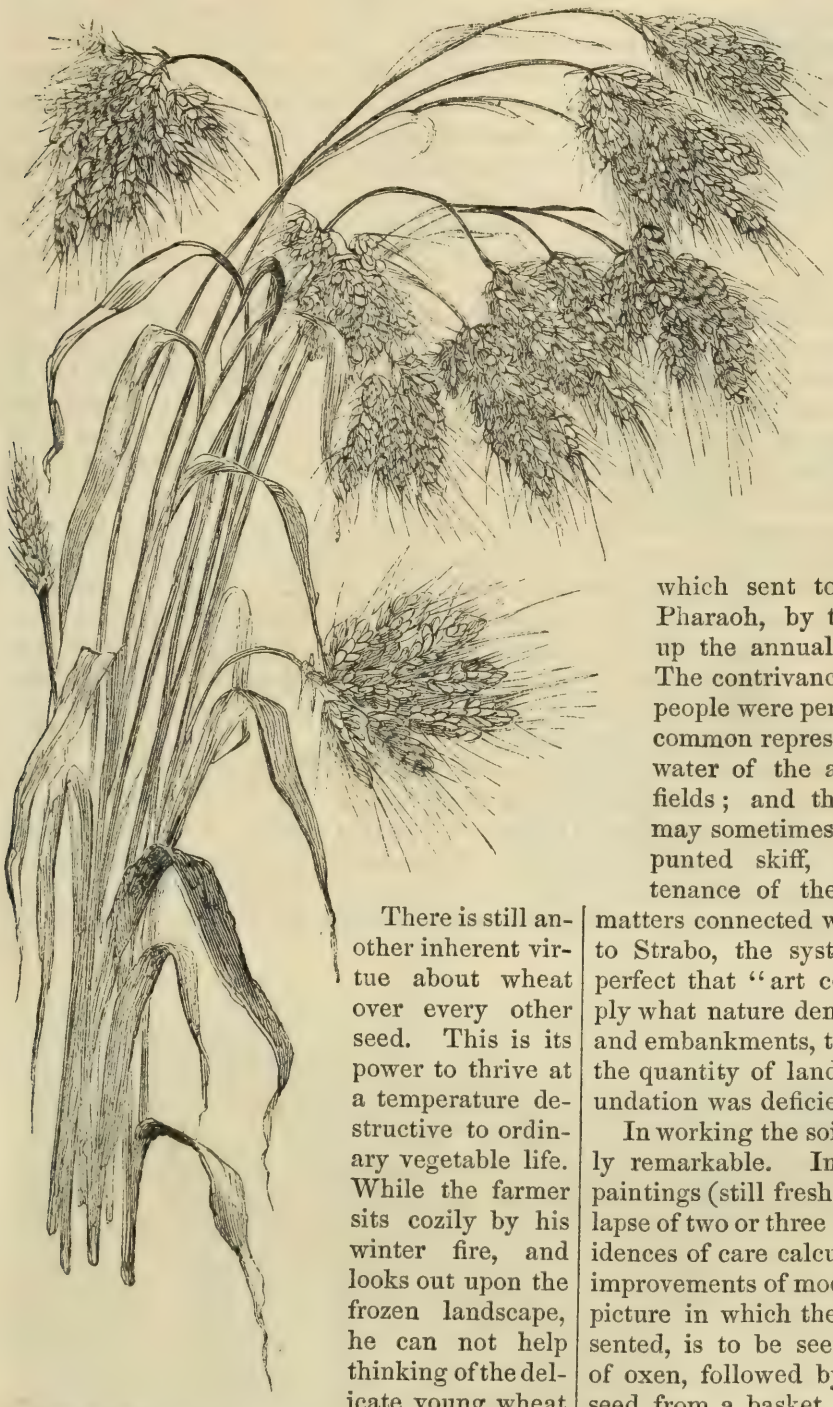
THE WHEATEN LOAF AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

wheat in the Persian province of Mazenderan, and in the country of the Musicans, to the north of India. More modern travelers profess to have found wheat and barley growing wild in some parts of Mesopotamia, and upon the undulating prairies of Texas. According to the soundest judgments, however, wheat, as we know it, is really one of those products in the development of which by special culture man has done the least, for through all time it has not changed its character. The various kinds of wheat, when grown together, never cross; and hybrids, when they do occur, are not maintained beyond the second generation, without an infusion of new vigor from the parent stock. Hence, if the ægilops and wheat mingled, the hybrid would either have perished after a year or two, or would have returned to its original type. It must also be remembered that it is the very nature of the plant for the flower not to open itself until after the process of fecundation is accomplished.

It is remarkable how slight are the differences among the known varieties of wheat, particularly when compared with the changes wrought by culture in the apple, the peach, and, above all, the dahlia, which, in the course of half a century, has given more than four hundred varieties, many of which are at an immense distance from the original type found in Mexico. The unvarying nature of wheat is strikingly demonstrated in the fact that, however degenerated it may become, it is instantly restored by attentive cultivation; that the selection of the finest grains for seed has no influence whatever on the subsequent harvest; and that wheat, notwithstanding all pains that may be taken to force its culture, has a natural tendency to the normal weight peculiar to the species.

The wonderful vitality of all seeds is proverbial. That of wheat is more remarkable than any other kind, for its grains are susceptible of being preserved to an indefinite period of time, for it seems that age neither injures their vitality nor their value for bread. Wheat has been known to be covered with water of floods so long that every other kind of vegetation was utterly destroyed, and yet, on the subsidence of the waters, it has sprung up from the root, and come to perfection. Quite recently a scientific gentleman, making archæological researches in the south of France, in some of the ancient tombs, fourteen centuries old, found imbedded with some preserved bodies a species of wheat, it being the habit, in the days of the first Gallic kings, to place in the coffins of embalmed persons a few of these almost indestructible seeds. Some of this wheat was sown, and the gentleman was surprised to see it sprout forth from sixteen to twenty stalks from each grain. As they grew they became angular, and much stronger and more vigorous than the common wheat.

The family of Sir William Symonds, of Hampshire, England, brought into that country some wheat from Thebes. The mummy from which it was taken must have been embalmed more than three thousand five hundred years ago. This wheat was planted and thrived, and produced over one thousand six hundred grains from fifteen stems which sprung from a single seed. One of the most interesting circumstances connected with this reproduction of ancient wheat was this, that the specimen produced was such as Pharaoh saw in his dream: "Behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good." From this great increase it is naturally suggested that wheat now grown is a degenerate class of the same species formerly common in Egypt; else, it is argued, how could the Egyptians have supplied the Assyrian, Grecian, and Roman empires from their superabundance above their own wants?



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WHEAT, FROM SEED FOUND IN THE MUMMY.

There is still another inherent virtue about wheat over every other seed. This is its power to thrive at a temperature destructive to ordinary vegetable life. While the farmer sits cozily by his winter fire, and looks out upon the frozen landscape, he can not help thinking of the delicate young wheat plants, of what is their condition: do they vegetate when all else in nature is torpid? Covered with snow as it is, the agriculturist knows that his young wheat still vegetates, still "works," and in spite of the freezing blast and the pervading death chill, which rests upon the landscape, extends its roots down into the soil in search of nourishment. The botanists inform us gravely that, in wheat, this is "a specific vitality." So wonderful, indeed, is the power of wheat to resist cold, that a grain dropped upon the thick ice over a congealed river has been known to sprout and send out through a small orifice a blade two or three inches long, the roots at the same time penetrating into the very heart of the hard-ribbed ice.*

* *Staunton* (Va.) *Vindicator.*

The agricultural wealth of the most ancient of countries, Egypt, consisted in its wheat. Not only was her dense population supplied with a profusion of the necessaries of life, but Egypt was a granary where, from the earliest times, all people felt sure of finding an abundant store of corn. Seven years of plenty afforded, from the superabundance of the crops, a sufficiency of food to supply the whole population during seven years of dearth, as well as "all countries" which sent to Egypt "to buy," when Pharaoh, by the advice of Joseph, laid up the annual surplus for that purpose. The contrivances for irrigation among the people were perfect. Sculptures are quite common representing canals conveying the water of the annual inundation into the fields; and the proprietor of the estate may sometimes be seen plying in a light punted skiff, superintending the maintenance of the dykes, or other important matters connected with the lands. According to Strabo, the system of agriculture was so perfect that "art contrived sometimes to supply what nature denied, and by means of canals and embankments, there was little difference in the quantity of land irrigated, whether the inundation was deficient or abundant."

In working the soil the Egyptians were equally remarkable. In one of their memorable paintings (still fresh in outline and color after a lapse of two or three thousand years), we find evidences of care calculated to shame the boasted improvements of modern agriculturists. In one picture in which the sowing of grain is represented, is to be seen a plow drawn by a pair of oxen, followed by the sower scattering the seed from a basket. Following on is another plow, while a roller, drawn by two horses abreast, completes the performance. In the preservation of wheat the Egyptians also excelled all other people, their granaries being perfect. It is a curious fact that recent writers, in discussing this subject, after the most laborious research, have suggested the very modes employed by Joseph—that of stone repositories under cover, hermetically sealed; and it is probable that wheat thus disposed of in the dry climate of the Nile would last perfectly sound for untold years. Unhappily for the welfare of society in modern times, our ingenuity is not taxed for the erection of granaries, as we have no surplus crop to put away against years of scarcity.

The Israelites may also be reckoned among the great agricultural people of antiquity. Their sojourn in Egypt made them more particularly acquainted with wheat. Nearly the whole pop-

ulation were virtually husbandmen, and personally engaged in its pursuits. Gideon was thrashing wheat by the wine-press, to hide it from the Midianites. At the building of the Temple, Hiram, king of Tyre, permitted Solomon to cut cedar and fir-trees upon Mount Lebanon, to aid in its construction, for which Solomon repaid him with wheat and oil.

The Chinese, as a nation, have undoubtedly existed for more than three thousand years, and their preservation can alone be accounted for by their great love of agriculture. Every year, from time immemorial, at the opening of spring, a solemn festival is celebrated, in which the ruler of this vast empire, surrounded by princes of the blood, the nobles of the court, and the most distinguished cultivators of the soil, with all the pomp of a great sovereign, takes the plow in his own imperial hands, and, turning up a furrow in a field consecrated to this sacred use, plants therein the five kinds considered most necessary to the support of man, viz., two kinds of millet, beans, rice, and lastly, as most important of all, wheat. This ceremony is considered so memorable, that the Emperor, although looked upon as a divine being, prepares himself for its performance by a three days' fast, and the offering up of solemn sacrifices. In all the provinces of the empire this festival is solemnized by the viceroys and governors, accompanied by the chief mandarins of their departments. As in the palmy days of Rome, the pursuit of agriculture in China is more esteemed than that of commerce; and among the precepts which every governor of a province is obliged to teach to the assembled people is, "that if the plowman's estate enjoys public esteem, there never will be want in the land."

Homer relates that of the vast host that assembled to besiege Troy, only one-tenth could be spared for the active purposes of war, the remaining nine-tenths being employed in cultivating the surrounding country. Taking the story as a fair representation of the usual commissariat in Homer's time, it is evident that cities must have fallen or held out according as the harvest favored the slow operations of the besiegers.

The unrivaled literature of Greece, however, affords but little information regarding the practical details of husbandry. The Romans, on the contrary, were a great agricultural people. They held the cereal grains in such honor, that glory was called by them *Adorea*, from *Ador*, a kind of wheat. The law of the Twelve Tables condemned to death any adult who let cattle in to graze at night in a field of grain, or who cut grain in an unripe state. One of the very first institutions of Romulus was that of the priests of the fields, whose number he fixed at twelve, and of whom he was one. Their dress of honor was a crown of wheat-ears attached by a white band,



AN EGYPTIAN GRANARY IN THE TIME OF PHARAOH.

and this dignity lasted through life, and could not be lost by exile or captivity. The citizens of republican Rome engaged in the cultivation of the soil were esteemed as a class superior in rank and dignity to those inhabiting cities, and it was a mark of dishonor for a man to leave the fields to adopt a city life. While the Romans borrowed from the Greeks much of their literature, they created an original one of their own, of which rural affairs formed the substance and inspiration. The striking fact has been noticed, that while among the Greeks the names of their illustrious families are borrowed from the heroes and gods of their mythology, the most famous heroes among the Romans—such as the Pisones, Fabii, Lentuli—have taken their names from their favorite crops and vegetables. We know that the Romans, even in their earliest history, were exceedingly covetous of grain, or rather of lands, for it was in the produce of the soil that their principal and almost only wealth consisted. Often the very hands which guided the plow, periodically wielded the truncheon of the Roman armies. Cincinnatus thrice left the plow to save the Commonwealth, then as successively returned to his rural pursuits. Cato was an orator, general, and censor, yet he supported himself upon eight acres of land, which he himself tilled, his habitation a hut, and his food esculent plants. Regulus was found plowing when he was informed of his elevation to the consular dignity. The fall of the Roman empire was marked by the constantly increasing neglect of agriculture, and its ruin was finally consummated when those engaged in it were held in contempt. Then the fairest parts of the empire were abandoned to nature, and regions once calling forth the warm eulogy of the pastoral poets for their rich abundance, became the seat of decay and desolation.



CERES.

Of all the festivals indulged in by the Romans, that dedicated to the honor of Ceres, who, as the Greeks held, invented agriculture, was one of the most innocent and joyous. It was really a salutation to the promise of the opening spring. It took those engaged in it into the green fields, and surrounded them with rural associations. The time set apart was eight days in the beginning of the month of April, and the matrons who more particularly officiated in the ceremonies were not only distinguished for their virtues, but they prepared themselves by several days' abstinence from wine and every carnal enjoyment. In commemoration of Ceres, these matrons bore before them lighted torches, and whoever attended upon them without invitation was looked upon as profane, and was punished with death:

"But chief, with fragrant prayer the gods implore
And Ceres, chief, with annual feasts adore;
When winter flies, and spring new robes the ground,
When mild the wine, and lambkins gayly bound;
When sweet to slumber on the grass reclined
Where the thick foliage murmurs to the wind;
The sky her temple, and the turf her shrine,
Her pure libation, honey, milk, and wine."

Under the Goths and Vandals, and other barbarian conquerors of Europe, agriculture during the Middle Ages seems to have been almost forgotten. Its revival, together with other arts and sciences, very strangely commenced among the Saracens of Spain, who devoted themselves to the cultivation of that subjected country with an hereditary love for the occupation. By them and their successors, the Moors, agriculture in Spain was carried to a height which, perhaps, has not since been surpassed. It is said that as early as the tenth century the revenue of Saracenic Spain alone amounted to as much as that of all the rest of Europe at that time. The ruins of their noble works for irrigating the soil still attest their skill and industry, and put to shame the ignorance and indolence of their successors.

In the ancient empire of Peru agriculture seems to have reached a high degree of perfection. The ruins of basins and canals, frequently carried through immense tunnels, prove the skill and industry of its people in irrigation. A single

aqueduct has been traced by its ruins five hundred miles. They cultivated the sides of the mountains by means of terraces, which retained forced soil, and were skilled in the use of manure. That on which they chiefly depended was guano, and their Incas protected the deposits by strict laws, and made it penal to go upon the islands except at stated times. From this picture of the triumphs of peaceful pursuits we naturally turn to the contemporaneous empire of Mexico, which was renowned for bloody laws and a sanguinary religion, its rulers knowing nothing of value of the cereal grains.

When wheat is planted at a proper depth and in a favorable soil, it vegetates slowly, pushing to the surface one cylindrical filament, while numerous fibres strike downward into the earth. These supply the plant with nourishment, and in due time a knot is formed at the surface of the soil from which several roots and stems branch out—this is called the tillering of the wheat. As the plant advances toward perfection new roots near the surface become the chief source of nourishment, and in a rich compost soil, where there is room, numerous stems arise forming a tuft, from each of which springs a stalk, sustaining an ear well filled with seeds; hence the power of this plant for the tremendous increase above all other useful grains. The phenomena of the extension of roots are of the most curious interest, for in search of nutriment they seem to display something more than mechanical growth. That all vegetables absorb their food in a fluid state seems beyond contradiction, but how this is accomplished is not clearly understood. How the phosphate of lime and other insoluble substances are absorbed by the delicate roots is a profound mystery. Plants in health, however, possess the power of intelligent selection, and the roots of each will feed only upon such substances as are best calculated to promote their growth, and if they can find nothing genial, they will either starve or, driven by hunger, they will partake of the poison around them and die. A French naturalist, in his endeavors to comprehend the beautiful laws of nature, dissolved together in water various salts, and then placed in these solutions growing plants, some perfect and others with their roots cut off. The mutilated plants absorbed indiscriminately all the salts dissolved in the water, while the perfect ones separated from the water only those required for their healthy existence, and rejected the remainder, absolutely acting as delicate chemists, and performing functions with their simple vessels such as can not be imitated by the most complicated laboratory of science.

Botanists claim to know two or three hundred kinds of wheat. M. Phillippari, in the year 1842, professed to be cultivating, near Versailles, no less than three hundred and twenty-two varieties. There are, however, only three principal kinds so different in their appearance that they need to be particularly noticed. These are the hard wheats, the soft wheats, and the



DIFFERENT KINDS OF WHEAT.

1. Egyptian Wheat.—2. Spelter Wheat.—3. Polish Wheat.—4. Single-grained Wheat.—5. Common Bearded Wheat.



REAPING WHEAT.

Polish wheats. The hard varieties are the products of warm climates, such as belong to Italy, Sicily, and Barbary. The soft varieties are the products of the United States and of the northern countries of Europe, as Belgium, Britain, Denmark, and Sweden. The Polish wheats are from the country from whence they derive their name, and are similar to those of temperate regions; it is only in their external form that they are distinguished from other wheats. The hard wheats have a compact seed, nearly transparent, which when shattered break short and display a very white flour within. The soft wheats peculiar to our own fields have an opaque coat, and when first reaped give way readily to the pressure of the finger and thumb; they must be well dried before they can be manufactured into flour. The Polish wheats have a long chaff, and are cylindrical in appearance. They are delicate spring wheats, but not very productive in our country, and hence are only cultivated by American farmers by way of experiment.

The hard wheats produce the greatest amount of *gluten*, a tough substance containing much nutriment and readily promoting that fermentation which makes light bread; hence it is that in Italy we meet with so many rich pastes which form so large a part of the food of the people of that country. The soft wheats contain, on the other hand, the greatest quantity of *starch*, which fits them for vinous fermentation, encouraging brewing and distilling, and the consequent evil of the abuse of intoxicating liquors.

No one who has the least fondness for nature can witness unimpassioned the gradual development of the young wheat. In early

spring the ground spreads away, as far as the eye can reach, in dark masses slightly tinged with green; a few days pass away and the sun-kissing slopes grow more luxuriant, and hour by hour we note the changes, until a vernal carpet of more delicate hues than ever greet the eye of the most favorite sultana completely hides the mother earth; now it is that the delicate blades begin to multiply and strengthen under the genial influences of the ripening sun. The quiet days wear away, and the long sweeps of brilliant verdure begin to palpitate under the soft whisperings of the breeze, and the hopeful plant springs upward with visible rapidity, suggesting rich stores of golden fruit as the reward of the husbandman's toil. The season of fruition approaches; the brilliant tints of rapidly-circulating juices begin to yield to the graver ones of golden hues. The long nights of the harvest-moon tempt us into the open air, and we find the precious life-preserving cereal waving its matured heads in joy, and fairly laughing in its abundance.

Now the ardent beams of the sun pour down, and where, but a few weeks since, was the dull clod, we find a vast golden shield, reflecting back those brilliant rays, and yet absorbing with gluttonous appetite their ripening effects. It is now that the woods are redolent of music. Every bush has its carol of songsters. The little birds have established their young in neighboring branches, and relieved of family cares, they join with their offspring in pouring out songs of praise at the never-ending prospect of abundance. The solicitude of the husbandman is passed. With a bright eye and a hopeful step he summons his laborers to gather in the harvest. Strong arms and merry hearts unite to revel among the nodding stalks, now top-heavy with their fruitage, and, with the modest bearing of true worth, leaning upon each other for support. The flashing sickle glances in the sunlight, and every sweep of the powerful arm that wields it brings down the bearded grain, while others follow in the reaper's wake, and bind it into sheaves.



THE HARVEST FIELD.



THE OLD MILL.

The landscape, however familiar, at this season of the year presents scenes of ever-changing beauty. Fleecy clouds, no heavier than gossamer vapors, float between the sun and the earth, casting faint shadows in spots upon the yellow undulations of the wheat-fields, literally dimpling their fattened surfaces into smiles; while other clouds, more dense, pile up like snow-capped mountains in the noonday heats, and then, as departing spirits, vanish into thin air. The open glades of woodland sparkle in the recesses, while the preserved monarchs of the forests, which have escaped the woodman's axe, darken and frown, and give dignity and grandeur to the joyous scene. The streams ripple and dance over their gravelly beds, and the playful fish, jewel sparkling, leap into the air, and then bury themselves away amidst a spray of diamond jets. Softened, yet clear against the sky, are seen the spires of the distant village beautifully contrasting with purple hills. Over all nature rests the charm of rich abundance, the heart of man exults, the earth and the air are full of rejoicing.

The work of the morning is well performed, and then comes the noontide meal. The cottage maid trips forth, bearing the frugal yet substantial repast, such as hungry men and maidens most need. A shady spot is selected near a spring, which offers its crystal waters to the thirsting lips; and happy but fatigued reapers gather round. Jokes, keen repartee, and joyous laughter are often heard, betraying the body healthy and the mind at ease. The toil of the after-day finished, the sun sinks slowly toward the west, and the weary laborer homeward wends his way. Mingling in the returning throng is the well-kept wagon, overflowing with luxuriant sheaves, which are soon to be winnowed of the chaff—for such a term ungrateful man applies to the cunningly-devised enfoldings which have protected the grain in its infancy and in its matured strength. With these innocent associations, and by these grateful labors,

the crop of wheat is secured, the very toil promoting health, and every incident favoring serenity of mind.

Among the things immediately connected, by association, with the wheat-field is the mill, where the ripened grain is manufactured into flour. There is something wonderfully cool and refreshing, in the hottest summer day, about these old mills. They are favorite spots with the juveniles, who delight to listen to the clatter of their machinery as it mingles with the hum of the surrounding forest. Their situation is always romantic, for it is in some quiet nook, shaded by rich trees, luxuriating beside the gurgling stream that pours in silver spray over the rude dam. The surrounding rocks are covered with spray, and where the shadows on the water are the deepest and coolest, the sun-fish disport themselves, tempting the angler's art. The old moss-covered wheel, as it rolls over and over, is musical by its industry, and the falling water quiets the most disturbed mind into sweet repose.

One of the most touching stories ever told is that of Boaz and Ruth. The boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and the effulgence of a superior religion, have done nothing to improve upon the deep affection, the heartfelt devotion, and the beautiful romance of the simple record. In this story, more than any where else in the Sacred Writings, do we find the most complete and beautiful picture of agricultural pursuits as conducted in the patriarchal ages. Naomi had left the land of her nativity, and, with the husband of her choice, had settled among strangers. In time she was blessed with two sons and two daughters-in-law. Providence, however, dealt bitterly with her, and husband and sons were laid in the grave. Naomi now yearned for the home of her youth, for the land of Judah, and she proposed to her daughters-in-law that they should each return to their mother's house, and that she would pursue her way alone. Orpah kissed Naomi, and returned back unto her people; but Ruth said: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." So Naomi returned, and Ruth with her, and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of the harvest.

Now Naomi had a wealthy kinsman whose name was Boaz, and Ruth proposed that she should glean in his fields. While engaged in this labor Boaz asked, Whose damsel is this? So the servant set over the reapers showed him all that Ruth had done for Naomi since the death of her husband, and how she had left father and mother and the land of her nativity and come unto a people whom she knew not heretofore. And the heart of Boaz was touched at the evidence of so much devotion, and he privately commanded his young men to let Ruth glean without hinderance even among the sheaves, and ordered them to let fall some of the stalks that she might glean them. He invited her at meal time to sit beside his own reapers, to eat of his bread, and he reached her parched corn, and Ruth ate what sufficed, and left. And Boaz in presence of the elders of the people took Ruth for his wife; and the devoted daughter-in-law of the poor widow, a stranger and a widow herself, a humble gleaner in the rich man's fields, became, as a reward for her virtues, a princess in the land, and her descendants were Jesse and David, and the Star of Bethlehem shone on the "son of David" and the descendant of the humble Ruth.

In the parable of the sower, our Lord mentions an increase of thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. Such an increase, although above the average rate, was, in ancient times, greatly exceeded, if we are to believe Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny. Herodotus says that the common yield of the soil of Babylonia was usually two hundred fold, but in favorable seasons three hundred fold. Pliny estimates the crops of the best lands of Byzacium at a hundred and fifty fold, and the general crops of Egypt, of Betica, and of the Leontines of Sicily, at a hundred fold. He mentions a wheat plant of four hundred stalks from one seed, sent him from Byzacium in Africa by the procurator of Augustus, and says that Nero received another from the same place bearing three hundred and sixty stalks.

Virgil, Theophrastus, Pliny, and other ancient writers who took an interest in agricultural affairs, prove that in their time, in countries favored by nature, the farmers cut forage from their wheat twice in the year, and then grazed their cattle on it, obtaining by this means a large increase of the crop. The most robust varieties of wheat are seldom injured by the cold of winter, as might be apprehended from advanced vegetation.

Among naturalists of later times we find that M. Deslongchamps counted four hundred and fifty grains yielded by one seed, and that he saw one hundred and fifty-two stalks coming from one root. Shaw acknowledges the present of a wheat plant from the Governor of an Algerian province having eighty stalks, and mentions one of a hundred and twenty stalks in the possession of the Pasha of Cairo. Sir Humphry Davy, in his Agricultural Chemistry, mentions one of a hundred and twenty, and Duhamel speaks of two seeds, each of which produced one hundred and forty stalks, and six thousand grains. Francis de Neufchateau quotes the history of tufts from rough grains, containing from one hundred to three hundred and seventy-six ears. At Kerinon near Brest, were seen, in 1817, one hundred and fifty-five ears growing from one root. D'Albut, chief gardener to Louis Philippe, reports a plant growing near Mantes which produced fifty-two ears and two thousand two hundred and forty grains. Deslongchamps, by planting wheat in drills (after the manner of the Chinese), frequently obtained twenty and thirty ears from one seed.

Charles Miller, of the Botanic Garden, at Cambridge, England, in June, 1776, selected a grain



BOAZ AND RUTH.

of wheat that seemed ready to branch out, pulled it up, and on the 8th of August, divided it into eighteen parts, each of which he replanted separately. Every one of these new plants put forth several lateral shoots, when they were again uprooted in September, divided, and replanted. The seventy-six shoots thus obtained underwent a similar operation in the course of the ensuing March and April, finally developing in all five hundred plants, from which came twenty-one thousand one hundred and nine ears, producing forty-seven pounds and a half of grain, or four million seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand and forty seeds.

Hardy as wheat is, it is subject to many diseases, and also suffers from insects. The weevil is quite familiar. Its young is supposed to be deposited in the ears of wheat, which they leave about August and go into the grouud, where it is probable they remain during the winter in the pupa state, and become flies the next season, when the wheat is in bloom. "Pop goes the weasel," is an expression on every one's tongue, yet few understand the origin of the saying. By giving its history, we may also learn something of the habits of the weevil. According to "reliable tradition," a famous Methodist preacher, by the name of Craven, was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, when he spoke as follows: "Here are present a great many professors of religion, who are sleek, fat, and good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now you have seen wheat which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it you found that it was only forty-five or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel,

when it should be, if a prime article, sixty or sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of this wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up to the light and squeeze it, and 'pop goes the weevil.' Now, you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? Ah, when you are taken between the thumb of the law and the fore-finger of the Gospel, 'Pop goes *your* weevil.'"

In rainy seasons wheat is subject to a disease known as the blight. On examining a grain thus affected with a powerful microscope, it is found to consist of hard shell filled with white powder, the dust containing no trace of starch; it consists entirely of microscopic threads which are dry stiff worms. When placed in water these worms exhibit hygroscopic motion for a few moments. When the wheat is new, they soon make other manifold movements which are unmistakable signs of life. When the grain is old, it requires several hours, or sometimes even days, before they resume motion and life. In a single grain of affected wheat, there are generally several thousands of these worms. They have no sexual distinctions; they are the offspring of other forms. Before a blight comes on there are found from ten to twelve larger worms in each kernel which is about to be affected, and the females of these larger worms have been observed to lay eggs. If blighted wheat is sown with sound, the worms, after a few weeks, and when the sound wheat has germinated, are awakened into life by the moisture



BLIGHTED WHEAT.

of the earth, break through the thin shell which has confined them, and follow the dictates of individual enterprise. The great mass of them die, but a few reach the germinated wheat, and effect a lodgment in the stalk under the forming leaves. They are carried up in dry weather by the growth of the plant, and in wet by their own exertions. As they are dried up most of the time, they suffer no considerable change until they enter into the forming kernels and lay their eggs. By the time the wheat is ripe the parent insects are dead. Those remaining are dried into almost nothing, the egg-shells are absorbed, and the grain is apparently filled with nothing but white powder.

The Greeks claimed to be the inventors of bread, and this trait of their national vanity was exhibited in spite of the fact that they were dependent upon Egypt for wheat. The art of making loaves, however, passed from Greece into Rome. The distinctions of leavened and unleavened bread are of time immemorial. As early as the days of Pliny the Gauls made use of yeast, and their descendants are still famous for their light rolls, and for being great consumers of them. For many centuries among the rich circular slices of the crusts of bread were used instead of plates, and after dinner these "dishes for the occasion" were distributed among the poor.

Harvard University, the mother of all our colleges, and now so rich in funds, was at one time obliged to depend in part for the support of her little band of officers on the annual contributions of wheat collected by the peck from scattered log-granaries of Massachusetts.

It is mentioned in the memoir of Lord Macartney's embassy to China, that wheat is planted with a hoe in holes, and covered as in planting beans, and that the harvest by this method is not only larger on a given area, but the quantity of seed thus economized was estimated as sufficient to feed all the inhabitants of Great Britain.

A New Zealand chief, when on a visit to the English settlement in New Holland, on leaving to return home, was observed to take with him a quantity of wheat. On reaching his friends he greatly surprised them with the information that it was the grain from which the English made the biscuit which they ate on board the ship. He divided his precious store among those present, recommending them to plant what they received in the ground. A few following his directions, the wheat sprang up and grew well; but the barbarians, impatient for the product, and expecting to find it, like the potato, gathered round the roots, dug it up, and finding no bulbous formation, burned up the crop in disgust.

At the massacre at Big Bottoms, after the Indians had killed the whites, before they set fire to the block-house, they carefully removed the meal and grain which they found, and deposited it at a distance in small heaps on the ground, in order that they might not, in burning it, give offense to the Great Spirit.

Humboldt states that a negro slave of Fernando Cortez was the first who cultivated wheat in New Spain. He planted three grains of it found among the rice included in the military stores brought from the parent country. He also noticed in the San Franciscan convent, where San Francisco now stands, preserved as a precious relic, the vessel containing the first wheat which Fray Iodoro Rixi de Gaute had sown in that city, he having commenced its cultivation upon ground attached to the convent before the primitive forest had been entirely felled.

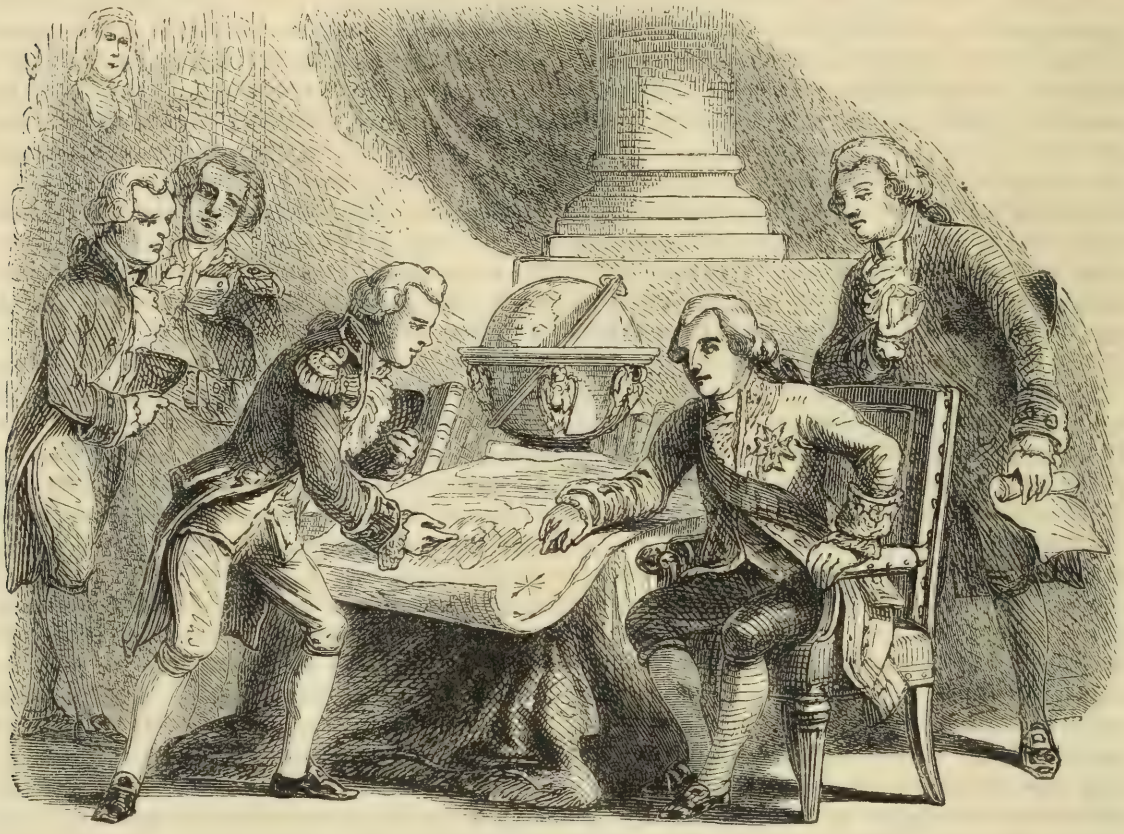
The highest price that flour has reached during a period of sixty years was in 1796, when it sold at sixteen dollars a barrel. In 1817, it was quoted at fourteen dollars. In 1847, the period of the Irish famine, flour never exceeded ten dollars. The prices of breadstuffs were higher in 1855 than for sixty years, if we except the seasons of 1796 and 1817. From the minutes kept at the office of the Van Rensselaer Mansion at Albany for sixty-one years, where large amounts of rents are payable in wheat or a cash equivalent, on the 1st of January of each year, we learn that wheat has only five times been two dollars or upward a bushel, while it was seventeen times at one dollar, and twice at seventy-five cents. The average price for the whole period was one dollar and thirty-eight cents, and for the last thirty years one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Fluctuations in the price of flour are ascribed to speculations by capitalists. That moneyed men may affect a locality for a few days is possible, but no combination of all the bankers in existence can command the price of breadstuffs. The world consumes eight thousand millions of bushels of grain of some kind every year, and the cost is about four thousand millions of dollars. What we shall give for this important necessity for the preservation of our race, is hidden among the mysteries of nature, depends upon the machinery of the seasons, upon the will of God. In the deep caverns of the north He prepares the hoar frosts which kill the roots; from the evanescent clouds come the rains and the dews which rust the stalks; the rays of his sun wilt up the germinating flower; and from Him come also those secret influences which ripen the crops and spread them upon the ground, in every quality of real wealth more valuable than gold.

The progress of the cultivation of wheat in our own country presents not only a subject of intense interest, but also one of great national congratulation. Prior to the year 1800, agriculture was confined to the Atlantic States. Preceding that time, the revolutionary condition of France, and the war which involved the whole of Europe, taken in connection with the limited space devoted to wheat culture, enabled our farmers to realize such high prices, that, as a class, they reveled in unbounded prosperity. In 1796, the high price obtained for flour, as a natural consequence, diverted capital from other channels to be employed in tilling the soil, and, with this impulse, in the brief space of half a century we find the vast and fertile valley of the Mississippi reclaimed from nature and waving with golden crops. The settlement of California opened a still larger granary, one that is surpassing the wheat-bearing capacity of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio combined. From the census we learn that Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Florida, do not raise wheat enough for their own consumption. That eight States only raise a substantial surplus, the remaining four, viz., Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, and Iowa, raising only a nominal surplus. Eight principal manufacturing States, and ten planting States, do not raise their own bread. California now raises a trifling surplus, and New York nearly balances her production by consumption. A very few years only must elapse ere all these statistics will be changed. In twenty years the rich fields of the great West have been opened up to the agriculturist, and in that time Buffalo and Chicago have become the greatest grain marts of the world. Who can calculate the wonderful changes of another score of years? Texas, at present the producer of cotton and sugar, will soon step into the arena, as the great wheat-growing State of the Union. It is calculated that at the very moment she obtains the means of internal transportation, by the completion of railways already begun, her wheat crop will be worth millions, and absolutely surpass in value her exports in the more talked of product cotton.

Buffalo in the State of New York, and Chicago in the State of Illinois, are the two great grain ports of the world. Thirty years ago, the first cargo of wheat was landed upon the wharves of Buffalo, and at that time Chicago may be said to have had, comparatively speaking, no commercial existence whatever. Now, Buffalo has a commerce of thirty millions of bushels of wheat annually, and Chicago is destined soon to rival her sister city in the accumulation of the prime necessary of life. Thus we have at a glance a succinct view of the almost incomprehensible growth of the "Great West," and an apparent security that "the season" may be unfavorable in the Atlantic States, and yet, in the heart of our continent the grain may ripen into an abundance; or if this should not be, still, in the far-off fields of California, and in the distant prairies of Texas, the crops may be abundant; so that nothing but an unusual visitation of Providence (such as we have no reason to expect) would destroy it at one time over all our widely-extended fields.*

* The grain depositories of the world rank in importance as follows: Buffalo, Chicago, Archangel, Galatz, Ibraila, St. Petersburg, Odessa, Dantzic, Riga.



LOUIS XVI. AND LA PEROUSE.

THE STATES-GENERAL.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

AS the clock at Versailles tolled the hour of twelve at midnight of the 10th of May, 1774, Louis XV., abandoned by all, alone in his chamber, died. In the most loathsome stages of the confluent small-pox his body had, for several days, presented but a mass of corruption. Terror had driven all the courtiers from the portion of the palace which he occupied, and even Madame du Barry dared not approach the bed where her paramour was dying. The nurse, hired to attend him, could not remain in the apartment, but sat in an adjoining room. A lamp was placed at the window, which she was to extinguish as soon as the King was dead. Eagerly the courtiers watched the glimmering of that light that they might be the first to bear to Louis, grandson of the dying King, and heir to the throne, the tidings that he was monarch of France.

Louis was then hardly twenty years of age. His wife, Maria Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa, Queen of Austria, was nineteen. They had been married four years. Maria Antoinette was one of the most beautiful of women; but from infancy she had been educated in the belief that kings and nobles were created to illustrate life by gayety and splendor, and that the people were created only to be their servants.

The taper was extinguished, and the crowd of courtiers rushed to the apartment of the dauphin to hail him as Louis XVI. The tidings, though expected, for a moment overwhelmed both Louis and Maria; and, encircled in each other's arms, they fell upon their knees, while Louis exclaimed, "O God, guide us, protect us. We are too young to govern!" They then entered the grand saloon, where they received the congratulations of all the dignitaries of the Church and the State. All were anxious to escape from the palace, whose atmosphere was tainted, and hardly an hour elapsed ere the new court, in carriages and on horseback, left Versailles, and were passing rapidly to the chateau of Choisy, one of the favorite rural palaces of Louis XV. The loathsome remains of the departed King were left to the care of a few under servants to be hurried to their burial. The people, who detested the dead monarch, hissed the corpse and could hardly be restrained from pelting it with mud.

It was not yet four o'clock in the morning. The sleepless night, the chill morning air, the awful scene of death from which they had come, oppressed all spirits. Soon, however, the sun rose, warm and brilliant; a jocular remark dispelled the mental gloom, and in two hours they arrived at the castle, a merry party exulting in the new reign.

The education of Louis XVI. had been such that he was still but a boy, bashful, self-distrusting, and entirely incompetent to guide the kingdom through the terrific storm which for ages had been gathering. He had not the remotest idea of the perils with which France was surrounded. He was an exceedingly amiable young man, of morals most singularly pure for that corrupt age, retiring and domestic in his tastes, and sincerely desirous of promoting the happiness of France. Geography was the only branch of learning in which he appeared to take

any special interest. He framed, with much sagacity, the instructions for the voyage of La Perouse around the world, in 1786; and often lamented the fate of this celebrated navigator, saying, "I see very well that I am not fortunate."

Louis XVI. had no force of character, and, destitute of self-reliance, was guided by others. At the suggestion of his aunt he called to the post of prime minister Count Maurepas, who was eighty years of age, and who had been living thirty years in retirement. Thus France was handed over, in this hour of peril, to a king in his boyhood and a prime minister in his dotage. Turgot was minister of finance. The kingdom was in debt $800,000,000 (4,000,000,000 francs). As the revenue was by no means sufficient to pay the interest upon this debt and the expenses of the government, loans were continually resorted to, and the State was rapidly drifting to bankruptcy. To continue borrowing was ruin. To impose higher taxes upon the people impossible; they were already starving. There was no resort but to tax the clergy and the nobles. The moment this plan was proposed a burst of indignation rose from bishops and dukes which overwhelmed the minister, and he was driven in disgrace from his post.

Necker was now called to the ministry, a Protestant banker of great wealth from Geneva. Warned by the fate of Turgot, he at first did not venture to propose taxing high-born like low-born men, but suggested economy, reform, cutting off pensions and sinecures. But these measures were as unpalatable as taxation. Murmurs loud and prolonged arose. Necker was in despair.* He borrowed. Soon none would lend. In this exigence he published a statement of the finances, hoping that ecclesiastics and nobles, who owned more than two-thirds of the real and personal estate of the realm, would consent to bear their share, with the impoverished people, of the expenses of the Government. This *Compte Rendu au Roi* frightened the nation and exasperated the nobles. One-third of the revenue was exhausted in paying the interest upon the debt; and that debt was fast increasing. The Church and the nobles must bear their share of taxation. There is no other resort. Scarcely had Necker uttered these words ere the shout arose from Court and Church, "Away with him!" No mortal man could stand the storm. Necker was driven into exile.†

M. Fleury, and M. d'Ormesson succeeded; honest, kind-hearted men, they could not even lift the heavy burden, and retired in dismay. M. de Calonne, a man of brilliant genius, of courtly manners, a member of the Parliament, and a great favorite of the nobles, was now called to the post of impossible achievement. With high reputation and the blandishments of polished address, he *borrowed*. The court rioted anew in voluptuous indulgence. But credit was soon gone, and the treasury empty. Calonne was in agony. At last he ventured gently to intimate that the clergy and the nobles must consent to be taxed. It was the signal for an immediate assault. Calonne was literally hooted down, and was compelled to resign his office and to fly from France.*

In the mean time the well-meaning, weak-minded King, having no taste for courtly pleasure, and no ability for the management of affairs, either unconscious of the peril of the State or despairing of any remedy, fitted up a workshop at Versailles, where he employed most of his time at a forge, under the guidance of a blacksmith, tinkering locks and keys.

"The King," says his master workman, Gamin, "was good, indulgent, timid, curious, fond of sleep. He passionately loved working as a smith, and hid himself from the Queen and the court to file and forge with me. To set up his anvil and mine, unknown to all the world, it was necessary to use a thousand stratagems."

The clergy now placed one of their own number, M. Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, in the ministry. He was a bold, resolute, ambitious man, and a great favorite with the Queen. "Public credit being dead," said a wag, "an Archbishop was summoned to bury the remains." But the treasury was empty. Money must be had. None could be borrowed. No more could be extorted from the exhausted people. At last even Brienne ventured to suggest *a territorial tax which should fall upon all landed proprietors alike.* There was an instantaneous shout of indignation from the whole privileged class, and "Hustle him out!" was the cry. He *was* hustled out.

At Brienne, almost beneath the shadow of the towers of the Archbishop's chateau, there had sat, while these scenes were transpiring, "a dusky complexioned, taciturn boy, under the name of Napoleon Bonaparte." This boy, forgetful of the sports of childhood, was gazing with intensest interest upon the conflict, and by untiring study, night and day, was girding himself with strength to come forth into the arena. He had already taken his side as the inexorable foe of feudal privilege, and the friend of popular rights. He had already incurred the frown of his teachers for the energy with which he advocated in his themes the doctrines of equality.

As Brienne, pale, haggard, and trembling, frightened by the storm which he had raised, entered his carriage and drove off to Italy, poor Louis was left to struggle alone against the storms of the Revolution. In his perplexity he turned again to Necker. The announcement of his recall filled France with enthusiasm, for Necker was the idol of the people. He returned

* Encyclopedia Americana, Art. Louis XVI.

† Hist. Phil. de la Rev. de Fr. par Ant. Fautin Desodourds, i. 58.

* Calonne has published a work upon the French Revolution, in which he gives an outline of his plan. It will remain an eternal condemnation of the clergy and the nobles, who so fiercely refused to bear their share of taxation.—*See Lect. of William Smyth on the French Revolution*, i. 122.



LOUIS XVI. AS LOCKSMITH.

to Versailles and recommended that a convention should be assembled, composed of delegates from the three estates of the realm: the Clergy, the Nobles, and the People. Meetings somewhat similar had in past ages been convened, called the States-General. To this body the state of the kingdom was to be presented for deliberation and counsel.

"We have need," said the edict of the King, "of the concourse of our faithful subjects, to aid in surmounting the difficulties arising from the state of the finances, and establishing, in conformity with our most ardent desire, a durable order in the parts of government which affect the public welfare."

The people are twenty-five millions, the clergy and the nobles some two or three hundred thousand. It was decided that the States-General should consist of twelve hundred members, of which the privileged class were to choose one-half and the unprivileged the other. Thus ninety-eight hundredths of the population had only as many representatives as two hundredths enjoyed. Even this the privileged classes loudly murmured at, declaring that there were three estates, of which the people composed one, and they should, therefore, have but one-third of the representation. But Necker, whose political existence depended upon popular support, was firm, and the people chose six hundred deputies.

Many of the leading ecclesiastics and nobles were exasperated, and various efforts were adopted to prevent the meeting of the States-General. Strenuous attempts were made to overawe the elections and to intimidate the weak King. These failing, measures were adopted to excite popular disturbance, that stormy times might be urged as a plea for postponing an innovation so dreaded as calling the people into action.* By bribery, secret agents, and false rumors, a riot was fomented in Paris. It was apparently judged that if fifty thousand men could be turned loose into the streets, starving and without work, to pillage and destroy, it would authorize the concentration of the army at Paris. The deluded rioters could be easily shot down, and it could plausibly be affirmed that public tranquillity required the postponement of the meeting of the States.

The mob was roused by secret instigators. Guns were skillfully placed here and there which they could seize. Two cart-loads of paving-stones were placed in their way. For twenty-four hours a tumultuous mass of people were left to do as they pleased, the Government apparently waiting for them to gain strength. But the effort was a failure; it proved but an artificial mob, and the outbreak almost died of itself. One house, that of M. Reveillon, was sacked, and the wine bottles from his cellar distributed

* See Michelet, i. 78. Rabaut de St. Etienne, i. 49.

through the streets. At length the soldiers were called in, and they had hardly made their appearance ere the riot was quelled.*

On the 4th of May, 1789, the States-General met at Versailles. The clergy and the nobility appeared, by royal decree, attired in purple robes emblazoned with gold, and with plumed hats. The deputies of the third estate were enjoined to present themselves in plain black cloaks and slouched hats, as the badge of their inferiority.†

On Saturday, the 2d of May, before the meeting, the King gave a reception to the deputies in the magnificent audience chamber of the palace. When one of the ecclesiastics or nobles presented himself, both of the folding-doors were thrown open and his name loudly announced; but when one of the third estate was presented, one door only was thrown open. This studied indignity was, of course, annoying to men who were in all respects superior, and who were conscious of their superiority to the corrupt and decaying aristocracy.

On the Paris Avenue at Versailles there was an immense hall, called the *Salle des Menus*, sufficiently capacious to accommodate the twelve hundred deputies, and in whose spacious galleries and side-aisles four thousand spectators could be crowded. It was a magnificent hall, and was ornamented for the occasion with the highest embellishments of decorative art. Here the King could meet in one assembly all the deputies of the three orders. But the clergy and the nobles had already formed the plan of insisting that the States should meet in three separate chambers, and give three separate votes. Thus three hundred ecclesiastics and three hundred nobles would give two votes, while six hundred of the people would give but one; and thus the unprivileged class would be thrown into a hopeless minority, having two to one ever against them. This was the last chance for the privileged class to maintain their domination; and here, accordingly, they took their stand for a desperate battle. The union of the orders secured the triumph of the people. The division of the orders left the people bound hand and foot. All understood the issues of the conflict and prepared for the strife. For the accomplishment of this plan two other smaller halls had been prepared, one for the clergy and one for the nobles.

The 4th of May, the day of the opening of the States-General, a solemn procession took place. Nearly all Paris flocked out to Versailles, which is but ten miles from the metropolis, and countless thousands crowded the avenues of the city of the court. Joy beamed from almost every face, for it was felt that, after a long night, a day of prosperity was dawning.‡ The court, the clergy, and the nobles, appeared in extraordinary splendor. But as the procession moved along it was observed that the eyes of the multitude, undazzled by the pageant of embroidered robes and nodding plumes, were riveted upon the six hundred deputies of the people, in their plain garb, the advance guard of freedom's battalions.

On their arrival at the church the three orders were seated on benches placed in the nave. The King and Queen occupied thrones beneath a canopy of purple velvet sprinkled with golden *fleurs de lis*. The princes and princesses, with the great officers of the crown, occupied conspicuous positions reserved for them by the side of their majesties. After imposing ceremonies and music by a majestic choir "unaccompanied by the din of instruments," the Bishop of Nancy preached a sermon enforcing the sentiment that Religion constitutes the prosperity of Nations.*

The next day, May 5, the court and all the deputies of the three orders were assembled in the great hall to listen to the instructions of the King. And here, again, the deputies of the people were slapped in the face by an insult. A back door was assigned for their entrance, which they approached by a corridor, where they were kept crowded together several hours, until the king, the court, the nobles, and the clergy had entered in state at the great portal and had taken their seats. The back door was then thrown open, and the deputies of the people, in that garb which had been imposed upon them as a badge of inferiority, were permitted to file in and take the benches at the lower end of the hall which had been left for them.†

The King's speech was favorably received. He appeared before the deputies with dignity, and recited very appropriately the cordial and conciliatory words which Necker had placed in his mouth. On finishing his speech he sat down and put on his plumed hat. The clergy and nobles, in accordance with etiquette, did the same. The *Tiers Etat*, in defiance of etiquette, did the same. "Hats off!" shouted nobles and archbishops imperiously, amazed at such impudence. But the slouched hats stuck as if glued to the heads. The King, to appease the tumult, again uncovered his head; bishops, nobles, and *Tiers Etat* did the same, and all sat for the remainder of the session very politely with uncovered heads.‡

The next day the deputies of the third estate, at the appointed hour, repaired to the hall

* It has been denied that the nobles were guilty of this act. For evidence see "Mémoires de Bensenval," t. ii. p. 347. "L'Œuvre de Sept Jours," p. 411. "Exposé Justificatif." "Bailly's Mémoires, and M. Rabaut de St. Etienne."

† Thiers's History of French Revolution, i. 35.

‡ "Like the nation I was full of hope, hope that I then could not suppose vain. Alas! how can one now think, without tears, on the hopes and expectations then every where felt by all good Frenchmen, by every friend of humanity!"—*Necker on the French Revolution.*

* Mémoires de Ferrières.

† M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, i. 47. Madame de Staël.

‡ Histoire Parliamentaire, i. 356. "Will it be believed," writes Michelet, "that this mad court remembered and regretted the absurd custom of making the third estate harangue *on their knees?* They were unwilling to dispense from this ceremony expressly, and preferred deciding that the president of the third estate should make no speech whatever."—*Michelet*, i. 88.



FIRST RIOT IN THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE.

to meet their colleagues of the clergy and the nobility. None of them were there. They had gone to organize in their separate chambers. The third estate, assuming the name of the Commons, abstained from any organic measures, and waited to be joined by their colleagues. Thus matters continued for four weeks. Upon the decision of this question all the issues of reform were suspended. The whole nation understood the bearing of the contest, and that there was no room for compromise. It was a death-struggle. In one assembly the people would have the majority, for there were several of the nobles like La Fayette, and a large number of the clergy, consisting of nearly all the parish ministers, who were warmly with them.

During this protracted conflict the higher clergy devised the following plan to place the commons in a false position: They sent an imposing delegation, headed by the Archbishop of Aix, with a pathetic statement of the miseries of the people, and entreating the commons to enter into a conference to devise some plan to assuage their sufferings. The move was shrewdly contrived. If the commons assented, it was the commencement of business with three chambers. If they refused, the clergy and the nobles would be apparently those who alone regarded the people. For a moment there was much embarrassment.

A young man who was unknown to nearly all the members rose, and in a calm, distinct, deliberate voice, which arrested universal attention, said:

"Go tell your colleagues that we are waiting for them here, to aid us in assuaging the sorrows of the people; tell them no longer to retard our work; tell them that our resolution is not to be shaken by such a stratagem as this. If they have sympathy for the poor, let them, as imitators of their master, renounce that luxury which consumes the funds of indigence, dismiss those insolent lackeys who attend them, sell their gorgeous equipages, and with these superfluities relieve the perishing. We wait for them here."*

There was a universal hum of approval. All were inquiring the name of the young deputy. It was Maximilian Robespierre. At last, on the

* Bailly's Mémoires, t. 1, p. 114; Dumont's Souvenirs, p. 59.

10th of June, the Abbé Sièyes* proposed to send a last invitation to the other orders to join them; and if they refused, to proceed to business, not as a branch of the Convention but as the whole body. The proposition was received with enthusiasm. This was Wednesday. The next day had been appropriated to religious solemnities. Friday, the 12th, was fixed upon as the day on which the important invitation was to be sent.†

The invitation, bold and decisive, excited not a little consternation in both of the privileged bodies. The curates, among the clergy, received the message with applause, and were in favor of compliance. The ecclesiastical superiors, however, held them in check, and obtained an adjournment. The commons waited an hour for their acceptance, and then proceeded to business. Three days were spent in examining credentials. On the first of these days, three curates left the clergy and joined them; on the second, six; on the third, ten; and then a hundred and forty in a body decided to come. Several also of the nobles joined them. The body thus organized assumed the name of the National Assembly.

The bishops and the nobles were in great consternation. The accession to the Assembly of one hundred and forty of the clergy in a body, would invest the Assembly with new authority as the true representative of the nation. A deputation of the leading bishops and lords hastened to the King, and entreated him to interpose his royal power, and by dissolving the Assembly to crush the popular movement now become so formidable. The King himself was now alarmed, and, though vacillating, was easily influenced by the court. The popular excitement in Paris and Versailles became intense. The only hope of the people was now in the Assembly. Its dissolution left them in despair. The one hundred and forty of the clergy, on Friday the 19th of June, resolved to unite with the Assembly the next day. The King, to prevent this union, decided that night to shut up the hall of the Assembly, and to station soldiers at the doors. As an excuse for this act of violence, it was alleged that the hall was needed for workmen to put up decorations in preparation for a royal sitting, which was to be held on Monday. The King thus gained time to decide upon the measures which he would announce at the royal sitting.‡

Saturday morning dawned lurid and stormy. Sheets of rain, driven by a fierce wind, flooded the streets. As the Assembly, in accordance with Friday evening's adjournment, approached their hall, they found the door guarded by a detachment of royal troops. Admission was positively refused, and it was declared that any attempt to force an entrance would be repelled by the bayonet.*

The Assembly and the people were greatly alarmed. Measures of violence were already commenced. The immediate dissolution of the Assembly was menaced, and thus were to perish all hopes of reform. The rain still fell upon them in the unsheltered street. There was no hall to which they could resort. It was suggested that there was in the city an old dilapidated Tennis Court, and it was immediately resolved to assemble upon its pavements. The six hundred deputies of the people, now roused to the highest pitch of excitement and followed by a vast concourse of sympathizing and applauding people, hastened to the Tennis Court. Here, with not even a seat for the President, the Assembly was organized, and M. Bailly, in a firm voice, administered the following oath, which was instantly repeated in tones so full and strong, by every lip, as to reach the vast concourse which surrounded the building:

"We solemnly swear not to separate, and to assemble whenever circumstances shall require, until the Constitution of the kingdom is established and founded on a solid basis."

Every deputy then signed this declaration, excepting one man; and this Assembly so nobly respected private liberty as to allow this man to enter his protest upon the declaration. We know not which most to admire, the moral courage of Martin d'Auch, which emboldened him, though in a bad cause, firmly to avow his opposition to five hundred and ninety-nine of his colleagues in this hour of terrible excitement, or the magnanimity of the Assembly in permitting him, when such terrible issues were at stake, to write his name, with his protest attached to it, upon the record.†

The next day was the Sabbath; but the King

* The Abbé Sièyes was one of the deputies sent by the people of Paris, and the only clergyman in the Paris deputation. There were, however, several of the clergy sent from the provinces.

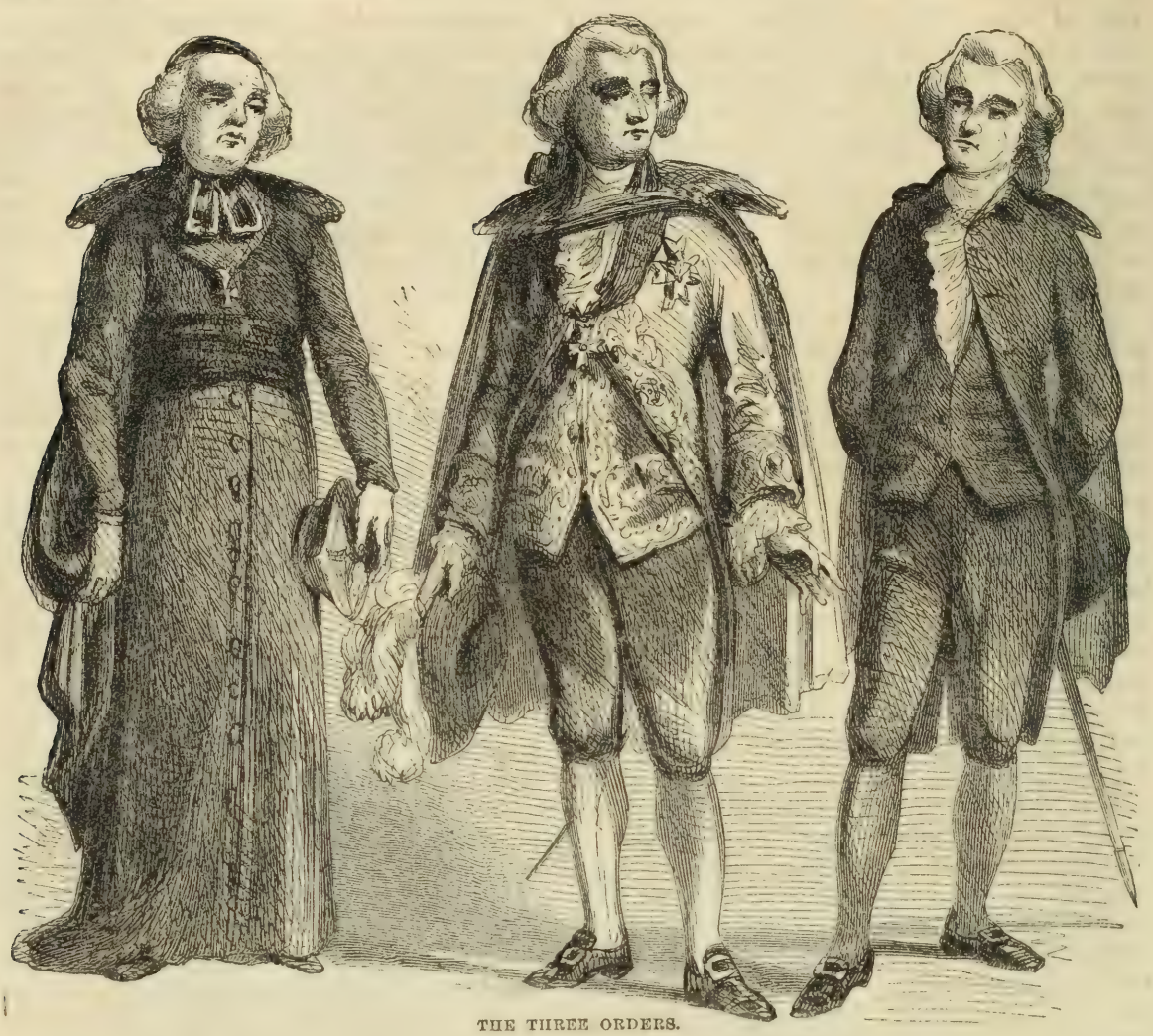
† Sièyes' motion was to *summon* the privileged classes. By vote of the Convention the word was changed to *invite*.

‡ The Marquis of Ferrières, a deputy of the nobles, and warmly espousing the interests of his class, writes in his memoirs:

"The court, unable any longer to hide from themselves the real truth that all their petty expedients to separate the orders served only to bring on their union, resolved to dissolve the States-General. It was necessary to move the King from Versailles, to get Necker and the ministers attached to him out of the way. A journey to Marly was arranged. The pretext was the death of the dauphin. The mind of the King was successfully worked upon. He was told it was high time to stop the unheard-of enterprises of the third estate; that he would soon have only the name of a king. The Cardinal Rochefoucault and the Archbishop of Paris threw themselves at the feet of the King, and supplicated him to save the clergy and protect religion. The parliament sent a secret deputation, proposing a scheme for getting rid of the States-General. The keeper of the seals, the Count d'Artois (Charles X.), the Queen all united. All was therefore settled, and an order from the King announced a royal sitting, and suspended the States, under a pretense of making arrangements in the hall."

* "The deputies stand grouped on this umbrageous Avenue de Versailles, complaining aloud of the indignity done them. Courtiers, it is supposed, look from their windows and giggle."—*Carlyle*, i. 156.

† *Martin d'Auch, de Castelnaudary en Languedoc (Opposant)*. "His objection was, that he could not swear to the execution of any resolutions not sanctioned by the King."



THE THREE ORDERS.

and the court could not prepare for the sitting on Monday, and postponed it until Tuesday. To prevent the Assembly from convening again on Monday in the Tennis Court, the Count d'Artois sent word to the keeper that he wished for the Tennis Court that day to play. On Monday morning, when the Assembly, according to its adjournment, met at the door, they found the entrance guarded. Thus an Assembly of the most distinguished men of France, the representatives of twenty-five millions of people, were driven again into the streets, because a young nobleman affected to wish for their room that he might play a game of ball.

The deputies, thus insulted beyond all endurance, were for a time in great perplexity. It so happened, however, that the curates, about one hundred and forty in number, with the Archbishop of Vienne at their head, had met that morning in the Church of St. Louis, intending to go from there in procession to join the Assembly. They immediately sent to the commons an invitation to repair to the church, and, taking themselves the choir, left the nave for their guests. The clergy then descended and united with the commons, where they were received with shouts, embracings, and tears. Fearful perils were accumulating. The troops marching and countermarching, the new regiments entering the city, the hundred pieces of field artillery approaching, the cannon frowning before the door of the hall of the Assembly, and the defiant bearing of the nobles, all were portents of some decisive act.*

The morning of the 23d of June arrived. It was dark and stormy. At the appointed hour, 10 o'clock, the members repaired to the hall of the Assembly to meet the King and court. In various ways they had received intimation of the measures which were to be adopted against them, and anxiety sat upon every countenance. As they approached the hall they found that the same disrespect which they had encountered on the 5th of May was to be repeated with aggravations. The court wished to humiliate the commons. They did but exasperate them.†

The front entrance was reserved, as before, for the clergy and the nobles. The commons

* The majority of the clergy voted for union with the Assembly. The vote stood, says the curate M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, one hundred and forty-nine for union, and one hundred and twenty-six against it. All the higher clergy, with but two or three exceptions, were against the union. All the parish ministers, with hardly a single exception, were in favor of it.

† "The nobility that I conversed with," writes Arthur Young, "are most disgustingly tenacious of all old rights, however hard they may bear upon the people. They will not hear of giving way in the least to the spirit of liberty, beyond the point of paying equal land taxes, which they hold to be all that can with reason be demanded." "It was only very late," writes Professor William Smyth, "and when too late, that they reached even this point."



THE DOORS OF THE ASSEMBLY CLOSED AND GUARDED.

were guided to a side-door not yet opened, where they were left crowded together in the rain. They made several endeavors to gain admission, but were firmly repelled, and at last sought refuge from the storm in an adjoining shed.

In the mean time the two privileged classes approached with an unusual display of pompous carriages and gorgeous liveries. Files of soldiers protected them, bands of music greeted them, and with the most ostentatious parade of respect they were conducted to their seats; then the side-door was thrown open, and the commons, wet and dirty, filed in to take the back benches left for them. They found the aristocracy in their seats, as judges awaiting the approach of criminals. The nobles and the high clergy could not repress their feelings of exultation. The commons were now to be rebuked, condemned, and crushed.

Military detachments patrolled the streets and were posted around the hall. Four thousand Guards were under arms, and there were besides several regiments in the vicinity of Versailles, within an hour's call. An ocean of people from Paris and Versailles surged around the building, and flooded all of the adjoining avenues. As the carriage of the King and Queen, surrounded by its military retinue, approached, no voice of greeting was heard. The multitude looked on silent and gloomy. The King was exceedingly dejected, for his judgment and heart alike condemned the measures he had been constrained to adopt. The Queen was appalled by the ominous silence, and began to fear that they had indeed gone too far.

The King hardly knew how to utter the arrogant, defiant words which had been put in his mouth. It was the lamb attempting to imitate the roar of the lion. He addressed a few words to the Assembly, and then placed his declaration in the hands of one of the secretaries to be read.*

It declared his determination to maintain the distinction of the three orders, and that they should vote separately; that they might occasionally meet together, with the consent of the King, to vote taxes. The decree of the Commons constituting a National Assembly was pronounced illegal and null. The deputies were prohibited from receiving any instructions from their constituents. No spectators were allowed to be present at the deliberations of the States-General, whether they met together or in different chambers. No innovation was to be allowed in the organization of the army.† Nobles, and nobles only, were to be officers. The old feudal privileges were to remain unaltered. No ecclesiastical reforms were to be allowed unless sanctioned by the clergy.‡ Such were the prohibitions.

Then came the benefits. The King promised to sanction equality of taxes, whenever the clergy and the nobles should deliberately consent to such taxation.§ The King promised to adopt any measures of finance and expenditure which the States-General should recommend, if he judged such measure compatible with the

* Hist. Parl., ii. 15.

† "Sa majesté declare, de la manière la plus expresse qu'elle veut conserver en son entier et sans la moindre atteinte l'institution de l'armée ainsi que toute autorité, police et pouvoir sur le militaire, tels que les monarques français en ont constamment joui."

‡ "The nobles having applauded the article consecrating feudal rights, loud, distinct voices were heard to utter, 'Silence there!'"—*Michelet*, i. 115.

§ "Lorsque les dispositions formelles, annoncées par le clergé, et la noblesse, de renoncer à leurs privileges pécuniaires, auront été réalisées par leur délibérations, l'intention du roi est de les sanctionner, et qu'il n'existe plus, dans le paiement des contributions pécuniaires aucune espèce de priviléges ou de distinctions."—*Hist. de la Revolution Française, par Roisselet de Sanclières*, 119.

kingly dignity. He invited the States—which, be it remembered, were to be composed of three orders, the clergy and the nobility being thus able to outvote the commons by two votes to one—to propose measures for abolishing *lettres de cachet*, measures "which should be consistent with the maintenance of public safety and with the precautions necessary to protect in certain cases the honor of families, or to repress with celerity the commencements of sedition, or to protect the State from the effects of criminal communication with foreign powers." They were also invited to seek the means of reconciling liberty of the press with the respect due to religion and the honor of the citizens. In conclusion, the King threatened that if the commons refused obedience to these declarations he would immediately dissolve the States, as he had now broken up the National Assembly, and would take the reins of government again entirely into his own hands. The address was closed with the following words:

"I command you, gentlemen, immediately to disperse, and to repair to-morrow morning to the chambers appropriate to your order."*

The King then, with his attendant court, left the hall. A large part of the nobility and nearly all the bishops, who were generally younger sons of the nobles, exultingly followed, supposing that the Assembly was effectually crushed. The commons, however, remained calm, unshaken; and for a moment there was perfect silence.

Mirabeau, who, though a noble, had espoused the popular cause, and was a delegate of the people, then arose, and in a few glowing sentences, which pealed over France like clarion notes, exclaimed,

"Why this dictatorial language, this train of arms, this violation of the national sanctuary? Who is it who gives command to us—to us, to whom alone twenty-five millions of men are looking for happiness? Let us arm ourselves with our legislative authority. Remember our oath—that oath which does not permit us to separate until we have established the Constitution."

While he was yet speaking, M. Breze, one of the officers of the King, perceiving that the commons did not retire, advanced into the centre of the hall, and in a loud, authoritative voice—a voice at whose command nearly fifty thousand troops were ready to march—said,

"Did you hear the commands of the King?"

"Yes, Sir," responded Mirabeau, with a glaring eye and a thunder tone, which made Breze quail before him, "we did hear the King's commands; and you, who have neither seat nor voice in this house, are not the person to remind us of this speech. Go tell those who sent you that we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing shall drive us hence but the power of the bayonet."*

The Marquis of Breze then turned to the President.

"The Assembly," said M. Bailly, "resolved yesterday to sit after the royal session. That question must be discussed."

"Am I to carry that answer to the King?" inquired the Marquis.

"Yes, Sir," replied the President.

The Marquis retired. Armed soldiers now entered the hall, accompanied by workmen, to take away the benches and dismantle the room, as a landlord tears down the hut of a peasant to drive him away. But a word from the President arrested the soldiers and the workmen, whose sympathies were with the people; and they stood, without further interruption, contemplating with admiration the calm majesty of the Assembly. The body-guard of the King was now drawn up in a line in front of the hall, and the position of its members was full of peril. A vote was then passed declaring the person of each member of the Assembly inviolable.

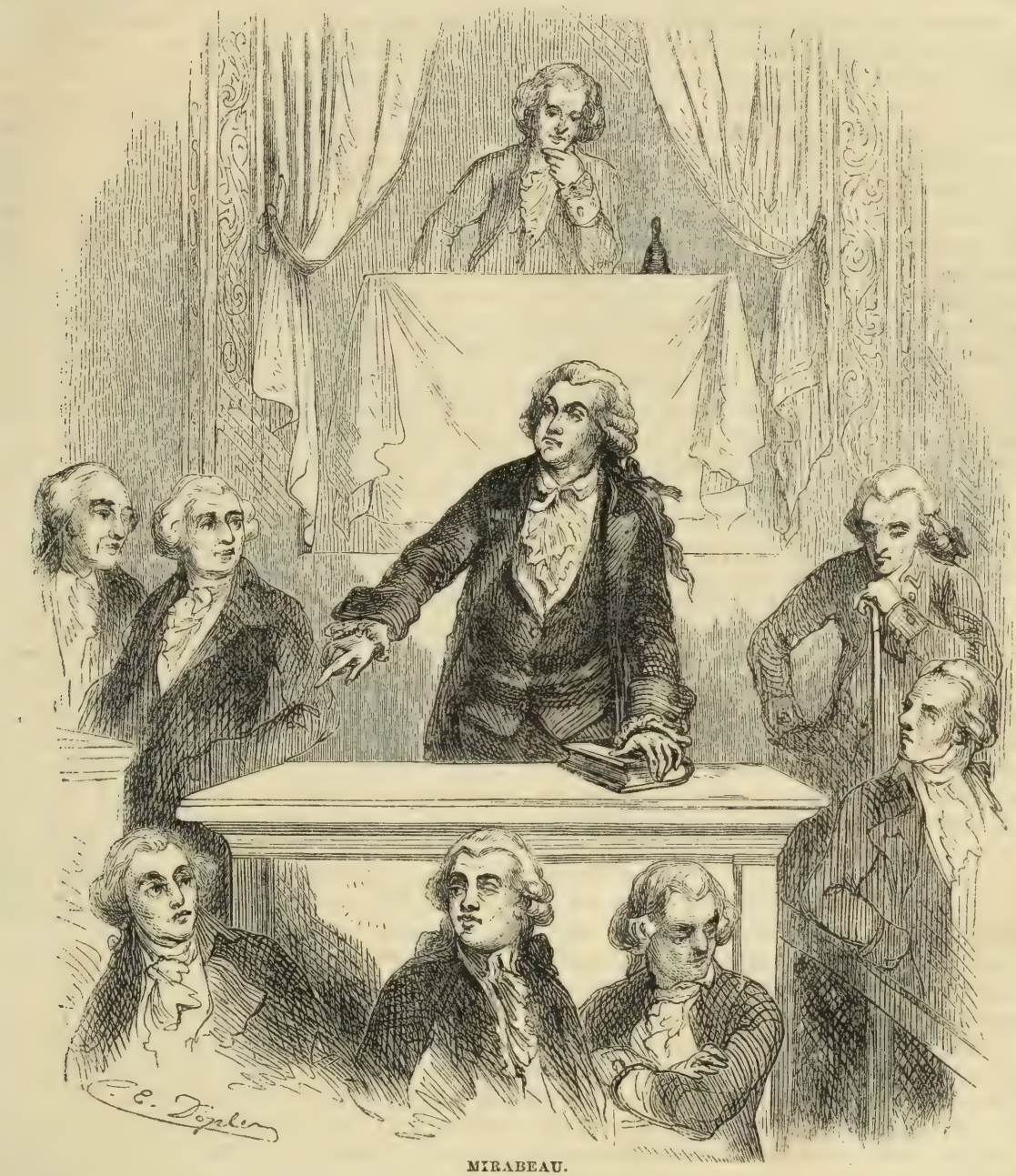
The nobility were exultant. They thought the Assembly crushed. In jubilant tumult they repaired to the two brothers of the King, the Count of Provence (Louis XVIII.) and the Count d'Artois (Charles X.), with their congratulations. They then hastened to the Queen, and assured her that the work was done, and that all was safe. The Queen was much elated, and received them with smiles. Presenting to them her son, the young dauphin, she said, "I intrust him to the nobility."

The next day, Wednesday, June 24th, the Assembly met in the hall, and transacted business as quietly as if there had been no interruption. The King, deficient in energy and alarmed by the popular enthusiasm which had been demonstrated during the night, feared to consummate his measures of violence. The clergy who had joined the commons in the church of St. Louis still resolutely continued with them, notwithstanding the prohibition; and this day one half of the remaining clergy joined the Assembly. A few individuals from the nobles

* Mr. Alison says: "These decrees contained the whole elements of rational freedom; abolished pecuniary privileges, regulated the expenses of the royal household, secured the liberty of the press, regulated the criminal code and the personal freedom of the subject."—*Alison's Hist. of Europe*, i. 74.

On the other hand, M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, a clergyman, who was a member of the Assembly, writes: "No mention was made of the constitution so much desired, or of the participation of the States-General in all acts of legislation, or of the responsibility of ministers, or of the liberty of the press; and almost every thing which constitutes civil liberty was passed over in total silence. Nevertheless, the pretensions of the privileged orders were maintained, the despotism of the ruler was sanctioned, and the States-General were abused and subject to his power."—*Hist. of Rev. of France, by M. Rabaut de St. Etienne*, i. 56.

* "These memorable expressions have been since engraved upon the bust of Mirabeau, which was executed by the Society of Friends to the Constitution. A print of this has been struck off, in which we behold, not the downcast look of a cunning conspirator, but the ardent air and attitude of a noble-hearted man who meant sincerely the welfare of his country; and such a man was Mirabeau."—*Hist. of the Rev. of France, by M. Rabaut de St. Etienne.*



MIRABEAU.

had also gone over. Thousands of spectators continually thronged the galleries and the aisles of the National Assembly, while no one seemed to turn a thought to the two chambers where the few remaining clergy and nobles were separately lingering.

The next day, June 26th, after a long and exciting debate, in which the overwhelming majority of the nobles resolved to remain firm in opposition to union, forty-seven of their number, led by La Fayette and the Duke of Orleans, and embracing many of the most eminent for talents and virtue, repaired to the Assembly and gave in their adhesion. They were received with hearty demonstrations of joy. One of their number, Clement Tonnere, said:

"We yield to our conscience; but it is with pain that we separate from our colleagues. We have come to concur in the public regeneration. Each of us will let you know the degree of activity which his mission allows him."

The King now wrote a letter to his "faithful clergy," and his "loyal nobility," urging them to join the Assembly without further delay. In compliance with this request, the next day, June the 27th, the remaining portion of the nobility and of the clergy entered the hall and united with the third estate.

It was a grievous mortification to the nobility thus to give up, defeated. But they were assured that troops were coming up, and that in fifteen days the court would be prepared to bid defiance to all opposition and energetically to disperse this body, so determined to introduce constitutional liberty into the despotism of the monarchy.*

But the nobles and the dignitaries of the Church had hardly entered the hall of the Assembly ere they regretted the step. The Marquis of Ferrières, one of their number, writes:

"Many of the nobles would have quitted the Assembly, but a partial secession would have done nothing. They were assured that the

* Mémoires of the Marquis of Ferrières.

troops were coming up, were praised for the resistance they had already made, and were urged that they must dissemble a little longer. And indeed thirty regiments were now marching upon Paris. The pretext was public tranquillity; the real object, the dissolution of the Assembly."

"I could never ascertain," writes Necker, "to what lengths their projects really went. There were secrets upon secrets; and I believe that even the King himself was far from being acquainted with all of them. What was intended was, probably, to draw the monarch on, as circumstances admitted, to measures of which they durst not at first have spoken to him. With me, above all others, a reserve was maintained, and reasonably, for my indisposition to every thing of the kind was decided.

The nobles continued increasingly arrogant and defiant. Openly they declared their intentions to crush the Assembly, and openly boasted that, with an army of fifty thousand men, they would speedily silence all murmurs of the people. Loaded cannon were already placed opposite the hall, and pointed to the doors of the Assembly. This state of menace and peril excited the Parisians to the highest pitch, and united all the citizens, high and low, to defend their rights. They knew that some heavy blow would soon fall upon them, and anxiously they watched to see from what direction it would come.

A JAUNT IN JAVA.

I LEFT Pulo Pinang in a "country ship," that is, one built and sailed in the East Indies. It was an old teak ark, strong as any thing could be imagined, and with a model like a tub. Her windlass, capstans, and all the labor-saving inventions so thickly scattered about a ship, were of the crudest and most ancient pattern, while those admirable blocks and the improvements in the rig aloft, seen in our modern and model ships, were entirely wanting. She had a big poop-cabin and an equally large top-gallant forecastle, and the greater part of her running rigging was of coir rope, the detestation of European seamen. Her captain and officers were very gentlemanly Englishmen; but her crew were Lascars with a bull-headed negro, who every month had prophetic trances, for "burra-tindal," or boatswain's mate, while her cargo was—what do you think?—eighty-nine convicts from India on their way to Singapore for life! Most of them were murderers, and all were willing to become such, while every tribe from the north of India had its representatives. There were Bengalis, Hindustanis, Sikhs, Thugs, Mahrattas, and a crowd of others. They were all shackled, and at night secured under grated hatches; but in the daytime half the number were allowed to be on deck at once, and such a Babel as there was going on all the time I never before heard. At first there would be the low drone of murmuring voices in conversation, then as each one would become interested in what he was saying and forgetful of his situation, he would speak louder and louder, and add the clash of his shackles to the din as he violently gesticulated, until there would arise such an uproar that the captain or one of us, leaping to his feet in a frenzy on the poop, would shout, "Chub-chub!" (silence!) "Chub-chub!" would yell the sergeant, jumping from his recumbent position on the booby-hatch. "Chub-chub!" would fiercely re-echo the sentinels, checking themselves in their talking and laughing with the convicts around, and disdaining the fact that they were as bad as any, they would again harshly cry, "Chub! chub!" and rap over the head any unlucky pariah who happened to be near. Then there would be one delicious pause of quiet only to be succeeded by the same routine.

Among the crowd there was every tinge of color, save white, that the human skin is capable of, and almost every style in which the hair of the head could be arranged, cut, or shaved. There were bald pates, crowned pates, pates with side locks, or with one, two, or three ridges, and then the luxuriant, black, shining crop of hair with which Nature, if she had been allowed her own way, would have covered the heads of all. Conspicuous among the rest were Brahmins of different rank, most of them of a lighter color than the others, but all distinguishable by their mystic three-plied cords falling from their necks over their chests. Most of these Brahmins were sentenced for murder, frequently of the most cruel description, and for other crimes of nearly as black a dye; but among their fellow-convicts they still asserted their superior sanctity, and it was allowed. These copper-colored Pharisees would take possession of the large tubs in which the daily allowance of water was put, and dipping into them their brazen "lotahs," they would pour, at arm's-length, the sought-for liquid into the vessels of the "common herd," who, reverently crouching, would be careful not to contaminate by their



THE COUNTRY SHIP.

touch even the metal drinking-cups of the holy Brahmin murderers. Had any pariah touched the water, the Brahmins must stay thirsty or lose their caste; so, to preserve their privileges, and at the same time wet their whistles, they became butlers in ordinary to the "*ignobile vulgus*." They seemed to ignore the fact that they were supplied from the water-casks of the Christian dogs, their masters, which had been filled by polluting Mussulmans!



AT THE WATER-TUB.

Among the convicts there were some mere youths, one of whom, a boy of only twelve years, had deliberately murdered a smaller child for the sake of its ornaments, worth about twenty-five cents; and there were two lads of fourteen and sixteen, who had murdered their mother by way of pastime. Brahmins they were too!

The prisoners were guarded by twenty sepoys of the Calcutta Militia, under the command of a sergeant, whose military appearance was somewhat injured by his generally going about in the simple dress of a mud-colored garment wound round his middle, and an equally dingy cloth tied over his whiskers, which made him look as if he had a perpetual toothache. His whiskers were the sergeant's pride; coal-black, glossy, and enormously bushy, they were cut in military style, and gave him a most ferocious appearance when he got into his regimentals; the protecting cloth was to keep every individual hair in place, and to retain the nourishing oil which was so copiously bestowed upon them. The sepoys were a miserable, lanky, insubordinate set of scarecrows, who laughed at their sergeant, and lounged about the deck playing the gallant to the five women convicts. When on guard, these fellows would stick on their regimental coat and a foraging cap, but the effect of the dignity which this gave them was rather destroyed by their bare spindleshanks and fluttering breech-cloth below. They were armed with old muskets, half of which wouldn't go off at all, and the other half kicked their possessors over, as we tested at sea, when, wishing to see if the arms on board were in order, we had every thing firable on deck popping away at a school of porpoises. After the first attempt at a volley from the sepoys it was thought best not to let them try again, if we wanted the convicts to be kept in awe of their guard. I had my American pride augmented on this occasion, by finding that my little Colt's revolver, a six-inch barrel, would send its ball farther than any weapon on board.

If Ulysses on his way home from Troy could have got into the Straits of Malacca, I should have no difficulty in accounting for his long voyage. Baffling winds continually changing, calms, counter-currents, and sands, make this little journey of four hundred miles generally to require as much time for a sailing vessel to accomplish it as crossing the Atlantic. Then the heat! and in our old bark, the flies! nothing, save the plagues of Egypt ever equaled them!

We worked through, in course of time, however, and were glad enough when we dropped anchor in Singapore roads. I leaped into a "sampan" and was soon flying to the shore.

Singapore has been so often and so well described that I won't attempt a repetition; but will merely here enter my protest and disgust at there being no ice there. In every other part of the East, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Batavia, China, and Manilla, the residents have subscribed and imported ice from America; but in Singapore, flourishing place as it is, they don't have it.

There was a little steamer which came up from Batavia every month at the time when the Bombay steamer with the mails from Europe touched at Singapore, and in this little craft, commanded by a very pleasant and well-bred Englishman, after a month's stay on shore, I took passage for Batavia. We arrived at night, and after a breakfast the next morning—for we didn't hurry ourselves, as our party, consisting of a young German Prince who was a supernumerary lieutenant on board a British man-o'-war in these seas, an English officer of the Bengal army and myself, were all traveling for pleasure—we got into a boat and pulled ashore, or rather part way, for as the Dutch have run their education in shape of a canal a mile out to sea, we pulled to

the canal, and then the boatmen, stepping on the wall, "tracked" us the rest of the way.

When we landed, our luggage was examined by the Custom-house officials, and we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mynheer Van Hogezand, the worthy Israelitish proprietor of the Hotel der Nederlanden. As we had been recommended to take up our quarters with him, we allowed him to conduct us to where a carriage was in waiting. When we saw the carriage, it required all our powers of gravity and sense of politeness to restrain our risible propensities. Imagine for driver a little dried-up Javanese who, over the dingy cotton handkerchief worn around the head by all Malays, had perched a hard, shining, glazed leather hat with a painted white cockade, and with the brim curling up just where it shouldn't. The rest of his livery consisted in a blue shirt with a broad white belt, while his whole appearance, and decidedly his mournful, sorry expression resembled strongly that of the monkey in a circus who has to ride the pony. The two quadrupeds in harness—we can't call them horses—were very diminutive frames of small ponies with rough hides stretched over them. However, they proved able to move, and pretty briskly too, so that our drive of three miles to the hotel was not a disagreeable one.



GOING ASHORE.

In the old town of Batavia no foreigners now reside, unless of the lowest class, and the buildings are all used for merchants' offices and store-houses, for shops, mechanics' work-places, and for Malay, Chinese, and half-breed dwelling-houses. The Governor's palace, the hotels, and the domiciles of the Europeans are situated some three miles farther inland, though in driving to them you do not appear to leave the town, as the whole way is thickly settled. This part of Batavia forms one of the handsomest places I have ever seen, as the roads are wide, well-kept, and shaded by fine trees, while the houses, large and well-built, are inclosed in "campongs" filled with trees and shrubbery. By each street, however, runs a canal, giving a Dutch appearance to the scene rather inconsistent with the Oriental luxuriance of foliage, the dusky natives, and the lofty mountains in the background. These canals are by no means disagreeable in the season when I was there; but when the rains come, I was told that they overflow, and cause a great deal of sickness. At each crossing of the streets there is a bridge, and between the bridges there are flights of steps down the banks, where, at almost all hours of the day, may be seen groups of Javanese naiads, bathing, splashing, combing out their long black hair, and laughing and chattering like a flock of blackbirds. These damsels are by no means disconcerted at the observation of strangers of the other sex; but, at the same time, they are quite modest, wearing a long sárong wrapped around the breasts and reaching below the knee, and they cover this wet one with a dry garment before removing it, when they have finished their bath. The Javanese are like the Malays, of good figure but with precious ugly faces, and to our eyes they don't heighten their beauty by a fashion they have of carrying an enormous quid of tobacco and betel between the lips.



THE CARRIAGE.

But it is high time that we reach the Hotel der Nederlanden; so, passing the

Governor's palace, we trot on a short distance and draw up at the side of it. The main building of the hotel is not a very large one, of only two stories, and with the customary broad veranda running the width of the house. Entering the front door, we find a spacious hall, with a suite of rooms on each side and the large dining-saloon at the back. Above are several suites of rooms; but the majority of chambers are in the bungalows at the back, which stretch out on each side at right angles from the house, to an indefinite extent, forming a sort of street, which looks still longer by the kitchens and stables being beyond the bungalows; and that these latter are not small, may be imagined from the fact that there were forty carriages and one hundred and eighty ponies there housed. The eaves of these bungalows, projecting and supported by wooden pillars, form verandas along which the inhabitants of the chambers saunter and sit. When we arrived all was still and quiet, and no one was seen moving but occasionally a bare-footed servant, who stole along gently and softly. We



OUR HOTEL.

didn't know the customs of the country, and, consequently, were by no means so silent; and I'm afraid that we must have been mentally consigned to all kinds of bad places by our neighbors, for after our chambers were designated and our luggage located therein, we, in ignorance that we were not alone in these solitudes, laughed, whistled, shouted to each other from our several apartments, and finally yawned till our jaws cracked.

At about half-past three in the afternoon waiters began to fly round with cups on trays, and, heading one off, we discovered to our amazement that it was tea they were carrying. "Rum time to take tea, this!" said the Englishman; "why, we have not had dinner yet!" In another half hour doors began to open, and the inhabitants to appear, while our eyes opened still wider to find that all were in their "sleep-clothes." Our astonishment, however, didn't stop the progress of things, and people still came out, with their hair all frowzy, rubbing their eyes and stretching their limbs. Most of them took tea, all took schnapps, and all the men smoked. The ladies wandered about with their bare feet thrust into straw slippers, their hair hanging down their backs, and with no covering but a petticoat and a thin *cabeiyo* (a sort of josey), through which, when they would pass through the indiscreet rays of the sunlight, the contour of their forms was plainly discernible. They didn't mind it, however, but gracefully moved about, paying calls on their neighbors, coquetting with gentlemen as lightly clad as themselves, and accepting their escort to the bathing-room doors. We sat down and looked around. These verandas and buildings, which seemed deserted but a little while before, were now swarming with life; women talking, men smoking, and children running about. Pretty soon the ladies had disappeared, and the men gradually retired into their rooms, whence they emerged in about twenty minutes, dressed for dinner. We noticed that each of them hastened to swell a little crowd congregated on the back veranda, and thither we went too. The nucleus, we discovered, was the table on which the schnapps bottle rested—when it did rest at all.

To a stranger it seems as if a Dutchman in Java went through the following routine, and I believe it is nearly correct. When he gets up, he takes a glass of schnapps and smokes; before his "little breakfast" at eight o'clock he has another drop of schnapps, and after it he smokes; all the forenoon he smokes, and mayhap wets his whistle as well; and before the breakfast at noon he takes his schnapps again. Again he smokes and then turns in for his siesta; that concluded, he takes tea and schnapps and smokes; and when he is dressed takes schnapps and bitters to give him an appetite for his dinner. He bolts this meal to get at his cigar, and after smoking all the time he is taking his digestive drive or lounge, he sits all the evening drinking his "grock" (grog) of Geneva, with a glance of water in it, and consumes his weed the while.

After dinner it is customary to take a drive, and then the turn-out is much better than the one I have before described. The carriage is a nice one, the ponies are in good condition, and though the attempts at livery are rather ridiculous, the whole affair makes a very creditable appearance. By this time the sun is nearly down, so that you can ride with the top of the phæton lowered, and, if it be the proper day, you drive to the King's Square to hear the music of the band. There you will find all the "beauty and fashion" of Batavia congregated; the private equipages very handsome and in good taste, while their fair occupants are almost

always very pretty, their dresses in the last European mode, and with no ugly bonnets to conceal their charming heads, on which the hair is dressed back over cushions in that style so becoming to a round, full face. A bonnet, indeed, is never seen in Java, save perhaps on the head of some foreign skipper's wife, and that is then stared at in astonishment and horror.

By the time that the band has ceased playing it is nearly dark, and you observe that every footman has a bundle of pithy reeds, forming a large torch. It is too pleasant to go back to the hotel immediately, so you drive about, passing open carriages full of pretty *Hollandaises*, chatting and coquetting with the well-mounted cavaliers cantering by their sides, while the overarching foliage renders the dusk still darker, and the long shadows in the red light of the footmen's torches seem to people the way with a strange, fantastic, silent-moving crowd. The first time that a stranger drives through this part of Batavia in the evening, he thinks that there must be an illumination, for every house, even those where no persons are discernible, is as brilliantly lighted as oil can make it. In front of every dwelling is the enormous veranda, of the whole width of the building, and from twenty to forty feet deep; in it are chandeliers, tables, sofas, easy chairs, and ottomans, while scattered here and there over the marble pavement are perhaps a few Turkey rugs. This is the common sitting-place of an evening, for though there are handsome drawing-rooms within, by common consent the veranda is preferred. As in all hot countries, the private dwellings have their parlors and bedchambers on what we call the second floor, and the French *le premier*, and consequently a flight of steps at each end lead to the veranda. This height enables the interior to be seen over the shrubbery from the road, and though to us such a publicity of domestic life would seem extremely undesirable, it is thought nothing of here, and is really not disagreeable, for as the houses each have a certain amount of grounds and shrubbery around, they are protected from the inquisitive gaze of a too-near neighbor.

This land is the paradise of smokers, for here a man is scarcely ever seen without a cheroot between his lips; and even when you go to pay a call, which here is always done in the evening, though you don't exactly walk up and pay your respects with a cigar in your mouth, you still do not fling away the cherished stump until you are ascending the steps of the veranda, and then as soon as you are seated, a plate of cheroots and a lighted allumette are offered to you by your fair hostess.

After your drive you may either sit and drink "grock," or you may go to the opera or concert, if there be one. The Dutch, like the Germans, are a musical people, and very creditable concerts are got up here nearly every week by amateur performers. The opera company is French, and considering the distance from home, and the almost impossibility of getting performers of high rank to come out here, the singing and acting are remarkably good.

One evening the Governor-General attended, and when he entered the whole house rose, while the orchestra played the national air. The Governor was a rather tall, thin man, with an extremely rigid expression of countenance. He bowed stiffly and took his seat, while his suite sat and stood behind. The post of Governor-General of the East India Dutch possessions is not to be despised, for he is a perfect king, and has a salary of £20,000 sterling per annum, besides £12,000 a year for entertaining expenses, and £3000 for supporting the Botanical Gardens. This latter sum is doubtless entirely appropriated to its legitimate use; but the £12,000 suffice, I was told, not only to pay for the entertaining, but nearly cover all the expenses of the Governor; so that he is enabled to lay by, if he see fit, a good £20,000 a year. In this way one could in a very few years acquire a comfortable competency!



THE DUTCH WIFE.

And now, after the opera, you wend your way homeward, and penetrate into your little apartment, which, by being on the ground-floor with its door opening into the open air, seems like quite a separate bachelor establishment; and pottering over the brick floor smeared with red clay, after the usual change of attire, you wage furious war against the mosquitos around the net, and popping into bed, you find yourself sprawling over your "Dutch wife." Don't start! You won't get a curtain lecture; for a "Dutch wife" is merely a round, hard bolster, which, to the astonishment of every stranger, is to be seen in every bed laid neatly and stiffly down the middle like a small corpse. What its use could be I was a long



A FAMILY PARTY.

while finding out, and used to pitch the poor feminine out of bed every night with a hearty anathema; but after I was taught her proper place I saw my error, and became much attached to her. In a word, the "Dutch wife" is to be put under your legs or arms to prevent too warm a contact with the mattress, and to allow a cool circulation of air; and the comfort which this gives in a hot climate can be appreciated only by those who have tried it. Still better than one "Dutch wife" stuffed with cotton are four short, hollow Chinese ones—one for each limb—made of split bamboo work.

During my stay in Batavia I used never to tire of watching the morning household life to be seen in our bungalows. These long rows of rooms faced each other, separated merely by a road and some little grass-plots, and consequently, when sitting on the veranda just outside of your door, you could see all that was going on over the way without even moving your head. All, as I have also said, go about in their sleep-clothes, and in this way one can easily judge of the intrinsic beauty of each lady without being deceived by dress. Then the *naïveté* and absence of false shame to be seen every where was very amusing and really rather pleasant. All seemed to do just what they wanted to, and what with us are little family secrets, were freely performed without hesitation in the presence of their neighbors. The interior economy of every family was perfectly apparent. In a room directly opposite to mine, over the way, were a fat *frau*, her husband, four children, and a nurse, all together. She was continually hanging out her good man's inexpressibles to dry, and all the morning one of her little daughters, the beauty of the family, had her hair screwed up in curl-papers, so that just before dinner she would appear with a luxuriant crop of ringlets.

Among the queer places I poked into, in and about Batavia, was one some five miles from town, and which is called Maistre Cornelius's. This individual is a Chinaman, who has quite a settlement of houses for smoking opium in, gambling, and all sorts of dissipation, and to attract the crowd he has exhibitions of Chinese theatricals and Malay dancing girls free. The proper time to visit this place is from midnight onward, and then one acquainted with the inimitable etchings of Retsch would be strongly reminded of his delineation of what Faust saw at the Witches' Sabbath. After leaving your carriage at the outskirts of this small villa—for so it may almost be called—you penetrate through a vast crowd of Javanese, Malays, and Chinamen, with here and there a few Dutch soldiers off duty lounging about, and perhaps a party of Europeans drawn hither, like yourself, by curiosity, and you are first attracted by the Chinese Theatre. This is a shed erected on poles, so that the floor is on a level with the heads of the spectators in order that all may see. It is always surrounded by a dense crowd, whose heads the glare of light from the stage shows in strong

relief to the darkness around, and gives us yet more of an entertainment than the drama.

Chinese acting is a queer thing. The men are all dressed in long robes, are armed with innumerable weapons, and have on inconceivably ugly, bearded masks, while their performance consists in advancing to the front, and after declaiming in a shrill tone from between their eyebrows, in giving a kick up in front as they turn on one foot and depart: he who kicks highest is evidently the best actor, and is the most applauded. Sometimes they have a fight, and slash round, each with two swords, waltzing in and out in a really skillful manner, only it gives the impression more of a ballet than of a combat. The women are painted like an enamel miniature, and squall in a falsetto, which probably to most readers needs no description, since the numerous Chinese exhibitions which have been of late years in this country. As you edge your way through the dense crowd you notice that every native is armed; but there is no danger. The strict subjection in which the Dutch Government here keeps those under its sway renders this one of the safest lands in the world, and in this place, when you enter, a policeman in uniform immediately presents himself as your cicerone.

A little farther on are the Javanese dancing-girls, who, with their hair ornamented with flowers and their shoulders and arms bare, while the rest of their figure is enveloped in a long and handsome sárong, move in short steps, swaying their bodies and gracefully gesticulating with their arms in time to the music, while they sing in a high, discordant squall, which seems to be the universal kind of vocal music



DANCING-GIRLS.

all over the East. Then there are to be seen innumerable tables surrounded by gamblers of every description, and opium smokers in abundance are visible, too, though there are little cells where the votary of the drug may stupefy himself in private. Frequently, about one or two o'clock at night, when hundreds of men and women are intoxicated by opium, a saturnalia may be seen which is not to be described; and at any time the elephant may be found here in all its stages, though, if any one wishes to know about the peculiar habits of the animal in this retreat, he will have to go and see for himself. I sha'n't describe them.

Having become thus pretty well acquainted with Batavia and its environs, a trip into the interior seemed very desirable, so the English officer and myself went one morning to the stables of a man who kept traveling carriages for hire, and picked out a glorious one, broad and capacious, with boxes under the seats for our clothes, with a servant's dicky and box behind, and a box under the coachman's seat in front. Within there were numerous pockets, straps, and hooks, in and on which all kinds of little articles could be stowed, greatly conducing to our comfort in traveling. This done, we contracted for government post-horses to and from Bandon, our place of destination, situated some 150 miles in the interior; and as our passports had been obtained through the kindness of friends, with none of that delay which many have complained of, we started one glorious morning in great style with four ponies, a staid coachman roofed with a hat strongly resembling a large inverted wash-basin, and with three half-naked footmen running alongside, who cracked their long whips with reports like those of a pistol, and who yelled and grunted at the terrified ponies in order to keep them in the stretching gallop into which they had been started. When we were fairly off at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, our footmen hung behind on steps suspended for the purpose on each side of the servant's dicky. As we were about to turn a corner to go over a bridge, off came these gentry again, and ran alongside of the horses, lashing them with their whips and turning them into the proper course—a very necessary proceeding, for the coachman appears to have no idea of driving, and has very little control over the badly-broken horses. The first stage was about seven miles long, and while fresh ponies were being harnessed in lieu of our old friends, which stood by panting and pouring with perspiration, a greasy book was thrust into the window, in which we were to write our names, ages, and professions, where we came from, and where we were going to. By the time this was done the horses were in, and off we started again, men yelling, the ponies not knowing exactly what to do, and our runners, two only this time, dashing alongside cracking their whips with a skill really wonderful. I never saw such fellows for cracking whips; they outdo the ring-master of a circus completely, for they



STARTING FOR THE INTERIOR.

practice the accomplishment from their earliest childhood, and attain such proficiency that they run along whirling the whips in fantastic figures around their heads and bodies, the lash cracking at each turn of the wrist like the report of a pistol. On one of our stages between Tjanjoer and Bandong, we saw a man standing in the road, with a whole row of little naked urchins, teaching them to crack scientifically.

On this road, as there is a great deal of travel between Batavia and Buitenzorg, the little boys, I am sorry to say, have lost their unsophisticated bashfulness and retiring modesty, and at every stage-house they congregate in small bands, arrange themselves in military line, and vociferously cheer the arrival of strangers, in order to wile out the shower of coppers for which they scramble: they generally succeed, too, as they, by experience, have become the most expert scramblers imaginable, and it is worth a cent or two to see into what a living, twisting, writhing, dusty mass they can pile themselves.



THE RISING GENERATION.

As we neared Buitenzorg we saw the peculiar arrangement of the paddi (rice) fields, which are laid out in regular terraces, one some two feet higher than the other, by which means the water is conveyed from the top to the bottom of the whole series without being wasted. From the appearance of this part of the country, and the numbers of men and women that are to be seen toiling in the fields, the Javanese would appear to a traveler to be quite an industrious race, while just the reverse is the fact: they are very lazy, like most of the Malays, and if a man by any chance get ten doits (about a third of a cent) he will do no more work that day.

They are very pleasant and obliging, however, and though every man wears a creese, or weapon of some sort, very little violence occurs. Where blood is spilt, it is generally through jealousy.

At the rate at which we traveled we were not more than four hours in reaching Buitenzorg, in spite of our frequent changes and the delays consequent upon the willfulness of unbroken steeds, which would persist, at every starting, in getting themselves and harness into dreadful snarls. The same coachman went the whole way, and his fee was a guilder (forty cents), while the fee of each runner, two of whom go the stage of five miles, is ten doits (a doit is the one hundred and twentieth part of a guilder).

At Buitenzorg is the large palace of the Governor-General, situated in a superb park which is filled with trees of every description to be found in the tropics, while numerous inclosures for rare animals and birds are scattered through the grounds. A botanist would find matter enough here and in the botanical gardens to entrance him, and a naturalist would be nearly as much pleased by the animals.

Interiorward, the next day's journey is usually to Tjanjoer, and is the most unpleasant one on the route, as a lofty chain of mountains has to be slowly and wearily crossed, and one wants a good stock of patience or cigars, plenty to eat and drink, and an overcoat to resist the cool mountain air, to enable him to get through the day with equanimity. We started at five o'clock in the morning, and very soon after our troubles commenced; for, though we had six horses, the brutes would stop every now and then and balk at every little ascent, and, as the road was hilly from the beginning, we halted pretty often, while the air resounded with English oaths and Javanese anathemas at our unruly ponies which, with heads and hoofs in every direction, snarled themselves up, and, finally, with ears back and tails closely drawn, stood obstinately still. Yells, blows, and coaxing finally got them along to the place where buffaloes were used, and first a pair of these were placed in front of them: a little farther on we had two pair, and when we fairly arrived at the foot of the mountain the horses were taken out altogether, and four pair of buffaloes were hitched on; then, at a tortoise pace, we plodded up the steep ascent. It was dreadfully slow work, but we walked a little and slept a good deal, ate quantities of cold chicken, and drank plenty of ale, while the fumes of fragrant tobacco soothed us till we reached the top, when the view requited us for all our trouble. No words can describe, no pencil can portray, the magnificent, the exquisite, the lovely variety and beauty of the landscape. Each hill is of a different shape from its neighbor; while all are graceful, and all are covered with verdure, save where the naked peak of a volcano gives strength and majesty to the scene, and renders, by contrast, the fertile country about still more charming. Numerous lakes and water-courses enliven the scenery and enrich the soil, while mineral springs every where pour out their refreshing and healing waters.



JAVANESE.

In place of the buffaloes, horses were again put to, and, after the shoe was placed on the hind wheel, we dashed onward and downward. In spite of my convictions that we should be dashed to pieces, we reached Tjanjoer in safety, and, after dressing and taking tiffin, we strolled through the town. The majority of the streets presented the handsomest appearance of the kind imaginable. Instead of fences or walls, on each side of the street are most neatly trimmed hedges of some shrub with a luxuriant foliage like the lilac. Cocoa-nut palms and other trees overhang the road, which is neatly graveled and kept in perfect order. The houses, which one does not see in looking down the street, are certainly not in keeping, as they are little mat and bamboo buildings with thatched roofs; but they are hidden by the shrubbery, and, in point of cleanliness, far excel the native houses of most half-civilized people.

To Bandong, our place of destination, it is but half a day's work more, so we started in the morning in the usual way. We were now about entering the vast plains which extend here in the Preanger district,

though more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and which form the best rice-producing country in the island; consequently, our drive was not so interrupted by hills, and we dashed along over level, well-made roads, through the exquisite country of which we had had a bird's-eye view the day before. Our first stoppage was to us unaccountable; nothing appeared to be the matter, but the runners began to take the horses out, and a band of men came up with a long rope. We stuck our heads out inquiringly, and found that we were on the brink of a deep ravine, with a bridge over the stream at the bottom, the sides of which were so steep that it was not safe for horses to attempt to take the carriage down. With a proper regard for our necks, we decided that we would walk down, and accordingly got out, when my farther progress was arrested for some minutes by the overpowering beauty of the view. Of all charming spots I have ever laid eyes upon, this valley and water-course form the most beautiful!

To return to our carriage. Four men took hold of the pole, while a whole crowd of men and children held back by the rope behind, and so they went down—bumping, sliding, and kicking up a dust, with each one yelling as if he had the whole command and responsibility. On the ascent the never-failing buffaloes were put into requisition, and we were soon off again over the level country. A little farther on, we crossed a river on a most primitive ferry-boat, formed of two long canoes, with a bamboo flooring between. This, instead of being rowed across the stream in the usual way, bows on, was pulled over sideways by men standing at the ends, and propelling it across by means of rattan ropes stretched from bank to bank.

All the people on the roadside, as we passed, took off their hats, if they had any on, and squatted down—it being a mark of disrespect to stand in the presence of a superior. If a man were on horseback, he would take off his hat, dismount, and crouch in the ditch; and I even saw women in the houses get off their seats and squat upon the ground. At first, this abject submission was really painful to us; but such is the inherent love of power and superiority, that on our return we felt quite indignant at a couple of Chinamen, who, with the independence peculiar to them when they think they can show it with impunity, passed us with no farther notice than a stare.

The description of Tjanjoer will do very well in a general way for Bandong, except that in the latter place there are the house of the Dutch "Resident," and the palace of the native Regent. The Regent was a native prince, who is now in the service of the Dutch Government, receives a salary, and is responsible for the people. This method shows good policy in the Dutch, as the Javanese are devotedly attached to their own chiefs, and will implicitly obey commands from them which they would be apt to rebel against if coming from an European. Were a chief to give a letter to one of his followers, and bid him carry it through a jungle filled with tigers, and where death was almost certain, he would still without hesitation obey, and go cheerfully to his probable fate. Indeed, the Javanese, though almost cowardly in fight, meet death with the utmost *sang-froid*. The Regent of this district is the richest prince on the island, with the exception of the Emperor at the eastern end, as he has a percentage of all the rice grown here, and, as I have before said, this is the greatest rice-growing part of Java.

We had a letter of introduction to a Mr. P——, a large coffee-planter in the neighborhood, and we dispatched it immediately on our arrival. To show the hospitality of the country, I would say that Mr. P—— came to call upon us early the next morning in his carriage, drawn by eight ponies, all the way from his plantation, which was nine miles distant, and 3800 feet high to boot. He told us that the deer were in the plains, and advised us to remain a couple of days where we were, have some deer-shooting, and then come up and pay him a visit, when he would try to find a rhinoceros and some wild bulls for our benefit. He left with us his huntsman, and wrote a line to the Regent for some horses for our use. At about noon, a herd of rough, half-tamed creatures were driven in and harnessed to our carriage, and off we went over good roads and bad, crossing ferries, bumping through ditches, and dragging through swamps, until we reached the ground—some ten miles from Bandong. We found it a huge, marshy plain, covered with acres of long grass, high enough to conceal a man. We seized our guns—I say we, for though I was no sportsman I was inoculated with the hunting enthusiasm of my companion, and bore his double-barreled fowling-piece loaded with ball. We had first to cross a paddi-field covered with water, except where the divisions of the beds formed muddy ridges. With an instinctive dislike to wetting ourselves while we could help it, we went daintily along these treacherous bridges, balancing ourselves with our guns like a rope-dancer with his pole, eyes fixed and dilated, lips apart, and feet cautiously advanced. "Kush-slump!" I heard a noise, and looking round, saw my companion up to his knees in mud and water, making frantic efforts to keep his balance. I couldn't help shouting with laughter, and immediately verified the old adage that "Pride will have a fall;" for my feet, left to themselves, slipped off the ridge, and down I came, leaving a distinct impression of my nether man in my soft seat, while my legs, apparently, were persuading themselves that they were Artesian well-borers, from the depth to which they penetrated. With a sucking "phlop," they came out, however, after a strenuous effort on my part, and then, regardless of the moisture around, we splashed along to the grass. Arrived there, a man went up to a little hut elevated on a scaffolding above



HUNTING.

the grass for a look-out place, and reported that there was a herd of deer some three quarters of a mile away. A feather tossed up showed from what direction the faint breeze came, and we started on a *détour* to get to leeward of them. Oh, how hot it was! A tropical sun pouring down upon us, while we had to struggle through the long grass, which reached above our heads, and kept off the slightest breath of air. We toiled on until I heard a low "sh-h!" and saw my companion, erect and motionless, taking a steady aim. Crack went his rifle, and I could just discern the heads of a herd of deer rushing off. I dashed after them; but soon finding the folly of such a movement, I elevated my piece that it might carry the farther, and let fly with both barrels in the direction of the deer. Perhaps I killed some, and perhaps I didn't; at any rate, I got nothing; and feeling that I had done quite enough for an invalid, I retraced my steps to the carriage, where I spent half an hour, and got into a still profuser perspiration in getting my boots off.

My recollections of our drive home that evening and the scenes I used to picture to myself when a boy studying Virgil, of crossing the Styx under Charon's guidance, have a strong resemblance. It was pitchy dark, and our runners were yelling at the ponies, and with fitful torches endeavoring to light the road ahead; while the carriage, now bumping down into a ditch, and now ascending a small hillock with a jerk, kept us in a state of vibration between our seats and the roof. Since then I have always been able to imagine the feelings of a shuttlecock!

As our carriage had to be repaired, Mr. P—— most hospitably sent his own to convey us to Limbang, his plantation, which is 3850 feet above the level of the sea. The drive there was very dreary, as our old friends the buffaloes had to be put into use frequently; but at last we arrived, and were charmed with every thing we saw. Both our host and hostess spoke English, both were musical and accomplished, and extremely hospitable. What more could we wish for?

All the coffee in this district — the Preanger — belongs to Government, and Mr. P. superintends the growing of it, and has mills to prepare it for market. The air up here, as one may imagine from the elevation, is much cooler and more bracing than that below, so much so that thick clothes at night are very necessary for comfort. This island seems to be the most favored land in the world. Blessed with a most fertile soil, and located in the tropics, it produces every thing that is needed for man's support and comfort; while, with its inequalities of surface, it offers almost any degree of temperature, from extreme heat to nearly freezing point. It is too near the equator for ice to form, on even its loftiest peaks, but the air at such a height manages to get quite cool enough for the taste of any one save an Esquimaux or a Polar bear.

One morning, or rather, noon, after a capital *déjeuner à la fourchette*, my companion and myself started for a crater which is about six miles distant from Limbang, and which is 6200 feet high. We were mounted on ponies, and were accompanied by half a dozen men, two of whom carried our guns ready for any rhinoceros, wild bull, or other game which we might come across, while the rest bore luncheon, bottles of ale, etc., provided for us by our hospitable host. We were about two hours ascending through primeval forests, where monster trees stretched upward to an extreme height, while enormous vines, winding their huge snaky folds from one trunk to another, seemed struggling to obtain the mastery. The path was steep, precipitous, and broken, but inexpressibly wild and lovely, while our sure-footed native ponies vied with our footmen in scrambling up almost perpendicular banks, and bore us safely without making a misstep. My boots were nearly as much worn, however, as if I had walked, for as my legs were something over a yard in length, my feet, in spite of my care, came in contact with the obstacles with which our path was lined. I was strongly reminded of that ship-master who, on his first visit to Calcutta, was put by some waggish acquaintance into a palankeen without a bottom, and in this way, with his elbows merely resting on the sides and his feet on the ground, he was run at full speed in a grilling noon from the "ghaut" to the hotel. Taken out breathless, dripping, and actually



EQUESTRIANISM.

radiating heat, he expressed his mild opinion that, "if it were not for the name of the thing, he'd as lief walk, and a little rather!" I wasn't quite so badly off, but when my head also was nearly taken off by the bight of a hanging vine, I did wish that I could shut up my six feet four inches of length like a telescope.

When nearly at the crater the path was so precipitous, and, moreover, covered with loose stones thrown out by a previous eruption, that we were obliged to dismount and walk. The air for some distance smelt strongly of sulphur, while for half a mile around the trees had been killed by the same shower of stones over which we were walking. When we arrived at the top the crater was so filled with vapor that we could see nothing, but it soon cleared off, and we had a fine view of the interior. This crater is from five to eight hundred feet in depth, and there were three bubbling springs of sulphur at the bottom from which steam was issuing. After gazing down into this yellow pit for a while, we turned around and there beheld a grander sight which made us dizzy to contemplate. A floor of clouds obscured the earth from our view, while they were rolling over and over each other with a slow but never-ceasing motion, that made me shudder and clutch at something to prevent leaping off among them, fascinated by their horrible majesty. It seemed as if we were in space, separated forever from the world, and that these clouds were demons with ever-watchful, never-winking eyes fixed upon us, who slowly revolved, mocking our condition. A rough slap on the back from my companion roused me from my trance, and I found that it had begun to rain; so after hastily drinking a cup of ale and firing a gun into the crater to hear the echoes which rattled, crashed, and thundered about with a lasting din almost terrifying, we began our descent. The rain seemed determined that we should not escape thus, and increased till it poured and we were wet to the skin. With our clothes shining with moisture and clinging close to our limbs, we went splashing and crashing along as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, the nimble little quadrupeds under us never making a trip or a stumble. At a steep descent down a clayey bank, however, I noticed my companion who was ahead pause, and then his poney, going cautiously downward, began to slip. By putting his four feet together he slid down bearing his rider in safety; but then there was his slide for me to go over, much worse than the ground was before. I hesitated, prudence saying "dismount," while laziness said "go-ahead!" and the latter carried the day. My little nag seemed to share my doubts, for he went forward with considerable unwillingness, and after passing the brink had to go faster and faster, till he, too, slid, trembling all over, until he brought up at the bottom in a sitting posture, with his legs fairly carried from under him. Then it was that I experienced the benefit of length, for as he came down my feet were on the ground, and I triumphantly stood astride of him, like the clown at the circus. Our attendants laughed and cheered, and we started at a canter which soon brought us home.

We one day paid a visit to the Regent, who received us in his European house, which is handsomely furnished, and where he entertains his foreign guests. His own apartments are adjoining, and are in the Malay style. He was an extremely good-looking man, of about 28 years of age, and was dressed in a velvet jacket and silk vest, with buttons of gold, while a rich sárong of silk and gold hung from his waist over pantaloons of silk. Stuck in his girdle was a handsome "badé," in a carved gold sheath, in which were set numerous small diamonds, and an enormous and very handsome amethyst. On his head he wore a painted handkerchief, in the usual Malay style. Half of the room was uncarpeted, with a polished floor, while where we sat there was spread a rich carpet, and on it were comfortable chairs and sofas.

At my request the Regent showed us all his "creeses," "badés," etc., magnificent weapons of the finest tempered steel, with wavy lines like the Damascene blades. Most had gold inlaid through their whole length, while the hilts were of exquisitely carved gold, set with precious stones, and the sheaths were also of the same rich metal, embossed with quaint and graceful devices and studded with diamonds. The blade of the "badé" which he wore, and which seemed to be a favorite weapon, was, instead of being highly finished and ornamented with the usual fantastic watering, an old,

honey-combed bit of steel, dull, and corroded. This would have astonished me if I had not been aware of the high regard they have for the weapons of their father or their ancestors, and I supposed this to be an heir-loom; or, perhaps, it was one of those favored blood-drinkers which have taken so many lives that they are looked upon and cherished with superstitious reverence by the Malays, who consider them to possess some supernatural power. The Javanese, of all the Malay tribes, perhaps, pay more regard to their weapons, if that be possible, and have a greater variety, than any others. If I remember aright, Sir Stamford Raffles, in his work on Java, enumerates no less than thirty different kinds. A Javanese, in full dress, is frequently seen with three or more creeses stuck in his girdle; one, his own originally, another his father's, a third, the gift of his father-in-law, and perhaps he also may sport the favorite blade of a deceased brother.

Let any one who desires sport, a fine climate, beautiful scenery, and something to be seen out of the beaten track, go to Java. The Europeans are hospitable, well educated, and well-bred, while the natives are a kind and pleasant race whom it is charming to be among. At the eastern end the Emperor holds his Court, where almost the last remnant of the barbaric splendor and despotism of the once great Malay princes is to be found. Nominally, he is only the ally of the Dutch, and rules his subjects as he pleases; but in reality he is under their control, and there is a Dutch "Resident" continually at his Court, who looks after the interests of the Dutch government. A stranger, after he has once obtained his passport and permission to travel in the interior, may go in perfect safety and comfort in his own carriage over well-made roads, and find civility and hospitality at every stopping-place.

A BLIND MAN'S LOVE.

WHEN I was in Paris during the stormy spring of 1848, at the time a second Bourbon family was driven from the throne, there happened in private and humble life an event, which, from some of its details and characteristics, is perhaps worthy of relation.

One morning, as I was passing on a rambling excursion through the street of *Enfants Rouges*, my attention was drawn to a knot of people, much excited, gathered together on the lower floor of one of the houses of that quarter; and on inquiring what was the matter, learned that some one had hung himself in his chamber. Suicides of this kind are not so extraordinary in Paris as to account in my mind for the agitation displayed, and on further investigation I discovered that the stupefaction of the spectators arose from the fact that the unfortunate person had been born blind—a circumstance which, in their apprehension, deranged the normal laws of suicide. Now the vulgar, without analyzing the reason therefor, consider that individuals afflicted from their birth with the loss of a sense value life much more than those who have seemingly more reason to be attached to it. In general it may be remarked that persons born blind, accustomed to refer all things to their own interests, become egotistical, and fear death the more from never having been able to see it before them, to confront it, despise it, and like other men familiarize themselves with it. As all others in his situation this blind man, I was told, had an unchanging expression, and spoke without moving his features. In the eyes of the people of the house, this immobility passed for indifference; there are so few persons who give themselves the trouble to reflect upon and discover the secret causes of the exterior falsehoods which surround us on all sides, that these falsehoods pass for truths, and satisfy the careless reasoning of the idle. But, as I found out afterward, this blind person was a man of vivid imagination and warm feelings, and possessed in a high degree the qualities of our kind —memory, order, analysis, generalization, and, physically, an exact perception of ideas by the geometrical sense of touch.

He was about twenty-five years old, and lived with his grandmother, who inhabited some apartments of the *rez de chaussée*, or what we call the ground-floor; and who enjoyed an income of from one to two thousand dollars. A female cousin of some eighteen years, called Marie, acted as sole servant. She was a young girl of a simple and excellent heart, and though not strictly beautiful, had such a sweet expression that the absence of beauty was not perceived. These three lived together, and were sufficient to each other. The old lady's means permitting the young man exemption from manual labor, he had become well instructed in many sciences, particularly in music, for which he had a natural taste.

The other inhabitants of the street were all long resident there, except a young lady who had occupied the second floor of this house for some two months, and a student, who had taken refuge here to avoid his creditors. "No person," he said, "will think to follow me to the *Enfants Rouges*; and, in the mean time, I shall not be very far from the theatres and the cafés of the Boulevards."

The young lady was called, or called herself, Madame de Montjeu. But since February, the *concièrge*, from fear of passing for an aristocrat, had addressed her simply as Madame Montjeu. She was one of the subordinate actresses of the Boulevards, who do not depend wholly upon their profession, but willingly relinquish the stage when any rich idler offers them a season at Spa or Baden-Baden. One could tell by the furniture and dresses of Madame de Montjeu, that she had been rich, but she had experienced, during the time she had dwelt in this house, the consequences of the Revolution of February. Having no engagement, either of the theatre or the heart, she was living upon her engagements at the pawnbroker's. This manner of living procured her, in the *Enfants Rouges*, the reputation

of fortune and prudence, of which one was perhaps as much deserved as the other. As she had but one servant—a maid of all work—economy was also added to the virtues which she did not possess.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when the suicide was discovered. A man who hangs himself always makes a sensation in the house, second only to a murder. This blind person was, besides, well known to the other occupants, with the exception of the student, who all felt for him an affectionate commiseration which resembled friendship; and when the news of the suicide had transpired, there was a general cry of surprise and grief, and every one rushed to the chamber with the ungovernable curiosity that ever attracts people to the spectacle of death. Madame de Montjeu hastened with the rest; but she had no sooner learned the strange event than she cried out, "How horrible!" and refused to cross the threshold, but remained standing on one side, watching the others as they went in and out.

The sun was shining full into the chamber, which was filled with a staring crowd, who ranged themselves in a circle around the suspended body. Marie alone, her face hidden in the covering of the bed, seemed plunged into the depth of despair. From a popular prejudice yet unfortunately widely prevalent, no person had yet dared to cut the rope, and the locksmith who had just forced the door had gone for the commissary of the police. After some time of silent observation of the dead body, that necessity of exchanging thoughts which always accompanies any great emotion began to be felt, and the spectators concluded to give utterance to their feelings.

"Poor fellow!" said one voice.

"Who would have believed it?" articulated another. "I saw him walking in the court-yard this morning."

"Why the devil has he hung himself?"

"It is only a blind person who would have hung himself in the full light of day," some one profoundly remarked.

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by the convulsive sobs of Marie, who, suddenly rising, mounted hastily upon the bed and cut the cord. The dead body fell heavily and dull upon the floor. This act and the sinister sound caused a movement among the spectators, and some cried out, "But it is an impiety you are committing!" Marie, careless of their opinion, seized the body in her arms and placed it on the bed. She put her hand upon the heart, and when she found it had ceased to beat she broke out again in despairing sobs.

This scene, which drew tears from many of the spectators, was interrupted by an incident almost burlesque—as so frequently happens in life. One of the lookers-on, the student of whom we have spoken, suddenly exclaimed,

"Look! here is my boot—only look here!"

He broke through the circle and ran forward to pick up a nicely varnished boot which was lying on the carpet.

"It *is* my boot!" he again cried out, "and I have looked every where for it!"

All at once he fell into another surprise and exclaimed,

"But just look at my boot—only look at it!"

This conduct of the student had before scandalized the rest, but at this last exclamation, they murmured against his inexplicable and ill-timed interruption. He seemed to acknowledge the impropriety of his ejaculations and went out. As he ascended the stairs, he was all the time, however, carefully examining his boot, and meeting Madame de Montjeu on the second floor, although unacquainted with her, he cried out, as to the persons below: "Only look at my boot, which I have found in the room of the man who has hung himself!"

While Madame de Montjeu was examining the boot with a lively curiosity, a sudden cry was heard that the old lady was dying. Marie, whose head was still buried in the covering of the bed, heard, notwithstanding, the cry. She rose with the elasticity of a spring, and ascending the stairs four at a time, arrived at the very moment to receive the last sigh of the old woman, who had been struck with an apoplectic fit on learning the sad catastrophe of her grandson.

A kind neighbor was assiduous in her care of Marie, who was for a while plunged into a kind of apathy, so that for a moment they feared for her reason. But the second day after the burial of the two bodies, she insisted upon seeing again the room in which the blind man had died. She cast herself upon the bed, which had remained in the same state as on the day of the terrible event, and still retained the impress of the dead body. Sobs burst out from her breast, she turned herself over and over convulsively, and bit the clothes to restrain the explosion of her grief.

When its violence had somewhat abated, she requested her kind neighbor and the portress, who had accompanied her, to retire for a while.

"I wish to remain alone here," she said, "for an hour or so, to bid farewell to the past, and to prepare myself for the future."

The two women went out, but when the door had been closed upon them, and they heard the key turned, the neighbor said to the portress,

"Are you not afraid she will kill herself as the blind man has done?"

The portress replied, with that philosophical skepticism which comes from too frequent contact with humanity,

"When from having nothing one comes into possession of two or three thousand a year, they do not kill themselves!"

It was the first time Marie had been alone since the double decease which had so instantaneously and completely changed her habits and position. She threw a look of anguish around the little room, so almost monastic in its simplicity; and whose total lack of arrangement was explained so poignantly by the blindness of its late occupant. There were in it neither

statuettes, nor paintings, nor books; nothing, in a word, which form the details of existence. There was no pendule even on the mantlepiece. The leisure of the blind is immense; it commences with his life, and terminates only with his death. He has not, like us, an imperious necessity for measuring and parceling out the time so as to satisfy the thousand duties and pleasures of existence.

There were, however, many sheets of paper written upon and lying upon the table, the last left unfinished. Marie looked at these papers attentively, taking good care not to disarrange them. Do we not still live with those we love while we can yet follow the material traces of their existence! While these traces remain, we can still strive against forgetfulness, which, however, little by little, slowly yet surely, covers with its lethargic sands all the past!

Marie, at this moment, would not have disarranged the papers for the whole world; but the desire to probe more profoundly the life and thought of him whom she so deeply regretted, made her try to read the characters which his hand had traced. What was not her astonishment in finding these words: "They who wish to know why I have hung myself need only read what follows."

Marie immediately gathered up all the papers and read as well as a torrent of tears would permit the confidences of the unfortunate suicide, who thus commenced his sad confession:

"I have always distrusted persons who could see. From my earliest infancy I have felt for them a fear and secret hatred. They are false, perfidious, cunning in all their movements, quick as thought, bold, and of a sensibility mingled with cruelty. Whatever may be the ties of relationship or friendship that connect us with them, a consciousness of inferiority prevents our living together on a fraternal footing. Between us and them there is an abyss, *a sense;* and then, it must be confessed, the more imperfect man is, the more is he inclined to self-love and egotism. These two defects, which control us from the first age of reason, render us miserable in our relations with them, so that it is a torture not to be able to do without them.

"We live in solitude. Solitary in the midst of the noise and occupation of men, solitary from the cradle to the tomb, we shall die, as we have lived, in the isolation of blindness."

The rest of the page was covered with undecipherable characters which seemed to have been made upon the paper in almost savage excitement. The letters ran one against the other, words strove with words, and phrases interlocked like carriages in a narrow street; it was in truth an alphabetic confusion that would have driven desperate a decipherer of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or a student of a celebrated Boston lawyer's chirography. Marie thought she discovered amidst the chaos of words fervent maledictions of the blind man upon his birth, and her heart, already oppressed by these misanthropical confidences, was too much excited for the relief of tears.

She resumed her reading, so soon as the manuscript became legible:

"I come to the moment when I returned home to my grandmother, after having acquired at the institution all that can be taught the unfortunate of my condition. Deprived of the daily intercourse of my fellows, I lived in sadness. My time was passed in study, in meditation, and music. An incident occurred to break the monotony of my existence. My grandmother dismissed her only servant, and brought from Picardy, to supply her place, a little cousin called Marie."

On seeing her name traced by the hand of the blind man, Marie felt her heart beat almost to bursting. She sat down to save herself from falling, and it was only by great efforts at self-control that she could continue her reading:

"I had no sooner heard the voice of this young girl than I judged her endowed with an excellent heart, generous, and devoted. I attached myself to her with a force of affection of which I did not believe myself capable. It seemed as if the lowliness of her position in the house brought her nearer to such an humble and inferior being as myself. There was so much of softness and kindness in her attentions that on her approach I felt the ice of my heart give way. My hatred of those blessed with the sense of sight dissolved as by enchantment. She was the only person in the world for whom I had ever felt a sincere friendship. I know not if her feelings for me went further, though sometimes I was tempted to believe so. It may be that I deceived myself; this softness, these harmonious combinations of voice and manner, might have been merely the effects of her unalterable goodness. As for myself, I do not think I felt for her other than friendship. Marie had rough hands, the consequence of labor; now it is as difficult for a blind person like myself to feel love for a girl with rough coarse hands, as it would be for a person of good sight to be in love with an ugly one. Notwithstanding, however, this serious obstacle, doubtless this excellent girl, so great was my affection for her, might have inspired me with love, had she tried, but she was too honest and simple-minded to attempt any thing of the kind."

"Ah! my hands, my rude hands!" cried Marie, "what have you done?"

She dropped the manuscript, and for a moment looked, with a countenance of poignant sorrow, upon her red and coarse hands. Her eyes filled with tears, tears doubtless of bitterness, and yet mingled with something sweet. "He might have loved me!" she thought.

"I lived happy," continued the writer, "too happy without doubt for a being of my sad condition, when it pleased the evil spirits who infest this world to send into this house a woman whose name I can not pronounce without a malediction. She was called, or called herself, Madame de Montjeu. I soon became acquainted

with her. Looked upon by all the occupants of the house as a person of no consequence, and merely as a subject of curiosity, I could go any where, was invited every where. The day after her arrival, having learned, she said, that I was an excellent musician, she invited me very graciously to come and play upon the piano for her.

"The form of the body and the tones of the voice are, among us blind people, the only criteria of beauty. The voice, by its volume, its tone, and its inflections, reveals the mind and form at each instant of life, and shows us human character in its most intimate variations.

"Madame de Montjeu had a soft and musical voice, which deceived me the first minute, but the second I was extricated from my error. There was mingled with its music and softness I know not what sharp vibration, like the acidity of vinegar in a glass of sugared water. Her softness, I said to myself, is the softness of the cat—one feels the claws through the velvet of the skin. A moment after she addressed me her voice changed harshly as she spoke to one of the servants. Whence I inferred that, having many tones of voice, she was a dissembling woman—and I was less surprised when I afterward learned that she had been on the stage.

"I had not conversed with her more than a quarter of an hour when I discovered in her a new voice. She minced and drawled her words, and I said to myself: 'Idle, sensual, egotistical, and vain.' I deduced, besides, a general inference; from her voice I came to the conclusion that she was, or had been, in an opulent condition. Rich people do not speak like poor ones; independently of grammatical faults and accent, there is in the voice of a poor person a vague and plaintive tone which you never hear from the wealthy. They generally speak with a voice of command.

"The manner in which I played upon the piano seemed to please Madame de Montjeu, and she expressed great astonishment at my prodigious memory, which enabled me to execute the most difficult pieces without prompting. I prolonged my visit; and although I entertained no flattering opinion of her character, I was detained in her presence by some mysterious charm.

"When I started to leave her, she gave me her hand. Ah! how different from that of Marie! It was so soft, so velvety, so melting! I detained it for a few moments. The fingers were rounded and tapering, and so carefully and assiduously preserved as to prove them sworn enemies of any kind of work. The thumb alone gave me cause for uneasy conjecture—it was short, and what we call stubbed. How coarse it seemed, unintelligent, and devoid of all nobility and courage.

"'What are you thinking of?' she inquires.

"'Of you,' I reply.

"'In truth? And what do you think of me?'

"'I was examining your hand. It is to me the index of character. We poor blind people have no other means than the ear and touch to make acquaintance.'

"By a spontaneous movement, and, as I thought, quite significant, she withdrew her hand, as rogues would withdraw, if they could, their hearts from observation.

"'Well, then, you feel already acquainted with me?'

"'Nearly so.'

"'Tell me, then, how I look.'

"'You are not tall, but well made; you have a rounded form and delicate waist. Your hair ought to be of the color that people who can see call blonde.'

"'You are a miracle!' she exclaimed. 'If I were not certain that you can not see, I should believe that you were deceiving me. Has my hand taught you all of this?'

"'Your hand is charming as yourself.'

"'Well, for a blind man you are very gallant,' she said.

"I had in truth avoided in my reply all that could relate to her character, and yet such is the vanity of women in regard to what they call their beauty, that they will take an equivoque as a decided compliment. She dismissed me, therefore, well satisfied with herself, making me promise to revisit her the next day.

"I had great need of solitude for reflection. Solitude, the great calamity of our existence, yet becomes at times a necessity. But how true is the physiologist Zimmerman, when he dwells upon the danger of solitude to the passions! The voice of Madame de Montjeu vibrated in my head during the whole night, and I seemed every moment to clasp her melting hand in mine.

"The next day I arose early. Madame had hardly completed her toilet when I was announced. She gave me her hand, and bade me good-morning in such a tone that it mounted to my head like a glass of Champagne. The chamber was filled with perfumes, and of a captivating softness. We conversed like acquaintances of ten years, and from this moment her empire over me was complete and absolute. Now, when I am on the point of quitting this world forever, I ask myself how this woman, whom I despised so much in my conscience, and whose character inspired me even with horror, could at once and irresistibly possess me wholly.

"I passed a great part of the day with her; and in truth every day from this time. She had more gayety than wit, and was indeed shockingly ignorant; still, in spite of this, I felt the hours in her presence glide away with an unaccountable rapidity. I repeat it, I was under the power of an influence unknown to me before. As for her, an idle and indolent woman, she asked for nothing better than to have at her command an animated puppet, something halfway between a lap-dog and a man, and whose very imperfections afforded each moment a new subject of surprise. I had become like one of the pieces of furniture—little troublesome as it seemed—for no one appeared to mind my presence.

"Every day, unless it rained, she went out between four and six of the afternoon. No dress was too beautiful for this promenade, and while she was making her toilet she was too deeply engrossed to converse. Her toilet completed, a *coupé* came for her and returned her at six o'clock.

"This drive interested me. 'Where are you going?' I asked her one day.

"'To the Bois du Boulogne,' she replied.

"'Will you take me with you?'

"'No, I can not.'

"'But are you not alone?'

"'Yes, and I want to be alone. What an inquisitive person this blind man is!'

"Far from quieting my torments, this explanation only increased them. I felt that she concealed from me the true motive of her promenades, and that that motive, being concealed, needs must be derogatory.

"She knew I loved her passionately. I had not been able to hide my feelings one night, when, after having performed, with that depth of passion which love alone can give, a melody of Beethoven, she had, in recompense, put her perfidious hand to my lips. She received with bursts of laughter my confessions of devotion. I have no doubt that she expected them. As for myself, speaking of love for the first time, uttering those burning words which no woman had ever heard from my lips before, I threw myself at her feet, and, in the transport of my passion, endeavored to embrace her. She escaped like an eel from my arms. Praying and beseeching, I pursued her desperately, tripping at each step, and every once in a while coming into violent contact with the furniture. The harder the collision, the more the tormentress laughed.

"Exhausted in the useless strife, I went out, with my heart full of shame and rage—of contempt for myself, and love for this miserable creature. I understood all. To relieve the monotony of her solitary hours, she had rendered me amorous of her person. When it is considered that I was born blind, that I was in some sort paralyzed by the infirmity of my nature, an unfortunate, defenseless being, the conduct of this woman will attain the character of crime.

"I passed two days without seeing her. Finally, worn out in the strife of passions, I returned to her, broken down and obsequious, to ask her forgiveness.

"We renewed our friendship in appearance. Sometimes I took her hands to kiss them, but she would withdraw them, till, throwing myself upon my knees, I would cry out, after the fashion of beggars, 'Charity for the poor blind man!' but she soon tired of a game in which her heart had no share.

"It was a strange love, this of mine! In the bottom of my heart I looked upon this woman as a mortal enemy, and I hated her. And yet, after a night passed in such sentiments, I would go next morning to kiss the very hand I had wished to tear.

"On her side, I believe she began to hate and fear me; for, at the slightest demonstration on my part, I would detect in her voice an expression of anger mingled with terror.

"In the mean time my life, in its seeming repose, had become frightfully active. Hate, love, and jealousy absorbed all my faculties, and kept them in feverish action. If I had had a friend, I would have poured my heart into his. I could well, in truth, look upon Marie as a friend, but love had enabled me to comprehend the mysteries of the heart, and, fearing the poor girl might feel for me a warmer sentiment than friendship, I did not dare to cause her the profound grief of hearing my love for another.

"I watched Madame de Montjeu from early morning to midnight, and I never went to bed till after having listened at her door. I even arose in the night, and went again to listen. My ear was so well cultivated that I could hear, or thought I could, through the doors of her parlor and bedroom, the sound of her respiration. All my senses were turned to one end, and acquired a considerable development. Entering her chamber one day, I said:

"'Why have you taken off the curtains of your windows?'

"She uttered a cry of astonishment, and exclaimed:

"'You have deceived me! You see as well as I!'

"'Not so,' I replied; 'but by the sound of my footsteps and voice I understand that there are no curtains to the windows.'

"'This is astonishing,' she murmured, 'and I must be on my guard with you.'

"From day to day I looked for a catastrophe. I suffered beyond expression; but no one can ever know the tortures I suffered during the two hours Madame de Montjeu was taking her drives.

"I had sworn to myself to assassinate her and any lover she should choose, and I did not conceal my intentions from her.

"'Your intentions,' she said, 'are very kind; but how will you carry them out?'

"'Despair will inspire me,' I replied.

"To my great surprise she appeared rather pleased with this avowal, and said, in a soft tone:

"'Poor boy! how much he loves me!'

"I had flattered her vanity with menace of assassination. Oh, vanity of woman! insatiable vanity! without fear and without limit!

"I thought for a moment I had touched her heart. I returned to the subject of my devoted, illimitable love for her. I prayed—I knelt to her; I offered to marry her. She then replied, for the first time, 'My dear, I do not wish to marry any one. I wish to be free. Besides, what could I do with a blind husband?'

"'You are right,' I replied.

"I returned to my chamber as quick as possible, cursed the day I was born, and even my parents—for I was mad. My anguish, after a while, found refuge in tears.

"That night Madame de Montjeu said to one of her friends, 'Do you know, my friend, that this blind man wants to marry me?'

"'Marry him,' she replied; 'he will make a model husband;' whereupon they both laughed heartily, and I pretended to do so too.

"I began to look upon myself as a man devoted to crime and death, and, under this conviction, I put on a certain air of sinister tranquillity, which she could not comprehend, but which caused her more distrust than my threats.

"She attempted to get rid of me by going out. She went out sometimes in the morning before I had risen, and did not return till midnight. But invariably, even on her late return, she would find me at the threshold of her door, and could not escape my presence. I neither reproached nor threatened her; but my countenance, unchanging as a mask, was a reproach and menace sufficiently fearful.

"Yesterday morning, contrary to her regular custom for fifteen days previous, she did not take her mantilla or bonnet to go out, but told me, with a cold and resolute voice which made me fear some catastrophe, to sit down.

"'Sir,' she said, 'you expected, doubtless, to see me go out as I have done for a fortnight, but I am tired of leaving the house on your account. I am here at home—am my own mistress, and I warn you that, from this day, you will find my door closed to you. It is time that this siege should cease.'

"'Madame,' I replied, repressing the anguish of this new blow, 'I have no right to enter your apartments against your wishes. You have the right to turn me out if I do so—'

"'And I warn you,' she interrupted me, 'that I will use this right; for I have had enough of your rudeness. When I showed you some kindness, on account of your miserable condition, I did not expect such conduct.'

"I received, without changing a feature, this cowardly and cruel blow which, nevertheless, struck me to the heart. I arose and staggered toward the door. In the conflict of emotions I lost my knowledge of the way out by the air and sound, and I was obliged to feel along the wall, and extend my hands to discover the way out of a room I had so often entered. My heart was broken, and I could not help exclaiming, 'Ah, how can you drive me away! I, who love you so devotedly!'

"'This way—to the right;' she replied, in a cold and unconcerned voice, as she directed me toward the door.

"'These are the women,' I cried, as I went out, 'that the old men and the young idlers of the world so much desire!' And I, I also loved this woman, and oh, how desperately! When I found myself on the landing, with the door shut in my face, I thought that I had just entered one of those vast deserts that travelers speak of. I felt so isolated and so weak that I feared to shut myself up in my chamber, so I went down stairs and asked leave of my grandmother to go out with Marie and pass the day. She could not refuse me, and Marie was always ready to carry out my wishes.

"We went out, Marie and myself—she only too happy to pass a whole day *tête-à-tête* with her poor blind friend.

"'I wish to go a great way,' I said, 'so as to get plenty of air—'

"'As far as you please,' she replied.

"She conducted me to the Garden of Plants. There we passed the whole day. We could hear the cries and noise of Paris, and feel upon our cheeks the bracing air of the fresh country. We conversed on indifferent topics; but her soft and affectionate voice gave to commonplaces an inexpressible charm which greatly assuaged my saddened heart. We dined at Bercy, and drank a bottle of wine which almost made me gay.

"It was past eleven o'clock at night when we reached home, and on crossing the threshold I felt that I was re-entering the infernal regions. My grandmother, who had been much troubled on account of our late return, welcomed us with a cry of joy. Before going to my chamber I embraced them both many times. They had never known me so affectionate, and were moved to tears.

"I entered my chamber with a *sang-froid* which astonished myself. I remained a whole hour sitting upon my bed with my arms crossed. When I was certain that the whole house was asleep, I took a pass-key which I knew would open Madame de Montjeu's door, and I armed myself with a long knife which I had concealed for many days.

"I mounted the stairs with my heart almost ceasing to beat. On arriving at the door I placed my ear against the key-hole and listened as only the blind can listen. I believe that, in this moment, my ear absorbed the entire faculties of my soul.

"I distinctly heard her respiration. 'She is alone!' I cried; and it seemed that the weight of a mountain was removed from my breast. I returned to my chamber, went to bed and slept soundly.

"I awoke, at an early hour, with my heart tranquil and mind in repose. I was thinking of inviting Marie to take another walk, and it occurred to me that I should ultimately forget madame—

"At the bottom of the stairway I encountered her woman, who was coming down to brush the clothes and shoes of her mistress.

"'Has she slept well?' I asked her.

"'Not badly, not badly,' she replied, with a mocking laugh. She rubbed me as she passed. I put out my hand and grasped something hard. A terrible suspicion crossed my mind. I felt more attentively the object which I had seized, and I discovered a man's boot!

"'Well,' said the old woman, 'what next?'

"I pushed her with so much violence that she fell down. I rushed up the stairway, entered my chamber, and locked myself in.

"'Conquered! I am conquered!' I ex-

claimed. I still held in my hand the object which I thought revealed the treason of this execrable woman. The boot was so small and soft that the owner, doubtless, was rich, young, and well made. I was so transported with rage that I gnawed this insignificant object with my teeth.

"'I am laughed at,' I cried to myself; 'my senses are sported with, and I shall be mocked every day, and I can not slay them. I must die.'

"I might have lived in spite of her hatred or indifference, and indeed forgotten her; but I could not live and forget her, thinking her another's.

"'I am conquered!' I repeated.

"The knife inspired me with horror, I know not why; but I soon found another way of dying. In a moment I shall know, perhaps, the mystery of sight, and all the other mysteries that surround us.

"I leave the world without regret. My grandmother and Marie love me; but, after all, I am only a charge to them, and an object of compassion. I hate people who can see, and look upon us as the refuse of humanity. Refuse of humanity, then, return to nothingness!"

The manuscript seemed, at first, to finish at this sentence, but lower down were found a few lines that appeared to indicate some hesitation on the part of the blind man.

"Marie," he wrote, "Marie, kind and good girl! What a pleasant day we had yesterday! Come, let us finish! I who have always lived in darkness, why should I fear the darkness of the tomb?"

This was all.

After the perusal of this manuscript, Marie still sat upon the side of the bed, and remained for some time plunged in profound grief.

"I will avenge you!" she at last exclaimed.

She long time meditated upon this thought of vengeance which these melancholy confessions had given rise to; but before she could give order or plan to her thoughts she was interrupted by the portress and neighbor. She rolled the papers together, put them in her bosom, opened the door, and appeared before the two women with a serious, but perfectly calm countenance.

The skepticism of the portress triumphed. As they went down stairs she stuck her elbow into the neighbor, and whispered in her ear:

"What did I tell you? When a person inherits two or three thousand a year—"

We will now resume the narrative where we left it—that is to say, at the moment when the student called Madame de Montjeu's attention to the mutilation of his boot, as if an enraged dog had used it to vent his anger upon. The lady, who held it delicately in her pretty fingers, cast it suddenly away, crying out:

"The man who hung himself may have done it!"

"Why," inquired the student, "have you any fears of this kind?"

"I shall not sleep to-night," was her sole reply.

In the mean time the student had had time to observe his neighbor, and the result of his observation was translated to his mind by a phrase of decided approbation. She also had been thinking of the boot, and had concluded that it indicated more elegance of manner and a wealthier position than were found in the *Enfants Rouges*. The student wore, besides, a superb dressing-gown, magnificent slippers, and linen of unimpeachable fineness, which could not but determine her opinion in his favor. She invited him into her parlor, where they conversed for a long time like persons accustomed to fortuitous rencontres. Little was said about the unfortunate suicide, but they talked a great deal of balls, theatres, and drives in the Bois de Boulogne.

This interesting conversation was interrupted by madame's woman, who came in to make her mistress's toilet. She came in with some exclamations of surprise at the suicide. "Who would have suspected it!" she said.

"But I can not understand," said the student, "how my boot was found in his chamber."

The old woman, overjoyed to see the new tenant on such cozy terms with her mistress, thought it would not be impolitic to relate the adventure of the morning. "I was unfortunate," she said, "the very first time I undertook to attend to the wants of this gentleman."

"How so?" inquired the student.

"I have not dared to say so before, but now I am sure that it was the blind man who took the boot from me. I fell down stairs, and did not see it afterward."

"I understand the matter less than before," replied the young man, and prayed the old woman to explain herself, which she did, by telling the details of the scene between herself and the blind man, at which her mistress became as red as a peony.

"I understand no better now," exclaimed the student.

"I understand it," said Madame de Montjeu; "but—in truth—I dare not—no, I can not explain it to you."

The *minauderies* of the lady raised the curiosity of the student to the highest point, and so improved her charms that he determined to cultivate the acquaintance so accidentally made. The blind man had been deceived by his jealous rage, for the student had never seen the lady till after the loss of his boot.

"I will intrude no longer upon madame now," he said, on taking leave, "but I hope next time she will explain the history of the boot."

"If Monsieur will call after dinner we will see," replied the lady.

"This little woman is clever," he said to himself, "and by no means unprepossessing."

After dinner he did not neglect his invitation; and as the lady allowed him to smoke in

her boudoir, he seemed to want but little of perfect contentment. While he was smoking a friend of hers came in, and Madame de Montjeu desired nothing better than to exhibit her conquest. The friend, a very discreet woman, remained but a few minutes, but during the conversation something was naturally said of the suicide. "It appears that your blind friend has hung himself—*à propos* of what?"

"*À propos de bottes*," replied Madame de Montjeu. This careless witticism, on the very evening of the day the poor blind man who loved her so much had hung himself, described Madame de Montjeu completely. The student laughed heartily. Such is man! But had the thing been told him, he would have been profoundly indignant.

Every day Marie saw the student and lady drive out together, as if determined to make the most of a mutually pleasant acquaintance. The gayety, happiness, and insolence of this woman seemed to urge Marie on to her projects of vengeance; but in what manner to accomplish these projects passed her comprehension. She had money at her command, that great and facile instrument of so much crime and virtue, and she knew the power of this talisman. She said to herself, "The day will come when she will want money, and then I shall be the strongest. I will await for the proper opportunity, which always comes for the person who knows how to seize it."

A month passed away, when, after a series of pleasures more extravagant each day, Madame de Montjeu was taken sick. Her indisposition increased, and soon assumed a dangerous form.

It is then that we regret we have no friend, without regretting, perhaps, we have never been a friend to any one!

For the first few days the student would make inquiries for her health, and, indeed, tender his services. But soon his visits became very rare, under one pretext or another—and at the end of eight days ceased altogether. The only bond of union between them had been the reckless pursuit of pleasure, and that bond was broken asunder by her inability longer to contribute her share to the common fund.

"The moment approaches," said Marie to herself. As she never left the house, she easily discovered all that passed within it. She saw Madame de Montjeu's woman carry away daily some article of furniture or dress which she never brought back. Under pretense of being repaired, heavy pieces of furniture disappeared in their turn. These premonitory symptoms of approaching destitution seldom deceive.

One day, as the old woman came down grumbling, Marie accosted her, and asked how her mistress was? "I have left," replied the hag, "the key in the door. Any one who pleases may take care of her. She has no money left, and the physician says nothing more can be done for her."

Providence had undertaken to avenge the blind man without Marie being compelled to take a step out of the path of charity; but Marie, notwithstanding all her virtues, was woman. She had deeply loved the poor blind youth, whose suicide had been caused by Madame de Montjeu; and in learning the miserable condition of this her enemy, she could not repress a sentiment of joy, the joy of gratified vengeance.

An irresistible attraction drew her toward the sick woman; she wished to contemplate her in her misery and humiliation; and though she reproached herself for this temptation, she could not resist it. She, therefore, went up to the second floor; the key was in the door, and the door itself, half opened, seemed to give a new pretext to the temptation of Marie, and to invite her entrance.

She entered softly, and on her toes, like one who is committing a reprehensible act. The apartment seemed empty and uninhabited. There was neither carpet on the floor nor curtains to the windows; some articles of furniture white with dust, scattered here and there without any kind of order, testified to the abandonment of the room.

She passed through two or three rooms, one as desolate as the other; and although she had become bolder from what she had seen, still, on reaching the last apartment, of which the door was partly opened, she did not dare to enter. It was because there came from this retreat an awful rattle of the throat which would have congealed with fear a feebler heart, and at the same time there escaped a mephitic and infectious odor.

After some moments of hesitation, Marie put her head in and looked round. In a corner of the unfurnished chamber she saw a bed in neglected disorder, from which arose a pestilential vapor; and upon this bed, covered with filthy sheets, a human being, or living corpse, which three or four diseases, each more dreadful than the other, were contending for, like famished dogs. It was all that remained of the beautiful, the cruel, and insolent Madame de Montjeu. At such a sight the heart of Marie, forced down for a moment under the weight of an inferior passion, rose up again, and she became what she had been.

She went out, descended the stairs, two or three at a time, and sent for a nurse to clean and take care of the dying woman. The best room of the apartments was in a few minutes swept out and washed, and purified with perfumes and fire. The sick woman, cleansed of her dirt, dressed in nice linen, was carried by Marie and the nurse into the well-aired room, and placed upon a soft bed with white sheets. When human nature has arrived at such a state of disorganization, cleanliness becomes the first of all remedies.

Madame de Montjeu gave no sign of life but respiration. She could not see, understand, or move the least; but Marie had said:

"I wish to save her, that she may repent and be forgiven."

The kind-hearted girl had installed herself at

the pillow of the sick person, and watched her alternately with the nurse. Her health, before robust, suffered from her confinement, and, to add to her perplexities, her income was not sufficient for the extraordinary expenses her undertaking had imposed upon her. The nurse cost a great deal, and clean linen was needed every day, to say nothing of the prescriptions and visits of the physician. Besides all these, the rent became due. Marie sold her silver, paid for her rooms and those of the sick woman, and met the daily expenses bravely.

But for Marie this woman never could have returned to life. Friends and hirelings had abandoned her. Marie, the soft and kind-hearted girl, overcame death and saved her enemy. At the expiration of two months Madame de Montjeu could rise, and even walk; but she was no longer young. The ravages of disease were but too deeply inscribed upon her face. Her hands, those once so charming hands, now dried up, could not serve to gain her a livelihood. Her fingers, closed by convulsions, would no longer open; the nerves had been drawn up.

Marie dressed her neatly, gave her a complete wardrobe, put her in a carriage, and conducted her to the hospital in the Rue de Sèvres.

On taking leave of her, she gave her a small roll of paper—it was a copy of the blind man's confessions—and said, in a soft and consoling voice:

"My sister, go and pray."

Marie had deposited for the benefit of the hospital the sum of thirteen thousand francs, in consideration of which the Institution would take care of Madame de Montjeu to the day of her death.

Such was the vengeance of Marie. To meet her extraordinary expenses she had quitted the *Enfants Rouges*, and taken a more modest apartment. She continued through life with a patient courage the practice of benevolence, for hers was a Christian and evangelic soul.

EPIGRAMS AND EPIGRAMMATISTS.

A GOOD epigram is a good thing—but, like a good toast, a very rare one, considering the vast number of epigrams that have been written from the time of Martial until now. The reason of the paucity of good epigrams is sufficiently apparent. Though the conditions necessary to success in this sort of literary enterprise are not so many as those which are demanded by what are called "sustained poems," such as odes, elegies, and the like; yet this simple versicle, which we call an "Epigram," is in some respects as ambitious and exacting as an epic. Its very brevity is a warrant that it shall be something, or nothing. In an *Iliad* of twenty-four books the poet may not only be permitted to "nod" now and then, but he may fairly set his readers a-nodding, without reproach to his genius or prejudice to his art; but neither dullness nor carelessness can be winked at in an epigram. It must be brief, terse, sparkling, witty; it must be complete and distinct in idea; clear and sharp in expression, and faultless in versification. To the epigrammatist there is no "poetic license" to excuse defects of art; the law is prohibition. *Dixit Apollo.* The body of an epigram, that it may have the soul of wit, must be brief. In respect to size, it is no paradox to say that, of two epigrams, *cæteris paribus*, the longer is the less. Four lines are better than six, and two are better than four. Eight is the outer limit; if it goes beyond that, it goes further to fare worse, and, violating the first law of its existence, ceases to be an epigram at all. With every other requisite, it must have wit or humor; failing which, it has the deficiency of "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince omitted. Like a needle, an epigram without a point is worthless. Of epic poems, it is judged by the critics, there are not more than six good ones extant, including "Festus," to give it the benefit of a doubt. Of epigrams that deserve the same epithet, there are not over six hundred in the six thousand (and more) that have been written; and of these not more than sixty that are positively admirable. Three or four by Voltaire, an equal number by Piron, and two or three by each of the other most famous epigrammatists, with a dozen or so by that versatile and prolific wit, "Anonymous," embrace the whole number that approach perfection. *Martial*, who wrote fourteen books of epigrams, in the first century, had so high an opinion of the art, and was so well convinced of his own deficiencies, that upon revising his epigrams, he said, with equal truth and candor:

"*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura:*"

—an epigrammatic confession which may be rendered with sufficient accuracy thus:

> "A few are good; some well enough;
> But most, I own, are wretched stuff."

Here are a couple of his epigrams that deserve a place in the first class. What is odd enough, they are rather mended than marred in the translation, by Addison:

"TO A CAPRICIOUS FRIEND.

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow—
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee!"

The closing line has been often quoted and variously applied. The next, "To an Ill-favored Lady," is exceedingly subtle and sarcastic:

"While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But when the candle entered I was cured."

It is little creditable to the gallantry of the poets that so many of their sharpest sayings are leveled at the women. One would suppose that the French epigrammatists would have observed the usual politeness of the "grand nation" toward the gentler sex; but, in fact, the Gallic wits are as unsparing as the Roman.

The following elegant couplet was pronounced by *Boileau* to be the best epigram on record:

"*Ci git ma femme; ah! qu'elle est bien*
Pour son répos, et pour le mien."

As an epigrammatic epitaph it is certainly perfect. A literal translation quite spoils the charm of the rhyme and rhythm; and any paraphrase in English verse must vary the sense and mar the delicacy of the original. The following couplet may serve, for want of a better version:

"Here lies my wife; what better could she do
For her repose, and for her husband's too!"

After *Peter Corneille*, the great dramatist, of whom Pope said,

"——his noble fire
Shows us that France has something to admire,'

had established his reputation, and had come to be thought a very prodigy of poetical genius, his brother Thomas attempted the same career, but with very ignoble success. His vanity, however, was not at all piqued by his failure, and he had his portrait painted and hung up for the admiration of the public. On seeing this, *Graçon*, a satirist, wrote under the picture the following lines:

"*Voyant le portrait de Corneille,*
Gardez vous de crier merveille!
Et dans vos transports n'allez pas
Prendre ici Pierre pour Thomas!"

The epigram, which is only quotable as a smart *impromptu*, is well stated in the following free paraphrase:

"Ye who gaze on this portrait, I pray you take care,
And don't cry, 'How charming!' before you're aware;
Restrain your devotion in very short metre,
And don't be mistaking *this Thomas* for PETER!"

The Greek epigrammatists have left us little more than their names; but as the Hellenic epigram was, for the most part, merely a versified sentiment, or, at the best, a pretty poetical conceit, the loss to the world of wit is not great. One of Plato's epigrams is worth quoting, as affording a piquant commentary on that modern invention, "Platonic love." What Plato would have thought of it, one may guess from the following passionate rhapsody to his *inamorata:*

"Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh, that I were yon spangled sphere!
And every star might be an eye,
To wander o'er thy beauties here!"

In another quatrain, entitled "The Kiss," the poet represents his soul as passing through his lips and "soaring away." Alas! that the great philosopher should have lost his soul for a kiss. Anacreon could have done no worse. It was reading these erotic specimens of genuine Platonism that lately occasioned the following very natural reflection, in the form of a verbal impromptu:

"Oh, Plato!—Plato!
If that's the way to
Teach the art to cool us,
It were as wise
To take advice
From Ovid or Catullus!"

Nicænetus, a Thracian poet, wrote many epigrams, of which only six are preserved. He is the author of the following Bacchanalian sentiment, which Horace Smith erroneously attributes to Anacreon:

"If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the steed of Parnassus,
Which carries a bard to the skies!"

Philonides, a dramatic poet of reputation, in the time of Aristophanes, was a voluminous author, of whose writings nothing can now be found but a single epigram. It contains a noble sentiment, and is fairly rendered in the following quatrain:

"Because I fear to be unjust, forsooth,
Am I a coward, as the fools suppose?
Meek let me be to all the friends of truth,
And only terrible among its foes!"

Most of the epigrams of the British poets, from Chaucer to Byron, are too hackneyed to be worth repeating. *Pope*, who is *facile princeps* among English wits, and the most epigrammatic of poets, has given us few epigrams which are printed as such in separate stanzas. To find Pope's *chef-d'œuvres* in this kind, one must read the "Dunciad," the "Moral Essays," and the "Prologue to the Satires," in which epigrams are as plenty as couplets, and good ones abundant on every page.

"If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own,"

is as terse and keen an epigram as ever was written by Piron or Voltaire. The couplet in the "Prologue"—supposed to be personal to Lady Montague, whom the poet had loved, eulogized, and, finally, quarreled with and denounced—is as sententious and witty as it is truculent and mordacious:

"From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P——d by her love or poisoned by her hate!

The satires of *Young* are scarcely less abundant in sparkling epigrams. His verse is not so graceful as that of the great satirist, but in terseness and point he is not surpassed by any English poet. The following, from his satire on "The Love of Fame," are samples of his epigrammatic talent:

"Fame is a bubble the reserved enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy.
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free!"

"I find the fool when I behold the screen;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen."

"As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous through love of praise."

"'Tis health that keeps the Atheist in the dark,
A fever argues better than a Clarke;
If but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray."

"Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went;
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the Gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one."

"Lavina is polite, but not profane,
To church as constant as to Drury Lane;
She decently, in form, pays Heaven its due,
And makes a civil visit to her pew."

"Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray,
But sweet their accent, and their air refined,
For they're before their Maker—and mankind!"

"But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but the upper story of some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
And, thought to fly, content to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time!"

Canning, the orator, poet, and wit, whose "Needy Knife Grinder" alone would have made him famous, was the author of several clever *jeu d'esprit* in the form of epigrams. The two following are attributed to his pen:

"As Harry, one day, was abusing the sex,
As things that in courtship but studied to vex,
And in marriage but sought to enthrall;
'Never mind him,' says Kate, ''tis a family whim;
His father agreed so exactly with him
That he never would marry at all!' "

This is much in the manner of the other, and equally brilliant:

"As in India, one day, an Englishman sat,
With a smart native lass, at the window;
'Do *your* widows burn themselves? pray tell me that?'
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.
'Do they burn? That they do!' the gentleman said,
'With a flame not so easy to smother;
Our widows, the moment one husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another!' "

Coleridge wrote a good many epigrams, but all the fine ones are merely rhymed versions of other people's jokes. Several are appropriated from Lessing, a poet whose exuberant wit furnishes a sufficient answer to the solemn inquiry of Père Bonhours, "Whether a German can be a *bel esprit?*" Coleridge's best epigram is based on a comical quibble which he found in "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy." It is very subtle and amusing:

"Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience.
He took his honor, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, oxen, horses, cows—
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Two-fold all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil! *not* to take his spouse!"

Rogers, the banker-poet, the most caustic of verbal jokers, has left a single epigram in print, which Byron pronounced "the best ever written in two lines." One Ward, a fluent magazine-scribbler, and a flippant Parliamentary orator, had criticised the poet's "Italy" with great violence. Rogers, learning the name of the reviewer, and hearing the current talk that his enemy was more than suspected of declaiming his speeches from memory—a practice then and now regarded by the House as a disgraceful imposition—came down upon his adversary in two lines, the last of which, though very smooth and delicate, was strong enough to hang him:

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
He has a heart, and *gets his speeches by it!*"

How does it happen that epigram writing has so nearly gone out of vogue? *Quien sabe?* It is the best possible form for a single stroke of wit, and was once an acknowledged and formidable force in literature. It was at one time a favorite weapon of personal and political controversy; and as decisive battles have been fought with the rifle-like epigram as with the clumsy club of the pamphleteers, which came next into use; or by the heavy "charges" of newspaper "columns," which is the fashion of the present day. French wit in this form has gone extinct with the French wits; and of English writers only *Punch* writes epigrams; and not many good ones at that; though he has a happy knack at a parody, and is the author of the best prose facetiæ afloat. Since the death of the incomparable Hood, America can boast the most successful humorous poets now living; but they either do not write epigrams, or they do not print them in their books. Not more than half-a-dozen can be found, and these in the volume of a single author. Yet the best epigrams of the time are by American pens, and are published anonymously in the newspapers, of which the *Boston Post* is probably the most prolific. Many of these are local, or turn upon transient matters, and so perish with the memory of the incidents which occasioned them. Others, though sufficiently witty, are too diffuse, or too roughly versified, to command general admiration. A few of these newspaper epigrams, are at once pointed, pithy, pungent, and artistically finished, and deserve a longer life than will probably be accorded to them. The following, lately occasioned by the published gratulation of a lady (an authoress) on the birth of her first child, is exceedingly clever:

"Ah, well! 'tis over! Should I not resign
My weaker will to Fate's imperious shall?
'Tis not a boy! yet such as 'tis, 'tis mine;
Then let me, thankful, murmur *c'est e 'gal!*"

A similar reason suggested an equally good-natured rhyme, a few years ago, when an editress announced that, after a marriage of fifteen years, she had given birth to her first child. Whereupon an epigrammatist, who must have been a lawyer, made the following "declaration:"

"An honest woman, you may safely bet,
Who thus, without the least equivocation,
Pays to the world a most important debt,
When clearly free by statute limitation!"

When Dr. Parsons took the prize for the prologue recited at the opening of the new Boston theatre, there was the usual discussion whether the production was either prize-worthy or praise-worthy. Some person, who seems to have thought the author a better poet than the prologue indicated, expressed his opinion in an epigram entitled:

INVITA DENTE.

"What Parsons, a dentist? You don't mean to say
That *that* sort of chap bore the chaplet away?"
"Nay—none of your sneers at his laureate wreath—
He's a very good poet, in spite of his teeth!"

Here is a patriotic epigram:

"At a rubber of whist an Englishman grave
Said he couldn't distinguish a *king* from a *knave*,
His eyes were so dim and benighted;
A Yankee observed that he needn't complain,
For the thing has been often attempted in vain
By eyes that were very clear-sighted!"

The following on an ex-member of Congress, is not bad:

"To say Mr. Brodhead has never a wrong head,
Is more than his measure of laud:
But yet Mr. Brodhead has surely a strong head,
Which makes it as long as 'tis broad!"

And here is an epigram by an exultant widower, entitled:

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

"My first was a lady whose dominant passion
Was thorough devotion to parties and fashion;
My second, regardless of conjugal duty,
Was only the worse for her wonderful beauty;
My third was a vixen in temper and life,
Without one essential to make a good wife.
Jubilate! at last in my freedom I revel,
For I'm clear of the world, and the flesh, and the devil!"

AN EVENING AT EPPING.

I SUPPOSE that all persons given more to reflection than to action have at times been conscious of powers undeveloped far transcending all they have ever put forth. In illustration of this assumption, I purpose offering a plain statement of facts. It may be that circumstances equally remarkable occur within the experience of most persons; but if it be so, I believe they excite usually only a transient observation.

Ten years ago, I was spending the summer in Epping—a quiet, pleasant country town in New England. Unusual demands had been made on my energies, mental and physical, the preceding year, and with scarcely vitality sufficient to enable me to seek rest, I yet thankfully accepted it when offered by chance. A month of absolute repose restored to me a degree of vigor commensurate perhaps with that which I before possessed, but with a difference. Previously I had valued chiefly my uniformity of ability to labor. Now, I had the ability in an equal degree, but interruptedly. Gradually I observed, too, that my own moods were precursors of meteorological changes, so that I became a sort of conscious barometer. My experiences at this time were not all equally pleasurable, but the most agreeable of them, I think, was a feeling of extreme buoyancy accompanied by an unusual clearness of perception, apparently coincident with, and, as I grew to believe, dependent upon, any extraordinary augmentation of atmospheric electricity. At such times, too, I was conscious of a recognition of traits of character in the individuals around me which I had never before observed; their thoughts, the very words they were about to speak, were as clear to my perception as at the moment of utterance. I can not express what I experienced in this respect better than to say that my own mind, like a mirror, reflected sometimes the consciousness, memory, and volition of another; and this quite independently of effort on my part other than to hold in abeyance disturbing forces.

One morning in the middle of July, after a protracted drought, and after the failure of repeated prognostics of rain, the temperature had suddenly descended from little less than a hundred degrees to the vicinity of fifty. The coolness had braced my nerves to a degree of tension which I had rarely felt. I was evolving a plan of action as I stood by the window in the office of my friend Wynn, whose guest I then was, and who, by-the-way, was eminent in the brotherhood of lawyers whose rare acumen and sterling good sense form a counterpart to the granitic structure of their own State. While I stood there, then, an individual entered the office, whom in spite of multifarious disguises, such as dyed hair and whiskers, false teeth and an assumed name, I at once recognized as my own fellow-townsman, and as arrant a scoundrel as it had ever been my lot to encounter. He had an air of much pretension, wore a large seal ring, a showy breast-pin, and several crossings of heavy gold chain over a bright-patterned vest, all of which decorative trumpery served the purpose of varnish to a very ugly picture, heightening the distinctness of every bad point. His errand, to obtain the use of the Town-hall for the delivery of a lecture on animal magnetism, being speedily accomplished, he took his leave.

"Wynn," said I, as the door closed upon him, "do you remember Mark Tufts, who was convicted of burglary in Charleston, and who afterward escaped from the State Prison?"

"Yes," answered Wynn; "and I could not think of whom this man reminds me; yes, it is of Mark Tufts."

"It is Tufts himself," I replied. "I recognized him before he had uttered three sentences. I came across the room just now to look for the scar of a wound on the left cheek, given him by a companion in a drunken broil. The mark is there. And I know that the little finger and the first joint from the one next it are missing from the hand which he carries in a sling, and which he avers to have been hurt in a recent railroad accident."

"Pierson E. Leffingwell," was elaborately engraved on the card with which he had introduced himself. I looked from the window; the man had crossed the street and was standing on the piazza of the Epping House. Presently he entered, and shortly after reappeared, accompanied by a showily dressed woman and a young girl; in the appearance of the latter I remarked nothing except perhaps extreme fragility.

A programme indicated that at the close of the lecture some interesting demonstrations would be exhibited. Mrs. and Miss Louise

Leffingwell, it was stated, were both mediums, and the former gifted with remarkable powers of reading the future.

We decided at once to "assist" at this prelection. The man's extreme villainy and audacity made him interesting. Indeed, so entire had been the popular conviction, in the trial to which I have referred, of the man's deliberate, vindictive malice, that there had been felt a very general disappointment that his sentence was not more severe.

Not a very large audience, of course, was to be expected in a place like Epping; but it was a pretty fair turn-out—several hundreds—and these were mostly collected before Mrs. Leffingwell and the young lady made their appearance.

On a platform at one side of the hall were placed a table with lights and several chairs. Mr. Leffingwell came in, arranged these, withdrew again, and soon returned conducting his assistants. The woman seated herself in a bustling, important way, arranging and rearranging her dress, and sending around bold, assured glances. The girl took her place quietly, without raising her eyes until the falling of a window which had not been properly fastened up; then she lifted them a moment, with a startled, expectant look. I observed the group closely, for I had begun to grow interested in them.

The lecture was a tissue of trashy plagiarisms, through which what the man would be at was not clearly perceptible. It was evident, however, that he had himself a sort of grotesque faith in what he was trying to say; a kind of trembling belief involved in his diabolism. And this suggested to me a plan for the solution of a query which had entered my mind; how far, namely, that slight young girl, sitting there with an air of such utter abstraction, was a voluntary accomplice of Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell. That *they* were well matched admitted scarcely a doubt. The woman, large-framed, coarse-featured, swarthy, with thick, sensual lips and black brows meeting over lurid eyes, looked fit for any emergency of wickedness. In dress she was the counterpart of her husband; every thing about her was tawdry; a flashy silk gown much flounced, a heavily wrought and soiled white crape shawl, a *rigolette*, as I believe they term those triangular tagrags which women were then beginning to wear on the head, a quantity of bracelets, rings, chains, brooches, and the like, and a vulgar-looking fan, which she flourished unremittingly, made up her outfit. She impressed me as having foregone every womanly trait.

Not so the girl claimed by the Leffingwells as their daughter. She looked at most fourteen, and might be a year or two younger; she wore a lilac-colored dress and a black silken scarf; the simplicity of her attire not less than the frail delicate beauty of her person, contrasting noticeably with the intense vulgarity of the woman beside her. Her face was too pale, but the features were exquisite in outline; the brow low, with shadowy chestnut hair; the eyes, blue, I knew afterward, though I had supposed them black, were so large and fringed with such thick, long lashes, that they seemed to make half her face. There was an occasional slight compression of the under lip that showed her to be ill at ease, whether from physical pain or some other cause, and under an air of apparent languor, a quick nervous closing and unclosing of the little left hand which held the edge of her black scarf. She wore no ornaments.

Of course I do not pretend in any way to account for the phenomena I am about to describe. No theory that ever came in my way has seemed to me to bear adequate credentials. In most instances, too, which have been related to me, I have felt myself compelled to doubt facts and inferences. I will give an unvarnished statement of occurrences, premising only that I had previously, and precisely when I had found myself in a mood similar to that which I have described as particularly belonging to me on this day, been able to exert the influence to which have been given the epithets magnetic, odic, and the like, over some very refractory subjects.

At the close of Mr. Leffingwell's declamatory farrago, he came to the front of the platform and proposed, for the more satisfactory demonstration of his science, to experiment on any one or several among his auditors who might solicit proof in their own persons. A middle-aged man, of stolid aspect, and a boy of sixteen presented themselves. Directing them to be seated in chairs on the right of the staging, and observing that he would begin with the elder individual, he took his station nearly opposite, and commenced his craft.

I commenced too, and in earnest. For about three minutes, during which I felt my concentrative power—I know no better name for it—growing stronger, I perceived no outward token of success; but then there was a perceptible toning down, a manifest smouldering of the audacity of his look. Let me endeavor to describe my own experience at the time.

It seemed as if I projected a circle of influence extending to an indefinite distance from the man, and inclosing him as a centre. The circumference, irregular at first, and wavering, it was my effort to integrate, and then with a steady, tidal pulsation to contract toward and around the person I was endeavoring to control. It was in my favor that he, intent on his own purpose, was unaware of mine. I was succeeding—nearer and nearer came the inclosing wave—I saw it become faintly luminous, while points of lambent, bluish flame projected from it inward; a needle of light glided toward his hand—he rubbed it hastily—the next moment the faint blue circle, invisible to all but myself, was contracted to a hazy, luminous, irregular centre. My aim was accomplished; his eyelids quivered, then drooped, and with a slow, audible respiration he sat back in his chair, rigid and white.

I breathed freely then, and I became aware

that two persons were intently watching me; one was Wynn, whom I had taken into my counsel at the outset; with a glance he directed my attention to my other observer, the young girl on the platform. Her hands were firmly clasped, her lips slightly apart, and her dilated eyes, fixed full upon me, expressed an indescribable blending of pleading and terror.

But my work with Leffingwell was not yet done; the audience had perceived the change in his countenance, but supposed it the result of his own efforts. Now, however, they began to suspect some counter-plot. Wynn, well-known to the whole assembly, broke the silence with a few words.

"It happens that an individual possessing a higher degree of the power to which Mr. Leffingwell lays claim is present this evening, so that the fowler is apparently taken in his own snare."

Several exclamations of "Good! Let the gentleman come forward," were the response.

I did not, however, leave my place, but asked to be allowed to interrogate Mr. Leffingwell; an immediate and perfect stillness succeeded. The replies were made by Leffingwell with deliberate distinctness.

My first query was, "Were you six years ago in Concord, New Hampshire?"

Answer. "I was."

"Will you allow me to look at your left hand?"

He replied by withdrawing it from the sling which supported it, unwrapping from it the enveloping handkerchief, and held it out. The fourth finger and a part of the third were wanting.

"Is Leffingwell the name by which you were known in Concord?"

"It is not."

"Is the young woman who accompanies you a relative either of yourself or of Mrs. Leffingwell?"

"Of neither."

"Is she voluntarily associated with you?"

"No."

"What is her real name?"

"Janet Ware."

"Why is she thus connected with you?"

"She believes herself Mrs. Leffingwell's niece."

"She supposes this through the agency of yourself and Mrs. Leffingwell?"

"Through our agency."

At this juncture Janet Ware, since such was the girl's name, who had listened with intense interest to every word of our colloquy, made an attempt to rise. Mrs. Leffingwell arrested her motion, at the same time addressing to her a whispered remark.

I spoke to the woman then with a degree of confidence for which I felt full warrant: "Mrs. Leffingwell, let me assure you that it will be for your interest, your own and Mr. Leffingwell's, to remain passive." There was more, probably, in my tones than in my words, for the woman cowered and desisted.

The girl spoke with a passionate energy which set aside fear—"I am not with them of my own will, God knows! They said they had a claim to me, that they were my only relatives, and I feared it was true. Thank God, it is not true! Do not, oh, do not let them take me away with them!"

I am unused to the melting mood, but I confess the girl's words and tones appealed to me as no acting ever did. Indeed, the effect on all present was electric.

Wynn spoke in a low tone with his sister, who sat next him, and both arose and went toward the platform. Miss Wynn addressed Janet Ware, who looked in her face searchingly a moment, and then clung to her arm.

I resumed my dialogue with Mr. Leffingwell.

"Has Miss Ware relatives? and if any, who are they?"

"An uncle, her mother's brother, Paul Williams."

"Where is he now?"

"In Boston."

And now, reader mine, if you doubt whether all this be very convincing, I acknowledge the reasonableness of your doubts, but then and there I did not take time to weigh the matter. It was, however, no part of my plan to establish the identity of Leffingwell and Mark Tufts, even if such a result had been possible. I decided to withdraw the influence, which, as all experimenters in this bizarre branch of psychology are aware, is comparatively an easy process. The man awoke, much as from an ordinary sleep, looked about him, and finally, as he recognized the place and missed Janet, with whom Wynn and his sister had withdrawn, his features assumed a ludicrous mixture of bravado and consternation, visibly heightened as I approached him. Intimidation, though, was not my sole object. I spoke to him in a tone audible to himself only.

"You are foiled with your own weapons, Tufts," said I. "There are several of us who know you; I have no personal grudge against you, and if you are discreet—this return to your native State scarcely looks like it—you will not delay to make the distance between yourself and the State Prison wider than it is now. You have not exposed yourself to-night, but you have put it in our power to expose you at a moment's warning."

He scrutinized my features rapidly; I permitted it a moment, and then walked away. He exchanged a few sentences with Mrs. Leffingwell, and then approaching the audience, assured them that it was not his fault if an entertainment different from that laid down in the programme had been offered them this evening. That he hoped to meet them again tomorrow evening, when he would resume the subject, and, he trusted, convince the most skeptical that neither himself nor Mrs. Leffingwell urged claims of any kind which they were unable satisfactorily to establish.

I doubted if they would let him go, but they did, I presume on account of the presence of Mrs. Leffingwell.

The next morning the Leffingwells were gone. They had taken the midnight train down. If they had waited they might have had Wynn's company, for he went to Boston in the morning train. As he had arranged previously to go at this time, and as his usual stopping-place was the Revere House, the drama of the preceding evening did not probably influence him in those circumstances; but it may have furnished the motive which prompted him to inquire of the clerk if Mr. Paul Williams were among the guests, and the reply being affirmative, it may have induced him to seek out that gentleman.

The result was the confirmation in each particular of the items elicited from Tufts.

Janet Ware was the daughter of Mr. Williams's only sister, who had married, and with her husband removed to Illinois. Their sole child was Janet, and when she had attained her twelfth year both her parents fell victims to that fearful scourge, cholera. A neighbor had taken home the child, and written to Mr. Williams a letter which never reached its destination. A year afterward Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell, on a tour through the Western States, had accidentally encountered Janet, and discovered in her such a susceptibility to the odic influence, so termed by Mr. Leffingwell, as to make her a very desirable acquisition. She was timid and easily wrought upon, and the myth of kinship, invented on the spur of the moment, had been overpowering.

The child had a tolerably hard discipline, though it might have been worse. For the six months and more that she had been wandering about, good care had been taken that she should find no opportunity of escape, and entire seclusion, except when under the eye of Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell, secured to her at least a degree of immunity from bad influences.

Mr. Williams was induced to accompany Wynn on his return to Epping; and when he saw Janet, who bore her mother's name, her strong resemblance to that mother was to him convincing proof that his sister's child stood before him.

I have since seen a full-length portrait by Sully of Mrs. Ware before her marriage. I should unhesitatingly have pronounced it an incomparable likeness of Janet, or, as she is now, Mrs. Wynn. There were just the same large, shadowy, violet eyes fringed with lashes of uncommon length and richness; the same low, pearly brow and profuse brown waving hair with golden lights on it; the same faint tinge on the cheek, just like the inside of a sea-shell; the same curve of the bright red lip; the same poise of the head on the white slender neck. A little sad I should say the face is, but Elinor, Wynn's sister, now my wife, affirms that Janet is as cheerful a little sprite as ever gladdened a man's hearth-stone.

MY THEORY, AND A FEW FACTS AGAINST IT.

I AM not a "Spiritualist." My bells are never rung or my tables moved by unseen hands. I believe that the "mediums" are humbugs and impostors; and I have no more desire to inquire into the way in which they get up their "manifestations" than I have to investigate the manner in which Signor Blitz or Professor Anderson perform their sleight-of-hand tricks. Of the two, I think these much the cleverer and more respectable performers. Nor have I any faith in ghosts, omens, presentiments, and supernatural warnings. I believe them to be the product of weak nerves or over-excited imaginations. Any occasional coincidence between the omen and the event I hold to be purely accidental.

Such is my theory. In general it is perfectly satisfactory to me. But I own that I can not reconcile with it certain incidents with which I was closely connected. I have propounded my theory. I will now narrate the incidents.

Many years ago—five-and-twenty or thereabouts—two lads, Harry Burton and George Walters, entered my counting-room on the same day. They were sons of old friends of mine, though they had never seen or heard of each other till they found themselves seated at the same desk in my office. There was a strange likeness between these lads; not close enough, certainly, to make it difficult to distinguish them; but none the less perplexing on that account. The complexion, the color of the hair and eyes, were altogether different, and there was no very striking similarity in the general cast of the features. The likeness lay rather in the absolute identity of expression. The glance of the eye and the turn of the mouth were the same in both. The tone of the voice was exactly alike. To the last I could never, by the ear, distinguish which was speaking. Their movements and gestures were similar. In a word, their resemblance was spiritual rather than material. It was as though one soul animated two bodies.

It was not a little singular also—since one came to us from Massachusetts and the other from Virginia—that they were dressed precisely alike. This continued to be the case ever afterward. I do not believe that there was any direct understanding to this effect, or that either of them was fairly conscious of it. Another coincidence was that they were born on the same day, and, as nearly as could be ascertained, at the very same moment.

From the first, these lads conceived a great fondness for each other. We read of love at first sight—theirs was friendship at first sight. They became almost inseparable.

In my counting-room George and Harry grew up to be two as fine young fellows as one would wish to see, and gave promise of becoming capital men of business. Partly on their own account, and partly from old friendship to their fathers, I had them much at my house, and was

by no means sorry to perceive a strong affection springing up between them and Agnes and Mary Clay, the pretty twin-nieces of my wife.

For a long time I was puzzled to guess how the couples were to pair off. Each of the young men seemed to be equally attentive to each of the sisters. I could perceive no division of affection. I used sometimes to wonder if each of the young men did not love both of the girls, and *vice versa*. However, I suppose there was a difference perceptible to their hearts. In due time I learned that it was to be George and Mary, and Harry and Agnes.

But God willed that the two-fold marriage was not to take place. Agnes was called to pass the portals of the Silent Land. This bereavement seemed to draw still closer, if possible, the bonds between the survivors; and when at length George and Mary married, there was no thought that Harry should leave them.

In due time the young men left my counting-room and established themselves in business, with flattering prospects. Then came the great crash of 1837, in which so many of our mercantile houses went down. Among those which were swept away was the house of Burton and Walters. I would gladly have assisted them, but it was beyond my power. My own house, which had stood unmoved for a quarter of a century, was sorely shaken, and barely weathered the storm.

George and Harry clung together in adversity as closely as they had done in prosperity. Together they had failed, and together they would re-establish their fortunes. They went to New Orleans and recommenced business under the old name. Success crowned their efforts, and before many years the house of Burton and Walters had gained a firm position in the Crescent City. From New Orleans up the Mississippi and Ohio, and across the lakes, they were known, personally and by reputation, at every point for business.

During all these years their friendship remained unbroken. They had but one home, and a stranger could never have told which was the head of the family. Mary was equally dear to both. She was seen with one as often as with the other, and with both oftener than with either. Her friends used jestingly to call her Mrs. "Burton-and-Walters," and would ask her how her "husbands" were.

In their frequent visits to New York my house was invariably their home. They had passed the summer and early autumn of 1852 with us, and were ready to return to New Orleans. Harry and George had business to transact on the river, which might detain them somewhat. Myself and wife were to start for New Orleans by sea in about a week; and, at our earnest request, Mary was induced to remain to accompany us, while Burton and Walters went overland. We all expected to be in New Orleans at about the same time.

On the evening of October 4th (I must now be particular about dates), George and Harry took their departure. The separation was to be for so short a time that few regrets mingled with the parting. All that evening and the next day Mary was as gay and happy as usual. Why should she not be? What evil had she to apprehend?

"Well, Mary," said I, as she was about to retire the next evening, "where do you suppose your husbands are now?"

"In Buffalo, I presume; I hope they are as happy as I am. What a lovely night it is!" she added, drawing aside the curtains and looking out into the calm moonlight. "Surely nothing evil could happen on a night like this." And she bade us good-night with her usual glad smile.

I was roused from sleep by an eager, continuous rapping at my chamber-door. It seemed as though some one, faint with mortal terror, was seeking entrance.

"Who's there?" I exclaimed, springing to the door.

"It's me—Mary. For Heaven's sake let me in. Oh God!"

I opened the door, and there stood, or rather cowered, Mary Walters. Her snowy night drapery was not whiter than her white face. The pale dawn mingling with the faint gas-light in the hall made her look still more ghastly. Her large eye was dilated with horror; her breath came and went in quick, convulsive gasps.

"In Heaven's name, Mary, what is the matter? What has happened?" I asked, as I bore her to the sofa.

"Dead! dead! Both dead—George and Harry! I heard him call me, and I could not go to him. Oh my God, have mercy upon me!"

The wild paroxysm soon passed away. She became calm and composed. But a look of stony, unutterable woe settled upon her face, more fearful than the wildest burst of agony.

"Tell us what has frightened you, Mary. Was it a dream?"

"A dream? No. It was all real! I heard him call me with his dying breath, and I could not help him—could not go to him!"

Her voice sounded low and hollow, but she went on speaking with the utmost distinctness:

"I was awakened by hearing his voice calling me. I know it was he. You can not distinguish his tones from Harry's; I can. 'Mary! Mary!' he said; and his voice sounded low and faint, as though it came from a thousand miles away. Yet it was clear and audible, as though breathed into my ear."

"Why, you foolish child, you have been dreaming. It's all over now."

"I was not dreaming. I was as broad awake as I am now. Could *he* call me, and I sleep on?"

"All a dream," said my wife; "I have had the same a hundred times when my husband has been away."

"So I thought at first, and I looked around,

to be sure where I was. I saw every object in the room. The moonbeams came calmly in at the window, just as they did when I retired. I saw my dress on a chair by the bedside. It partly hid the open grate. I saw the clock on the mantle. I heard it strike two. I was half reassured, and said to myself, 'It was a dream.' Then again I heard his voice calling, 'Mary! Mary!' I tell you it could be only his voice. Do I not know it? Could I ever mistake it? It seemed as though my name was wrung out from his lips by the agonies of death. I tried to spring up. I was powerless. I could not move a limb. I tried to speak, but could not utter a sound."

"Oh, the night-mare, Mary. You must not lie upon your back, child."

"It was not the night-mare. I was not lying on my back. Listen to me. I lay upon my side looking toward the grate, which was partly hidden by the chair, upon which hung my clothes. As I lay, incapable of speech or motion, a picture—no, not a picture—a real scene slowly opened up far within that grate. It was far off—how far I know not—a thousand miles perhaps; but there it was. I saw it. My husband was lying in a narrow room, lighted by a single lamp, in the extremity of mortal agony. I saw Harry bending over him, vainly endeavoring to relieve him. At intervals I heard him call my name in the same fearful tones that had awakened me—tones that never yet came from human lips until the seal of death was upon them. The little room where he lay was only half-lighted, and the chair partly hid it, so that I could only partially make it out. It seemed more like the cabin of a vessel than an apartment in a house. But there he lay, in mortal agony, calling upon me. I saw all; I heard all. I knew that in my body I was lying here in your house, yet in soul I was there too. I knew every thing that passed there and here. I heard every footstep that passed along the pavement here. I saw all the while every thing in my room. I saw the calm moonlight shining coldly through the half-drawn curtains. I was *there* too. In soul I was in that dark room. I saw the death-dews gathering on his forehead. I heard him calling my name. I heard too, as I remember, something that sounded like the rush of waters popping against the side of a vessel. Then all was dark. I could see nothing; but I heard my husband's groans of agony. I heard him again and again call my name. The clock on the mantle struck successively three, four, and five; so I knew that I had lain in speechless, motionless agony, three hours. Day began slowly to break *here* and *there*—here calm and bright, there gusty and overcast. Then, as the gray dawn lighted up the room—both rooms—that in which I lay in body, and that in which my husband's life was ebbing away—I saw *there* new faces. I heard eager voices whispering; what they said I could not distinguish. At last I heard my husband's voice calling my name in a tone of deeper agony. Then for a moment all was still. Some one said, 'It's all over. He's dead. Call Burton.' Then I heard a voice, apparently from another room, saying, 'Good God! Burton is dead!' With a strong wrench I burst the invisible bonds that had held me. The distant scene faded away. I saw the dawn streaming in at the window, and heard the clock on the mantle strike six. I rushed down to your door, where you found me."

I could not but be impressed with the earnestness with which she spoke. Still I put the best face on the matter.

"You were nervous, Mary. Your fancy and your fears were unduly excited. You have had a severe attack of the night-mare. It's all over now. Before night you will have a dispatch telling you that all's well."

"Mr. Winter," said she, "you have known me from a child. Did you ever know me to be nervous or fanciful? I was not disquieted. I had no evil forebodings. I never went to rest a happier woman than last night. I never slept more calmly than I did until I was awakened by my husband's cry. I was never more fully awake and conscious than I was during those long hours of deadly agony. I tell you that I heard my husband's dying voice, and I shall never hear it again with my living ears. I tell you he is dead—they are dead. I must go this very day after them. I shall never see them living, but I must look on their dead faces. Mr. Winter, you will help me now. I must go."

Her piteous look moved me.

"Yes, Mary, I see that you are bent upon it. If we do not hear good news to-day, you shall go by the evening train."

Toward noon a telegraphic dispatch was brought to me. I gave it a hasty glance, and hurried to Mary.

"Here, my child, is good news! Is not this a consoling message from two dead men?—Listen: 'Buffalo, October 6, 8 A.M. Start for Cleveland in an hour. All well.—B. & W.' Now, how about your dreams?"

"It was no dream," she replied. "I saw him die. I heard his last cry with my own mortal ears. His living voice I shall never hear again. But I may look upon their dead faces. I must go. Will you aid me?"

"But, Mary, you heard—or thought you heard—all this in the night; and here you have a message from them, alive and well, hours afterward."

"If they are not dead now, they will be before I can reach them. It was a forewarning. I heard his dying voice. I must go. Will you help me?"

It was in vain to struggle against this fixed idea; and I left her with a promise to see her safely on her way. My friend Marston was to start in a couple of days for New Orleans by the western route, and at my earnest entreaty he agreed to hasten his departure and go that very evening.

At Buffalo they met a score of persons who had seen George and Harry leave for Cincinnati in perfect health. Marston and Mary lost no time, and followed on their route. As they had intended, Burton and Walters had twice stopped over a train to transact some business. At Cincinnati they were almost overtaken; George and Harry were only six hours ahead. The river was too low to allow the usual steamers to run when fully loaded. But the *Forest City* was to run down the next day without freight to Cairo, and there take in a cargo. Just as they had decided to wait for her, they learned that the little *Fox*, which, it was said, could run in a heavy dew, was about to start. They took passage on her, and set off without delay.

Marston and his companion learned this at Cincinnati, and remained overnight for the *Forest City*. Although the *Fox* had eighteen hours' start, it was hoped that the *Forest City* would overhaul her at Cairo. In this they were disappointed. No sooner had they touched the wharf than Marston recognized an acquaintance.

"Hallo! Wilson," he shouted. "How are you? Is the *Fox* in?"

"Yes, and gone—an hour ago."

"Did you see Burton and Walters?"

"Yes, they were on board. I saw them off."

"How were they? Mrs. Walters is with me. She got frightened, and would follow after. We hoped to overtake them here."

"She need have no fear. They were never better. They intend to stop at Memphis. You'll overhaul them there."

The *Forest City* remained at Cairo for two days. From here Marston wrote me a full account of all that had happened. Mary, he said, was unmoved in her opinion. She was not wild or demonstrative, but calm and sad. "The bitterness of death is passed," she said, in reply to all attempts at encouragement. "I shall never behold them alive, but I shall look upon their dead faces. You are very kind; I thank you for it. But they are dead. I heard his dying words." "What nervous things women are!" moralized Marston. "I wonder what she will say when she meets her husband!"

This letter reached me by the evening mail of the 12th. I will own that I was greatly reassured by it; for in spite of myself, I could not wholly divest myself of a lingering feeling that something was amiss.

Some friends dined with me that evening. Among them was Watson, of the Telegraph Company. I told them of the whole affair, and made light of Mary's vision and her journey. I took some blame to myself for permitting her to go on such a wild-goose chase. Perhaps I was not altogether unselfish, for my wife and myself had anticipated much pleasure from her company on our voyage. "But you know," I added, apologetically, "when a woman takes a whim into her head, there's no beating it out. To do Mrs. Walters justice, this is her first offense of that kind."

So we chatted gayly, over our wine and cigars, of ghosts and omens; of dreams, visions, and apparitions; of spiritual rappings and table-turnings; distributing the blame for these things pretty impartially between dreams, nightmares, roguery, and folly; summing up the whole matter in the comprehensive word, "Humbug."

Late in the evening, a telegraphic dispatch was left at my door. It was addressed to a mercantile friend, who had sent it up to me.

"Ha! here's something about Burton and Walters," said I, as I ran my eye hastily over it.

"What is it? Read it."

"'Memphis, October 12. Cotton, so-and-so. Jones all right. Smith and Parker failed. River low. Burton and Walters both dined here to-day. Tell Winter.'"

"Dined! Well, that does not look much like dead men. I'll wager that at this very moment Mrs. Walters is enjoying a pleasant supper with her two husbands," said Watson. "After all, she's a woman out of a thousand. Here's a happy evening to them! What a pair Burton and Walters are—always together. I do believe if one should die the other could not survive."

"They were always so," I replied. "You know they were brought up in my counting-house."

"Yes, and they are a credit to you," said Watson. "Give me another cigar. Thank you. Don't trouble yourself for a light—this will do."

As he spoke he took up the dispatch which I had flung upon the table.

"Ha! What's this?" he cried, as his eye fell casually on the concluding words. "Confound their carelessness. They're always making blunders. Did you see how this reads: 'Burton and Walters *died* here to-day.' That's how the careless fellows have written it."

So it was; a little indistinctly written indeed, but it was evidently *died*, not *dined*.

"Of course," said Watson, "it should be *dined*. Though, for the matter of that, it's about the same thing in Memphis, judging from a horrid dinner I once got there. I almost died of it. As it is, there's no great harm done, for we know what it should have been. But it might have done a world of evil. Suppose Mrs. Walters had been here! I'll bring those fellows up with a short turn. Come down to the office with me, and see how they'll catch it."

We reached the office, and Watson took his seat at the instrument. The sharp clicking of the machine was heard as his message flew over the wires:

"What do you mean by your blunders? You sent on word that Burton and Walters *died*, instead of *dined*, as it should have been. Mind your *p*'s and *q*'s."

"Your *n*'s you should have said, Watson."

"It's all one. Wait half an hour, and see what they'll say to that. They know I mean something when I blow them up."

In due time the bell tinkled, and the answer came. Watson read it off word by word:

"'B. and W. came down on the *Fox* last night. Both *died* this morning. Dispatch correct. Mrs. Walters came down on the *Forest City* this afternoon.'"

When the *Forest City* reached Memphis Marston saw an acquaintance on the wharf.

"Wilson, how are you? Did you see the *Fox?*"

"Yes. Burton and Walters—"

"I know they were on board. They are to stop a day or two in Memphis. Do you know where they are? Mrs. Walters is with me. We've come after them. It's a singular story. I'll tell you some time."

"Mr. Marston, they are dead."

"Dead! You are jesting. We heard of them at Cairo two days ago. They were in perfect health."

"Would to God I were jesting! But it is too true. The *Fox* came in late last evening. Burton and Walters came at once to my store-boat, which lies off the wharf. My partner has been absent for a week, during which time I have not slept at home. 'Come boys,' said I, 'you do not want to go up to the town to-night; turn in here, and keep boat for me, and I'll go home.' Just as I was about to bid them good-night, Walters said that he felt a little out of sorts, and asked for a glass of brandy.

"'There! I'm all right now,' said he, when he had drunk it. 'Go home to your wife. Burton and I will keep boat for you.'

"Just as day was breaking I was aroused by a violent ringing at my door. Going down, I found Burton in a state of high excitement, amounting almost to frenzy.

"'Walters is terribly sick,' said he. 'I was afraid he would die in the night. Where shall I find a physician? Come down to the boat.'

"Leaving an urgent summons for a physician who lived close by, we hurried down. On the way Burton told me, as well as he could, what had happened. They had retired shortly after I had left. Walters had complained of a slight uneasiness, but said a night's rest would put him all right again. Just at two o'clock Burton was awakened by hearing his companion calling 'Mary! Mary!' in a tone of anguish. He was sure of the hour, for he heard the clocks strike at the moment. The sufferer grew momently worse. His agonies were intolerable, and at intervals he called despairingly upon his wife. Burton knew not what to do. He would have gone for a physician, but he knew not where to seek one; besides, Walters implored him not to leave him. At length he could bear it no longer, and was on the point of going in search of a physician, when, by some accident, the lamp was extinguished, and they were left in darkness. He had forgotten the position of the plank which formed the only connection between the boat and the wharf, and it was vain to endeavor to find it by groping in the blank darkness among the boxes and bales with which the boat was encumbered. For two hours he remained in the dark with his suffering friend, listening to his groans, and the piercing cries with which he called for his absent wife. As soon as the earliest dawn enabled him to find his way he set out in search of aid.

"The physician reached the boat almost as soon as we did. It was still early morning, and the daylight, mingled with that from the lamp, which we had lighted again, shone ghastly upon the hollow face of the sufferer. The first glance which the medical man caught of poor Walters was enough.

"'It's the cholera,' he whispered, hoarsely. 'He is in the last stages of collapse. He can not live half an hour.'

"Still we did all that could be done, in the faint hope that the progress of the disease might be arrested. We chafed his cold limbs, and administered the most powerful stimulants. I once happened to look on Burton's face, and was shocked at its aspect. He said, however, in answer to my inquiry, that he was well; but he looked twenty years older than he had done the evening before.

"'You can do nothing more, Mr. Burton,' said the Doctor. 'He can not hold out a quarter of an hour. Lie down for a few minutes. We will call you when all is over.'

"I dragged him to the door of the adjoining cabin, and heard him fling himself heavily into a berth. In a few minutes a terrible paroxysm convulsed the frame of poor Walters.

"'It's the last,' whispered the Doctor.

"He opened his eyes wide, looked eagerly around, and cried out, 'Mary! Mary!' in a tone which still rings in my ears. It was the last effort of nature. His eyes closed, his jaw fell, his convulsed limbs straightened themselves. He was dead. At that moment I heard the clock strike six.

"'Poor Burton,' said the Doctor. 'He must be told,' and he stepped into the next cabin. In a moment I heard a great cry.

"'Good Heavens! Burton is dead, too!'

"I rushed in, and there, lying upon his face in the berth where he had flung himself, was Burton, lifeless. He must have died at the very same instant with his friend."

"How shall I break the tidings to Mrs. Walters?" said Marston to himself, as he returned to the *Forest City*. "Poor woman! It will kill her." His heart failed him as he stepped on board. "I can not do it."

Mary met him as he entered the cabin.

"Mr. Marston," said she, calmly, "there is no use of attempting to disguise the truth. You need not attempt to soften the blow. I can read it all in your face. But that was not needed. I know that they are dead. Tell me

how they died. I can bear it. The bitterness of death was passed a week ago."

And bear it she did, bravely and nobly, as a woman always bears a great woe . . . . .

I started with giving my general theory about omens, presentiments, and spiritual manifestations. Here are the facts, which I can not reconcile with my theory. For their perfect accuracy I vouch. I still hold to my theory. But I can not reconcile them.

ALIX THURIOT THORNE.

"Our life is March weather, savage and serene in one hour."—EMERSON.

THERE was a sudden stir and commotion, unusual at any time in Fifth Avenue, specially unusual at the early hour of nine on a crisp October day; a crowd gathered on the pavement, a riderless horse flying down the street; another held by a man a few paces from the concourse; and presently a parting through the press, and on a shutter, wrenched from a long window at hand, was seen the shape of a woman, perhaps lifeless, certainly insensible; the arms thrown out as if she had lost consciousness under some strenuous agony, the long habit torn and trailing on either side; and the loose black hair lending a ghastly aspect to her pale and blood-smeared face, as she was carried by half a dozen strong men, slowly and tenderly through the valved door of a house open to receive her, on which door, as it swung to, outsiders read only the name "Thorne."

Mrs. Butler, whose fall from her restive horse created this scene and confusion, was a Southerner and a widow, visiting the North for her health with her brother as escort. Riding after their fashion at that hour, her horse had taken fright, throwing her headlong to the ground, and she had been immediately taken into that house so near by the wish and urgency of its owner, who established her in a cheerful and luxurious room, and while the surgeons were sent for, removed her soiled and bloody dress, bathed her unmoving face, and listened carefully to the faint pulsations of her heart. Medical skill did its utmost, but Mrs. Butler was fearfully injured; and the needful pain that the surgeons gave in setting her broken limbs threw her from one swoon into another, so that it was hours before she became thoroughly conscious; and when she opened her eyes to see what and where she was, they met a sweet if strange vision—the figure of a woman bending over her, no longer young but very lovely, clothed in a conventual dress of gray, and having for her sole ornament a heavy gold rosary and crucifix. Dark hair, threaded here and there with a gleam of silver; deep, dark eyes, at once tender and melancholy; marked and expressive features; a steady, pensive mouth; a broad brow; a figure graceful from its unconsciousness; all these, informed with the vivid expressions of an ardent and pure soul, made Alix Thorne lovely.

Mrs. Butler's injuries were so severe that the whole winter passed away before she was able to travel, and in that time she learned to love her hostess deeply; one thing puzzled her, that this woman, evidently a widow, never made any allusion to her husband, or his death; there were two others only in the family, her mother, Madame Thuriot, a weak, listless, petulant old woman, and an old French physician, called Dr. Bellanger.

If Marion Butler learned to love Mrs. Thorne, her brother, Mr. Rutledge, was unfortunate enough to learn the same lesson; and when, after a parting painful to all from excess of gratitude and feeling on one side, and regretful affection on the other, he reached his Southern home safely with his sister, his first impulse was to write a most fervent letter to Mrs. Thorne, which she answered with a calm, hopeless refusal. Mr. Rutledge loved her as a man loves who has reached mature age before his first experience of the passion, and this disappointment made serious inroads on his health; so serious that his sister, moved by his evident misery and her own recollection of Mrs. Thorne's tender nature, wrote herself a long expostulation to Alix, and received in reply a most voluminous epistle, which we make no excuse for copying, inasmuch as it contains the whole matter and manner of the story, which here we have but prologued:

"NEW YORK, *April* 30, 185—.

"DEAR MARION,—Your letter pained me very much, even more than your brother's, because I thought I could retain your affection, though I must not receive his, and I have not so many friends that I can afford to lose one.

"Perhaps it would be better and easier for me to tell you only one fact of my personal history, which would convince you at once and finally that I can not marry Mr. Rutledge; but I think your kind heart and expressed affection for me deserve to know more. My life is a strange, sad story. I never speak of it, as you noticed, but it will set me back again in your affection and sympathy to know what that life has been; and I can not deny to myself that I seek a certain relief in recalling the past where I can do it calmly, to you, who will understand and feel it. I request you to give Mr. Rutledge the manuscript when you have read it; he will feel then that there are sorrows greater than his present discontent, and in his pity for me will recall the love I can never return and be my true friend, I am sure; and now, after so much prelude, let me begin at once.

"My father was a French merchant, the son of an *emigré* from 'the' Revolution; he was in good business, continually increasing in wealth, and had married my mother, a belle of the 'uptown' circles, for love only, for she had neither wealth nor expectations, and was an orphan. I had one brother, older than myself, named Francis, and Dr. Bellanger, whom you have seen, was our godfather. He too, was a Frenchman, had known my father from childhood, like him was the son of an emigrant, but was widowed, childless, and poor; poor from choice,

for he would only practice among the destitute and foreigners, nor would he live with us who would gladly have given him a home, but preferred to be the friend of the house, and to live an apostle's life beyond it, under this exterior of a poor, garrulous old Frenchman. God bless him! he has been the most patient and faithful friend to us.

"My life passed like that of other girls till I was eighteen, nor did it differ much then, for I came out into society, ran the round of balls, parties, and beaux; lovers I had, but I learned early to know why they loved me—how little Alix Thuriot concerned them, how much her father's wealth. I think the proud and free spirit of my Breton grandmother, whose name I bore, must have inspired me—I grew so soon able to detect and despise this worthless devotion, this flattery so idle and false.

"So affairs went on till I was twenty. One October night I had been to a large dinner-party, and from thence to a ball. I had danced late, and reaching home went at once to my room, and slept, oh! how heavily, for suddenly the sleep was broken as if by a sharp shudder, and before I was awake I found myself standing upright on the floor, shivering with an undefined sense of horror and dread. A door swung to, somewhere in the hall beneath, and startled me into life. I thrust my feet into shoes, and ran with uncertain speed down the stair-case to my mother's room; the door was ajar and I opened it—my veins curdle now—oh, God! what a sight was there! just before the closed window lay my father on the floor, one keen ray of sunshine pierced a crack in the shutter, touched his gray head, leaped thence to his shoulder, but in the shadow between lurked a fearful witness, the strong cords of his bare throat, the gashed linen that bound it, all steeped, dabbled, scarlet with blood. My mother lay before me, nearer the door, a formless heap of drapery; she had risen at her usual hour, come upon my father, shrieked and swooned; it was her shriek woke me. Against the bed's foot leaned my brother, with hands clenched together, and eyes set in a hopeless stare.

"I lifted my mother like a baby, took her into the dressing-room, rang for the housekeeper, and giving her charge to use every restorative as she best knew how, I returned to the bedroom, where already the servants had gathered about the door with dismayed looks and furtive glances at the terrible shape of death. I could not feel sure that it was death. I went to my father, and kneeling by him lifted up his hand: it was cold and heavy as marble; it fell back of itself. I think Francis was roused by seeing me there; for now he came, and stooping, raised the head. Ah, miserable discovery!—in the red right hand there lay the old story of despair, of suicide—an open razor, clotted with the blood that stained us both, and with indelible stains. I rose up, for I was rigid with anguish. I sent directly for Dr. Bellanger, telling the servants by no means to disturb the body, and then I went back to my mother, by this time in violent hysterics, which I alone could control, or in the least soothe.

"Francis sat where I left him. Poor boy! I have thought of it often since; what an hour was that, alone in the darkened room, with his self-murdered father, watching that spying streak of light traverse inch by inch the dishonored head, the relaxed limbs, the red stains and pools of blood, and the instrument of death grasped in his stiff and bloody hand; fearful points for that slow index to rest upon! fearful vigil for a reckless boy of twenty-two to keep!

"It seemed a whole day's length before Dr. Bellanger came and released my brother, sending him away to his room, where a potent sleeping draught wrapped him for the time in rest and peace. Then my mother was cared for and quieted with all his skill, and when he left her tranquil, with me beside her, then came the horrible sequence of such a deed; heavy steps of men upon the stairs, low voices of dread and awe in his room, the judicial process, the verdict that I saw long after in an old paper, carefully banished then, setting forth, with those used and wonted phrases that coldly vail mortal anguish and eternal despair as the locked ice of a pool holds and vails a dead body, that Emile Thuriot, merchant, had comitted *felo-de-se* on the morning of October 6, 184–, cause supposed to be the newly discovered defalcation of his head clerk, who had quitted the country with the greater part of the property of the firm in his hands, a week before date. That, indeed, was true; my father's confidential agent, on the eve of some great speculation that risked much, but promised more, had collected all the resources of the firm, and sailed for Europe, guarding his escape with the pretense of illness, and the shock falling suddenly upon my father's excited and over-wrought brain, destroyed his courage and his self-respect, and hurried him to this hopeless suicidal end.

"Dr. Bellanger was at that hour every thing to us that man could be; he alone acted the friendly part of mourner at my father's lonely funeral, he arranged his business affairs, and gathered from the wreck whatever was justly the due of his fatherless and widowed charge. Now came the test of our dear professing friends; the trial of the metal that was minted for gold, and all! all, rang false. Not one of the hundred visitors we numbered on our list came near the house so plague-stricken, and a bitterness that adds wormwood to gall smote upon our wounds and made them cringe while yet they bled. I do not now blame those people, Marion, for the garments of grief are sackcloth and ashes, the very livery of leprosy, and the children of this world are wise to avoid even seeming contagion; but I was young then, full of hope, buoyancy, generous impulses, and I despised, when I should have pitied, the weakness of undisciplined natures and narrow minds.

"Here, again, the goodness of Dr. Bellanger rescued me from a sort of moral infidelity. I

could not despair of the race that produced, even in my little sphere, one man so good, so constant, so unselfish; for then I did not recognize that undefiled religious principle which was his rule and guide, and which alone is safe to trust in any man.

"After all our affairs were arranged, there remained to support us three only two thousand dollars; and the evident necessity that something should be done to increase this small stipend roused Francis to most unusual exertion, and dispelled greatly his apathetic grief. He searched faithfully every where for employment, but he had been a spoiled child always, and with almost unlimited command of time and money had led too gay and reckless a life to achieve, even in his present need, the confidence of any business man, or to satisfy their requirements as a clerk, so little did he know of the simplest business routines or practices. At length, harassed with useless attempts, and mortified with repeated disappointments, too helpless physically for hard labor, and too proud to do little things, he fell in with a man whom he had once met in the capacity of mate to a vessel in which my brother crossed the Atlantic, but who was now on his way to California, where the gold mines were just discovered. His stories of that fabulous and splendid wealth that lay waiting to be gathered enchanted Francis at once, while a subtler spell insensibly strengthened his wish to go, the fascination ever hanging over a new land, with new names, and new associations; the seeming approach to the beginning of another life; a fair if treacherous hope that change so entire externally will change the purposes and traits of the soul, and recreate from habits of indolence, luxury, and vice, the active, frugal, self-relying virtues of a successful man. I could not believe in this course, I knew my brother's nature too well; but it seemed his only prospect of occupation, and to do something, if it be only the preparation for labor, is better than any idlesse; so I packed his trunk, bade him good-by, and saw his fair waving hair glitter in the sun, as he waved his hat from the deck of the *Argo*, thinking in my secret heart that I might never see those locks again; but we had done what seemed right, and the results were not for our care.

"I heard afterward from some fellow-voyager, that the brig had a long passage, and on the way out my brother, with the proverbial irritability engendered by a long voyage, had mortally insulted a man named Essinger; but as he wrote us from San Francisco that he had taken a man of that name into partnership, and was about leaving for the diggings in his company, I supposed they must have become friendly again, and thought no more for many long months of the story that had reached me.

"After Francis left us, there was of course an urgent necessity that I too should work. Dr. Bellanger would gladly have given both my mother and myself a home, but he was too poor; every thing else he did—invested our money safely and profitably, so that there was always a pittance to depend on, and then hunted out and hired for us a tenement in a quiet and obscure neighborhood, three little rooms that occupied the second floor of a house whose kindly German owner kept a tiny shop for embroideries below, and housed her three grown-up girls and her old husband in the story above us. I could not afford a servant, Marion; you will think it an incomprehensible poverty for a lady to endure, but I was a woman as well as a lady, and my feminine instincts gave me keen pleasure in keeping my small domains clean and bright as a Dutch kitchen, arranging my tiny parlor with such taste as poor materials afforded scope for, and serving our meals as scrupulously as they had ever been at home, though many a day we dined on nothing more savory than potatoes and tea, having breakfasted on bread and coffee.

"Once established and accustomed to the routine, I applied myself to copying, which Dr. Bellanger procured for me, and as I wrote a clear firm hand, singularly unfeminine, I had soon all I could do, all I needed to support my mother who helped me from time to time with the exquisite embroideries that her conventual education had made easy and pleasant to her, even as a labor. So we lived for two years, indeed nearly three, receiving rarely any remittance from Francis—in the course of that time only two hundred and fifty dollars. He wrote word that he had made a good deal of money, but the expenses of living swallowed it up so rapidly that he could not save for us as he would like. We rarely heard from him but wrote often, and when I grew weary of drudgery, as I sometimes did, and felt almost despairing of my powers to meet the life before me, I thought of Francis, and remembered that I had a brother; it helped me very much, how much I did not know till afterward.

"One May day, in the third spring, I was sitting alone at my work, mother had lain down, and through the gay, flowering plants that vailed one of my two south windows stole in the fluttering sea-breeze that tempers even the summer heats of New York. I was both languid and sad, with no definable reason but fatigue, and had ceased for a moment to write when I heard steps unfamiliar, slow, and irresolute ascending the stair-case; that inexplicable presentiment of ill that prepares us for its presence overtook me almost as a certainty, nor did it vanish when the steps ceased at our door, and a knock, hesitating and timid, announced—as I saw when I turned the handle—Dr. Bellanger. Instantly, with a peculiar intuition that is a painful trait in me, I knew his errand. I felt my face grow rigid, and my tongue begin to fail with dryness, but I said, quite calmly, 'Francis is dead,' for I knew it. Poor Dr. Bellanger! I had saved him from his dreaded announcement, but before I dared to tell my mother I asked for more information, and he handed me a letter which

I copy in word and letter, and which contained all we knew or could discover of my brother's fate, for no answer ever was given to all the inquiries we directed to his partner, or to the writer of this first and only news we received, both having left the diggings, as we afterward knew. The letter was ill-spelled, worse written, and contained in a dirty paper an ounce of gold dust, and a card on which was written—

"'If I am wounded, write to Dr. F. Bellanger, New York.—F. T.'

"Francis had not thought of death!

"The writing of the letter ran thus:

"'CARTUR'S GULCH, KALIFORNY, *march* 10.

"'docter Belanger—Francis thewrie was killed in a dewel hear yesterday, he was Shott threw the hart—harry Thorn don it, i soled his Thinges in the hutt for an ownse of Dust which i send yew, he is berried awl safe in The gulch. "'randolf Oliver.'

"Marion, he was my brother! If I had not loved and respected him as some women do their brothers, he was still mine, bound to me by the only sure tie, the link of blood. I might have friends; I might love—but of my own will; God had made him my brother, and the immortal bond vindicated itself in the bitterness of an irremediable loss. No other could fill his place, no other had the same right or will to protect me. Heaven help the woman who has no brothers! Neither love nor law supply that want, and I was all alone except my mother, and I had yet to tell her. Oh! if it is bitter to see death, to watch the cold gray shadow blot out passion, intelligence, almost identity from the eye and sweep away sympathy, feeling, and consciousness from the relaxing lip, at length leaving to the mad clasp of anguish a fearful mould of clay alone; it is far bitterer, far more awful to go out from the dead and tell the living they are gone: to meet the incredulous eye that accuses you of mockery, because it dare not believe your words; to see the flying horror of conviction distort each feature of the face that would, yet can not, deny the horrible certainty, cringing in every nerve, and curdling in every vein; till you stand helpless and hopeless before it, as if you yourself had wrecked the soul you would die to comfort, and in all the reeling world there is but one stay—the blind, instinctive consciousness of God, somewhere—surely somewhere! though it be not here. This was my task, but perhaps it was well for me that my mother, never very strong or self-controlled, fell into the same hysteric fits that attacked her on my father's death, and for many hours Dr. Bellanger and I had full occupation for both our thoughts and hands in restoring her so far as we could to quiet. I will not carry you with me through the following days and months, monotonous with sorrow and labor, for now I felt a certain hurry to work, as if I had just come to know that neither health nor strength would always serve me, and that I must endeavor by heavier tasks to lay up a little sum against the coming of evil days. Nothing from without occurred to break the steady routine through all that long summer and the next year, till in the second autumn October came cool, fresh, and brilliant, bringing even to me a quicker breath of life, a little tonic both to body and soul. One day on his daily visit, Dr. Bellanger told my mother that he had met at the counting-house of a French merchant, a friend of his, a Mr. Henry, who had been in California, made an immense fortune there, and had known my brother; though, having left Carter's Gulch in March, he could not tell us more than we knew of the duel and its results. Dr. Bellanger added that Mr. Henry would like to see my mother, if it would afford her any pleasure to hear what he had to tell, and it would certainly be agreeable to him to visit us, as he was a perfect stranger in New York, having brought letters only to his business acquaintances, and being there merely for the purpose of investing his wealth. My mother caught eagerly at the idea of any thing like society, from which she had been so long excluded, and our friend promised to bring Mr. Henry the next evening, and at the hour he knew was most convenient they came.

"I can not tell you now, Marion, what our new acquaintance was like. I knew him afterward so well that his individual self has in my memory absorbed his human likeness; it is one of my strange idiosyncrasies that I never can recall the face of any one I have intimately known, while I could paint the picturesque child that passed me in the street yesterday, or the old man that sat opposite me in the ferry-boat six weeks ago, from memory alone. I suppose it is that the soul outshines and transfuses its garment so that the fashions of it are invisible, or it is as when we draw close to a face we love, too close to do more than feel its loveliness.

"I know that I thought Xavier Henry a gentleman, from his quiet manner and perfect ease, and that I discovered him to be handsome suddenly, when I first saw the very settled gravity of his face give way to a smile that was genuine heat-lightning, vivid, brilliant, and still. Of course on that first evening nothing was said of Francis. I sat quiet, in my corner, glad to be saved the effort of speech, and even against my listlessness amused and pleased by Mr. Henry's graphic descriptions and furtive but keen humor.

"Mother asked him to come again, and a certain pleasure seemed to tinge his cheek as he accepted her invitation. I thought he was lonely probably. He did come again, and spoke of Francis with gentleness and sympathy in every tone; he had not much to tell us, but it was no slight consolation to hear from him that Francis had fought this Harry Thorne in a paroxysm of partial derangement to which he was subject always, since a violent sun-stroke had nearly cost him his life, in the preceding summer. I was glad to know that my brother had not deliberately faced and sped his death in cold blood. After this, Mr. Henry came still again; my mother liked him, nor could I, though I guard-

ed my manner with more than maidenly reserve, resist always his noble and generous nature, his high ideas, his truth stainless as a knight's honor, and his gentleness that was but the ripple of his strength.

"So, in spite of myself, we learned to know each other well, and before the year returned in its circle, before even the sultry August noons came back, Xavier Henry had asked me of my mother, and, with a thrill of fear and resistance even in the vailed rapture of the hour, I had learned—that I loved him. Marion! there is much that is sweet and tender in the blind love of a young girl, in the dreamy idealization of early love, and the new emotions that banish childhood before the child knows what it is to be a woman; but I believe there is no love so utterly absorbing, so intense, so devout, as the passionate homage of a mature heart, the strong and pure devotion that has the assent of ripened judgment, and the wisdom of experience and discipline. I know it is not in the heart of any woman to love more entirely, more intensely than I loved.

"I was twenty-five, and had known no early passion or fancy; I had lived a lonely and toilsome life, set aside from all companions of my own age, without friendship, without amusement; nothing but the unremitting need of labor had kept my heart from preying upon itself, but nothing had given its homesick weariness an hour's repose. It is true I was religious, formally, not with any living power, but the humanity of nature too often outruns its spirituality, and now I was, at once, and for all time, at home, safe, appreciated, loved! Over-blessed Alix! crowned with the woman's crown—loved!

"You probably think me exaggerative, but to myself my words seem weak. I was so utterly absorbed in this new emotion that I believe life itself might have ebbed from me unnoted, till the final pang of parting with him should come. I had endured living before as a heavy but necessary burden; now every breath I drew was palpable joy. But I spare you further recital of a passion so egotistic even in its review. How the summer months went by rapidly. Almost directly after our engagement Xavier had bought a pleasant house, in a quiet, up-town street, furnished it with every comfort even to luxury, and given it to my mother; thither we all removed, and establishing Dr. Bellanger as our permanent guest, Mr. Henry himself assumed the care of the family, asserting, by way of excuse for an arrangement that his delicacy suggested, that he could only dine so far away from his business, he must lodge and breakfast at his usual place.

"I see the Rutledge pride sparkle in your eye, Marion; you, of all women, would never owe such obligation, even to the man you loved. But I am not so; I knew Xavier liked to take care of me as well as I liked to have him; was I not his own? I can not, and never could, understand any reluctance in accepting any thing from a person who loves you, and whom you love, unless indeed it impoverishes them to give. I could not accept even a flower, gladly, from a person who had injured or hurt me, or whom I did not respect, though I might love them most deeply; but from him I would have taken the world with no other expression of thanks than a smile or a kiss.

"What happy hours we spent in that house! long evenings on the vine-sheltered piazza, or in the little library, lit with the flickers of a woodfire, talking of every thing in heaven above or the earth beneath, with interspaces of exquisite silence, when it was enough to be conscious of ourselves. I have a strange memory; every word that is said to me by those I love, whether they give me keen pleasure or sting me with pain and distrust, I remember always, I can not forget; and so I recalled afterward how rarely Xavier and I spoke of my brother, and especially how one evening we were sitting on the piazza, listening to the ripple of Gottschalk's aeriel fingers upon his quick-dropping accentuated sparks of keys, as they sounded from the window of a musical neighbor whose house he frequented. The music had died away in a low rustle of rapid notes, like a shower passing away over an oak forest, and we sat quiet, as if the fitful spirit, undisturbed, might return again. I sighed softly, and Xavier felt the long breath I drew against his arm, for he asked, 'Why?' So I told him I was thinking how glad Francis would have been for me. He did not answer directly; a sort of magnetism made me know that he restrained a shudder. I thought it was the sudden dream of death crossing our perfect life of joy, and I was troubled that I had spoken, but he said before I could—

"'We do not know, Alix. All things are sequences. I might not have known you.'

"And again the mystical sphere of the aura warned me that he shook inwardly, and I lifted his hand to my face. It was deadly cold; but the caress soothed him, and he left me that night with a smile deep and sweet as ever. In the autumn it was resolved that we should be married in June, and Mr. Henry bought a house in Eighth Avenue—the house you know so well, Marion—and set himself to the task of arranging it for our home. I would have liked well to stay where I was, but he did not please, and it was good that he should have some occupation, for he had invested all his money, and having no business, his active nature pined, and I noticed painfully that he began to have attacks of depression and silence, when he sat for hours with listless hands at my side, unmoving and idle, only sometimes fixing his eyes on me with a look of such melancholy passion as struck me to the soul, and cost me many efforts to return with a serene or gay expression. But this remodeling and furnishing our house amused him, and the perpetual contest between his 'furious taste' and lavish ideas and my quieter, more economic fancies, afforded just that piquant zest to our daily excursions among

upholsterers, dry-goods shops, fresco painters, and all house-craftsmen that made him enjoy them more healthily, if not more profoundly, than the days passed wholly with me in the diviner airs of intense emotion and hope. I see now, as then I could not see, what self-absorbed and solitary creatures we might have become, living as if Paradise were again found, and we two the sole and irresponsible inhabitants of earth. But, O God! it pleased Thee to set a flaming sword at either gate, and we might not even be together in the desert, lest so our Eden should never have its end!

"By May the house was finished and ready for its occupants. Our tastes had curbed each other, and the result was, to our own fancy, perfect. The day it was all done, even to the lighting of a fire in every grate and furnace, to test their accurate arrangement, Xavier came to me with a strange expression of gravity and curious expectance, and said he had brought me a gift. Hitherto he had only given me flowers in all our acquaintance. Flowers were, and are, my loves, and he knew it. Even the troth-ring he brought me was a quaintly enameled pansy, with a diamond drop of dew in its heart. But now he had brought me a big brass key and a roll of paper. I put my face in my hands and laughed.

"'Open them, Alix!' said he, in a grave but somewhat jarred voice, and unfolding the papers I saw that they were a deed of gift of the new house, its furniture and appurtenances, and a set of certificates of a hundred thousand dollars in stocks, all made out to Alix Thuriot. I have told you, Marion, what I think of giving and receiving, still this amused me, for it seemed useless.

"'I don't want it, Xavier!' said I, looking up at him; he laughed at me for a moment, I hardly know why, now, but it seemed to amuse him, and then he said,

"'No, I suppose not, but it is best, Alix; if any thing should happen to me, you will at least be safe from one suffering.'

"My voice I know quivered, as I answered, 'I should care —' He stilled the speech there, and I did not refuse to be quieted with caresses, for my heart was at flood-tide, and would have spent its pain in an agony of tears had but one drop led the way.

"Now the day of our marriage drew on like a dream. Xavier did not even propose that the ceremony should take place in our new house, afterward I knew why; but it was arranged that we should go from my mother's house to church, and thence to our own home, and there receive our very few friends at noon.

"Shall I ever forget that day, that rose like perfect sapphire from the sea, and swung from garden and conservatory every odor of summer through the dawn? I went to my own room after breakfast to dress, and found that in my brief absence it had been visited by a hand that asserted itself in its own way; masses of pearl-white roses adorned my toilet-table and mirror, diffusing their faint, refined perfume like a mist over the room; and on the vail I was to wear lay a garland of orange-buds and flowers, despoiled of every glossy leaf, but delicate and graceful as are the flowers of frost upon a window, and breathing the glow and delirium of the tropic summer from every milk-white petal and golden anther within. I dreamed too long over these heaped blossoms, full of thought, trembling with a strange mingling of emotions, nor was I ready just at the hour, for I took due pains with my dress, and was rewarded by the lingering rapturous look with which Xavier received me, as I came to him when the carriages were ready for us.

"What followed I do not care to descant upon, there is something too awful and solemn in such an hour when the blessing of Heaven stoops to consecrate and exalt the tumultuous passion of earth, for words that are only earthly to portray. I know not why no bride has ever died at the altar, appalled by the transcendent import of the hour; but it may be that, as with me, even consciousness reels, and the soul is dazzled into merciful blindness.

"I knew that Xavier was there, I knew that I was taken in silence utter and expressive to my new home, that his arms lifted me over its threshold, that my first welcome there was his clasp and kiss, and the whispered words, 'My wife.' Then I knew that those useful safety-valves, the ceremonies that in this world accompany every crisis, and vindicate the trivial element which alleviates and preserves life in the hour of intensest emotion were at hand; that I must submit to the usages of society when I felt most absent from and careless of them; so I was re-arranged and put in position at the head of my parlor to receive our guests; Xavier surveying me with a look of pride that sheathed a deeper pang of pain, only that I knew it not.

"They came one after another, very few, and a strange mixture, but I was too happy not to be glad and genial in receiving them, and while I was talking gayly with an old French gentleman, a friend of Dr. Bellanger, the waiter came to me and said that Mr. Henry requested me to step into the library a moment. I excused myself, and went; there was Xavier divested of his ceremonial dress, attired for the street, with his hat in his hand, and a tense expression in his face, as if he were self-controlled by some great will for the instant.

"'Alix,' said he, 'I have heard that there is a person I know, staying at the Astor House, who is to sail for California this afternoon at five in the steamer; I must see him on business before he goes; will you forgive me if I leave you for an hour to entertain our friends alone, my wife?'

"I could have done any thing for the tone of that last phrase, and I gave him a gay assent.

"'How lovely you are!' said he, drawing nearer; and clasping me with a strict embrace, and a long, long, almost fierce caress, he said good-by. I do not know why I lingered, but as

he left the door he turned, returned, for I was still there, and he reiterated the caress. With a strange instinct my girlish shyness left me, I was his wife, some inexpressible presentiment impelled me, I threw myself upon his neck, and clung to him as if life depended on my hold there, and for the first time I kissed his lips with my own, untrembling and fearless; then he left me.

"I went again to the parlor, made Mr. Henry's apologies, entertained my guests as best I might, first with conversation, then with refreshments, and in due time they left, but my husband had not come. Mother would have had me take off my bridal dress, and be quietly attired for dinner, but I would not; he had called me lovely in it, and should I so soon lay aside the impression? I drew a deep low arm-chair to the long window of the parlor, turned the blind a little, and sat there to watch for him; the cool sea-wind blew, and brought to me the expressive scent of white locust-blooms from a tree in the little turfed inclosure on either side of the door; I hate the scent of locusts to this day. Two hours, three, had passed, and he had said 'an hour,' but yet he did not come; every passer-by I thought was Xavier, and yet none of them were. Six struck from a near steeple, and one upon another distant clocks repeated the stroke. Mother called me to dinner, but I could not go; still the sea-wind blew, and the locust-flowers perfumed it. 'Seven!' and again seven, in blank repetition on those bells. I looked up and saw Dr. Bellanger.

"'Will you go to the Astor House, and to his room, and ask?' said I.

"'Yes, Alix, if you will promise me one thing; promise to sit here till I return, to stay quiet?'

"'I will,' said I; indeed nothing could have tempted me to move, to be away if Xavier should come. So he went, and the day passed into twilight, presently it became dark, dew fell, and a heavier sweetness flowed from the flowers without, and the garland that confined my vail withered with sickly odors, dropping here and there a faded petal, in awful portent, that my soul owned with a shudder. There was a gaslight directly opposite our door, so that I could see distinctly as in the day whoever passed under it, and I sat stone-like, watching, knowing that my mother went to and fro with perfumes and cordials, imploring me to take something lest I should faint, but I put them all away; I knew I should not faint; if I did, how could I see Xavier come? then more clocks struck, eight! nine! ten! they seemed to be in my brain, to send their brazen thrill through every vibrating nerve, and make sense and soul reel with an ominous clang, as if they were funeral bells, knelling the death of all time; the appalling, whirling dismay of eternity, and its inextricable cycles.

"'Eleven!' I heard such steps as once before I heard, Dr. Bellanger came. I saw him pause under the lamp, irresolute, but he came in and looked at me. I could not ask, I gasped.

"'He is not there, Alix!' said my faithful friend, 'he has not been at the Astor House, nor has any person gone from there to the California steamer, and, Alix, there is no trace of him at his room; three days ago the lodging-house keeper tells me his trunks were removed. Were they brought here?'

"Mother said they were not; nothing of Xavier's dress except his elaborate toilet for the day was there.

"'Now,' said I, 'Dr. Bellanger, go to the police; give them any thing.'

"So he went, and I resumed my watch. My mother slept on the sofa; and the night crept on like a long year, the city sounds died into sleep, even the roar of wheels ceased. One solemn half hour's hush fell like a prayer over all, even the footsteps passed no more—and then all began again. The ragged wretch who gathers food from the street, such as dogs and vermin spare; the earliest laborer plodding for bread even before dawn—these passed one by one, and then came the rising turmoil of life in full roar. Silence was over, and Dr. Bellanger came again. How pale he was! for there was no trace of Xavier. Did I dream? Should I, with one desperate struggle against this horrid semblance, awake, and find myself again in our little lodgings, or in my mother's house, or perhaps even in Xavier's arms? Alas, it was too real! Dr. Bellanger told me to take some wine he brought, and I obeyed like a child; then he said I must go up stairs, be warmly dressed, and lie down, for I was death-cold; but that I could not do without one more look. I threw open the shutters, and stepping out on the iron balcony, took a long survey of the street—the locust-scents smote me like a fever, and sickened my sense with their bitter sweetness till I felt as if a nightmare choked me with kisses—and Xavier was nowhere there!

"Afterward, long afterward, I heard there was a house in the avenue haunted by a murdered bride, who appeared in the gray dawn in her wedding garments, herself as white as they, wringing her hands at the window!

"Then I went up stairs. I had not been into my room before that day, but he had; for about the oval mirror of my dressing-table a white passion-flower, springing from a porcelain vase, wreathed its mystic, spiritual blooms, calm and sacred as the flowers of Heaven are; and upon the table itself lay a massive gold rosary and crucifix, that since I have ever worn, but on the back of the cross were graven only two names—'Alix Thuriot.'

"Marion, I had never prayed before that hour except with my lips; but now, disarrayed of the bridal mockeries I wore, and folded up in warmth and silence, I prayed myself asleep. Oh, could I only never have awaked! I need not tell you what such a waking is, and yet a loss like mine is perhaps in one thing harder than widowhood, for I could never quiet my sorrow with resignation, it was so fed on faint and pitiless hopes from day to day; and there

was in it another and exquisitely painful element—the ever-present, never-answered wonder why Xavier had left me so; for a thousand little things, one after another, came to light, proving that he had intended and planned this flight long, long before.

"Two years, lingering as years must be whose moments are noted one by one with anxious expectance, passed in this way, with no intelligence of my husband. Dr. Bellanger and my mother staid with me, and I was not alone; but ah! how lonely! I hid my bridal dress, the crushed vail, and withered garland in a chest, even as that happier bride hid herself, and was found—a skeleton! Ghastly and mournful as that symbol did they seem to me in the annual hour I permitted myself to look back upon their first and fresh estate, and mine!

"About the middle of the third year, Dr. Bellanger came to me one morning with a strange look of trouble in his kindly face. 'Alix,' said he, 'I have something to tell thee, my child.' In any emotion he remembered his French 'tutoyer,' and I knew from that he had been agitated; there was but one key to my thoughts.

"'You have heard of Xavier!' I exclaimed, trembling in every limb.

"'Nothing *from* him, but *of* him I have heard,' answered he.

"'Is he alive?' I said in a sort of hiss; it was so hard to speak it.

"'I do not know that; but what I have to tell thee is of time before, not since he left us,' said the doctor, 'and it is hard for thee.'

"So with a kindly meant caution and delay which I will not repeat, he proceeded to tell me that he had that morning met in the street the keeper of the lodging-house where Xavier roomed, who, remembering Dr. Bellanger's inquiries, and interested in the story, was coming to bring him a gold pencil that had been found in the room which was Xavier's in the course of some recent repairs. He said Mr. Henry had missed the pencil, and requested him to inquire for it of the servants; but it had never been found, till now it came to light where it had slipped down in a crack of the wood-work together with several other things lost there from time to time by different occupants apparently, but all useless waifs, except that above this pencil lay the cover of a letter. Dr. Bellanger handed me the pencil and the envelope when he had finished his story; the one was marked H. X. Thorne, the other directed first to the same name, except that the first initial was expanded into Harry, and then redirected to X. Henry. I stared at both a moment before I remembered; then the miner's letter came back to me fresh and distinct. 'Harry Thorne.' I had married—oh! worse, worse! I had loved—my brother's murderer!—deepest horror of all, I loved him still! Now all became clear; the mystical investment of my life dropped away, and I knew at once why Xavier had done what he did. He knew Francis well; he had nursed him through that sun-stroke which had so crazed him, and without doubt Francis had talked to him of us, of his own motives in gold-seeking, of our poverty and dependence on him; and in an agony of regret and remorse he had resolved to make at least this small atonement, to supply to us pecuniarily the loss he had caused. I did not think he meant to love me as he did; but I thought, too, he accepted that as another pang of penance for the past. Nor did I believe even then that he had ever meant to injure Francis; I knew him too well. How the affair had been brought on and so terminated, I could not know; but I am sure, perfectly sure, there was some evil or wrong that left Xavier blameless. Neither did it seem to me, as it might to many, that I should refuse to accept his aid, his atonement that he had so fully, so zealously wrought out. Could I let all this pain, and labor, and self-denial be poured upon the ground, and wring afresh the heart which, for all I knew, might be watching me afar off with passionate regret and unspeakable longing? Besides, I loved him!

"Another year went by. I had thought it best to keep this discovery a secret from my mother; and I had learned, at length, to find peace in the duties and offices of religion—in the charities to which a widowed and solitary woman could well devote her life and superfluous fortune—and a deeper peace in the prayers I offered daily and hourly for the husband I had lost, and the souls of my dead. It was now nearly four years after our marriage, when, one morning at breakfast, Dr. Bellanger received a note from the physician of the hospital, asking him to come down as soon as he could, and see a man, brought in the night before, who could scarcely live out another night, and insisted on seeing Dr. Bellanger. As soon as our meal was over he went, and in half an hour returned with a carriage, seeming much agitated, and told me I must dress and go with him, for the man, whose name was Essinger, had something to tell us both of Francis. I was ready almost instantly, and we drove to the hospital in silence; but such a sight as that man was I never saw before—I trust never to see again. Livid, death-smitten, bloody from the gnawed under-lip, bitten in mortal pangs; his hair all wild and tangled, his eyes full of fire and evil, I was almost afraid to come near him; and not even the face of a woman could restrain the oaths which he mingled with his story. But it was a story such as no oaths could obscure for me—the triumph of truth and reality over appalling circumstances and the judgment of men—even the self-conviction of one man, and that man Harry Thorne!

"I will not detail to you Essinger's story in his words, for my own has attained a weary length. It was, in effect, a confession. It seems that upon the voyage out Francis had given him mortal offense, and he had sworn revenge, but seeming to be friendly, had followed him to the diggings, and there won from him

at the gambling table almost all the proceeds of his labor, and then, finding he could not himself take his life without danger of retaliative Lynch law, he had taken advantage of my poor brother's paroxysms of derangement to enrage him against Harry Thorne, his best friend and faithful nurse, and made him challenge Harry, at the same time taking a fearful oath that he would shoot him in cold blood if he refused to fight—or so Essinger represented it when he carried the message.

"There was but one escape for Mr. Thorne—it was in charging Essinger, who offered himself as second, to load his pistol only with a light charge of powder, that he might go through the ceremony of combat with no evil results to Francis, whatever might be his own fate.

"This Essinger promised; but seizing the opportunity that might never recur, he broke his oath, loaded the pistol with ball, and when Thorne, discharging it, shot my brother through the heart, in an agony of despair and horror he hurled the pistol at Essinger, left the gulch that hour, and far away beyond the mountains achieved an immense fortune, and never set himself within the reach of Essinger's eyes again.

"What tortures of remorse he underwent in those two years no man may know; surely God must have accepted them for expiation of his unintentional sin. Essinger's story was taken down by a lawyer whom I sent for, sworn to, and signed as a deposition; for I would have no form omitted that might possibly be a matter of use or comfort to Xavier, should he ever return. For my mother's certainty, I made Essinger describe him, which he did with the utmost accuracy, adding that if he lived he must have a scar across the left cheek, where my brother's ball had scared him, just escaping a mortal effect. I knew that scar well, and remembered better how Xavier had always eluded any explanation of its cause, often as I had asked him.

"It was evident enough to every by-stander that day in the hospital that the wretched patient was dying, and I could not leave him unwarned and unconsoled to leap from his wretchedness and sin into the awe and horror of another world. I felt that it was but a fit exposition of my entire forgiveness that I should offer him the consolations of my religion. Alas! I could not but feel that my forgiveness was not purely Christian—that it was impelled in part by the tender, if unspoken, consciousness that but for him I should never have seen Xavier, and in that hour I could most profoundly feel

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.'

"For hours I prayed beside his bed, or read to him from books of devotion, till before he died he seemed, at least, quieted and soothed; and it was upon the crucifix—my husband's parting gift—that he breathed out his life with one long shudder, just as the twilight gathered mysterious and ghostly in the long halls and corridors of the hospital.

"I left Dr. Bellanger to make the necessary arrangements for his burial, and went home alone, but in strange peace—for now doubt and fear were gone, the inexpressible terror of uncertainty forever fled. I had a right to love my husband as fully, as proudly, as openly as I would. Mother, who had pined and lamented much over my anomalous position, was most pleased that it should be properly asserted. I, too, was not sorry that I could wear my husband's name. I had it blazoned upon the door, that he might, if at any time he should pass it, led by a longing that I measured by my own, discover a welcome and a reinstation waiting for him upon the very threshold. I had it added to the two names upon my crucifix, that I might pray with my lips upon the word. But, Marion, from that hour to this—for seven long gray years since he loved and left me—I have had no token of Xavier. Whether in some mad excitement of battle he has striven to forget—to die—or in some far-off country labors unremittingly for the same end, finding, as I well know, both efforts vain; or whether he is no more of earth, but watches me forever from his celestial heights with the patient passion of a spirit, I know not—perhaps shall never know—in time. But still I am waiting for him—still I am his wife; and I have it for my earthly strength and consolation, that even in the agony of prayer I can read upon the crucifix before me the name which here I write for you—my married name—my husband's!

"Alix Thuriot Thorne."

MY FORENOON WITH THE BABY.

SOME fiend breathed ill-timed and ill-fated benevolence into my heart. Satan is like scrofula, he always seizes a man by the weakest part of his constitution.

"I'll tell you, Aunt Fanny," I said, under the impulse, with the joyous smile of one who brings relief at a crisis, "go you to church with uncle and the boys. You must not lose this fine day. *I'll take care of the baby.*"

Aunt Fanny looked at me with some little doubt.

"Oh, yes," I said, with calm and confident dignity, "of course I can. Just as if a man of my size couldn't take care of a baby for three hours! Besides, I know exactly what to do. I've seen you do it more than a hundred times. And children always like me."

If my Aunt Fanny had had but this one only darling, she would have seen me in—Hackensack before she would have done it. But Sammy was her ninth (all the rest being, by various accidents, absent, or to be absent, that morning); and I have noticed that where there are so many, people don't think *quite* so much of them per head. What I mean is by no means that maternal love is like a dish of beans, to be divided about in smaller messes as there are more to partake of it, but only this—that the

experienced mother finds out that her little ones are really safer than she used to think they were, and can be trusted sometimes to competent guardians—like me.

"Well," said she, at last, "baby's a dood yitty ting (warn't oo, baby?), and if I put him to sleep before I go, perhaps he won't wake up until we get back. I'll try you, for once."

So my small cousin was nicely arrayed in some mysterious but clean white garments, the details of whose arrangement I did not see, as donated with (as they say about gifts to infant colleges; *ergo*, why not to infants, though the phrase be insufferable?) a bounteous repast of—from—by—in short, the maternal fount (I thank you, Mr. Micawber!), and soothed with gentle oscillation and oft-repeated chanting of that wondrous, ancient rhyme or magic song which commences with an allusion to our country's flag, to wit,

"By-lo baby *bunting*;"

and thus was the young immortal prosperously dismissed within the peaceful realms of Dreamland. Then my Aunt Fanny adorned herself with speed, and forthwith the old, lean, overworked farm-horse shambled off down the sunshiny summer road toward the church, two miles and more away. As she stepped over the threshold she looked back for an instant, and some shadows flitted indistinctly across her face. *Was it a presentiment?*

Human prosperity is a deceitful thing. I passed half an hour in profound quiet, reading by the open window, in the sweet summer air, in the leafy solitude of the remote farm, in a stillness so complete that the buzzing of a fly across the pane, or the motion or fall of one leaf from the tall trees in the darkly-shaded door-yard, was a noticeable event. I had been perusing a sermon from that stately work, "Theology Explained and Defended, in a Series of Sermons, by Timothy Dwight, S.T.D., LL.D." The grave, elaborate fancifulness of the old President's descriptions, their formal and sonorous periodicity of phrase, not without the recognizable decent sermonic idioms, bore an efficient analogy to the solemnity of the day; and I lingered long in pleasant imaginings over "thirdly" of the Remarks, Sermon XXII., On Man.

"They were companions of angels," saith the great New England Doctor, speaking of Adam and Eve in Paradise, "and shared their conversation, their friendship, and their joys. Alike were they free from pain, sickness, sorrow, and death; safe from fear and hatred, injustice and cruelty; and superior to meanness, sloth, intemperance, and pollution. They were also immortal; were destined to dwell in a perpetual Eden; were surrounded always by beauty, life, and fragrance; and were employed only in knowing, loving, and enjoying."

It was a pretty thought, that. I was in a sort of paradise, with a little angel for my companion; and as I gazed upon the sleeping child, I felt "no end" of benignity, universal friendship, and pure delight, in having attained to the honor of so lovely an office of superintendence.

"Yah!"

Thus remarked my darling Sammy, suddenly waking up and writhing about, and digging in a helpless, wavering manner at his eyes with his fists. At that very moment it occurred to me that really I had never had one minute's intercourse with him, and that possibly he might be an exception to the rule which I had laid down that all children liked me—in fact, he was.

I mentioned that some fiend had, doubtless, inspired me with my benevolence. As nearly as I can calculate, it was now that the said fiend did, in my opinion, leave me, and enter into that baby. As the above-mentioned suggestion about Sammy's exceptional disposition toward me arose in my mind, an expression of confusion appeared upon my face—I remember it accurately. This Sammy perceived as I arose, and, with what I fancied an unexceptionable demonstration of parental rapture, approached the cradle of my chubby and innocent companion angel.

"Ah, oo pooty yitty ting! Did he want to tum and see his tuzen? So he should!"

I appeal to every mother's heart; is not that a first-class blandishment? I can't print the affecting drawl that I put into it, the recitative style and *portamente di voce* with which I garnished it *secundum artem*. But as far as types will show it, I contend that the very mother of Moses, if you like, couldn't have turned out a more superior article of verbal endearment.

The baby listened with some complacency to my dulcet tones; and encouraged by my success, I thought it proper to communicate to him the peculiar circumstances which rendered me his guardian for the time. Thus, therefore, to him, I:

"Ha, pooty! Was oo muzzer an gone oo church? Es ee was! An lef oo wiz oo tuzen Freddy (my baptismal name is Frederic) all ee mornin? Ha-a-a-a, ketcher, ketcher, ketcher, ketcher, ketcher! Ha-a-a-a prrrrrrrr! Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle!"

Not being quite satisfied with the expression of Master Sammy's minute features during the first half of this address, I began somewhat to doubt my ability to communicate with him in language half baby and half English, and therefore I repeated my statement as above, in pure baby, as near as I can judge, pointing at him in a free and jovial manner during the words "Ha, ketcher," etc.; making a kind of swoop at him with outspread fingers during the remark, "Ha, prrr," etc.; and smiling very sweetly indeed at the word "jiggle."

As I said, in despite of the profound theory and masterly execution of this manœuvre, I did not perform it without a secret and embarrassing apprehension. The evil spirit in the child—for no mere human baby could have failed to respond to such affectionate approaches

—perceived this hidden misery of mine, and took instant advantage thereof; namely, by returning, not demonstrations of reciprocal affection, but what I may truly call *demon*-strations of anger, unmingled except with fear and aversion. While I spoke and stuck out my paws at him (for I will admit that my gestures may have been susceptible of that interpretation), Master Sammy preserved an ominous silence, a grave and attentive expression, and entire quiet—only opening his eyes and likewise his mouth. But no sooner had I ended, and made as though I would actually lift him from the cradle, than he looked hastily about after his mother. She not being forthcoming, a species of fearful contortion passed over his visage—his mouth opened to an extent unparalleled in my experience, occupying a space that left no room for the rest of his face, which was, therefore, shriveled or heaped up together in a little pile of wrinkles in the region of the bridge of the nose — no eyes whatever being visible, and only two little pink holes indicating the "smellatory organ," as Mrs. Baggles hath it—and from this preternatural orifice he discharged such a shriek as really hit me on the forehead and knocked me straight up again into a frightened perpendicular. It didn't stop either—it continued. I had no idea there was so much noise in any thing. This was evidently a diabolic energy. A child would have had to breathe, but this phenomenon didn't. Its whole being resolved itself into shriek. The mere fat human baby of a moment before was transmuted into a sorcerer's thing—a kind of live Teraph; a mere Institution for the Promotion of Awful Noises.

I think I stood, astounded and incapable of action, for a minute. And really, now that I am retrospecting the thing, in what a fix was I! Well-meaning, but absurdly ignorant young bachelor that I was, how was I calculated, either by nature or art, for assuaging the dire alarms of an unweaned child—much more for dealing with such an instance of precocious demoniac possession as this? *Conjuro te* would not tell on a baby, nor *By-lo baby bunting* on an imp.

All that, however, I had no leisure to consider; and Quintus Curtius did not show more nerve and hardihood in riding into that crack in the ground of the Roman Forum than I did in stoutly bending me to the task of quieting Sammy. I may safely say, that in the wild and fearful struggle which followed, all the resources of an active mind, a vigorous and healthy body (masculine), and an excellent disposition, were nobly devoted to the work, and if I failed, it was in an attempt beyond the powers of any mere man.

I picked Sammy up, in the first place, and carried him to the window, jumbling him up and down as I went, and aiming to divert his mind by action and by speech.

"Poor itty fella! Was ee tired seepin in his tadle? Did ee want to tum and see old cock-a-doodle-doo and all ee old biddy hens? Da, see um! Urk, urk, u-r-r-r-k, a-chackle, chackle, chackle. Ducky go quack, quack! (Shriek continued; nurse tries other class of impressions, and jumps him vigorously up and down, accompanied with a noise similar to the following.) Ha ti deedle deedle deedle dum dum dum tiddy I, tiddy I, widdlety widdlety widdlety widdlety quee quee quee quee, poor ittle fella, ha ha ha!"

"Full well I laughed, with counterfeited glee,"

hoping that a genial sympathy might create a smile upon the "open countenance" of Sammy. Vain hope! All my jumbling only served to modify that surprising and steady yell by introducing a kind of pulsation or measured emphasis into it. My words might as well have been uttered to a drunken Sixth Warder in a row at the polls; and my hollow merriment, although its merits as an imitation did in fact make the baby stop a moment, catch breath, and look up at me, did no more. His face curled up again, and out came the yell.

I had observed, upon lifting Sammy from the cradle, that he seemed to stiffen himself in a somewhat writhen attitude, as if to resist my purpose. He now began to squirm and wriggle in a rather alarming manner, so that I fancied he might be about to indulge in the pleasing diversion of a fit. All at once I reflected that he must be hungry; and that very possibly both screeching and squirming might be referred to that cause. I accordingly placed the little one, still indefatigably howling in a manner that would have exhausted a Mohawk warchief in three minutes, in his cradle, raked some live coals out from the buried kitchen fire, warmed some (cow's) milk in an old tin cup, watered it and sugared it according to the regulations in such case made and provided, put it in the "suck-bottle"—as I believe it is called—took a small precautionary pull at the preparation myself, found it a perfect nectar for lukewarmness, washiness, and sweetness, and proceeded to invite Master Sammy to partake, so to speak, of the festive bowl.

Lying yelling on his back, with eyes close shut and mouth wide open, he heeded not the approach of the seductive viand. I half lifted him up, but he wouldn't look. I jerked some drops into his mouth, as they "job" peppered vinegar or tomato catsup through a quill in the cruet-cork at eating-houses; but he appeared not to perceive it. I cautiously inserted the bottle into his mouth, until the tip of the sucking thing, whatever they call it, fairly poked open his epiglottis. He only gagged, writhed, and yelled on. Evidently he was not hungry; I put away the bottle.

The business grew dreadful; Sammy began to turn purple, and I to feel blue; but still he continued that wonderful and ear-torturing cry. I looked about me in forlorn and hopeless perplexity. There was a rattle—one of these coral things with half a dozen minute pewter sleigh-bells on it—and a penny whistle; I shook the

former and blew the latter, in an industrious but rather imbecile way, near Sammy's phiz. I might as well have used the same means to scare a lioness robbed of her whelps, or a New York city alderman nosing out a job. I lifted the infant, who stiffened himself again at my touch almost into a stony arc, and shivered as a dying fish will sometimes do in the captor's hand, and with a feeble effort to preserve further the benignity and universal friendship which I had flourished so largely, and which I felt momentarily growing thinner and thinner, I sang to the child the inevitable "By-lo baby bunting," and then "Now I lay me," also the affecting ballad of The Three Little Kittens, and as my stock of strictly juvenile literature gave out at this point, I proceeded with "Rise my soul," and one or two other hymns. These efforts were all in vain; I felt as sheepish as if I had been caught trying to sing a tornado to sleep; and my voice died away as I tried once more to raise the square-built strains of old Amsterdam, like those of "the monk, her son, and her daughter, the nun," around the coffin of the wicked old woman of Berkeley, "in a quaver of consternation."

It was at this point that my long-tried patience utterly failed; and with a sudden revulsion of wrath, I felt myself, mentally speaking, slung round into a position of absolute opposition to this terrific child; of positive anger and spite, not entirely unmingled with fear. I perfectly recollect that precisely as I was feeling myself carried away by this impulse, Sammy, who lay in a stiffish attitude, with his head well back over one arm, opened his eyes a moment. As I am a living man, the pestilent infant WINKED HIS LEFT EYE AT ME! Never tell me there wasn't a devil in that baby!

Well; it occurred to me in this new frame of mind, that possibly I might intimidate the child, or simply out-yell and overwhelm it by sheer superiority of vociferation. So I held him up by both arms on my knee, looked right down his little, ugly, red throat, and gave him "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," in a style that would have electrified the whole British navy. It didn't discourage him at all. I tried the Pirate's Glee, containing some fearful chromatic whining, which I made the most of; but to no end. Then I degenerated, I am afraid, into mere mindless, ignoble spitefulness; and opening my mouth again I spent from ten to fifteen minutes in a series of the most hideous, complicated, and disgusting yells that probably it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, until my throat felt as if I had had a peck of teazles poked into my lungs and then pulled out again. Great Cæsar's ghost! what a baby! He never flinched, nor "bated a jot of heart or hope;" he yelled away as peacefully as if nothing had happened.

But as for me, this finished me. I fancied that, under these frightful discouragements, my intellect was beginning slightly to waver. King Herod came into my mind. I thought of the great bed of live coals in the old-fashioned kitchen fire-place. Not altogether free from uneasiness as to what I might be left to do, I put Sammy into his cradle, and shut the kitchen door. Then I walked up and down the room a while, casting looks full of sneers, fury, and contempt at the unterrified and still shrieking child. Then I stationed myself at the foot of the cradle, and delivered a long and savage invective at Sammy, as Cicero used to at his enemies—when they were out of the way—shaking my fist at him, stringing reproachful epithets together by the score, and attributing to the little wretch an early and mature degradation of character that would have satisfied the toughest of the old New England Predestinarian Calvinists.

But I quickly grew ashamed of this. Dignified indifference, I remembered, would suit me better. Besides, I recollected having heard that letting babies alone would stop their crying when every thing else failed. I think it would—when they had yelled themselves to death. So I erected a sort of little fortification in the middle of the floor, of pillows and blankets, ensconced Sammy within it, stuck his rattle in his hand, took my "Dwight's Theology," and sat down again by the window to read. The first passage upon which my eye fell was within a page of that which I had been reading when these horrors began; and, like it, it seemed to bear an indistinct but decided relation to my case. It was this:

"To escape from our present melancholy, stormy, bloody world, to such a state, would be to quit, for a palace of splendor and delight, the gloom of a vault, hung round with midnight, and peopled with corpses; a bedlam, where the eye of frenzy flashed, the tongue vibrated with malice, and chains clanked, in dreadful concert, to rage and blasphemy; a dungeon, haunted with crimes, teeming with curses, filled with fiends in the human shape, and opening its doors only to the gibbet and the grave."

"Aha, my boy!" I involuntarily exclaimed to Sammy. "Fiends in human shape, eh? How'll you like *that* place?" And I shook my fist at him. He paid no regard either to my remark or my fist.

I read on; but perplexed, wearied, and excited as I was, and with that wild alarm ever sounding in my ears, the forms upon the printed page made no impression upon my sensorium, and I turned over leaf after leaf in utter ignorance of what I read.

I had no perception of the duration of time. For what I know, Sammy squalled there a week. Once, with a grim smile, I started up, and emptied about half the milk out of the bottle, that I might permit it to be supposed he had fed to that extent. I had also mind enough left to shape a scheme of equivocation wherewith to elude the necessity of confessing the facts of the morning to my respected aunt. Otherwise, the period which supervened is a miserable blank in my recollection—nothing more, except a yell.

It was at some time in the distant future—as regards my reading of that ominous delineation of the abodes of the wicked—that the sudden noise of stamping feet, rattling wheels, and mingled voices smote upon my ear, and awakened me from a kind of awful stupor. Before I had composed my countenance my Aunt Fanny entered the room, glanced at her vociferous progeny, and bent a keen and suspicious look upon me. I fairly cowered before her—an abject thing—as miserable as if I had been taken in the act of stealing sheep from my best friend. I know my face was flushed; I know I had a hang-dog look; and I felt, to use a certain figurative expression, "like a boiled owl."

"Well, Fred," said she, in her sharp, decisive, incisive voice, "how did you get along?"

"Well," I said, feebly, "pretty well, on the whole. He cried some latterly. But, on the whole, I think he enjoyed himself."

Did I lie? I don't care much if I did. But I think he did enjoy himself.

As the people came trooping in, Sammy was apparently diverted by the noise, and "ceased firing." That is, his devil went out of him, because there was no further chance to torment me. He was very soon in the enjoyment of his stated means of support, and seemed to appreciate them fully.

"Rather hungry," said my Aunt Fanny, when he had been dining strenuously for about half an hour, and looking queerly at me.

"I'm sure," I answered, "I gave him quite a lot of milk. It's half gone, at least."

No lie *there*. I *did* give him quite a lot—quite a *small* lot. But I have always labored under the impression that my Aunt Fanny suspected that the proceedings had been a little irregular that morning. I let her think so. I didn't care to press the subject much.

I've speculated often upon the causes of that failure of mine, for it was a failure. I did every thing right; why— But I invariably fall back upon my theory of demoniacal possession. No other solution is possible.

I've formed some few conclusions upon this subject.

I don't think children like me much.

I think that the Fall of Man consisted in the becoming liable to be born, and to struggle up to maturity through the horrors of infancy. In the paradisiacal state we should all have merely come into existence, at eighteen for women and twenty for men, together with a good common school education.

I often ask, with Dr. Franklin, "What's the use of a baby?" He gave no answer; I do. A baby is providentially provided as an "awful example" for the warning of maids and bachelors, as terrific consequences universally follow great follies. It is the delirium tremens of matrimony. If you don't want to have it, let the causes alone.

Mother Ann Lee is your only true prophet. I intend to join the Shakers. I have already secured a broad-brimmed hat, and a coat of butternut brown. I can naturally sing through my nose and shake my paws about.

THREE PICTURES.

AFTER THE MANNER OF FEROGIO.

THREE girls, half-draped, stood by the sedgy bank,
Where, mocking with low laugh the noonday sun,
A cool stream flowed. Their robes of whitest linen,
Swept round their limbs, in large, uncertain folds,
Scarce knowing which, of all the varied charms,
From the bold day to vail; but 'wildered clung,
Betraying all the more what they would hide.
One dark-eyed maid, in whose voluptuous form
A passionate strength was glossed with gentle curves,
Leaned on a rock, and drooped her languid hand
Into the waves that rippled in blue rings,
As round a floating lily. Her deep eyes,
Moist with the dews of maiden longings, gazed
Down the still stream, peopling, mayhap, its depths
With gorgeous dreams, and visionary shapes
Of sensual beauty. Her half-parted lips,
Scarlet and wet as some red Orient fruit
To its core cleft, seemed oping to the sun—
Rich fruit of Love that burst in ripest hour!
Tossed in the wind, her black and chainless curls
Waved, like a pirate's flag, from her proud head
Defiance to the world! Stooping she stood,

With limbs half-quivering in convulsive grace,
Head drooping forward, with an unborn kiss
Fluttering upon her lips, and long, white arms
That, from sheer wantonness, twined round each other!
The hot wind, gusty with its mad desire,
Snatched at her robe; the while she did not strive
To gain it back, but stood, with heaving breast,
Proud in the knowledge of her beauty. She
Seemed a born Queen of Love. Her glowing form
Was but her soul in flesh; a reckless maid,
Whose very life was love, but whom much love
Could kill, or unrequited love might make
A murderess!

A blonde the second was.
Her simple robe drooped heavily around
The form that shone beneath. She leaned against
A rough-hewn wall, until her flexile shape
Seemed with its own weight bending. Sweet blue eyes,
O'erhung with carved white eaves of heavy lids,
As hangs the snow-ledge o'er calm Alpine lakes.
From head to foot the eye was led along
In curves of beauty rich and rythmical.
Unfilleted her head, and down her neck
Streamed the rich river of her golden hair
That on her shoulders broke, and, foaming, fell
Into her bosom's valley. One pink hand,
Like to some brooch from pale cornelian carved,
Clasped her thin robe o'er her rebellious bust,
That would be free. The other listless hung,
Curled like a sleeping blossom, while her feet,
White as the daisies that they crushed, were seen
Budding beneath her robe, as if too timid
To show themselves full-blown by day. A flush
Faint as the earliest dawn was on her cheek.
Along the rugged wall she leaned against,
The rambling eglantine came clambering, and pressed
Its starry blooms close to her face, and brushed
The vermeil down with countless honeyed kisses.
Above her head, between her and the sun
A maple spread its golden canopy;
And at her feet a throng of purple flowers,
That, night and day, gave all their looks to Heaven,
Now turned on her their young adoring eyes.
What charm was in the maid! An atmosphere
Of pleasure seemed around her, and a glow
Soft as the summer's breathed about her limbs,
Warming the air, as if young Love were near
Waving his ardent pinions! Soft and frail,
And with a beautiful humility,
She, drooping, seemed to ask from out those eyes,
Deep with unfathomable tenderness,
Something to love and cling to. She was one
Who craved, and not demanded to be loved.
With such a woman clinging to one's heart
Sorrow were sweet; 'twould be such great delight
To watch her calm assumption of one's griefs,
As if they were her birth-right. None like her

To suck the poisoned wound of circumstance,
Or soothe life's fever. Such this nameless maid
Seemed in her beauty; slender-shaped and frail,
But grand in her capacity for love!

Brown-skinned and glossy as a Spanish nut,
Lazy and warm, and with rich Southern blood
Mantling her full cheeks with a crimson dusk,
Like the last glow of sunset when the eve
Hath half o'ercast it, such the third fair maid.
Each round limb, heavy with an indolent grace,
Seemed made for repose. Of chestnut brown, her hair
Swept in rich, sleepy tresses round her head,
Which, as the wind did stir them, seemed to be
Silk curtains darkening round her dreaming eyes.
Through the arched portals of her parted mouth
Low, broken murmurs came, and went and came,
Like talk of sleepers. Gently-waving boughs
Made a green twilight o'er her as she sate
Swung in a cradle of lithe willow wands
Together woven, while a few bronzed leaves
Fluttered anear, and fanned the sluggish airs
Into faint breezes. Thus serenely passed
This maiden's being noiselessly along.
The basking earth, the hot, unwinking sun
Shone through a haze, and so all brightest things
Were softened in her eyes. Her very love
Was lazy and subdued as tropic noons
In matted palm-groves, where the heavy breath
Of orchids, like invisible incense, steals,
Drowsing the gloom. Indolence beautiful!
Slumber incarnate!

Through the parting boughs
A poet, listing to the singing reeds,
Saw these fair women, and insensibly
His fingers stole along his trembling harp,
And thus he hymned:

"Oh! virgins, pure and fair!
Beautiful Trinity! Like a music chord,
In which three harmonies are blent in one,
Ye strike upon my soul. Oh! thou dark maid!
Ideal of a Southern rhyme of love,
In which fierce pulses of a glowing breast
Beat the quick time, and broken trills of passion
Intoxicate the brain, and whirl the soul
Into mad revels—gazing on thy form,
I seem to hear the clink of castanets;
And lo! emerging from the far-off gloom,
Floating with sylph-like grace, but human step,
Until the air thou cleavest turns to fire,
Com'st thou! White, long, and undulating limbs;
Round bosom, heaving to the eloquent strain,
And arms that weave a white arch o'er thy head,
Beneath which thou dost float triumphally!
While in thy deep-brown eyes a half-vailed light
Burns with a rising lustre! Memories

Like these, in which the glories of the South,
Its songs, its dances, and its peerless maids
Are ever intermingled, thou dost call
From my soul's secret shades. And thou, fair girl!
Whose golden hair and azure eyes are bright
As Freya's when she wandered through the halls
Of lofty Asgard—like some Northern song,
In which love calmly floats, thou dost steal in
With no wild impulse, but with gentle tones,
Twining thy slender chains around the heart,
Unnoted till thou hast clasped them there forever!
Thou, lotus-bosomed! Houri from the East!
Fashioned in mould of Oriental grace;
Sunned into ripeness by the virgin light
That on thy land first breaks, and taught that Life
Is one long stream on which, from night till morn,
Thou may'st float calmly, gazing at the stars,
Inhaling spicy breaths, and trailing oft
Thy small hand through the waves—thy beauty mingles
With the two other harmonies, and makes
One glorious chord of beauty, on my soul
Striking divinest unison! For thus
Hath God ordained it; to the poet's eye
All beauty is alike, and ye, I swear,
Are beautiful as eve and noon and dawn
Shining together on the wondering earth!"

MY BROTHER TOM.

HE was a splendid fellow—my brother Tom. Two-and-twenty upon his last birthday, stood five feet eleven inches in his boots, trim patent leathers, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds—not the patent leathers, but Tom himself—in full costume. *I* had never worn patent leathers, though something over twenty. It sufficed for me to see Tom in them. I could never aspire to any thing which he graced so well. He was my ideal of a fine fellow. I had read of heroes in romances, elegant and brilliant Adonii—that's a better plural than Adonises—in novels; and heard marvels of the handsome, fascinating, irresistible gallants of New York society. Yes; the fame of Fifth Avenue and its exquisites had been murmured amidst undulating emotions of wonder, doubt, admiration and hesitation—the latter tinged by jealousy, perhaps, in our quiet country town of ——, in —— County. State pride relieved us. The city of New York was in the State of New York, and we could yield at least a tacit consent to some excellences there—though we were, of course, aware that it confessed notorieties of a questionable repute, and others by no means equivocal, which we heartily eschewed. But whatever its excellences might be, I was quite sure it could not boast a more superb specimen of *le jeune homme* than my brother Tom. I would have bet—had I been a betting man, as Tom was, sometimes—upon our house, for a specimen of that genus, against all Fifth Avenue. Shall I expatiate upon form and feature? Shall I dilate upon his large dark eyes? Talk to him of a fine girl, and they would dilate of themselves. May I hint the rare promise of his luxuriant beard, and the curving outline of his ambitious mustache? I will not trust myself, for you have lady readers, Mr. Publisher, and I would not wantonly trifle with their feelings. One of our rural belles at a party at our house, at about the time I speak of, only remarked to my sister what a handsome fellow Tom was; and in two days afterward exhibited high fever and delirium! She affected to have taken cold on her way home; and while she was in the delirium the doctor forbade all access to her. But I have no doubt she raved of Tom; for they married her off within a month after she got well to a young fellow who professed to have been in love with her for two or three years, and to whom it was said she was devoted. But I understand such manœuvres. One thing I may say in her favor—she has made an excellent wife, so far; a fact from which I infer that she is gradually becoming resigned to the loss of Tom. I hinted all this to Tom himself; but he assured me that he had "never thought of it"—"shouldn't wonder, though." I should think not, indeed!

When Tom was eighteen he had visited New York—spent a month there. Of course he was not then at all to be compared to what he was at twenty-two. But even then I admired him. Nor I alone. Upon his return he confided to me the most momentous affair in his life—the fact that a young lady had fallen frightfully in

love with him. "Frightfully" was the very word he used, I believe. He always contemplated returning to New York out of compassion to that young lady, if it were only to let her see him once again before she died. He thought it was likely she would fall into consumption during that year, and die in the next spring. I fully believed it. He was never sent for, however, and we concluded that she had quietly perished, and "never told her love." I always suspected that Tom was a little overcome by that girl himself; for during that supposititious fatal spring, Tom was affected with "spring fever," and I thought from sympathy with the case in New York. He got well, however; and, as I said before, had survived his twenty-second birthday.

Father came in one evening, and brought his newspapers and a letter from New York—nothing unusual, as his brother and other relations of ours were in business there. On reading the letter he looked up and smiled.

"Here will be a fine chance for your gallantry, boys; a couple of New York belles are coming down to practice upon you."

"How, father! Who?" exclaimed Tom, suddenly pausing in the midst of a fantasia on his German flute, which he played to perfection, I thought; though envy, I heard, had muttered detraction through the lips of a little darkey in the village, who, it must be confessed, was an absolute Julien upon the Jews-harp. But it does not follow, I suppose, that he could discuss critically Tom's tune and time upon a six-keyed flute.

"Who are they, father?" repeated Tom.

"Your cousin Jane and her particular friend, Miss Adela Frome."

Tom started as if a mosquito had bitten him. And I—I—sunk quietly back in my chair with an easily suppressed feeling of astonishment, relieved by the assurance that Tom's irresistibility had not been fatal in the New York case.

"Adela Frome!" said Tom.

"Yes," returned my father; "do you know her?"

"Well—yes; I saw her, you know, when I was in New York."

"O yes," said my sister, "Adela is the young lady who so much affected Tom—"

"I beg your pardon, Grace," said Tom; "but if there was any sentiment between us—"

"Fie, Tom!" interrupted my mother, "you would not be so ungallant as to insinuate that it was all on the young lady's side."

"Not by any means, mother. I was never made sensible of any attachment in the case, either way." Tom flung it off with cool indifference.

I looked incredulous, and merely remarked, "We shall see."

That night, before we went to bed, Tom renewed his confidence with me on the New York affair. He said, with vast emphasis, that it was impossible for him to describe or for me to understand the thrilling emotion with which he had heard the name of Adela Frome, even from such unsympathizing and matter-of-fact lips as our father's. He was not aware before how indelibly her form and face and name had been impressed upon his heart. A moment's reflection, he said, had suggested to him the possibility of losing her—or rather, he hinted, the terrible thought that Gus Webster might endeavor to thwart his love, and become a competitor for the fair Adela's hand. If he did, he insisted upon it that Gus should meet him in the field and give him the satisfaction of a gentleman. He began to cast about for a friend—a second; concluded, happily for me, that it would not do to call upon a brother; and at last postponed the farther consideration of the subject indefinitely.

Who was Gus Webster? Why, he was a sort of a splendid fellow of our village as well as Tom, but did not seem to know how to make the most of himself, as a man ought to do. He was about the age of Tom, and almost as handsome—I have heard that some of the girls thought him quite so. But there is no accounting for feminine tastes. I liked Gus very well; and father had even said that he wished Tom was more like him. He certainly did not mean in person—I could not detect any other superiority, and would not, I suppose, if I could.

Tom's confidence went further. He insisted upon becoming Adela's lover the moment she set foot in ——. He would declare himself at an early opportunity, and in good time make her his wife. So it was quite settled in my mind that Adela Frome was to become Mrs. Wells, and my sister. And I went to sleep and dreamed of nephews and nieces by the score, and of the presents that I, in my respectable bachelorhood, should make them, when I paid them a visit and dandled them on my knee.

One evening in the ensuing week Tom had returned with the light family carriage from the railroad station, and had drawn up in the little recess before the house. I was feigning a little business below a small shrubbery on the line of the road, whence I could see the occupants of the carriage dismount without being myself observed. Tom threw the reins upon the horse's back and leaped down himself. As he did so the shaft broke, the splintered end flew up, cut the horse's leg, and he started. At a bound he was off, but half a dozen leaps brought him on a level with my position. Springing into the road I caught the bearing rein, and with a sharp jerk on his bit checked his pace, and in a moment he was firmly in my hand, though trembling in every fibre of his body. Tom had run up and received Cousin Jane as she leaped out on one side, while Adela, springing out upon the other, gave me a look of touching gratitude, and hastened round the rear of the carriage to the relief of Jane, who had fainted in Tom's arms.

We passed a very pleasant evening. Jane was full of animation, and overwhelmed me with acknowledgments of the brave exploit

which had saved their lives. I had to put a stop to her gratitude by vowing that, if she burdened me any further, I would never do it again. Adela had simply remarked that she owed me a debt it was doubtful if she could ever requite; and then, with unfeigned concern, asked if the horse had been hurt. For the rest, Tom monopolized her. He had scarcely eyes or ears for any one else. And no wonder. She was very beautiful. Jane was a pleasant, lively, piquant, and intelligent girl. I was quite interested in her gay and spirited sketches of New York, and the various social phases in which she presented it to my imagination. Occasionally her enthusiasm commanded the attention of Tom and Adela, and then, as opportunity invited her, the latter would throw in a casual remark, which imparted a higher zest and happier, pleasanter, if more sedate an aspect to the scene. There was a marked contrast in the habits, tastes, and dispositions of the two girls, yet I soon discovered that they were inseparable friends.

We were chatting away gayly, though for my part I did but little of it, when father came in and introduced Mr. Augustus Webster. Tom's courtesy never failed him. He received our young friend with all outward cordiality, but I soon observed that he was determined to contest every inch of his approach to closer intimacy with Adela. Tom could always be engaging with the ladies, and he seemed to be in excellent winning condition with Adela by his side. It was soon apparent that Mr. Webster was content with the position assigned to him—a seat on the other side of Jane. And was it to my chagrin at all that I shortly discovered in him a formidable rival for Jane's attentions? Perhaps not. She certainly found him a more congenial and delighted companion than me, and I became only second in the scope of her remarks. And so I was relieved. Relieved for what? To more freedom of the eye and ear—to gaze upon the loveliest being that had ever, I imagined, entranced mortal vision, and to listen to the sweetest voice that had ever ravished the ear. And these were blended in that wonder of a new creation, as she seemed to me, the gentle Adela Frome.

And there by her side, pouring witchery into her ear, sat my handsome, my irresistible brother Tom. He was winning her, body and soul. Like a bird within the gorgeous fascination of a snake sat that helpless victim of my rural exquisite. She scarcely dared to raise her eyes even to his, and when she did, they seemed to glance with furtive entreaty occasionally to mine, as if to implore a rescue from the too handsome and remorseless ensnarer of her young heart. An appeal to me! I, who dared not dream of the wealth of happiness in which Tom was reveling with extravagant delight. How could he possibly talk to her as he did? What magic did he possess by which to preserve the cool, imperturbable ease of heart, and mind, and tongue, while, as I very well knew, he was her most devoted slave? Oh! how I longed for so much of that precious jewel, confidence—I was about to say impudence—as would enable me only to approach and share with Tom a tithe of that sweet converse which was all his own. And I could not. And—I tremble as I confess it—a twinge of something, like the first turn of a screw applied to the poor wretch upon the rack, thrilled about the fibres of my heart, and contracted the muscles of my chest. There was a momentary sense of suffocation, and an almost audible whisper in my inner ear syllabled that horrible word, JEALOUSY!

Jealousy—and of my brother Tom! I knew then my fate. I saw it palpably before me. There was nothing for me but flight, and that without a pause. For the first time in my life my home had suffered an abatement of its sacred influence. *My* home! no, it was no longer home to me. Nothing less than "the wide, wide world" could now and henceforth be a home to me.

Tom came into our room that night—we had always slept in the same room—

"Fred, my dear Fred, is she not beautiful? I could not have believed it. She was a lovely little witch when I saw her four years ago, but now she is positively enchanting!"

"A little witch!" it was sacrilege to talk so. I did not say it—merely thought it.

"Did you observe how completely I was captivated by her—most hopelessly enamored?"

"I did not observe *that*," I said; "but I thought she was—fasci— that is, delight— I may say, at least, *very much pleased* with you." The fact is, I hesitated at too strong an expression; a thing I had never done about my brother Tom before. And that hesitation—I really felt as if it were verging on fratricide. And it was a sort of a lie, too; for I knew that she was "frightfully" in love with him, and would certainly perish if she lost him.

"Pleased, was she?" He took it calmly enough. Honest fellow, he even attributed that to my partiality. "Ah! Fred, you flatter me, I fear. But I really think she was a little pleased, or something of the sort. At all events, she did not look at Gus twice after he was seated. She only looked occasionally at you, and so that's all right."

"At *me*," I said, hastily, disclaiming such a fancy. "At *me*, Tom! Well that is a pleasantry. Why she does not know that there is such a fellow as I in existence."

"Oh! does she not? You would think otherwise if you had heard how she spoke of the cool intrepidity with which you risked your life for hers; and of the easy, unassuming grace with which you—"

"Tom, no more of that—no more," I said, almost passionately, for my blood began to leap along my veins with unnatural alacrity.

"'Pon my word, Fred, I would give something handsome to have that affair of the carriage for a basis to go upon—a *point d'appui* from which to assail her heart. Why, she referred

to it half a dozen times, and looked toward you with the most—sisterly sort of affection. I am sure she will always esteem you as the best of brothers."

"Sisterly affection!" "The best of brothers!" What pleasant phrases in their proper association! What hideous, hateful thoughts and fancies they conjured up within my brain! No, no, I could not bear it. Fly, I must. Fly? and wherefore? No, I will perish here. Life were a worthless thing without her. I will die, if I must, at the very altar side. And so I determined to give to the heartless world one proof, at least, of that love which knows no alternative but death!

A month had passed, and the two fair enslavers of three aspiring youths still tarried at my father's house. I felt my doom, as it were, under the relentless hand of some invisible power, gradually, but surely, closing upon me. Tom and Adela were companions in the morning walk and the afternoon drive. Webster and Jane were similarly associated, as I saw, and believed was the necessary consequence of Tom's devotion to the charming Adela. Half a dozen times, perhaps, Tom had confided to me the special charge of his beloved, assured that she was safe from his dreaded rival while in my hands. And Webster, as if conscious of the trust thus devolved upon me, never obtruded upon us, or seemed disposed to abate his attentions to Jane; although I felt that he was suffering an intense privation. For me—ah! those were seasons of paradisiacal delight. Yet I discovered that Adela was less free and familiar with me than with Tom. At times, she even seemed embarrassed; and again, there was a tenderness in her tone that thrilled my spirit with an agony of joy. We could readily find congenial themes of conversation, and I soon felt that she was well informed upon the most interesting subjects. Easily rising above commonplace remark, we engaged each other in pleasant discussion of the literary world; and she glided amidst the beauties and graces of letters and art with the ease and familiarity of a Flora in a conservatory of the choicest flowers. Upon one theme she was always reserved, and that was, my praises of my brother Tom. She would calmly assent to some general appreciation of him, and then adroitly change the subject. And I—oh! the guilt that was in my heart—would as adroitly thrust him before us, I verily believe only to test the spirit with which she put him aside. Alas! It wrung my heart with the conviction that the delicacy of her love only insisted upon holding the lover as a forbidden subject of remark.

One evening Tom had driven to the station to receive some parcels for the house, and we walked in the sunset by the roadside a mile or two to meet him. Webster and Jane were some distance in advance of Adela and myself. By some inexplicable process of remark, we had trespassed upon the mystery of love. We were discussing the contrasts and durability of attachments as presented in fiction and experienced in fact. At that moment Tom drove up, and pausing for Webster and Jane, they stepped into the carriage. A few paces and we came up. I was about—or rather designing—to hand Adela to a seat by the side of Tom, and return alone, when Adela, playfully, but with the decision she could exercise at will, said, waving her hand to Tom,

"Go on; we'll follow and enjoy the evening air. Mr. Frederick and myself are debating a very interesting topic—one which will entertain us on the way. I am sure he will forego the ride, and consent to accompany me," with an inquiring look.

I don't know what or how I replied, but muttered something about Tom, who would prefer to walk, perhaps, and I could drive the carriage home. Tom, however, thought it best to conform to Adela's suggestion; and to my surprise, and I confess my inexpressible delight, I saw the carriage presently moving off homeward, and myself alone with Adela. I can not tell what expression was in my face as I turned to look a moment upon hers, but hers was radiant with beauty. The archness which it seemed to have involuntarily assumed as she disposed of Tom and the carriage was utterly gone, and superseded by a suffused tenderness which pervaded every feature. Her eyes were brimming with moisture, and a tide of crimson flushed for a moment her cheek and brow, and then gently receded, as if to hide within the betrayal of some secret emotion. I felt that there had been an instant self-accusation, and in that instant I cherished to my heart the first developed hope, and nurtured the first aspiration of my delirious love.

Our subject was resumed, but how I have forgotten. I know that the theme somehow kindled into a mutual glow the tongues, the hearts, the lips that feasted on it. I know that it was full two hours before we reached home; and I know that, under a spreading apple-tree in the orchard, which we chose to cross in our way to the house, our discussion ended in a heart-warm, tender, mutual embrace. There was a flutter of her white dress in the moonlight, and she disappeared by a side-door, which admitted her, unperceived, to her own apartment.

I stood fascinated. The dew of her lip was yet upon my own, when I heard the voice of my brother Tom. I dared not answer, for I felt an audible voice whispering mischievously about my heart, "There, go tell your brother Tom of that!"

He approached me.

"What! moon-struck, Fred?" He never suspected, poor fellow! "Where's Adela?"

I replied that she had gone into the house as soon as we returned.

"Oh! you have been back some time, then? I wondered what had become of you."

I did not answer.

"Fred," said Tom, passing his arm through mine, "I have concluded to propose to Adela

to-morrow. I don't know, but I am half inclined to think that Gus intends to do so very shortly; I must be beforehand with him. To tell you the truth, I have several times determined to do so; but though, as you see, she loves me to distraction, yet there is a—a sort of something which rather repels me whenever I approach the matter."

Oh! what a wretch was I to walk by his side calm as the evening around us, and happy as a prince. Indeed, I would have exchanged the rare and treasured joy of my heart for no principality in Christendom.

It was noon on the following day, as I sat in the library, that Tom entered hastily, and threw his hat into one chair, his body into another, and his patent leathers, with his heels in them, into a third. Thrusting his hands through his luxuriant hair, he turned upon me.

"Fred, by all the—" (saints, he should have said) "she has rejected me—*me*, Fred, ME!"

I looked up, and, like Oliver Twist, I suppose my look must have asked for more.

"It's all a flam, I am sure. I pressed her for an objection—a single objection; my person, habits, condition, expectations—all right there, my boy. She hinted, as I understood her—though it was very delicately done—that her heart was not entirely at her own disposal. I might almost have inferred from what she said that she loved another; but I don't believe any thing of that sort, you know, Fred."

"Has she ever given you reason to believe that she entertained any other sentiment than that of friendship toward you?" I asked.

"Never till to-day, Fred."

"To-day?" I said, a little nervously.

"Yes, to-day. I'll explain. I saw her enter the drawing-room this morning, and followed her there in a minute or two. You know there are a dozen of our family daguerreotypes lying upon the table. I saw her take up mine, gaze upon it a moment with tenderness, press it to her lips, and conceal it in her bosom. This I saw by the mirror opposite the door, as I paused a moment before I entered. It was more than enough to encourage me to seize the opportunity as I had designed, declare my love, and propose for her hand. The sequel you have already. She actually rejected me, yet walked off with Tom Wells in her bosom! What do you think of that, my boy? Are not these women the very—"

"Stop a moment, Tom," said I. I did not like the profanation, and arrested the word. "Are you quite sure it was your miniature, Tom?" I asked. The philosophy of love may explain the fact—I can not—but I had somehow lost a portion of my reverence for Tom's irresistibility, and in the cause in which I was now embarked was brave as Julius Cæsar.

"Why, whose could it be, if not mine?" Tom asked, with the most generous confidence. "Gus has never had the impudence to leave *his* there. I tell you what, Fred, I had my suspicions when Adela hinted what she did. If that's the case, Gus Webster or Tom Wells—one or the other."

We had instinctively moved toward the drawing-room, and Tom had already caught up one of the daguerreotypes. His and mine had been done at the same time, by the same artist, and the cases were precisely alike. He touched the spring of that in his hand, and there was the elegant "counterfeit presentment" of—my brother Tom!

"That's strange," said Tom. "Here's father—she hasn't carried him off; and here's mother and sister. Why, Fred, where is yours?"

"Mine," said I, "was here this morning. But the fact is, in my discussion with Adela last night, I made a suggestion to her, and she was to signify her concurrence with it by appropriating my miniature this morning. My proposition was as good as accepted, I believe, last night, for we had interchanged the usual courtesies of the occasion just before you joined me in the orchard—"

There was a rustle of silk behind us. Tom had drawn off a little and fixed his wondering gaze on me as Adela came between us, urged by her apprehensions of the consequences.

"Yes," she said, "dear Tom, I have appropriated your brother's daguerreotype, and by so doing intimated my acceptance of his proffered hand and heart."

Tom stood one moment the very personification of exquisite surprise; the next, he threw himself into a chair, clapped his hands upon his sides, and went off into an uncontrollable burst of laughter—not loud, but rollicking with the keenest relish of a feast of humor all his own. In this exploit Tom at least was irresistible—his mirth was contagious. I joined in the laugh, and Adela with some difficulty restrained her features. There was something so jolly and yet so felicitously ludicrous in the scene, that it was impossible not to enjoy it with him. At length, Tom sprung from his seat, caught my hand in one of his, and Adela's in the other, and exclaimed,

"Well, by Jove, Fred—Adela—this is the best joke of the season!"

Webster and Jane came in from a morning walk, and it was then understood that they had concluded an arrangement a day or two before.

"And so, Gus, you were never in love with Adela—never had a design that way—eh?"

"Never thought of such a thing, Tom; but I confess my danger, had not your charming cousin engaged my attention."

"Well, that is rare! Why, of what a weight of care, consideration, and responsibility I should have been relieved had I only known that before!"

"But you don't mean to say, Tom," hinted Gus, interrogatively, "that you never loved Adela—that you have been flirting all this time?"

"Ask her," replied Tom. "Did I not make a solemn consecration of myself to her this morning? Love her, forsooth! Indeed, I do.

And shall love her all the better, perhaps, as a sister. It was for the honor of our house that I thought she ought to become Mrs. Wells, and I was determined to maintain it—if I could. It is quite as well in Fred's hands, and the sly rogue is very well satisfied with it."

I smiled and submitted with the utmost resignation, and some complacency, to the soft impeachment.

"And may I ask," said Tom, "when you and Adela first realized that my diligent attentions were superfluous—in other words, Fred, when did you first discover your love for her?"

"When she sprang from the carriage, I think, as I held the restive horse on the night of her arrival."

There was a twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"And you, Adela—when did your heart yield its admiration to this quiet brother of mine?"

"As I sprang from the carriage, I think, when he held the restive horse on the night of my arrival," she answered, archly.

"Love at first sight, by Jove! Well, you are both perfect in your catechism, and may soon be admitted to the church. Fred, the honor of the family has been, so far, gallantly maintained in your hands. I am content to leave it there; and shall, very probably, subside into the respectability of bachelorhood."

"Never, Tom, never. You are a thousand times too good for such a fate as that." Such was the verdict of our company. And I am sure, reader, you will agree with me, whether he shall be Bachelor or Benedick, that he is a splendid fellow—my Brother Tom.

PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

IN these days of universal biography, when lives are thought worth reading that never were worth living, some small account of the author hereof may reasonably be expected. I am come of a very ancient family, who are said to be descended in right line from the Prodigal Son. They have been characterized through numerous successive generations by all the virtues and much of the success of their illustrious progenitor. The family estates consist mainly of castles in Spain, remarkable for beauty and variety, but at present of no market value.

Having been blessed in childhood with curly hair, very mischievous propensities, and an unusually large circle of female relatives, I was early discovered to be a lad of uncommon parts, and likely, somehow and sometime, to cut a distinguished figure in the world. This prediction, it is hardly necessary to say, has not as yet been entirely fulfilled; though on the strength of it I was tolerated, in my younger days, to an extent more creditable to the patience than the discernment of my excellent relations. I succeeded, however, in due time, without being at the trouble of learning any thing except mischief, in graduating with some distinction at a small college of large pretensions. I have reason to believe that my departure gave a considerable satisfaction to the respectable but somewhat slow faculty of that valuable institution; concerning whom I can only say, with honest Touchstone, there was no great love between us at the outset, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it upon further acquaintance.

In the choice of a profession, my predilection for the army, where I might have "filled a ditch as well as another," was unfortunately overruled. It was agreed upon all hands that the law presented the true field for the exercise of my abilities, and for the accomplishment of that golden harvest without which the most eminent qualities are in danger of remaining unappreciated. And so it came to pass that, like many a better man before me, I had the misfortune to be bred to the law; though, as the late Mr. J. Miller forcibly observed, the law has never been bread to me.

Pleasant beyond what is written are the memories, "too earnest for laughter, too joyous for tears," of my templar's sojourn in the law-school of old Yale. The studious days and uproarious nights, the rollicking students and fair, demure Presbyterians, the green elms and the blue notions of that ancient city, are all chronicled in the recollection of whosoever has lived among them; and to none else would the description be intelligible. I think I really studied there. I had not then discovered how an elective Judiciary and an incompetent Legislature had corroded the ancient and beautiful fabric of the common law. Reading the old books, and listening to the old school-teachers, I dreamed many foolish dreams concerning the law as a high and pure science, devised for the protection of the people, and administered by men of great minds and rare honor. I have since learned that these ideas belong, in great part, to the things of past generations, and are of small advantage to the modern attorney and counselor.

After the usual novitiate, I came to the bar, and commenced following the circuit with much assiduity. I am compelled to admit, however, that my success did not equal my expectations, and, in fact, hardly deserved the name of success at all; so that I found myself, after some years' experience, with more creditors than clients, and a reputation for any thing rather than the gravity and wisdom which belong to that oracular profession. All the caricatures, lampoons, bad jokes, and worse verses of the circuit were laid to my charge. I was the John Doe in whose name every such proceeding came into court. And though a crack shot, a good seat on a horse and an unrivaled hand at a punch, my legal acquirements were rarely in requisition, unless to lead some forlorn hope of a peculiarly unattractive character. Solemn young gentlemen in spectacles, of small capacity but great (probable) learning, regarded me as an eminent example to prove that the law is a jealous mistress and rewards no divided at-

tention. In the which profound and original observation they conceived to be embodied the golden rule of human life. I sometimes, by fits and starts, succeeded in slightly astonishing such people; but for the most part, grave men of business, fussy attorneys, and other such Priests and Levites, shook their heads, and passed by on the other side. And a prosy old judge, of whom I had said that, like necessity, he knew no law, saw in that unlucky remark such evidence of depravity that he openly prophesied I should come to the gallows—a prediction which, at least in the present condition of the administration of justice, does not seem likely to be immediately verified.

I was thus left ample leisure to distinguish myself at bar dinners, hunting parties, and other schemes of enlarged uselessness. But tired at last of an unsuccessful career, and of waiting for a fortune that never came, I sold my horses, gave away my dogs, compounded with those creditors whose sublime faith had withstood time, affectionately commended my few clients to the Goddess of Chance, and bade a last farewell to the bench and the bar, the woods and the streams, the bright eyes and pretty ankles of the Third Judicial Circuit. Thus cut loose, I naturally enough drifted away into the whirlpool of the metropolis.

It will have been already anticipated by the sagacious reader that my part in the affairs of this emporium was not likely to be prominent. My arrival did not create a great sensation; and though I enrolled myself at the bar, and took an office, where, in the absence of other employment or amusement, I might sometimes be found, my professional engagements were generally limited to attending the various Courts for my own entertainment. I have learned, however, to regard wealth and distinction as but sour grapes, and to look without envy upon those more fortunate gentlemen whose strength is but labor and sorrow, and whose success leaves them no time to dine, and but little to sleep—who inhabit large houses where they are never at home, and people Broadway with the most over-dressed of wives, and the most rickety of children. Peace, were it possible, to their care-worn, restless, nervous lives, and to their final repose when they shall be prematurely sent over to Greenwood by the hands of the undertaker, and deposited beneath monuments of marvelous magnificence.

My professional engagements being thus satisfactorily disposed of, I finally took heart of grace, and resolved to quit forever the wrinkled old virgin who is supposed to be Goddess of the Law, and from whom I had received nothing but ingratitude. It was an excellent resolution, albeit somewhat late in the day, and worthy the serious attention of many of my professional brethren. I slept uncommonly well after making it, and, what was more unusual, awoke with the full determination to keep it. Unwilling to be quite idle, I therefore began seriously to cast about for some other calling or occupation, which might be better adapted to my habits and abilities. A judicious observation of what was passing soon disclosed to me how largely noise, pretension, and humbug, entered into the composition of city existence, and how numerous a generation of fools it had pleased Providence to create, at this period of the world's history, for the benefit of those excellent Bohemians who live on their wits. I became convinced that his must be a very uncommon kind of incapacity indeed, which, by proper attention, could not find here adequate and successful employment in some pursuit or other; and that however one might have been left out in the general arrangements of creation elsewhere, he could not long fail to discover in this place the level which it is said every man must find at last. Impressed with this comforting assurance, I bestowed much careful thought on the question what might be my probable "mission"—a term peculiarly applicable to my case, because it seems to have been invented by certain modern philosophers to denote the occupation on earth of one who has nothing to do. My perseverance was at last, after much discouragement, rewarded with success. My attention being fortunately turned to a profession which, as far at least as this continent is concerned, has originated in the metropolis, and is gradually rising into much dignity and repute—I mean that of Gentleman at Large—I soon became convinced that I had at last solved the problem, and had found the position for which my natural gifts had been so long ripening in the light of unproductive experience. I forthwith embraced this new vocation, with as much zeal as was consistent with the very deliberate philosophy that characterizes it, and at once proceeded to pack off my scattered law-books to an auction-shop, where they figured next day as the "Library of an eminent Lawyer about to embark for Europe"—a journey, by-the-way, which, it would seem from the advertisements, is like that into the world to come, and can not be undertaken till the traveler is first divested of all his earthly possessions. I felt when I left the auctioneer's door much as the Rev. Mr. Bunyan's Pilgrim did when he had gotten rid of his burden. Fairly disembarrassed of the unprofitable hypocrisy of a profession without practice, I speedily became free of the honorable guild and independent order of Walking Gentlemen.

What a relief many a worthy fellow would experience, if he could thus unceremoniously be quit of the cumbersome and mistaken profession, in which he stands, like David in the armor of Saul, casting a longing eye at the smooth stones of the brook! In the verdant hours of youth, he probably became impressed with the idea that great things were expected of him by the world. In this notion he was slightly mistaken. The world never expects any thing from unknown people, whatever it may be civil enough to tell them. There are points on which the world is wise; this is one of them. It remembereth the Spanish proverb,

"Blessed is he who expects nothing; he shall not be disappointed when he finds it." Stimulated by this unfortunate fancy, our youngster plunges head-foremost into a life for which he is totally unsuited, and spends some valuable years in finding out that he is nobody in particular after all. In nine cases out of ten, after making this discovery, he lacks the sense or the pluck to accomplish his escape. So he struggles on, hoping against hope, in the vain endeavor to discharge that debt which Lord Coke says every man owes to his profession. There ought to be a general bankrupt law to relieve such insolvents from further liability in respect of this debt and others similar to it; or some other exodus should be provided out of an Egypt where bricks must forever be made without straw.

I humbly commend my example in this matter to the imitation of all who are thus unfortunately situated. It must be admitted, I think, that past failure was in great measure redeemed by the masterly character of my retreat from the position that had become untenable. Not the Anabasis of Xenophon, nor Moreau's celebrated retrograde through the Black Forest, was more prompt, decisive, or successful. Whatever the disasters of the campaign, I at least marched off with the honors of war. In an incredibly short time I had divested myself of the few insignia, physical and moral, which I had ever possessed of my late profession. Slight as the encumbrance had been, the relief in throwing it off was immense. I cared not for even a lingering look behind at the broken memories rapidly receding into the past. Within three days I had kicked an attorney, who had the impertinence to accost me in the slang of his tribe, with "Please to take notice." In a week I cut the Chief Justice. Go forthwith and do likewise, misguided lawyerling, starving sawbones, or other blind leader of the blind! ere yet it be too late to take counsel of the Scripture, which saith, "Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth!"

The man who has learned to be generally useless with tolerable grace, is never thrown away in the island of Manhattan. Nowhere will his talents, if properly employed, have a chance to be better appreciated. Many excellent institutions are here established for his especial benefit; and much learning, literature, and oratory, valuable to the authors thereof, and which, as Byron said of Keats, is at least great, if not intelligible, would be quite lost without him. Multitudes of fashionable people, who only need brains, birth, education, and breeding to be the finest society in the world, would utterly fail in such small attempts at life as they are able to make, without his imposing presence and unfailing resources.

The character, however, is both difficult and responsible. Success in it is much oftener attempted than achieved. Any commonplace fellow can make himself useful in the ordinary walks of life, but this employment requires genius of no common order, and experience of a various and ripe description. One should be able to combine the wisdom of the philosopher, the shrewdness of the man of the world, the taste of the scholar, and the modesty of the lawyer. He must eschew politics, despise quackery, and believe in the eighth commandment. He ought to have as little as possible to do with money, except to spend it. Especially must he be gifted with ample leisure, that rarest of American possessions, so as not only to pay proper respect and attention to himself, but to be able to observe, to reflect, and to laugh on his own account. Most people here are so busy in the pursuit of daily bread, which never comes by the praying for, as to be under the necessity of having these little duties performed for them by others.

The public services of this dignified class of citizens are by no means fully understood, in a community who would speedily become conscious of their withdrawal. A little reflection, however, will make any one sensible of the extent and value of their labors. Pray where do the restless inhabitants of this overworked and overcrowded metropolis obtain their valuable ready-made opinions upon all sorts of topics, adopted so suddenly and so unanimously, and adhered to with such praiseworthy pertinacity? Whence the satisfactory information which every body possesses upon all subjects? Who devises the fashion of their hats, the cut of what they consider to be their coats, the Turner landscapes of their extraordinary trowsers, the architecture of their marvelous cravats? Who superintends the opera, the regattas, and the numerous elaborate nothings that embroider the homely surface of common life? Who dances with their daughters at Mrs. Grundy's balls? Who invented Brown? Who, in short, assume the labor of conducting an unsophisticated public through the difficult mazes of fashionable life, teaching them what to worship, what to despise, who to run after, who to whistle down the wind, and how to do it all? Manifestly these ideas do not originate with the present proprietors thereof, because the most of them would be alarmed at the thought of originating any thing, and consider that they accomplish the chief end of man when each becomes as far as possible a *fac-simile* of all the rest. In all these particulars the public are, to a much greater extent than they are aware of, indebted to their Gentlemen at Large. Recruited from various professions, and usually from those who have most brilliantly failed in each, we earnestly labor for the general advancement of the humanities. We set the fashions, give a tone to conversation, a current to public opinion, and a supply to the channel of popular information. We manufacture much of the literature they read, devise in great part the entertainments which they think they enjoy, and invent most of the facts which they steadfastly believe. And though we are sometimes mischievous enough to set a sagacious public off upon a scent which conducts

them nearer the range of the ridiculous than the sublime, and perhaps generally manage to inveigle Young America into a costume which renders him as striking a caricature of mankind as possible, surely these little cynical eccentricities may be forgiven us, in regard of the many really valuable services we perform.

Nor are our efforts entirely devoted to the good of the public at large. When your successful citizen, retired on a fortune acquired in the brewery or the shop, has happily succeeded in surrounding himself with all the means and appliances of a life he is unfitted to lead; when he has gathered together books that he can not understand, pictures he is unable to appreciate, horses he is afraid to mount, and choice wines that make him ill, how great is his indebtedness to some friend of the walking-gentleman fraternity, who kindly takes all the trouble off his hands, and assists him in the difficult task of meeting Providence half-way, by a proper use and enjoyment of these late-in-the-day gifts. My services will be cheerfully at the disposal of any gentleman so situated, provided there be no marriageable daughter in the case, with whom matrimony would be expected. I am not a marrying man; and a careful perusal of the various statutes in force in this State on the subject of the law of husband and wife, has led me greatly to fear and distrust a relation which is involved in so much perplexity and uncertainty. I confess these doubts have not been altogether removed by a contemplation of the institution of wedlock as it exists among us. The luxury is becoming much too expensive for any but men in trade, who will soon have a monopoly of the market. In place of the old maxim, "None but the brave," we now read, "None but the *rich* deserve the fair." The consolation is, however, that the *quid pro quo* which is obtained for all this outlay, is constantly diminishing. We have daily less woman and more petticoat.

Happily settled at last in a profession so eminently adapted to my tastes and inclinations as that I have endeavored to describe, I find myself quite contented with my lot. I think I have discovered the true philosopher's stone—which is nothing after all but philosophy itself, refined in the crucible of experience. After rambling far in search of the jewel, I have finally found it at home. But the journey, like virtue, has been its own reward. Quite clear of the restlessness of ambition, the eagerness of speculation, and the harassing uncertainties of an undefined position, I am enabled with imperturbable coolness to let the world wag. Commonplace people might perhaps consider me a lounger; but if any one of them will get out of the omnibus and step off with me from Grace to Trinity, I think he will not again so mistake my mountain stride. If not a great man, I am a reasonably happy one. If not engrossed with the quarrels of others, I at least have none of my own. Satisfied with the condition in life of an ordinary private Christian, and making the most of the passing hours, I await with a dry eye the progress and final consummation of human affairs. What is to come next, from the legislature, the comet, or the city authorities, is a matter of profound indifference. I will give or take the odds on the double event.

DE L'AMITIÉ.

THE best thing to be said of L'Amitié is, that he has not engaged the attention of our modern writers. When your genuine author sits down with his fine eyes rolling, his (once) fine hair tossed wildly up, a bran-new steel pen in his hand, he chooses no such feeble theme. Your dramatist does not summon before you two healthy unromantic people taking much comfort in each other in a quiet way, but he must fever you with love, tear you with jealousy, sting you with remorse, or glut you with revenge—(the favorite terms with dramatists, but not with our moderate selves).

At the conclusion of the third volume or of the fifth act you go home prematurely gray, or go back, as the case may be, to your ordinary pursuits with nerves unstrung, to find the business of life quite too dull an affair for your stimulated taste.

There have been poems, it is true, "On Friendship;" there have been compositions written by boarding-school misses ringing constant changes on the word; but with all due deference to these profound metaphysicians in black silk aprons, is there not yet a volume unsaid on the pleasant theme?

This profane pen attempts not to describe or trifle with that noble something which the world calls Friendship, but which means all loyalty, all truth, all generosity, and all honor—that noble something of which the dear old story of Damon and Pythias is the familiar and dramatic expression—that noble something of which "In Memoriam" is the sweet and touching requiem. If Tennyson "did for friendship what Petrarch did for love," he did also more—an incalculable tribute to our cause: he showed us that Love did not fill the niche whence Friendship was stricken down, that the laurel crown was not the lotus, that through many a long and proudly famous year this sorrow endured, and that all praise was incomplete because it included not *his* voice.

No! when men so love each other, the word is too small for the subject, and there is not one in the language to reach it.

But under the head "De l'Amitié," let us examine that lighter sentiment which exists between men and women, and which is not L'Amour. That something which remotely and indefinitely makes much trouble in the world from not being understood, but which, when treated æsthetically, esoterically, and exoterically, will be found to be the "wine of existence," the temperate zone of emotions, where grow the most useful and sustaining fruits.

De l'Amitié expresses that sentiment you have for your young aunt, or your elderly cousin, or

the elder sister of her whom you love, or possibly the wife of your friend, or remotely possibly some young and handsome person whom you do not love, but for whom you decidedly entertain a friendship.

A sagacious observer of life and manners has assured us that at this delicate and scarcely defined line one can determine whether he is in love or not by his boots. Thus, you always wear the small boots which pinch you to see the object of your affections, while you wear the old and easy ones to see your friend. A more polished writer would say that she is your friend, and nothing more, before whom you are willing to appear to a personal disadvantage; but we prefer the boots as being pictorial and condensed.

To begin with the last-named—the handsome pleasing person whom you might love as well as not, but do not exactly love, yet like. Who can not remember the confidences he has given such a friend! the truths she has told him! the good she has done him! How natural to go to Louisa with your little troubles or your favorite ambition—to tell her how you hoped and how you failed! You never mention the failure to her whom you love—you never wish to be mortal to her. No!

> "Upon the altar of her beauty
> You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart,
> Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
> Moist it again, and frame some feeling line;"

but you do not tell her of your mortifications, your failures, your mistakes. But Louisa! dear, good girl! it is quite pleasant to have her sympathy. You can bear that she should laugh at you; it is quite possible to endure her derision, gentle and ladylike as is every thing she does, having always some womanly charm; and although the territories here are so near and so similar that many a knight has stepped across from L'Amitié to L'Amour, and scarcely known how he happened to mistake the road, yet we affirm that many a man has in his memory friendships numerous which never were nor could have been loves.

Proving the point, therefore, that L'Amitié is not always L'Amour déguisée, we reach the "wife of your friend." Here the world is divided into two distinct parties. Paul de Kock and Balzac have done much mischief by deciding, as usual, in favor of the enemy. But we differ from these great moralists. I may be in love with my friend's wife, but then again I may not. There is strong presumptive evidence that I am, but then again I may be innocent. There is a margin in my favor. Give me, oh generous public! the benefit of the doubt.

Now there is Sinclair, a man whom I very much love. He had the good taste to marry one of the most interesting women I have known. He invites me constantly to his country-house, and leaves me, day after day, in that brown-stone earthly paradise, to play with the children and the dogs, and be entertained by his wife. Mrs. Sinclair is profoundly in love with her husband; she likes his friend. Is there any reason on earth why Mrs. Sinclair and I should not be friends—intimate and dear friends? None that I can see, except that she will show me daguerreotypes of the children, in which I see nothing but cannon-ball heads, and very big hands, and much shoulder ribbon. That is Mrs. Sinclair's only weakness.

Now I detest a woman who does not love her husband. It may be her misfortune, poor thing! but still I detest her. She is a rose, perhaps, but there is a canker within. A woman, on the contrary, who does love her husband, how perfectly in tune she is! How healthily and happily she develops all that is in her! How much more valuable to me—a waif and estray on this tempestuous sea—the friendship, the sympathy, the companionship of such a woman, than all the fretful confidences of many *femmes incomprises!*

L'Amitié is an unselfish little fellow, while L'Amour wears your life out with his caprices. Mrs. Sinclair, for instance, demanded nothing of me. I took only from her the time and attention she did not wish to bestow on nearer and dearer objects. Yet few hours of my life have been more filled with happiness than those in which I communed with her elegant and well-ordered mind. Her sympathy was invaluable to me. To be sure, when Sinclair was at home, I relapsed into very much the place usually assigned to the cat—her eyes, her ears were her husband's only. Her stories (a charming *raconteur* she was) were all for him, and when alone with her I still knew that her best thoughts were all his; but as one human being is an epitome in himself of the creation, and as the creation is a large thing, so on the outskirts of every one's affections there lie sunny tracts, unimproved building spots, where the pilgrim can repose himself before he marches on to the citadel whose gates are kept by none other than L'Amour himself.

In my reveries of that not "impossible she who was to possess myself and me," I always pictured Mrs. Sinclair as her friend; and that dear daughter whom I was sure to have—that lovely girl who was always fifteen and pretty, and never thirteen and awkward—was to be the especial pet of Mrs. Sinclair. I should say to this imaginable dear daughter, "Be true, be pure, be of single mind, like her, and oh! dear daughter, cultivate like her the sweet grace of *content.* Never, never, never be a *femme incomprise!*"

My friend of friends was a sister of charity. Sister Eulalie was one of those miracles which one encounters now and then—a woman who had had no eminent sorrows, but who had selected the religious life from love and not from weariness—a woman born for a throne, who washed the feet of publicans and sinners. So beautiful was she, that when I first saw her in the parlor of her convent I believed some of the legends of the saints were coming true before my Protestant eyes, and that St. Cecilia had come down from heaven for my especial con-

version. Perhaps my fancy did not altogether deceive me.

I had some business to transact with the sisterhood, and had scarcely concluded it when Sister Eulalie promptly dismissed me for a dirty boy, who came, crying, to ask her attendance on his dying mother. A sudden inspiration induced me to ask leave to accompany her.

"Yes, if you have the heart to help the suffering, come," was her answer.

The lay sister arrived with a basket containing the necessary articles for the sick, and I followed the black figures at a respectable distance, and on arriving at a most miserable tenement was sent by Sister Eulalie for a doctor.

In fifteen minutes after I was thus dispatched there stood about the bedside of this poor woman the two sisters, a physician, a priest, and myself. So potent a monarch is King Death! What other potentate could have commanded such instant attendance in that miserable garret?

It was an awful scene, one I shall not describe in these pages.

> ——"A single warrior,
> In sombre harness mailed,
> Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,"

is terrible enough when he comes to the chambers of ease—how much more solemn is his presence in the midst of want, of penury! Here the ragged children crowded around their only friend, and the final scene of her hard, earthly struggle contained the bitter certainty of their desolation.

Yet Sister Eulalie was there! On her pure breast lay the head of the dying woman; into her eyes, as into the blue depths of a summer sky, looked the poor sufferer.

The next morning found me in the poor garret, feeling as if I were the young man spoken of in Holy Writ, who was to "sell all he had and give it to the poor." There was Sister Eulalie and her attendant. There lay the remains of the poor mother, neatly and reverently disposed, as becomes the dignity of death. The children, too, had been cared for, and were hanging about Sister Eulalie, who, precious saint! was mingling her tears with theirs.

For many years, in prisons and in hospitals, I met Sister Eulalie. She had little time for me, or for what the world calls friendship, and yet I can with confidence rank her among my friends. One can not influence another for good without in turn receiving something; and I am certain that this woman, in the midst of a life devoted to the highest and most absorbing duties, gave me some portion of her thought and her regard. Through Sister Eulalie I reached another friend, for it was not one of her traits to allow a kindled fire to go out, and she introduced me to that vast world of which I knew little—the world of the poor.

In one of the wards of the hospital which Sister Eulalie visited, and which she induced me to visit, I had noticed a little girl shockingly deformed, evidently suffering much. One day Sister Eulalie asked me to go and talk to little Bertha, who she said was an uncommonly bright child, with a great desire for knowledge. I went to the bedside of the poor little sufferer, and talked with her. Several hours of the day she suffered intense pain; but she told me, with a look of gratitude, that two hours of every day she was quite easy. Born in the lowest strata of city poverty and vice, she had been crippled by neglect or accident, and had been perfectly ignorant of every thing, even the name of God, until Sister Eulalie had found her, almost dying, in some miserable cellar. Strange to say, in this neglected creature was a soul so pure, a mind so elevated, that in a daily acquaintance of two years I never heard a vulgar word or idea from her lips—all was aspiration and refinement. On asking her one day what I could bring her, she said, "I have heard there are such things as wild flowers. Is it true? and would you bring me one? I have seen green-houses where flowers grow in pots, but a lady read me a verse of Scripture the other day, and it said, 'Behold the lilies of the *field*, how they grow!' and when I asked her if such things grew any where but in green-houses, she told me of green hillsides, and brooks with lilies in them; but I shall never see them. Would you bring me one wild flower?"

Before the summer had passed my little Bertha was quite a botanist. The little vase of flowers which stood by her bedside was crowned daily with the flora of the season. Such simple facts in botany as I could give her in my half hour's visit furnished her with a new and delightful subject for meditation; and when, two years after, Sister Eulalie and I stood by her humble coffin, both weeping bitterly, that sweet odor of violets, which always now recalls her to my memory, stole upon my senses.

The good sister had laid my last offering on the wasted breast of the deformed child, and said, as she looked at her, and at the bunch of violets,

"She, like them, was plucked by the wayside, and, like them, breathed naught but sweetness. Oh! my friend, do not forget these wayside sufferers!"

Friendship is not always so happy or so beneficial as my reminiscences would seem to prove. It may have unworthy objects, but it is free from the intoxications and subtleties of deeper emotions, and has this advantage, it is less selfish; friendship, properly considered, excludes selfishness.

Why Marian Stanley, beautiful, gifted creature, always remains associated in my mind with little Bertha, I can not tell. Is it because extremes meet? Or is it because I never knew two lives so full of pain? Bertha had two hours of ease each day; I doubt if Marian had one. The one was a pauper and a cripple, and spent her life in a cellar and a hospital; the other was a beauty and a genius, and lived in the fullest sunshine of prosperity and admiration. Marian

Stanley was miserable from having too much. She was unfortunate in a higher sense—she married an uncongenial man. For a few years I believed the struggle she was making with a real calamity would work a genuine reformation, and be the germ of future peace; but alas, and alas! there came a new evil into her life, and Marian Stanley loved madly and wickedly.

She was not the woman to acknowledge it or to yield to it. For years she fought single-handed with temptation and despair, and conquered. Once did I see her waver: I was reading her some story of a woman like herself.

"Stop," said she, "I can not bear it."

What to do for this woman! Henceforth there was no concealment between us. I had known her secret—now we spoke of it. The spectacle of this woman holding a serpent at arms' length, unable to throw it down, to trample on it, longing to take it, poisonous as she knew it to be, to her heart, yet restrained by pride alone—ye gods! what a sight was there. Phædra, torn by passions as by wild horses, was alone a parallel.

Take such a woman to the country! No! Wild flowers can not minister to a mind like this. Talk to her of art, of literature, even of religion! No. There is that unhappy condition of the mind, when it turns from the great consolation as a diseased eye dreads the light. When the prairie is on fire soft showers do not quench it; fire must battle fire. I sought to excite her ambition; I painted to her the delights of fame; I read to her what the master minds have written of that great passion; I felt that it was no sin to tempt her with the "sin which tempted angels." If I was wrong, she was saved, saved from that fall which is endless.

> "In the lowest deep, a lower deep
> Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."

Of the man who won her love, who was ever on the watch for that hour when pride should waver and leave the poor struggling heart, we will not speak in a paper devoted to L'Amitié. That honest fellow knows him not. Neither will we charge him to the account of L'Amour, though he fights pretentiously under his banners. All great captains have some unworthy followers, some who respect neither the trust of woman nor the generosity of man. Heaven forbid that any army should be judged by such hangers-on. But they exist, and are known, like noxious insects, by the devastation they cause.

She was saved—to friendship. It sounds cold and unsatisfactory, but it has in it, oh! what depths of consolation. The sympathetic communings of two minds—who can measure this high delight! Love may grow cold, beauty may fade, fate may prove unkind, but in this pleasure is there no shadow of turning. It is not mortal. In its pure and untroubled atmosphere we assert our divinity.

There are bright instances of women's friendship for each other, but they are few. Women have too much ambition and too little to wreak it upon, so that in some sense every woman is every other woman's rival. "Do I not," said charming Madame Recamier, "vanquish my enemies by being more amiable than they!" "No," said sagacious old Talleyrand; "you make them more your enemies by every smile." "Then, how shall I conquer them?" "By being what you never can be—*unattractive*."

This is the common and low view of women's attitude toward each other. In the full and noble development of the womanly nature, friendship finds its perfect efflorescence. Florence Nightingale has friends, Catherine Sedgwick has friends, Frederika Bremer has friends, and so have all noble women among their own kind.

Bulwer says, "Friendship is the wine of existence; love, the dram-drinking."

The wine of existence! cheering us when we are sad, invigorating us when we are weary, sustaining us when we are faint; a wine generous, yet not too full of fire; having a heart of mellow gold, as if a thousand sunsets still lingered in the cup.

The youth starts on his life-pilgrimage with L'Amour on one side, L'Amitié on the other. His eyes turn toward Love, he dances to the music of his song; but ever and anon, as the path grows weary, he stretches out a hand to honest Friendship. Perhaps there comes a day when Love dances away, and leaves his faithful follower in tears and in despair. Then he remembers Friendship, whose song is not so gay, or his smile so entrancing, but who serves him faithfully, binds up his wounds, and is as a staff to his weary limbs. At every step friendship grows dearer to him; he likes his sober mien and silver speech, and when he reaches the end of his journey, and all things are made plain to him, he knows that unawares he has entertained an angel.

> "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
> Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
> Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
> And summer's lease hath all too short a date
>
> "Sometimes too hot the eye of Heaven shines;
> And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
> And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
> By chance, or Nature's changing course, untrimmed.
>
> "But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
> Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
> Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
> When in eternal lines to Time thou growest."

THE CORSICAN LIFE-DRAMA.

MEN have always been fighting for freedom, and at some time or other every nation has been free. Generally, however, the fruits of a successful struggle for liberty have been lost as soon as gained, through error, treachery, individual ambition, foreign interference, or some such cause; and tyranny, in the guise of a monarch, a baron, or a priest, has stepped in and placed matters on the old footing. Volume after volume tells the same story of misplaced confidence, bold usurpation, valiant resistance, and, finally, mute submission. All histories are so wonderfully alike in this particular, that we

seem almost to discern a predestined order of events, like the rotation of the seasons, and we need the refreshing example of one stably free nation to assure us that it was not the design of Providence that mankind should crouch at some one's feet. Without this comforting fact in clear view, indeed, the study of history would be intolerable. No man of feeling could endure so uniform a chronicle of successful wrong and vanquished right. Not alone would his heart bleed at the ever-recurring spectacle of triumphant tyranny and banished freedom; the complacence with which mankind have finally submitted, in almost every case, to oppression is more sickening still. One may groan over the ravished *fueros* of Aragon, the feudal usurpations of Germany, or the stolen name of Poland; but is not the sight of a Frenchman voting himself content with a despot, or an Englishman devoutly hugging his "Old Man of the Mountain," whose noble legs are clasped round his neck, a far more saddening object of contemplation?

Some five years ago, the people of Ajaccio, in Corsica, were enabled to execute a darling project—the erection of a statue and monument to Napoleon. It consists of a marble statue on a high granite pedestal; and stands on the market-place in front of the Town-house. On the pedestal the following inscription, in French, is engraved:

"His native city to the Emperor Napoleon, on the 5th May, 1850, the second year of the Presidency of Louis Napoleon."

The peasants come in from the mountains, and resolve to have their sons taught French so as to read it. Ask one of them how it comes that this monument to their greatest man bears an inscription in a foreign tongue? how these Bonapartes are spoken of as if they had been Emperors and Presidents of Corsica instead of France? how, in short, every thing that savors of authority in the island, from the *préfet* to the *gensdarmes*, is French, and the people only are Corsican?—and he shrugs his shoulders, or perhaps answers, "*Anch' io son Francese.*" And so he is in one sense. He pays his taxes to support the French Government, at the rate of about five francs per head per annum for each soul in his family; and as the French tariff obliges him to buy every thing from France at enormously high prices, and agriculture is almost unprofitable, commerce sluggish, and native industry comparatively unknown, he finds it pretty hard work. The representatives whom he sends to Paris when France indulges in representative luxuries, are lost in the crowd. The distant department of Corsica serves as a refuge for those whom the Government must appoint to office, but dare not trust with power in France. Tranquilly they reign; and in his square at Ajaccio, or on his mountain heath, the Corsican is content, asks for nothing better than the fate fortune has allotted him, and is ashamed of not being more of a Frenchman.

Yet there is not in all history a nobler contest for liberty than that waged for centuries by these very Corsicans. Not a sounder framework of political freedom than that contained in the Corsican constitution of Paoli, promulgated, be it remembered, years before the United States became independent, and while the rest of Europe was groveling in servitude.

From the eleventh to the nineteenth centuries the history of Corsica is a series of never-ending conflicts between the people and their oppressors. A succession of heroes arose during that period, whose names, had they lived in France, Germany, Spain, or England, would have been familiar to every school-boy, and synonymous with the greatest and noblest virtues. Men of iron, more Roman than the Romans; knowing neither fear nor tenderness; in many respects unique and unequaled; living only for their country, and seeking its freedom with an energy, a clearness of vision, and a perseverance which render their total failure perfectly astounding. Rome produced some such; but they were accidents, who flashed across the darkening page of her annals. On whose shoulders fell the mantle of Gracchus? Greece had patriots, but they soon made way for politicians. The line of Corsican heroes is unbroken from Sambucuccio to Paoli. Over and over again the Corsicans lay crushed and panting at the feet of foreign tyrants; but there never was a time when some gallant patriot was not plotting or fighting to dash off the yoke. One killed, another sprang out of obscurity into his place. A dozen executed, twice as many were in arms the next day. At home, abroad, in the towns, in the mountains, ill or well clad, in plenty or starving, the Corsican chiefs, before the French conquest, never lifted their eyes from the one great work of securing liberty for their rocky isle.

It was at the close of the tenth century that the Corsican people first rose bodily against their feudal tyrants. While the Capets were clamping their hold on France, and the Saxon monarchs preparing England for a Norman despotism, the farmers, fishermen, and mountaineers of Corsica met together, chose an assembly of delegates, elected podestas, defined the powers of their magistrates, and established a form of government essentially democratic. The man of the movement, its master spirit till his death, was Sambucuccio d'Alando. The barons or seigniors fought a while, unsuccessfully; then withdrew to their castles, leaving the country between Aleria, Calvi, and Brando—called Terra del Commune—say People's Land—a democratic republic.

Sambucuccio dying, seigniors sprung from their lairs and fell on the people. With the free city of Pisa the Corsicans had had much to do; to Pisa they sent, as the Britons to Saxony, calling for aid. Malaspina came over in a trice, and back to their lairs flew the seigniors. For a century, more or less, Pisans held some sort of authority in the island. *Giudici*, judges; interpreters rather than makers of the law; wisely tolerant of the power of the *vedute* or diets

of the People's Land, winking at rebellion; mainly busied in dealing with the Pope concerning bishoprics, and building castles against the Genoese.

For as time rolls on, Genoa, in the flush of her young might, feels that manifest destiny impels her to annex Corsica. Pisa, the while, beaten by sea, weakened by land, rent by factions, is plainly on its last legs, and can not defend it. To Sinucello—better known as Giudice della Rocca—the warring City commits the task of defending his native Isle against the invader. A fit hero for a death-struggle. Let him come as a Pisan or as a Corsican, the People's Land cares not, so he be against the Genoese: scores of bold mountaineers flock to his banner, the Genoese Spinola is driven from castle to castle, and Doria, the great Doria, who follows him, fares no better. The little rocky Isle holds the power of Genoa at bay. More fiercely democratic than ever is the People's Land.

Soon, however, quarrels divide the freemen. Giudice has six daughters who marry six Corsican landholders; his enemy, Giovanninello, has also six daughters, likewise duly provided with husbands. The last six vow death to the first six; fall on them by night, and kill full seventy of their henchmen. Then, of course, war to the knife between the clans; a feud not to be quenched for eight generations. Chased by the wrath of the relentless Giudice, Giovanninello flies to Genoa, heads the strangers against his countrymen, and founds Calvi. Stout walls over which he dare not so much as peep, deep moats, and powerful bands of Genoese, shield him from the Corsican vendetta. With iron sternness Giudice stands in the gap between liberty and submission to Genoa; often beaten, never conquered; often erring, often shamed by the vices of his clan, never showing pity or swerving from his own stoical sense of duty; striking off his nephew's head for a breach of faith to the very Genoese it was his life's burden to destroy. At last, grown infirm and blind, entrapped by a dastardly son of his, this grand old hero was carried to the sea-side to be shipped a captive to Genoa. When he heard the waves beat on the shore and felt the sand yield beneath his feet, he bade his captors stand for one moment, and set him free. Obeyed, he knelt down, and in few, thrilling words implored a curse on the head of his renegade son and his posterity forever. Turning then to the soldiers, "I am ready," said he; embarked, arrived at Genoa, sunk without complaint or argument into the tower of Malapaga, and died, miserable indeed in body, but as great of heart as Giudice della Rocca had been when the People's Land crowned him with laurel on the mountain top.

An interregnum of eighty years. Giudice dead, up rose the seigniors once more, till the people in their agony welcomed the Genoese; yielding to foreign to avoid domestic tyrants. Then, say the Corsican historians, there arose a wonderful and wicked sect of people, calling themselves Giovannali, who claimed that all men were equal and should have all things in common; which devilish sect, marvelously swelling at first among the mountains, was happily excommunicated by the Pope, and those who survived the spiritual were cut down by the temporal sword of his Holiness. Bible in hand, priests took God to witness that heaven was the reward of putting a Giovannale to death. Liberty so outlawed, seigniors and Genoese governors flourished.

Eighty years from the perishing of Giudice in his cell, another Rocca—Arrigo—called the men of Corsica to arms. From generation to generation his kinsmen had died in battle. With no better claim than this, Arrigo waved his sword, and an army rose from the mountains and valleys, and bade him lead the way. Short work he made of seigniors and Genoese. Striding over them to the gates of Biguglia, not a day would he stop for trenches or breast-works, but gave the word to storm. At the sound of his name the very women flew to arms; if walls had fallen at sound of trump, as walls once did, he could not sooner have stood on Biguglia's battlements, or Genoese scampered more swiftly to their ships. Count of Corsica, a democratic chief, Arrigo held his own for several years; lopping off seigniors' heads if they but stirred a finger, and idolized by the people. Genoa, weary of being beaten, sold her rights to a joint-stock company called the Mahona; from which proposals for a compromise were dispatched to Arrigo. His demands were simple; one word —liberty—comprised them all. The Mahona struck a bargain with him, sent a thousand men to the island, helped themselves to a castle or two, stirred up the seigniors who were only too ready to rebel against the popular chief, then set him at defiance. The men of dollars blundered. Swift as Corsican vengeance, Arrigo was down upon the troops of the Mahona, and in a few weeks they were swept from the Island. Genoa, piqued and roused, sent a second expedition; and accident isolating Arrigo, he was forced to fly.

But a true Corsican never yields. Two months thereafter a couple of Spanish galleys anchored on the coast. A boat pulled for the shore, Arrigo once more trod his native soil, and the conch-shell again called the Corsicans to arms. In a single campaign the foreigners were again extirpated, and the people restored. Peace and freedom dawned on the island. But ere the dawn had ripened into the fullness of day, Arrigo had eaten a meal with a Genoese emissary and that night expired in convulsions.

With the fifteenth century, French and Genoese renewed their endeavors to tame the Corsicans. In an age when individual prowess was every thing and the masses nothing, it was not too much to hope that Corsica's fate might have been decided by an ounce of poison. Haply, Arrigo della Rocca had a sister, whose child,

Vincentello d'Istria, was already the scourge of the Mediterranean. A Corsican by birth, a Spaniard by adoption, when the right time came, he landed like his uncle, and burst into Biguglia at the head of the people. Twice driven to sea, twice he regained a foothold on the island and carried the flag of Corsican freedom from crag to crag. Fortune was within his grasp; in an evil hour, he forgot the sacredness of his cause. The cries of an outraged maiden cost him the love of the people. He fled, was pursued, gave battle, was defeated, carried to Genoa, and in presence of doges, nobles, and people, was beheaded on the great stairs of the Palace.

Foreign powers jostled each other in their endeavors to seize the wretched little island. The Pope, Genoa, Aragon, Piombino, Milan, each clutched at it. The seigniors would have signed over the sovereignty to Beelzebub in person had he confirmed them in their privileges. The people would have accepted almost any sovereign who offered them freedom. Frightful struggles; desolate villages; valleys fattened with blood; finally, by and with the consent of the seigniors, the sovereignty of the island—the cradle of soldiers and patriots, the home of chivalrous poverty—assigned to a Bank. Corsica Dr. to stock, and cash Dr. to Corsica, entered systematically according to the Italian method in the books of the Bank of St. George in Genoa.

But dream not, men of discounts! that the People's Land can sink into a part of your assets like a bag of ducats or a roll of notes. Up springs Giampolo da Leca, at the head of a few mountaineers, and presses the Bank hard. Beaten and exiled, he returns at the end of a year to be again crushed, and barely to escape with his life. Ten years he watches, cat-like, from his exile for a moment of weakness in the tyrants: it comes, and with ten men, Giampolo pounces on Corsica once more. For the third time, the people acknowledge him as their leader, and the Bank quakes for its asset. But even Corsicans can be bought. Betrayed, deserted by half his force, Giampolo gives battle, and is completely routed, his son taken prisoner, and himself forced to fly. His great heart broke. Years and years after he lived abroad, brooding over his sorrows. Corsica sent to him, his son sent to him, fellow-patriots knelt at his door, but the recluse would none of them. He had done with this world. Even when they killed his son, he stifled the rising cry for vengeance in his breast, and told them he was himself only a corpse.

There were men of the line of Rocca left. Rinuccio della Rocca rose when Giampolo fled, fought, was taken prisoner, and sentenced to dwell forever in Genoa. Two years he bore exile; then suddenly disappeared to land in Corsica with eighteen men. The Dorias commanded for the Bank; Nicolas, a man of vast energy, marched to meet Rinuccio, foreshadowing his policy by stopping on the way to behead the patriot's son. At the first encounter Rinuccio was utterly defeated and forced to fly. Doria laid the People's Land waste. Followers of the democratic chief he executed without mercy. Whole villages he put to the sword.

Again the indomitable man returned, and again defeat and flight were his lot. From court to court he wandered, imploring aid for Corsica, and every where repulsed. Every hope dashed, every promise broken, every friend departed, it seemed incredible that he should not succumb; but for the fourth time he stood before the Democrats of the People's Land. In few but bitter words he told his sad story, and called once more for men. The grim patriots who had bled so often by his side wept as he spoke. When he ended, they were silent. Rinuccio understood. He went forth into the woods to digest this last disappointment; as he sat musing, a Genoese officer passed. The sight of the abhorred uniform was too much for his fevered nerves; he rose and killed the foreigner at a blow. Outlawed, hunted by the soldiery, he wandered for days and days alone in the mountain fastnesses; after a time nothing more was heard of him. Weeks afterward a hunter crossing a dark glen stumbled on a corpse; the kites had not quite destroyed the features; piously the Corsican dug a grave, and laid a few sods over the mortal remains of Rinuccio della Rocca.

Then the Bank had forty years of peace. How much money it made, if any; what dividends it paid to its stockholders out of the flesh and blood of the Corsicans; whether on the whole, the enslaving of a free people, the traffic in judicial sentences, and the sale of murder licenses proved profitable operations in a financial point of view, the diligent student may possibly discover by proper inquiry. Certain it is that the worst of the seigniors was a mild and pleasant sovereign compared to the moneyed men of Genoa; that the mountaineers of the People's Land made their young boys swear on the faith of a Corsican, that the vendetta should never sleep so long as the Genoese had a foot on the Island. A whole generation perished with Rinuccio della Rocca; another had taken its place. Degeneracy had not begun.

One of the bravest of that gallant army which Francis I. led to Italy was a Corsican of unknown birth, named Sampiero. He had fled from his home when the Bank crushed Rinuccio; had fought for the Medici, for the King of France; had earned renown at an age when most men have not begun life; and now—loaded with honors, and rewarded by the hand of the most beautiful and richest heiress of Corsica, Vannina d'Ornana—he turned his thoughts to his country. With him to think was to act. France and Turkey were allied, as they are now. French and Turkish fleets sailed to attack Corsica, Sampiero guiding the invasion. Town after town fell; soon, the Genoese were expelled. Germany and Spain came to their aid; Sampiero with the French and Corsicans defeated them at every turn. In the midst of his successes the King of France made peace, and surrendered Corsica to the Genoese.

Then began a struggle between one man and several nations, the like of which is only found again in the history of that other Corsican Napoleon. Chased from Corsica, Sampiero took his wife and children to Marseilles, and set out to obtain foreign aid for his oppressed country. He went to every Italian court, but the petty princes gave him no encouragement. To the Medicis at Paris, so deeply indebted to him, and solemnly pledged to serve him at need; but Catherine had forgotten the best friend of her family. To Barbarossa at Algiers, to the Sultan; but they were tired of war.

While he was at Algiers, a messenger brought him intelligence that Genoa, fearing him in his exile, plotted mischief against his wife and children. For a moment he faltered; then answered that he must first see to the freedom of Corsica before he could devote himself to his family. To Marseilles he sent a trusty friend. He pursued his own journey to Constantinople.

Mischief, indeed, had the men of ducats plotted. To gain possession of the person of Sampiero's wife and children, as hostages, a couple of villains had been sent to Marseilles to beguile the poor woman and persuade her to return to Genoa. She was assured that her husband's interest, and her children's prospects in life, would be irreparably injured if she remained in exile; that her return would smooth the way for a reconciliation, and that, however averse Sampiero might be at first to such a measure, he would in the end acknowledge its advantages, and be grateful to her who brought it about. The fond wife was deluded. A day or two before Sampiero's friend arrived she set sail for Genoa. When he reached Marseilles and found her house empty, he collected a band of Corsicans in hot haste, took ship and gave chase. Off Antibes he overhauled the chase, and signaled her to shorten sail. The truth burst upon Vannina's mind; she prayed to be put ashore, and her husband's friend took possession of her person. The news spread. The Parliament of Aix offered her protection against any person soever. Vannina, a true Corsican, declined the offer, saying that she was Sampiero's wife, and would submit to whatever sentence he might inflict.

The Corsican was on his way home, gloomily pondering his reverses. At Marseilles he was told the story; not a word of comment escaped his lips. But a garrulous friend exclaiming that he had long foreseen the event, Sampiero turned on him like a tiger, crying, "And you concealed what you foresaw?" and stabbed him to the heart. Leaping on horseback he rode to Aix, where the penitent Vannina had remained. He led her forth without a word. His face was stern, composed, unreadable. Back to Marseilles, into their house, which was empty and desolate; there, as she sat her down, he remembered how he had loved her and trusted her, and the thought of her treason to him and to his country shot through his Corsican soul, and he struck her dead on the spot.

After this, it was more hopeless than ever to look for foreign aid. "We must trust to ourselves," wrote he, and landed in Corsica. The Genoese led a large force to meet him; but the terror of his name was such that the soldiers threw down their arms. Stefano Doria crossed over with more troops; Germany sold legion after legion to the republic; Spain sent fifteen thousand men; the ablest officers in Europe were hired to conquer him; money was poured forth without stint. He was not conquered. The People's Land had risen at his call; neither want, nor the ravage of their homes, nor rags, nor cold, nor defeat, could subdue them. So long as Sampiero would lead they would follow. For two years the war never lulled for a day. In the intervals between the battles, Sampiero planned a constitution for his country on a pure democratic basis. So desirous was he to secure perfect equality, that he would not suffer himself to be called Count of Corsica as the other great patriots had been; the people styled him Padre della Patria.

A man of this kind could only be got rid of in one way. Men were hired, and Sampiero and a few friends were decoyed into an ambuscade. At the first shot he saw his fate, bade his son fly, and closed with his murderers, who fell back as he advanced. Foremost among them were the three Ornanos, his wife's kinsmen, who had been bought by Genoa. These three, a gang of soldiers at their back, ventured to withstand him. One he wounded; then, wiping away the blood that was streaming down his face with his left hand, kept the others at bay with his sword till his own servant treacherously shot him in the back. All then rushed in, massacred him, and carried off his head to claim the promised reward. Genoa was illuminated when the news of his assassination reached the city.

Did Rome produce a more rugged patriot than Sampiero?

His spirit survived him. His friend and comrade, Leonardo of Casanova, was in prison with his son. The latter obtained a disguise, hastened to his father's cell, and adjured him to fly. The old man shuddered at the thought of sacrificing his boy's life. "Go, my father," said the youth: "the country can not spare your wisdom; I can hope for no brighter destiny than to die at my age for Corsica." The father took the disguise and fled. He was hardly out of gunshot when his son was seized and hanged out of a window of the castle.

Two more years the struggle lasted, under Sampiero's son Alfonso. Then exhausted Genoa proposed peace; and Corsica, which had singly withstood the whole power of the Empire, Spain, and Genoa, and whose inhabitants were reduced by war to a mere handful, consented, on condition that the People's Land should not be despoiled of her ancient democracy.

Vain hope! a few months and Corsica contained a few native slaves and a host of Genoese officials and soldiers. Nothing intermediate. Nothing but the two classes, the tramplers and

the trampled. For the war had made way for solitude, not peace; Corsica was a howling wilderness. Generation after generation grew up in the mountains, swore vendetta, and died. Such was the patriotism of the Corsicans, says their historian, that even in this dark hour, when all the ingenuity of Genoa was directed to the depopulation of the island, and life within its bosom was a burden, the men would not emigrate. They were willing to suffer; resigned to insult; ready to die; but unconquerably bound to their fathers' homes.

Bloodshed and sorrow had well-nigh choked the fount of population. Vannina's countrywomen went barren to the grave. Over a century elapsed before the People's Land could rally a troop of able-bodied youths, or venture to give utterance to their undying hatred of the foreign usurper; when they felt themselves men again, the vendetta began. In thirty years, nearly as many thousand Genoese or Corsican traitors fell by the wayside, in their homes, on the church steps, struck by balls from unseen guns. Curse them not, you who have never known what it is to chafe helplessly against foreign fetters; to see your home made desolate, your sister borne away from you to be unwomaned, your life's blood wrenched out to fatten libertines, tyrants, monsters. The God of vengeance strikes with the hand of man.

The eighteenth century had risen high in the heavens when the vendetta assumed national proportions. England enforced—or tried to enforce—her acts of trade here; Genoa enforced hers—identical in tenor—in Corsica. England fought with Massachusetts and New York for pay for her governors; Genoa demanded *due seini*, twice six dollars, from every hearth for hers. In America, colonial assemblies stoutly set home tyrants at defiance; weaker and nearer, the men of Corsica fled to the fields when the tax-gatherer called for his scudi. One old man, mayhap too feeble to fly, scraped together all he had, and poured it into the hand of the Genoese. 'Twas half a soldo—five mills—short. The official demanded the uttermost farthing, under pain of instant forfeiture of goods and home. Wringing his hands, and with his white locks straggling in the wind, the weak old man tottered forth into the highway, bemoaning his fate in a feeble voice. As he wandered, men gathered round him. Dark eyes flashed, strong hands clutched the poniard and the gun, as he garrulously repeated his tale over and over again. Some one, flinging cap in air, cries: *Evviva la libertà!*—Corsica is herself again. Bells tolled, conch sounded, silent men tread the hills with watchful eye, groups gather at the old familiar rendezvous. A company of Genoese soldiers, warned of tumult, march in, take up quarters for the night, promise themselves an easy victory over the rebels. Morning finds them without so much as a dirk among them; and with much civility, Corsicans, armed with the stolen guns, escort them back home. They march on Bastia. A bishop begs twenty-four days' truce. Giafferi should have known bishops better, but the truce is granted. When it ends, the insurgents are ten thousand strong; a second truce, and they are fifteen thousand, every where in arms. Genoa, in rapid decline, her only strength in dollars, proposes to treat: finding the islanders firm for liberty, sends to the Emperor to buy men. Charles has a large stock on hand, able-bodied, muscular, trained to fight; market price four gulden per month, one hundred gulden for each article destroyed, and less in proportion for each leg or arm knocked off. This was before the wicked rebellion of the American colonies raised the price.

Four thousand warranted fighting machines —Wachtendonk thrown into the bargain—arrive in Corsica, and set about throat-cutting. Corsicans arrive too, from every army in Europe, finding a country of their own to fight for. Among others, Filiciano Leoni, whom, yet on the shore, his old father clasps in his arms and bids march in his stead against the tower of Nonza. A few hours after a messenger, blood-and-dirt-spattered, gallops to the old man's house. "What news?" "Not well," replies the messenger; "your son has fallen." "Nonza is taken?" "It is taken!" "Well, then," cries the veteran, "evviva Corsica!"

War raged. Drafts—Genoa Dr. to so many Germans killed, at one hundred gulden per corpse —fell heavily on the treasury. The Emperor complains that if the consumption continues, his supply will fall too low. Wachtendonk is taken, and to his unspeakable wonderment is not massacred, but sent home by wise Giafferi, with word to the Germans that Corsica claims nothing but freedom, but can not be debarred from that by the whole stock in trade of the Emperor. A few more thousand gulden are laid out in German flesh and blood by Genoa; then a peace, outwardly brilliant for the Corsicans, inwardly fruitful of peril for the People's Land. Short and restless, in fact. The Germans' back turned, Giafferi is up in arms again, the first Paoli, Hyacinth to wit, by his side, likewise Ceccaldi, recently escaped from the Malapaga. Once more the deadly struggle begins. On the side of Corsica are valor, heroism, obstinacy; on that of Genoa, wealth, soldiers, fleets. In this world matter triumphs over mind; Corsica is driven to the mountains, the People's Land starves, extermination is imminent. In mid-ruin, a ship—the Union Jack of England floating from mizzen top—sails into Aleria. Who is this strange figure landing from the barge? Tall and stately in person; Spanish hat with drooping plume; Moorish trowsers, and girdle of finest yellow silk, clasping a pair of corsair-like pistols, richly inlaid: in his hand, of all things in the world, a stick carved to stand for a sceptre. He orders the sailors to discharge cargo, and cannon, muskets, ammunition, gold in boxes and bags, corn, nay, even coats and shoes are piled on the beach, while the Corsicans gaze in mute bewilderment. Here is a friend indeed.

None other than Theodore von Neuhoff, a Westphalian by birth, a famous soldier in Spain, and the trusty confidant of Alberoni. Spain exhausted, he had gone to Paris, become an adviser of the Duke of Orleans, and finally a partner in the Law swindle. Every body knew him; nobody disputed his courage, or his genius, or his wealth. Having risen as high as man could rise in France, he had set out, like Don Quixote, in search of adventure abroad; and finding Corsica in trouble, had set his fertile mind to work, the net result being a scheme for the liberation of the island under King Theodore the First. The scheme seems less wild when it is remembered that only a year before the Corsicans, for want of some hero to worship, had superstitiously appointed the Virgin Mary Protectress of the People's Land, and her Son Gonfaloniere. Paoli, Giafferi, and the other patriots, dazzled by the promises of one whose influence at the European courts was said to be unbounded, closed the bargain; reserving the whole legislative power to the people, and crowning the adventurer Theodore with laurel and oak leaves, in lieu of metal.

It was a step backward from him who had spurned the title of Count. But the Corsicans would have crowned a chimpanzee, had he been able to grant them liberty and drive out the Genoese. And if his Majesty Theodore the First did confer silly titles, write pompous letters, and environ himself with a mock-heroic court, margraves, chancellors, lords in waiting, masters of ceremonies, white sticks and red sticks, and all the other rubbish of royal paraphernalia, he fought none the worse for all that, and laid about him in battle before the walls at Bastia as if his life was of no more account than a drummer's. More than this: he disciplined the army, screwed money out of the old seigniors in exchange for titles, and made a decided improvement in the condition of the rebels. Unhappily, in the flush of his first triumph, he had told the Corsicans that the ship which bore him to the island was only the forerunner of a fleet his friends were dispatching to their aid, with arms, money, and supplies. Now this fleet having been launched nowhere save in the fertile imagination of King Theodore, as time wore on and the Corsican funds wore out, discontent arose at court. Clamors even were heard, and Theodore, foreseeing the storm, took leave of his subjects, as he said, to hasten the fleet, embarked on board ship, and, in an abbé's dress, landed at Leghorn. The next thing the Corsicans heard of him was that he was in jail for debt at Amsterdam. The fact was trumpeted in their ears by the Genoese, who bade them take warning and return to the service of the Republic. An assembly of the people called, without dissentient voice it was resolved that the men of Corsica had sworn fidelity to King Theodore, and that they would not betray or desert him. In disgust and despair Genoa called on France for aid, and Henry, ever eager to extend French territory, jumped at the opportunity of sending a French garrison to Corsica. "Manifest destiny," said he, "and geographical necessity, require us to possess ourselves of Corsica."

Every Corsican between the age of sixteen and sixty took the field, crying *Viva il Re!* While fighting, and wondering when their King would obtain a discharge from his Dutch creditors, a fleet of three men-of-war, and a squadron of transports, laden with men, arms, and supplies, sailed into the port of Aleria. A second time Theodore landed in great state; having actually, by the wonderful resources of his mind, persuaded his creditors to fit him out an expedition! Another man in such circumstances would infallibly have realized his hopes. But the whole history of Neuhoff is at war with probabilities. When he first arrived, a stranger, decked out in foreign trappings, and demanding regal honors, the Corsicans flocked to his banner; when he was absent in prison, they fought and died for him; when he returned, eager to lead them and able to defend their cause, they turned their backs on him. Possibly, the kingly dream had ended. At all events, deserted by his old courtiers, warned of the disaffection of the people, Theodore re-embarked on board ship and fled to England. The only change was that, instead of "King Theodore," the Corsican banners bore the Biblical inscription: "Better to die in war than see the misery of our nation." There was no rest for the French.

Five years afterward, war raging as usual, up started King Theodore once more, this time with English ships. He distributed arms and royal proclamations in equal doses; the people took the one, and made wads of the other. It was plain that the Corsican throne was a chimera. Even Neuhoff admitted it at last, and declaring that royalty was as thankless an occupation as he had found soldiering, politics, finance, and intrigue to be, sailed away for the last time from his kingdom's shore.

Left to themselves, the Corsicans chose a native leader—the lineal successor of Sampiero in the dynasty of Corsican heroes. This was Giampiero Gaffori, a man cast in Spartan mould. Against the strong place of Corte he led his mountaineers and opened fire. It so happened that his son was in the place; true to Genoese policy, the commandant ordered the lad to be suspended outside the wall at the very point where his father's cannon were making the most impression. At the sight of him, gunners let fall their tools—their leader's son! But Gaffori, a single moment of weakness gulped, shouted "Fire!" and the battlements were hidden from view by smoke and flame. Then hastily forming his forlorn hope, he led them to the breach, dashed into the place, and tore down the Genoese flag—superadding to the joy of triumph the inexpressible delight of clasping his son unhurt in his arms.

On the 10th of August, 1746, Corsica declared itself independent, and intrusted supreme power to Gaffori and two other patriots. The

constitution, similar to that of Sambucuccio and Sampiero, was thoroughly democratic. But there was a fatality about the island. France once more lent Genoa a helping hand; and Corsican Independence became little better than a name. At one time all Corsica was subdued save Gaffori only. He was a host in himself, however; before long, divided the island with the foreigners, and the Diet resumed its functions. Victory after victory struck terror into Genoa; their cherished possession was slipping through their hands. There was nothing to save them but the old plan. Gaffori had a brother, an Italian brother, as Giudice had had a son, and Sampiero a servant: him the Genoese hired, and on a dark October night he slew their enemy for them and got his thirty pieces.

Worms had not touched his body when the Corsican people assembled, took a fresh oath to avenge him, and chose the second Paoli—Pasquale—to be their leader. A contrast to his predecessors in the hero-dynasty. A young man of graceful figure, gentle voice, and persuasive eloquence; modest rather than assured; more of a thinker than an actor; a reasoner on the great principles of human society—in some sort a Corsican Otis or Adams. In his cabinet at Naples he had bent his whole mind to the study of government; and about the same time as they had arrived at the same conclusions with regard to popular rights. He had done more. He had seen the true faults of his country and his people; and his first act on his return was to proscribe that hereditary weapon of Corsican warfare, the vendetta. It was a rude shock to Corsican prejudice: the vendetta had often been their sole arm against the Genoese, their sole consolation under defeat, misery, and despair; but Paoli was firm, and it was abandoned. Other reforms followed; culminating in the Corsican constitution—that model of democratic charters, older than our own by nearly twenty, than that of revolutionary France by over thirty years. At last, it seemed, the campaign which had lasted nearly eight hundred years was drawing to a close, and Corsica was to be free. All over Europe men applauded her heroism and Paoli's wisdom. Chatham spoke of Corsica as a model for states; Rousseau declared his life would be happy could he but aid Paoli in his great work of legislation. Wretched, broken-down Genoa was nearer being conquered by the Corsicans than subduing them. Paoli, in words strongly suggestive of familiar sentences in the writings of Washington, felt that to him had been committed the burden of crowning the great work which had been begun by Sambucuccio, and in the prosecution of which all the heroes of his native isle had fallen martyrs. The island throve. Commerce revived. The land was tilled. Crime diminished. Paoli founded the university of Corsica.

The nearer victory, the nearer defeat. In the midst of his grateful toils, Genoa, treacherous to the last, and driven from the island, sold it to France. Men who read history must school their nerves to coolness. Five years before, France ceded, in full dominion to the king of England, a country peopled by her sons, all of whom had sucked hatred of the English name with their mother's milk; now she bought from Genoa another people, who were at that moment as independent as the French themselves, and whom Genoa had no more right to sell, even if France to buy, than the Province of New York. Bayonets made good the bargain. French armies were poured into Corsica, and the death-struggle began. Paoli was not a soldier by nature; certainly not a guerrilla. But he fought as the last of the Corsican dynasty should have fought; yielding inch by inch; fortifying and defending every pass; attacking every exposed point; engaging an enemy ten times his strength; infusing courage into the Corsicans to the last. From village to village, from fort to fort, from crag to crag, he was driven by the overwhelming army of the invaders; till—every military point in the island in the hands of the French—he found himself with a small band of followers on the gulf Porto Vecchio, without a single hope left. A generous Englishman offered him a ship, and bade him forget his country.

"Forget my country!" cried the crushed patriot: "Corsicans never forget. But—" and his mind wandered over the history of the past, the never-ending, never-varying struggle Corsica had waged for freedom, and the inexorable law which seemed to condemn her to defeat in the very hour of victory—"but," he groaned, "fatality commands."

And he embarked. That hour Corsican freedom expired.

ARE WE A POLITE PEOPLE?

OUR GENTLEMEN.

WE Americans are all gentlemen by self-appointment. Having voluntarily assumed the title, it is but reasonable to expect that we should incur the obligations. Our pretensions are magnificent; let us inquire how far our performances are correspondent. When a "gentleman" is announced, we unhesitatingly prepare to receive him in the drawing-room, and take it for granted that he is quite up to the drawing-room standard. If our "gentleman," whatever may be the fineness of his broadcloth or the polish of his boots, inaugurates his visit by a record of his manners in an indelible stain of tobacco-juice upon the Carrera marble, we naturally infer that he is an impostor, and take care—if we do not kick him out at once—that, for the future, our "gentleman" shall be kept at a safe distance from the nice proprieties of our interior. The treatment may be severe, but it is not unjust. Our visitor presents himself as a gentleman, and is judged accordingly. If he walks into our drawing-room, he is bound to submit to its laws; and if he does not, or can not, he manifestly is as much out of his place as a chimney-sweep within the finest and whitest

of bed-linen. We all in this country claim admission into the drawing-room, and accordingly it behooves us to know something of drawing-room manners, and to conduct ourselves accordingly.

There is no country in the world where there is such a large average of respectability of exterior as in these United States. Whole broadcloth is the rule with us, while it is but the exception elsewhere. The nation is as uniform in dress as a regiment of soldiers, and holds itself in perpetual readiness for a review or a parade. While the English laborer puts on his fustian jacket, and tramps to his day's work in hob-nailed shoes, the American clothes himself in broadcloth and French leather. Costume, with us, knows no distinction of class; and were it not for the deeper tint of health in the cheeks, and a stouter development of natural proportion, it might often be hard to distinguish between the house-maid and the mistress. The fine lady of the kitchen, on dress occasions, is hardly distanced by the fine lady of the parlor; and when Bridget flaunts out of the front-door in her Sunday best, it is not very surprising that young Simpkins, seeing dimly through his eye-glass, should lift his hat reverentially, in supposed recognition of the reigning belle of the season.

Labor has a right, undoubtedly, if it pays for them, to drape its brawny form in broadcloth and silk. Protests are often uttered, we know, even in this land of equality, against "the uppishness of the lower classes," and there are high-bred peacocks in the drawing-room who would be glad, doubtless, to pluck out the assumed feathers of the inferior daws in the kitchen. The picturesque may lose by this uniformity of costume; for it must be confessed that the varieties of dress which distinguish the different classes in foreign countries present a kaleidoscope view of form and color not unpleasing to the eye. We would remind those sentimental young ladies, however, who fell desperately in love with the youthful Spriggins while he showed off so brilliantly in costume at the last fancy-ball at Newport, that all Italian peasants do not wear jerkins of Genoa velvet at twenty dollars the yard, and submit their heads to the daily manipulation of the comb and curling-tongs of a French barber. Spriggins exhaling perfume, and glistering his velvet in the ball-room, has a very different odor and look from the ragged and oleaginous Roman scratching his head and smelling of garlic under the walls of the Eternal City. Then a fig for the picturesque! and let all our people, as far as a due regard to economy will allow, dress alike; for this exterior uniformity is the symbol of equality of right. With a claim to equal privilege comes the obligation to equal duty. We demand a large average standard of good manners from a nation which presents itself as a nation of "gentlemen and ladies."

With our gregarious habit of flocking together on all occasions, eating and drinking as we do in herds, doing business and taking our pleasure in crowds, and not unfrequently, as is said of our fraternizing brethren of the South and West, dividing the pillow in the close conjunction of bed-fellows, it especially behooves our people to look to their behavior. There is no escape from this universal companionship. Every man, whether he will or not, is forced into its recognition, and must be ready with his "hail-fellow," however ill met. The crabbed Briton of high pretensions has his impenetrable shell of aristocratic privilege or class distinction within which to retreat, and at the first approach of any inferior animal he can shut himself up close from all possible contact. Not so the well-bred American. He has no retreat; and, being always exposed, must trust to the forbearance of the public for his security. The general decency of manners is his only hope; and if that fails him, his smooth feathers become terribly ruffled in the social encounter.

As we are always putting on our best dress and going into company, let us try to be becoming to the one and agreeable to the other. Fine clothes, though they may set off blackguardism, on the principle of contrast, to great advantage, do not justify or excuse it. A white shirt on an unwashed chimney-sweep does not disguise, but reveals his blackness by the incongruity. Foul habits show all the dirtier for clean linen, and rough manners all the rougher for smooth broadcloth. We recollect Peregrine Pickle's attempt, by means of satin and feathers, to make a fine lady out of the pretty gipsy-girl, and may learn a moral from its ludicrous failure.

Whatever may be the general average of good manners in this country, there is no doubt there is greater incongruity here than elsewhere between dress and conduct. The decency of the one, universal as it is, is not by any means proportionately set off by the becoming in the other. French boots are all very well, but fine as they may be, no one cares, and if he were not familiarized by the frequency of the American habit would expect, to see them thrust into his velveted chair or upon the top of his mahogany. A five-dollar hat, new and glossy, is a proper and genteel thing enough, but is no more appropriately on the head in-doors than an umbrella would be spread over it. We do not know why our countrymen should always choose to outrage these ordinary decencies of life. We may be told, perhaps, that they are only exercising their free-born right in emancipating themselves from the tyranny of an arbitrary conventionalism; but the ordinary laws of polite society do not emanate, though the shifting edicts of capricious Fashion may, from an arbitrary conventionalism. They are founded upon a long experience and a cultivated sense of the proper and agreeable. It requires no argument, we should suppose, to prove that the right place for the boots is under, and not upon the top of the mahogany. Our countrymen will surely not have a word to say in favor of the cleanliness, however they may stand up,

or rather stretch out, in vindication of the right of beating with their hoofs a tattoo upon the dining-table. There, too, is the by no means obsolete practice, in spite of this advanced era of gentility and silver forks, of shoveling the dinner into the mouth with a gleaming, sharp-edged knife-blade, which no one can possibly defend, whatever his breeding, if he has a spark of humanity in his soul. This practice is, of course, forbidden by decent society, and for no other—and there could be no better—reason than because the practice is dangerous, and decent society has a natural delicacy about spilling human blood. There is hardly a rule of politeness which is not sustained by some principle founded on good sense. On entering a house, one is expected to remove his hat from his head, that he may not be overheated when within, and thus liable to suffer from cold when he goes out. Moreover, when a person remains covered, and, as it were, in readiness for a move, he interferes with the general sense of repose which is essential to in-door comfort. Take even what appear to be the most arbitrary rules, and all will be found to be in accordance with good sense. "Never ask twice for soup," is a canon, as we all know, of table etiquette, and a very sensible one it is, frivolous as it may at first appear to be; for too much fluid interferes with digestion, and besides, a second plate, if asked for by some unconscious dining-out neophyte, will cause a delay that may disarrange a whole dinner, spoil the tempers of the guests, and break the heart of the cook. So much we have said for the behoof of our practical countryman, that they may be persuaded to be decent for the sake of utility if not of ornament. They will be, it is to be hoped, induced to study the small graces of life for the health, comfort, convenience, and respect they insure, and become gentlemen for their own sake, if not for the benefit of others.

There is an idea far too common among our fellow-citizens that liberty consists in doing what they like on every occasion and in all company. They seem to think that freedom of right implies freedom of manners, and that fellow-citizenship entitles them to the free use of all that pertains to their fellow-men. They have not the most remote conception of personal individuality, and practically carry out a social communism, which is neither good philosophy nor agreeable usage. We do not believe that Nature intended that our bodies should be seized by the public and held in common. Our back-bone is not your back-bone, our limbs are not your limbs, and we therefore think that you have no right to rest your heavy weight on the one, or freely manipulate the other. Our ears, moreover, are supposed to be private property, and we therefore protest against your bawling through them your own ribaldry and noisy impertinence, as we protest generally against your using any part of our anatomy for your own purposes. A gentleman was standing, with his arms akimbo, at the window of the Astor House, when one of our countrymen, overflowing with native saliva, took occasion of the opening between one of the arms and body to spit through it into the street below. The gentleman turned around, and, facing with an indignant look the offender, was met with a well-assured stare and the positive declaration, "I didn't touch you!" The free-and-easy salivator seemed totally unconscious of offense, and evidently believed that he had only been exercising an undoubted right of his own, and not interfering with the corporate privileges of his neighbor.

We would not care to have our American life stiffened by the starched manners of English reserve; we do not desire to be daily "gorgonized" from head to foot

"With a stony British stare."

We prefer the grasp of fellowship and the welcoming eye of a common brotherhood; but if we can not have these without that familiarity which breeds contempt, we would, if we could, take refuge with our self-respect behind the frowning bulwarks of British exclusiveness.

But we can not live exclusively in this country; the nature of our society and institutions forbids it. We have got to learn, as we must live in public, how to behave in public. We might take from our friends of France, whose fashions we are so fond of following, a lesson in manners too. But it is truly surprising, with all our readiness to borrow foreign follies and foreign vices, how pertinaciously we cling to native failings. We are very much in the case of the Scotchman who, when arrived in London, refused to be cured of the itch, for he liked to be reminded of "Maggie and bonnie Dundee!" Travel where we please, we persist in not being cured of our national disorders because they are national, and therefore have no right to complain if our company is avoided. Since the Americans have commenced to throng Europe in such crowds, they are no longer in vogue. Our countryman is too often known abroad by his high pretensions and low breeding. He goes swaggering about, hat on his head, cigar in his mouth, jingling his dollars, spouting loudly, spitting freely, and flirting his American citizenship into every face. There is no escape from him; he is every where, and is not to be mistaken. You see all over him, in large letters, "I'm an American, *I am!*" American citizenship is doubtless something to be grateful for; but when it vaunteth itself under such circumstances, there is more occasion for shame than pride. Let us take, we say again, a lesson from our French friends, who know so well how to temper freedom of intercourse with the restraint of mutual obligation. They are always mixing together, but, like their own salads, no ingredient is allowed to predominate. Individual eccentricities and personal acerbities are all subdued in the social mixture, producing a smooth combination of uniform courtesy. Each is willing to give up something of his own for the benefit of the general harmony. The French understand the art of living in public; we do

not, but we shall have to learn, or else, like an ill-regulated family, give up all hope of social comfort. We must be less tenacious of our individual *psora* than the Scotchman, and submit to a good deal of personal purification, if we want to relieve our public of its uneasy scratching. Our general intercourse is only to be made more easy and agreeable than it is by a resolute sacrifice, on the part of our free and independent citizens, of some of their personal freedom of manners to the common courtesy. "The greatest good of the greatest number" is a principle as essential to social as to political happiness, and is only to be secured by mutual concession. So doff your hats, fellow-citizens, now that you are in the presence of that aggregate dignitary, the public; swallow your saliva and those ugly words which you are wont to aim at your friends' eyes; and don't spit, hawk, whistle, shout, or swear, for neither is essential to the common good; keep your hands off, for, with all his fellow-citizenship, your neighbor probably does not wish to share his personal rights of head, body, or limbs with you or any one else; sit on one chair, and don't sprawl over half a dozen; down with your boots and draw in your legs, for the public has no particular interest, it is to be presumed, in the cut of the one or the turn of the other; in a word, behave yourself as a gentleman, and you will lose nothing by it, the community will gain a great deal, and there will be no difficulty in giving a satisfactory answer to the question, ARE WE A POLITE PEOPLE?

THE WHIRLPOOL.

A TALE OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

I.—I AM SHOT AT.

THE manner in which I formed Fred Colton's acquaintance was original and startling. I would never wish to commence a second friendship in precisely the same way. The first I ever heard of him was the report of his fowling-piece. In short, he shot at me.

This is the way of it: I was taking my customary bath in the river, and Mr. Fred was out duck-hunting. I sat upon the sandy bed of the stream, with my nose just out of water, amusing myself with the schools of little fish that came to study me, nibbling a little of the "humanities" here and there, at my shoulders, my ribs, my toes, but carefully avoiding the lessons of my hands; and I suppose my movements, as I attempted to entrap some of the sauciest of them, might have given my head the appearance of a water-fowl. Indeed, Fred always insisted that he thought I was a duck, with my bill in the mud. I was just preparing to capture an audacious little fellow that was eating my knee, when—bang! a shower of shot sprinkled the water for the space of a yard alongside my left ear.

It was the young gentleman's first shot at any kind of game, and—as he afterward confessed—he was in a tremendous flutter to fire before I took my bill out of the mud. Hence the blunder in the want of accuracy in his aim. As I said before, it was startling. I uttered a cry, and immediately made such a splashing as any lively imagination can readily picture to itself. Fred's piece was a double-shooter, and he stood prepared to let off the other barrel, and take me on the wing, in case I should fly up. I did not fly up, for reasons.

"What are you shooting at?" I roared out, wrathfully, standing waist-deep in the water.

I fancy that, to a cool spectator, the scene might have appeared sufficiently ludicrous. But both Fred and myself were too much impressed by the serious part to see a very large amount of fun in it. He was more frightened than I was, a good deal; he ran out from behind the bushes that half-concealed him, and stared at me, gun in hand, and consternation in his face.

"Aren't you a duck?" he stammered, pale, but grinning.

"A duck! You must be a goose!" I exclaimed.

"Are you hurt, Sir!"

"Hurt? No! It's fortunate for me you are no marksman! You should be ashamed of that shot."

"I am—I ought to have hit you. I'll do better with a little practice. Shall I try again?"

Gradually my disgust gave place to good-humor; and upon coming out of the water, I gave him a wet hand to shake over the bushes that secured my clothes and me. The result was, instead of game for dinner that day, he had a guest, and thus our acquaintance began.

II.—THE STORY OF J. R.

One day I had the curiosity to ask my new companion what had brought him to the country.

"I am here to be cured," he answered, with a peculiarly grave expression.

"Cured?" I stared at him. How I envied the freshness and beauty of that ruddy face! "Cured! Sir Hearty?" and I felt his pulse. "What appears to be the matter?"

"Oh, no uncommon malady; a complaint incident to the young. Nearly all have it, sooner or later," said Fred, with a sigh.

"Measles?"

"No."

"Whooping-cough?"

He shook his head.

"Oh! scarlet-fever?" and I looked at his glowing complexion.

"Not exactly."

"I have it now!"

"Well?" said Fred.

"Mumps!" I exclaimed, feeling his plump cheeks.

"No, not that either," sighed my rosy invalid.

Upon which I roared out, "Ho, ho! ha, ha!" and whipped out my handkerchief to smother my emotions, for I was greatly affected by the final discovery of his secret.

"Well, what now?" said Fred, baiting his hook, for we were fishing.

"Love-sick!" I exclaimed.

Thereupon the fly slipped from his fingers, and he pressed my hand very solemnly.

"Let's drop it!" said he, earnestly.

"You have dropped it, if you allude to your bait."

"I mean the subject. It is sacred."

He looked grave for a moment, but there struggled a smile about his lips that would not be repressed; and its gradual unfolding into a full-blown grin encouraged me to proceed.

"Tell me about it," said I, flinging my pole upon the bank.

Fred coughed, and shook his head again, and looked rosier than ever, as he busied himself with a new bait. But I felt that this was a theme on which he had long desired to converse with me; I accordingly coaxed and insisted, and at last he threw his pole beside mine on the grass, and sat looking at it thoughtfully.

"A singular coincidence!" he said, half to himself.

"What?" I inquired.

"Observe those poles and lines. They form two distinct letters of the alphabet. Do you see?"

I exercised my ingenuity, and suggested *I K*.

"I never knew you to guess right the first time! Don't you see," he cried, impatiently, "your *I* is a perfect *J*?"

"The same thing," I replied. "The difference is all in my *I*."

"Not precisely; for your *K* happens to be an *R*," said Fred.

"As you please; I grant you a most distinct and unmistakable J R. But what then? Where's the wonderful coincidence?"

"They are the initials of HER NAME!" responded my companion, in a low voice of mystery.

"A-h-h!" said I, with a prolonged aspiration of wonder. "Very remarkable! Now, who is J. R.?"

"The dearest, sweetest, best little girl in the world!" exclaimed Fred, with a sincerity and delicate tenderness that did his heart credit.

"My dear fellow," said I, "you make me love you—and envy you! You are engaged?"

"A commonplace engagement—I despise it!"

Fred evidently felt hurt because I could mention any thing so prosaic.

"I meant betrothed—plighted," I said, believing the bill would pass with this amendment. But Fred still shook his head with a contemptuous expression.

"Our hearts are betrothed, our souls are plighted, I do devoutly trust!" he spoke earnestly, after a pause; "but no vulgar terms of contract have ever passed our lips!"

"Your lips have sealed more blessed pledges, no doubt," I suggested—not profanely, but seriously and tenderly.

For a moment Fred appeared transfixed by a reminiscence of joy so dear, so delicious, that it was an inspiration to look at him. I could imagine that Romeo looked so, when he thrilled to the name of Juliet.

"Of course," the romantic youth condescended to explain, in unromantic prose, "the thing is understood between us. Oh, she is truth itself!" breathed Romeo, all in a glow. "Trial and temptation surround her; but it is impossible for her to prove false. In short, her friends are opposed to the match. They exacted the promise that there should be no engagement. But what are pledges? Every word, act, look, thought, is a pledge!"

"True," said I; "but why do her friends oppose?"

"Why do narrow and calculating friends always oppose?" cried Fred. "I am a poor law-student, I have no fortune, and my future is dubious. J. R. is a lady of unparalleled attractions; she can pick and choose where she will," he added, with pride and exultation in the curve of his handsome lip. "They disclaim all intention of influencing her; but it vexes them that with wealth and talent and fashion at her back, she should stop a moment to think of poor me! Her father is a good friend of mine, and, I believe, wishes me well. He is Dr. Ringwood—one of the noblest fathers in the world. But she has a mother and an aunt, who are—very excellent people!" he declared with peculiar emphasis. "They have picked out a husband for her—a worthy man, benevolent, and all that—*worthy* means that he's worth half a million—in short, a tremendous catch! It's a dead certainty that he'll propose to her within a month!"

"And with such an army against you," I exclaimed, "you have left the field!"

"The love and truth of that girl," began Fred, with sparkling enthusiasm; but he checked himself. "Don't let me bore you; I'm afraid I shall, now you've set me going on this theme. We'll omit the eulogy at all events. Enough, that I trust her. I came out here to conciliate her friends, and for my health. I assure you I was quite miserable. My anxiety robbed me of appetite and sleep. The good old doctor observed it, and one day he invited me into his office.

"'You don't appear quite well,' said he.

"'I'm not very well,' said I, 'it's true.'

"'Let me see your tongue.' I turned my face wrong side out for his inspection. He smiled, and gradually his fingers slipped from my wrist down upon my hand; and I assure you he gave me a kindly pressure which, coming from him, made my heart run right over. I tell you I cried like a baby! You wouldn't blame me if you knew how I loved that girl, how they were all trying to get her away from me, and how susceptible a fellow is at such a time to a little sympathy. 'I'm really concerned for you, my young friend,' said the kind old heart, 'and I think I know what will do you good.'

"I thanked him, and said I should be glad to hear what he advised.

"'You appear to have studied too hard!' said the doctor. 'Now, I tell you what, get a vacation, and run off into the country, and recruit.'

"'How can you say that?' I burst out, reproachfully.

"'Tut, tut,' said the doctor. 'I know what you mean; but be of good cheer. All will be well. You need rest; so does somebody else,' said he, in a whisper. 'Somebody else shall do just as she pleases, mind you; and when I say it I mean it. But it will be better for both of you to separate for a little while. See how you feel about it three months from now. That's all I ask. Take my advice,' he added, so sincerely that, as you see, I took it. I packed up a bundle of clothes, a few books, a certain daguerreotype and certain letters, and came off. Had a parting interview with J. R. first, of course. That's what gave me the courage and strength to endure the separation. Three months, and no letters are to pass between us! But half the term of the probation is passed already."

"But what if the mother and aunts and the half a million should carry the day after all?" I urged. "Women are frail and inconstant."

Fred looked serious for a moment. A shock of anxiety drove the color from his cheeks. "But women are not so false as that!" he exclaimed. "Oh, if I should tell you a hundredth part! You don't know, or you would not fling out such a doubt! If J. R. proves false in this, then there is no truth in woman!"

His courage, his noble trust, his singleness and purity of heart shone out so beautifully that I was ashamed of my unworthy suggestion. I pressed his hand to assure him of my sympathy.

"I am glad I have told you this," he said, with moist eyes and a tremulous voice. "I am alone up here, and friendless, but for you; and I have needed some one to help me bear my burden."

I pledged my heart to that trust; and taking up the fish-poles, the wonderful initials of her name, we thus typified the act of friendship, carrying the precious J. R. home together on our backs.

III.—JUST WHAT I EXPECTED.

Still, on reflection, I could not but tremble for my friend. His confidence in J. R.'s love was boundless; but did he consider the instability of human nature and the cogency of influences? Such strength and truth as his generous soul endowed her with exist only in poetry, or among those rare saints of whom we meet never more than one in a lifetime. Was J. R. one of such? I doubted not but she loved him; but he had described her as all gentleness and kindness, and I knew too well that these beautiful qualities often prove the pregnable doors of the soul, through which misguided friends press their legions of error. If a young heart is docile and dutiful, there is all the more danger that the counsels and injunctions of positive minds, well-meaning, perhaps, but selfish and prejudiced, will overbear its best convictions and pervert its truth.

I endeavored, from time to time, to suggest these considerations to my friend, in order that, should disappointment come, it would not find him utterly unprepared. But he was incredulous; pitying my blindness, and smiling at my unnecessary solicitude.

The days flew by rapidly, and the term of his probation was drawing to a close. I could almost, through his clear and truthful face, see his soul kindle and throb when we spoke of his reunion with J. R., the happiness so long hoped-for, now so near!

It was about a week before the expiration of the prescribed three months that I was one afternoon surprised at receiving a message from Fred's landlady. She wished me to come immediately to the house, and some very alarming hints were thrown out concerning the condition of my friend. I lost no time in obeying the summons. It was a stormy day, and I walked fast through a pouring rain to the house. I was met at the door by Mrs. Skewry.

"Oh, Sir!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come!"

"What's the trouble?" I inquired.

"That poor young man!" said she, with heart-full emotion. "Some letters came to him to-day that have almost killed him."

I saw it all at once. It was as I feared.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"He is in his room. I carried the letters up to him, and I never saw a face brighten up and look so happy as his did. I hurried away, for I knew he did not want me to see him read them. I was feeling so glad for him; for I do think he is such a beautiful young man. But it wasn't long before my husband came, and wanted to know what was the matter in Colton's room. We went up and listened; and I declare I never heard such groans! I sartin' thought he was dying, and made my husband open the door. There he lay, with his face down on the floor, with one of the letters in his hand and the other open on the table. We tried to do something for him, but he wouldn't let us. He drove us away, and so I sent for you."

Filled with grief and alarm, I hurried to Colton's chamber. All was still. I opened the door carefully. Fred had got up from the floor and was lying upon the bed. He had wrapped a blanket so closely about him, from head to foot, that no part of him was visible. He lay as motionless as a log. I thought he might be dead, or at least that he had swooned. But on drawing near I perceived that he breathed—a short, feeble, gasping breath, like a person at the extreme of suffering and exhaustion. I did not speak, but placed my arms around him, as I knelt beside the bed. Upon that I felt him struggle—heard him gasp; then tearing the covering from his head, he burst forth in groans of intolerable anguish.

"Poor Fred! Poor, dear Fred!" was all I could say.

"Oh! thank you! thank you!" he articulated, ringing my hand. "But I am not worth this—don't let me give you pain."

"Bless you, my boy!" said I; "if I can take any portion of your pain—I could ask no greater happiness!"

"You speak to me as if I were a child!" he responded, trembling in every nerve. "And, indeed, what am I but a child?"

"You are a man!" I cried—"a strong, truthful, noble man. But grief finds us all children. Oh, Fred! it was almost inevitable that this thing should be; but it must not overcome you. The soul rises above all. The soul is wise and calm."

"Oh! such perfidy! such perfidy!" he moaned. "How could she do it? But it is not herself!" he cried out, fiercely, starting up. "They are robbing me of her! I will go—I will tear them to pieces—I will have my own!"

I rather encouraged this disposition. Wrath and resolve are a stimulus against despair. But suddenly he sank back again, with a cry of unutterable heart-sickness.

"Oh! treachery!" he said; "Oh, fool! fool! fool! I have been overreached. I gave up to them, for I trusted them; they have put out my eyes, and bound me hand and foot. There was never such atrocious wrong! Read that!"

He thrust a letter into my hand. As I remember its contents, they were nearly as follows:

"Mr. Colton,—By the same mail that brings you this you will receive a note from Julia. The poor child has long been groping in the dark, but she sees her duty at last. She wonders now how she could ever be in doubt with regard to the course she ought to pursue. She looks upon it all as a strange, strange delusion. But a kind Providence has watched over her, and preserved her. It will no doubt be a disappointment to you; but let us hope that you will bear it like a Christian. Do not follow her or seek an interview; it will be useless. It will only grieve and displease her if you do. It can not alter what has been done. Julia will probably be married in the course of the ensuing month; until which time it is the wish of herself and friends that I remain with her, to protect and strengthen her. I shall fulfill the trust. That you may see the hand of God in this, and that He will sanctify the experience to you, is the earnest prayer of

"Ruth Moany."

Having read the letter carefully, I folded it, and returned it to the envelope.

"This is the aunt?" I said, with an effort to overcome the choking sadness at my heart.

"Yes!" exclaimed Fred, in a burst of rage. "How she blasphemes!—talks of Providence and the hand of God! Her god is the world—and she teaches Julia that damning atheism! Oh! is there a God? Could he permit such injustice?"

"Oh! my friend!" I answered, moved by a strong emotion, "let me open my heart to you. I have been where you are, or rather I have lain in depths of suffering which you have never reached. You talk of injustice, perfidy, atrocious wrong. You do not know the meaning of the words! Believe me then, when, out of my own experience, I bring you this assurance, that the eye of Justice never slumbers—the hand of Justice is never stayed. Not noisily, with great crash and terror, in the affairs of this world, is judgment done; but secretly, in the soul. If, through generosity and truth, you have lost, such loss will be gain; only have faith, and remain generous and true to the end. If the good things of the world escape now from your grasp, it is because greater goods are in store for you. Existence is wide and various; eternity is long; and the clouds that blot out the universe to-day are but specks, transient and insignificant in the account of an infinite life. And let me tell you this, for I know what I say: If you are true and worthy, and if she is true and worthy, and you love each other, she will yet be yours. You can not be defrauded. You will have what you deserve!"

What power inspired me to utter this prediction, I did not pause to inquire. I felt the faith strong within me, and I breathed it into him. He clasped my hand in both his, and kissed it, with tears and sobs.

"Oh! say that again! say that again!" he cried.

They were the first tears he had shed; and they were like blessed rain to his withering agony. His sobs were violent in proportion to the grief that had been pent within; but I was glad to see it find vent in this way. I repeated what I had said; it was no cold philosophy; my heart throbbed in it, and the tears of my sympathy ran with it.

"Would you like to see her letter?" he asked; and he took from his bosom a crumpled little note, which he placed in my hands. I remember distinctly each word of that remarkable page:

"Frederick,—Are you strong, are you noble, are you true?

"The sacrifice must be made. Heaven help us both!

"You will suffer—but remember that another suffers too! Love is sweet, life is dear, hope is beautiful—but duty is sacred above all. Oh, my friend! my deeply-injured friend! I could not help it. Do not upbraid me—I can not bear it. I can not write more. Farewell! God bless you—I know He will. Julia."

I must confess that my heart failed me, as I read this simple, but terribly significant record. It seemed to have been written with a bursting heart and a dizzy brain. I thought I saw a true, deep woman's love quivering through the lines, and struggling for utterance against the sense of propriety and duty which held it in check. But at the same time I saw my worst apprehensions realized—the pure outgushing waters of a young girl's soul muddied and dammed by selfish, worldly hands, that did their hateful work in the name of God and duty!

Fred watched me anxiously, and grew pale and faint as I hesitated to speak.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I hardly know what to think. Let me go and collect my thoughts. When I come back we will talk more calmly, and, rest assured, some wisdom and strength will be given us."

"Where are you going?"

"I have an errand at home, and I will bring you a bottle of wine."

"It is not wine I want—not wine—not wine!"

The piteous accents in which these words were spoken rang in my ear as I hastened along the village street, and it was with a shock of regret and self-reproach that I remembered them on my return.

The room was empty. Fred had disappeared. None had seen him go. Two hours I spent in an anxious, unavailing search through the dripping woods and over the rainy hills; then, as night came on and the storm increased, wet, weary, and disheartened, I returned home.

IV.—JUST WHAT I DID NOT EXPECT.

Having put on my clothes, and drank a cup of tea, I was sitting by my comfortable wood-fire, thinking of poor Fred, and wondering how the drama would end, when I was again summoned by a message from his landlady. He had not reappeared; but, if it would not be too much trouble, she desired me to "come down" as soon as possible, she having something of great importance to say to me.

It was no very agreeable change to kick off my warm slippers, and pull on my wet boots again; but I did not hesitate, and, in a few minutes, I was once more at the inn. Mrs. Skewry met me, as before, and drew me mysteriously into the vacant dining-room.

The good woman had to announce the arrival of a strange lady in the evening coach. She was young, and delicate, and timid, and, what was remarkable, she had evidently made a long and tedious journey, and was traveling alone.

"But the strangest thing of all," added the landlady, "she wanted to know—and it was a'most the first thing she said after she'd had time to ketch her breath and look around, for she seems dreadful troubled about something—she asked if there was a person named Colton stopping here. Of course I said there is, and as nice a young man, I said, as ever I wished to see. She was all in a flutter at this; and when I told her Mr. Colton had had a very bad turn to-day, and had gone out without saying where he was going, and how we'd been feeling concerned about him, she sot right down, and looked so white it seemed I could pushed her over with only a touch of my finger, as if she'd been nothing but a piece of down! As soon as she could speak she asked if I knew what was the matter with him. I said I didn't; but I spoke of you, and said you probably knew—you was his intimate friend, and had been with him all the afternoon. She asked where you lived, how far it was, and if a person could walk there. She didn't say she wanted to see you, but I knew well enough she did, and the poor thing looked so crazed and distressed I determined to send for you."

Astonished and overjoyed by this revelation, I sent Mrs. Skewry at once to the young lady's room with a message announcing my arrival, and asking if she would see me.

A few minutes later I entered the public parlor. A beautiful young girl stood before me, pale, agitated, anxious. I could not be mistaken—those earnest, deep hazel eyes, that pure brow, that lovely mouth and exquisitely rounded chin were the truthful counterpart of a certain daguerreotype the devoted Fred carried secretly near his heart, and of which I had enjoyed sundry glimpses in his generous and communicative moods.

As she stood regarding me with half-hopeful, half-frightened looks, I advanced, and with spontaneous sympathy and cordiality offered her my hand.

"May I say that I know you," said I, "and call you Julia?"

"Sir—you—you are too kind," she exclaimed, blushing and fluttering.

"Not too kind, for I am his friend. Sit down, Miss Ringwood—I am rejoiced that you are come."

"Tell me—tell me—" she began.

"I will tell you every thing; but be seated. You look very weary. Do not be in the least alarmed at Fred's absence. Those dreadful letters almost killed him, poor fellow!"

Miss Ringwood clasped her hands with a look of distress.

"But he has recovered from the first shock. I know just how he feels; he has gone to walk off the excitement of his spirit; he must soon return. The walk in the rain will do him good. Poor fellow! it will send him into the third heavens to find you here!"

"I could not help coming," she replied; "I hope it is nothing wrong—"

"Dear Miss Ringwood, it is the truest and noblest thing you could have done!"

"Oh! you think so, Sir?"

"I do—"

"But the world!" she exclaimed—"I don't care for that, though. You have seen those letters? You say they almost killed him—but he could not suffer more than I have suffered! The moment they were sent my eyes were opened. I could think only of him, and of my own sin—for it seemed a sin to me then."

"Glorious girl!" said I. "Fred's love and confidence were not misplaced!"

"Not his love—but his confidence, I did not deserve that! I am so weak! How could I betray him so! Can he ever forgive me?"

"This noble act—bursting through all obstacles and coming to him—atones for all! he has told me the whole story. I know what influences have urged you. It does my heart good to know there is one woman in the world so true!"

"Oh—oh, Sir!"—Miss Ringwood burst into tears—"if he will only be as charitable! They made me think I was doing right. I thought I must marry that old man they chose for me. They said it was sinful to love any one as I loved Frederick. Oh, I can't tell you any part of it! I am afraid he will never forgive my meanness and weakness. I was in despair when

I gave my consent; but as soon as I knew the letters were gone—then I grew wild! I shut myself up in my room. Oh, if he could have seen me last night, he would forgive me! I was to start to-day with my aunt for Philadelphia, and there I was to be married; I was to be kept away from Frederick until it was all over—but they did not know me; I did not know myself. Something rose up within me—it came out of the fire that burned me—it was my own better nature that had been suffocated so long. I tried to sleep, so as to be calm and well this morning; but I could not. I never felt such courage, power, and will! I could have faced any thing; I had only one thought—to come to Frederick; and here I am!"

She had got beyond tears; the beauty, the radiance, the animation of her face—her firm lip, her flashing eye, thrilled me with wonder and delight.

"How did you get away?" I asked.

"I *came* away! My aunt wished to prevent my leaving the house, but my father had insisted from the first that I should do as I pleased. 'Let her go!' said he; but he could have had no idea where I would go. I fancy my aunt did not like the looks of my face, nor my manner toward her. She followed me. I took a coach and rode all round the city to get away from her. I reached the railroad station just as the cars were about to start. I got aboard—I looked out of the window, and saw her coming through the door-way, and running after the train. She saw me; I was glad of it—she knew where I was going. I did not wish to deceive any one, only to get away as quietly as possible. I came on—she was left behind; the last I saw of her, she was beckoning energetically and giving orders from the platform to stop the train!"

Miss Ringwood laughed at the reminiscence; but ceased immediately at the thought of Frederick. His prolonged absence was certainly alarming, and the sound of the rain pouring against the windows was not of a nature calculated to quiet our fears.

The conversation was resumed; she told me more of herself, I in turn praised her lover, and so we became excellent friends; but mutual anxiety for Frederick's safety cast a gloom over the evening. We had adjourned to the dining-room, where Mrs. Skewry had prepared a supper of toast and tea for her guest; and Julia, at my solicitation, was trying to eat a little, when the landlord entered, bringing news regarding Frederick.

"A man from over the mountain has just come in, and says he saw somebody going up the river, through the woods, about dark. From his description it must be Mr. Colton."

Miss Ringwood seemed to listen with every muscle of her face and faculty of her soul.

"Over the mountain? Where is that?" she asked, eagerly.

"It's east from here," replied the landlord. "The river comes down through the notch. It's mighty wild all through there; I suppose that's what made the young man always like it so well. He used to go up that way as often as three or four times a week. But what can take him there to-night I can't imagine. It's a terrible storm, and the river bellows like thunder."

All this tended still more to excite the young girl's fears. In her distress she gave me an appealing look that went to my soul. Indeed, my own apprehensions were now beginning to get the better of my judgment. I felt that something frightful was happening—had happened to Fred.

And now, looking at the good-natured landlord, I perceived that he was standing in wet clothes.

"You have been out?" I said.

"Yes; my wife thought I'd better go down to the mill and see if he'd been there. You'd been every where else; and she didn't like to put you to any more trouble. I went, though I knew 'twan't no use."

"She is very thoughtful; and I thank you both. But I'll tell you what, Mr. Skewry, you've been out once, and you won't mind going again. I'll go with you this time; and we'll take a turn up the river."

Julia said nothing; but her countenance pleaded. "Oh, do go!" was what her eyes said. But the landlord shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't like the sound of *that!*" It was the wind and the rain striking the side of the house. "What you can stand, though, I suppose I can. If I thought 'twas any use—"

"That's the way Fred has gone—I've no doubt of it!" said I. "Where's the man who saw him? I went myself up as far as the bend; it must be beyond that that he was seen. I know just the road he would take; and, Captain, we shall find him! The fellow is a little insane to-night; but I've the medicine that will cure him."

With some reluctance the landlord got a lantern, and we set off for a night-exploration of the woods. I spoke a cheering word to Julia, who followed us anxiously and prayerfully to the door, and spread my umbrella against the storm. The wind turned it in an instant.

"Ye can't do nothing with that machine!" growled the landlord.

I tossed the umbrella behind me into the bar-room, and off we tramped into the dark and tempestuous night.

V.—THE ABYSS OF WATERS.

We kept what was called the mountain-road until we came abreast of the river bend. We then struck into the woods. The river roared not far off. The glimmer of the lantern guided us amidst the under-brush, over the hills and through the hollows, and under the swinging and whistling trees. The landlord stumbled over logs and sticks, and talked, and swore, and shouted. Occasionally we stopped to listen for a reply. We heard only the tempest, the howling trees, and the thundering waters.

"By George!" growled the landlord, "if this ain't a tomfool's errand! He can no more hear us, nor we him, than a cow can jump over the moon! Hark! What was that?"

It was a sound in the direction of the river. Above all the roar and tumult I thought I distinguished a human cry. I rushed forward to the brink of the precipitous bank, bidding my companion follow. I shouted again. A reply seemed to issue out from the very gulf of waters.

"Come on!" I said, and dashed through the thickets that bristled upon the verge of the precipice. In my haste I came near plunging into the gulf. The stream at this spot rushed through a chasm thirty feet deep, with walls of jagged rocks. I knew the spot; I knew also young Fred's proclivity to be climbing about such places; and I guessed his situation. From the edge of the cliff I looked down into an abyss of utter blackness. I shrieked his name.

"Hallo!" came the answer from below.

"Here he is!" I cried to the landlord, who came tearing his way through the bushes with his lantern. "Where are you, Fred?"

The shout came up from the abyss. "Drop me a rope, or I'm gone!"

The words struck consternation into my heart.

"We have no rope!"

"Then go for one, soon as you can! The river has risen a foot within the last ten minutes. It's up to my waist. It's all I can do to keep from being carried away."

I seized the lantern and held it over the chasm. A few feeble rays illumined the rocky wall, near the top; but I could distinguish nothing below.

"I can see you!" cried Fred. "But don't wait! Do something!"

What would I not have given to be able to see him in return! It seemed absolutely necessary to discern his precise situation before any thing could be done.

"I see him!" said the landlord, holding by a hemlock bough as he leaned over the bank. "How long can you hold out?"

"That depends upon the water; if it keeps rising I shall go soon. I've got just a corner of this rock to cling to."

"Cling well!" I shouted. "You are saved!" For now I thought of Julia, who had been driven from my mind by the first shock of terror at finding Fred in such peril. "She has come! she is waiting for you at the tavern. I have seen her. You have something to cling for—so cling fast!"

At the same time I charged the landlord to be expeditious; he was going for a rope. There was a house on the road, not more than a quarter of a mile off, where he hoped to procure one. He went in the dark, leaving the lantern with me. I immediately set to work to cut a bough from a young hemlock and attach the lantern to it. My object was to hang it over the precipice to light our operations. I was interrupted by Fred calling me.

"Why don't you answer?" he cried. "Is it true—about her?"

"Upon my soul it is true! She ran away to come to you!"

"The water is rising every minute!" said Fred.

"You must hold on!" I shouted.

"I will! I've got ten times the strength I had. I was frozen; now I am warm. But dispatch!"

"What do you stand upon?"

"A ledge; the water wasn't near up to it when I came here."

"How did you get down?"

"I hardly know—it was easy enough by daylight. I sat here on the rocks till dark; then, when I tried to get back, the only foothold I had for the first ten feet gave way and I fell. The water was just beginning to run over the ledge. I have fallen three times, trying to get up."

"Keep quiet where you are now, and hold fast!"

"Yes—can you see me? I am in a sort of niche in the rocks, out of the current, but there is a little whirlpool swallowing me!" He added something about Julia, but the wind and rain and flood drowned his voice.

I was now perfectly self-possessed, the danger and horror of the scene serving chiefly to rouse my faculties to the highest pitch of activity. I worked, and shouted encouragement to Fred. The landlord's absence seemed interminable. I raised the lantern above the bushes to guide his return. I also took advantage of the delay to prepare a birch pole, to serve in case the expected rope should prove too short. At length I heard a shout; Skewry was coming. There were two voices—three voices; he had brought help with him. My heart leaped for joy.

"Have you the rope?"

"Lots of 'em!" cried Skewry, plunging through the bushes; "a clothes-line and a bed-cord—two halters, besides!"

Now once more I shouted cheerily to Fred. I thought it strange he did not reply. He had not answered my two last calls. I felt that he was becoming exhausted, and that it was all he could do to retain his hold.

"We must be quick!" I said. I prepared to lower the lantern, which I held ready for the purpose, as soon as the men arrived. Down went the light, swinging by the pole in the whirling gusts. "Fred!" I screamed; "Colton!"

No reply. And now a more horrible apprehension rushed across my brain.

"Where is your man?" cried the stalwart backwoodsman, holding the noosed bed-cord over the bank. All eyes were turned into the abyss. The hoarse and angry waters leaped below. We could see their black, curled backs and sallow crests. The walls of the wild chasm were faintly illuminated. But no human form was visible; no human cry answered us out of the gulf.

"There's nobody alive in that hole to-night!" exclaimed the backwoodsman.

"Too late!" said Skewry, shading his eyes with his hand. "He's gone down."

The swinging lantern and the useless rope hung above the fearful gulf. Consternation and horror chained me to the spot. Too late, indeed! Poor Fred had gone down. And Julia —with what dismay and misgivings I thought of her!

VI.—A HUMBLE INSTRUMENT.

The storm continued all night long. It was past midnight when I returned down the river with Mr. Skewry, bearing my heavy burden of woe to the unfortunate Julia. I was resolved not to divulge to her what we had witnessed until the following morning. But on our arrival, we found that one of the men who had been with us, and afterward left us to prosecute alone our fruitless search for discoveries up and down the banks of the angry river, had reached the tavern with the news.

Julia was frantic with alarm and grief. Such agony and remorse I desire never to witness again.

"I killed him! I killed him!" she repeated, inconsolable. In vain I pleaded that all hope was not yet lost; he might have grasped some projection of the bank, or he might have been thrown upon the shore. But when she questioned me, I was forced to confess that for half a mile below the spot where we lost him, the river was bounded by almost perpendicular walls of rock, and that we had visited every point where there seemed a possibility that he might have been saved.

Having learned all she could of the circumstances, Miss Ringwood would listen to no words of consolation.

"Do not think more of me," she said, sublime in her grief and despair; "think of yourself. Go home, and take off your wet clothes. You can do nothing more—I thank you."

She shut herself in her chamber, and appeared no more. I did not go home. The landlord offered me a bed, and, although I knew I should not sleep, I accepted it, leaving my wet clothes to be dried by the kitchen fire. Mrs. Skewry was up all night. At daylight she brought me my clothes again, dry and hot; and I got up and put them on. I went to the kitchen. The landlady was getting breakfast. I could see that she had been crying; and when I spoke of Fred, she dropped silent tears.

"Have you heard from *her?*" I asked.

"Not this morning. Every thing is still in her room."

I was setting off for the river again, when a vehicle drove up to the door. A female beckoned to me, and I stopped. She was a pale, thin woman, with colorless lips, and a cold, gray eye. She gave her orders to the driver, and addressed myself in a manner which might have become the commander of an army rather better than an unprotected female.

"Do you belong here, Sir?"

The question was put to myself, and I answered it appropriately.

"Do you know a person named Frederick Colton?"

"I have often met such an individual, madam."

"Do you know where he is to be found?"

"That," I answered, "I should be rejoiced to know."

"Do not try to deceive me, Sir, if you please. Be so good as to show me to the master or mistress of the house. Mr. Colton was here yesterday, was he not?"

"He was; but he is gone, and I am afraid we shall not hear from him again," I replied, solemnly.

The lady became paler than before.

"What—do you mean to say they have gone already?"

"I said he—not they."

"But there was a young person—a young lady—who arrived here yesterday. Do not try to deceive me, Sir! I have followed her. I am her aunt. I came on the night train. She was a few hours before me. But it can not be. You are an interested person, I perceive; you wish to conceal something from me!"

The speaker stalked into the hall. I beckoned Mrs. Skewry to approach.

"This is the young lady's aunt," said I. "She will probably take your word sooner than mine—so please inform her that Miss Ringwood is still here, and that Mr. Colton was drowned last night in the river. Madam," I added, as she stared at me, "if you wish to behold a scene of despair, of which your own worldly conduct is the cause, you can visit your niece's chamber."

I waited to observe the effect of this announcement upon Mrs. Moany's cold nature. She looked at me a moment in mute and haughty astonishment, then turned to Mrs. Skewry.

"Show me Miss Ringwood's room!"

"I will speak to Miss Ringwood—if you will wait—"

"I choose to speak to her myself," said the aunt, severely. "The child has forgotten her duty. I see the hand of Providence in all this. It is to chasten her rebellious heart. I am a humble instrument, sent to guide her back to the path of peace and duty. Please show me her room!"

The humble instrument's lofty and virtuous manner quite overawed the simple-hearted Mrs. Skewry. She set out to lead the way to Julia's chamber. I shall not attempt to analyze the feeling which prompted me to follow; but it was with a wrathful resolve to seize and thrust the said humble instrument fiercely down stairs again, in case I perceived the least demonstration calculated to aggravate the young girl's distress. I felt the lion's right to protect the lamb against the wolf. I stood choking down my fury and indignation, while Mrs. Skewry knocked at Julia's door.

There was no answer. The humble instrument put Mrs. Skewry aside, and grasped the latch. I devoutly hoped the door was locked, but it was not. The virtuous aunt flung it open, and marched into the room.

"Perhaps, after all," I thought, "it would be better for the poor thing to have something to resist;" and I waited for the result.

The humble instrument turned back suddenly, and faced Mrs. Skewry and myself with a look not altogether becoming her self-styled character.

"This is a gross deception! Mrs. What's-your-name, do you look at *me?* I am not a person to be imposed upon!"

Mrs. Skewry stammered she was sure she had not thought of imposing upon any body.

"What do you mean, then? Where is my niece?"

"Why—here—isn't she?"

"Look for yourself!" And the humble instrument flashed upon us like a pale thunderbolt.

We entered the room together. It was empty. Julia was gone. Mrs. Skewry's astonishment was so natural and true, that it would have convinced any person of her sincerity except a humble instrument.

"The human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!" muttered that titled female. "I know all its arts! Mrs. What's-your-name, don't think to deceive me! You know well enough where that girl is—and you, Sir! I see through your artifice. Do you know the awful consequences of a lie?"

I could endure no more. It was one of the most serious acts of my life to lay hold of the humble instrument, walk her gently and firmly to a closet which had just been searched for Julia, drop her in, shut the door upon her, and turn the key.

"My—dear me!—what do you do that for?" cried Mrs. Skewry, in great trepidation.

"To insure my soul against the temptation to pitch her from the window! Now tell me if you have any notion what has become of Miss Ringwood?"

Mrs. Skewry was as ignorant of the matter as myself. The bed had been lain upon, but not opened. The small traveling-bag Julia had brought with her was on the table; a broken comb lay on the floor; and the collar she had worn the previous night was found beside the bed. Her shawl was there too, but her bonnet had disappeared; and this circumstance convinced me that she had left the house.

"You sinful man! You monster!" called a voice from the closet. "Let me out this instant! Do you hear?"

I heard; but not being accustomed to respond to such titles, I neglected to comply. Whereupon the humble instrument began to pound the door. Leaving Mrs. Skewry to deal with the said humble instrument as she in her wisdom should see fit, I hastened from the house.

VII.—THE SEARCH.

I had now a double motive to explore the river. It was less to search for Fred than to overtake Julia. I feared the worst from her despair. I made inquiries of every person I met, but nobody had seen her. Remembering how earnest she had been to learn the geography of the spot where her lover had gone down, I proceeded as straight to it as possible.

I shall never forget the wild beauty of that morning. The rain had ceased, and the clouds were breaking away. The mountains were white with curling mists, the woods were still and wet, the trees dripped, torrents flowed by the roadside. I reached the scene of the last night's catastrophe. There was no Julia there; I could find no trace of her. I lost no time; I took a last look at the rocky wall beneath me, to which poor Fred had clung so long in vain, against which now the mad leaping rapids tore their rushing sides. Then I proceeded down the stream, with the drenched woods on one side, and the precipice and roaring river on the other. It was an anxious, strange, and somehow unreal search. Now I was chilled with horror by the thought that Julia might have reached the fatal precipice before me, and in her frenzy of grief flung herself off, to meet her Romeo in his watery grave. Then I thought of the wicked, worldly aunt, who, in the name of piety, had poisoned two such sweetly promising lives. The world—life, death, hope, misery, the glitter, the mockery, the miracle of love, happiness, despair—all this whirled through my brain. I remember weeping unaccountable tears, there in the wild solitudes of the mountain gorge; yet I was calm, and by no means unhappy. I felt that it was well with both Julia and her lover wherever they were, and well with me who had lost them.

At length I came to a spot from which an uninterrupted view of the downward course of the stream could be had for an extent of near a quarter of a mile. The view was terminated by a bend, in the elbow of which was a vast concave, worn by the waters of ages in the wall of rock. The banks were precipitous, high, and jagged, all through this section. Between them swept the turbid and terrible river, narrow but deep, lashing the ledges and dashing high upon the rocks. My eye followed its course downward to the curve. In vain I looked for the least indication of the possibility that any human being might have scaled these formidable cliffs in the stormy night that was past.

But as I stood watching I discerned, at the bend, a figure and a movement upon the very breast of the bank overhanging the cavernous hollow of which I have spoken. It was a female; she seemed descending toward the whirlpool below. Another step, and it seemed to me that she must fall headlong. I uttered a cry; but it was lost in the distance and the roar of the flood. That the figure was Julia there could be no doubt. I shouted, I ran toward her, I plunged through the thickets, I made my

way, I know not how, to the fields that opened a short distance below. An intervening hill now shut her from my view; and I leaped like a madman up the acclivity.

I reached the brow of the cliff. No Julia was visible. With a shudder of horror I swept my eye to the revolving foam and flood-wood in the whirlpool beneath. Round and round, resistless, slow, interminable, whirled the ghastly eddies. Every approaching floating substance was drawn in, while now and then some log or limb, that might have been revolving there for days, crowded to the outer rim of the vortex, was thrown off and hurried down the river. Hoarse and hollow sounded the murmuring flood under the concave wall. There upon the brink I stood dismayed, gazing, listening.

VIII.—CONCLUSION.

How long I remained oblivious and dumb I know not. But at length I scrambled down to a projection of the bluff, from which I could command a fuller view of its front and the turmoil beneath. There, suddenly, ear and eye were amazed. I heard voices, and at once a scene thrilling beyond description opened upon my sight. Clinging to the very face of the cliff was Julia, one hand grasping a shrub which was already yielding to her weight, and the other extended to some object below.

"Let me go, dear one!" said a faint voice. "Save yourself! You will only perish with me! Dear Julia, do!"

"Never! never!" cried Julia. "We will live together, or die together! Oh! oh!" she screamed; "I am falling!"

"No; you are safe! I have you!" I cried; and I seized the hand that was dragging away the shrub. "For God's sake, Fred! hold on one minute longer!"

It was a minute of utmost exertion and suspense. The exhausted man was struggling to scale the ledge which overhung the cave. Julia's handkerchief was fastened by a noose to his arm; his fingers grasped the top of the ledge; his eyes were starting from their sockets.

"It's useless!" he groaned; "my feet are going!"

"Oh, save him! save him!" articulated Julia.

"Catch this!" I said. She seized a branch which I bent down to her. "Hold, for your lives! One instant!"

I reached her side; I obtained some sort of a foothold; I jammed my fingers into a crevice of the rocks. At the moment I saw poor Fred's fingers slipping from the ledge. His eyes rolled hideously; he was going. Still Julia grasped the handkerchief. A second later, and both must have tumbled down the cliff together. I reached down and twisted my hand into the collar of his coat.

"Now! all together!"

Up he came; his elbows attained the support of the ledge; new hope seemed to inspire him—he was saved! I can not tell how it was, but it was so; and, a minute later, the poor fellow lay helpless upon the cliff, ghastly pale and faint, but smiling a feeble, grateful smile as Julia, holding his dear head in her arms, embraced him, kissed him, warmed him with her breath, and laughed and sobbed with ecstatic joy and thanks.

The village road was not far off. I saw a farmer driving by, hailed him, and he came to my assistance. We got the young couple into his wagon without difficulty and carried them away. I directed him to drive, not to the tavern, but to my own residence. Julia and I supported her soaked lover between us. He was not so far exhausted but he could jest a little, and give us an inkling of his adventures.

All night he had been in the river. He had been swept from his partial shelter in the little niche, whence he had disappeared so suddenly the night before, by a descending piece of timber. It dislodged him and bore him into the current. "The next thing I knew," said Fred, "I was clinging desperately to some object with the instinct of self-preservation." It was probably the same timber that had carried him away. "Down, down I went, among the rapids and breakers, into pitch darkness; now under water, now with my head just out of it—I can hardly tell how—but with altogether too much business on my hands to get up a sufficient shriek for your edification. My timber bumped against the stones and turned, and I turned with it, and went over with it, and came precious nigh losing my hold of it on divers occasions," said Fred—not precisely in these words, nor quite so connectedly, but in his feeble way.

"Finally, I found smoother traveling, and in due time perceived that my horse had joined a dozen of similar animals, and was moving round and round with them in a sort of circus. That was the whirlpool. I knew where I was, and it was not surpassingly pleasant. I did not sleep much, for very sufficient reasons. I rode all night, and thought of this girl here and of you, and waited for the morning. You may believe that daylight, when at last it came, was to me the most delightful phenomenon in nature. As soon as it was light enough to see, I chose a place of ascent, swam my horse to it, got off, and scrambled upon the stones. I had got half-way up the cliff, when, finding I could get no further, I began to scream. Well, Julia here can tell you the rest better than I can. What good angel brought you to my rescue, dear one?"

"How do I know?" answered Julia, fondly. "I was driven—impelled. I went right to that spot, and there I found you, as I more than half believed I should!"

"And saved my life!" said Fred; "which henceforth belongs to you!"

"By her aunt's permission," I added. "That excellent lady is waiting for you at the tavern. Don't be alarmed; don't be troubled in the least. That humble instrument can wait."

My own residence was reached. This was the minister's house, and the minister himself received us. He did more. He made the

young couple welcome; assisted in getting Fred to bed; and agreed with me, on hearing their story, that, under the circumstances, it might save much future doubt and trouble to marry them on the spot. Julia demurred; but Fred said that, if he was going to be ill, he thought it much more proper that he should be taken care of by his wife than by Miss Ringwood.

"Certainly," said I; "and you certainly need the authority of a husband to resist that distressing aunt."

Was I wrong, dear reader, think you? Ah, then! you have not seen—as I had seen—the love and happiness of tender hearts endangered and forever destroyed by the postponements of expediency, and the true, fresh spirit's deference to grim conventional rules.

They were married—Fred sitting up in bed, Julia standing by his side; and their wedding breakfast consisted of wine and biscuit—excellent for fainting stomachs. Then I went, rejoicing, to relieve the mind of the anxious aunt. That humble instrument came down on me tremendously. I answered her with extraordinary meekness, considering what a monster I was!

"So—Frederick Colton was not drowned after all!" The news had already reached her, and she looked as if it had tasted bitter to her tongue.

"I am happy to say he was not."

"And Julia—where is she keeping herself?"

"Very properly," I said, "by the bedside of her husband."

"Her husband!" Humble Instrument sneered. "That never can be!"

"Excuse me, madam; but that is already."

"What is, Sir?"

"They are married, ma'am."

"They! Who?"

"Your niece and Mr. Colton. I just saw the ceremony performed. When Mr. Colton is a little recovered, they will be very happy to receive a wedding-call from you."

I expected an explosion, but I was disappointed. Perhaps the closet-scene was remembered, and how terrible a monster I was! Humble Instrument looked simply annihilated.

"Very well!" she said, chokingly, after a struggle with herself, and endeavoring to look piously resigned; "she has chosen for herself. As she has sown, so shall she also reap!"

"And I have no doubt," I answered, "there will be a plentiful harvest of happiness for both of them!"

Humble Instrument left town that day.

That same day Julia's father arrived, heard the whole story from my lips, rejoiced in Fred's escape, gloried in Julia's spunk, laughed heartily at Humble Instrument's discomfiture, blessed the happy young couple, and, in thanking me, expressed a wish that he had another daughter, of the young bride's heart and spirit, to bestow upon my bachelorhood, to reward me for the interest I had felt in her.

"Thank you, Sir," I replied; "I heartily wish you had!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE post of Governor of Utah has been at last accepted by Colonel Cummings, of Missouri, who will soon take his departure for that Territory. A sufficient military force, under command of General Harney, will be dispatched to overawe the Mormon leaders; some companies of soldiers are already on their way. Mr. Burr, the Surveyor-General; Judge Styles, the last Federal Judge who remained in the Territory, with a party numbering nearly one hundred persons, left Salt Lake about the middle of April, and reached the settlements after a hazardous and fatiguing journey. They represent Utah to be the scene of great disorder, and that Brigham Young was carrying matters with a high hand, and that many even of the Mormons were leaving. A missionary party of about fifty Mormons left Salt Lake City on the first of May, and reached Nebraska in about six weeks. They journeyed on foot more than a thousand miles, drawing their provisions and baggage on common hand-carts the whole distance.

The vote at the Territorial election in Kansas was very light, the Free-State party having adhered to their resolution to abstain from taking a part in the election. The Free-State Legislature met at Topeka June 11, and adjourned after a session of three days. Acts were passed providing for taking a census, and appointing an election to be held on the first Monday in August, for State officers and a representative to Congress. The Message of "Governor" Robinson recommends the prompt and thorough organization of the State Government upon the basis laid down in the Topeka Constitution, which he declares to be the only clear expression of the popular will in Kansas. Governor Walker was at Topeka while the Free-State Legislature was in session, but no movement was made to prevent the meetings of that body.

The Court of Appeals of New York has affirmed the decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the constitutionality of the Metropolitan Police Bill, which was contested by the Mayor of New York. During the time in which this question was before the Court, the Police Commissioners were busy in organizing their force in the various wards of the city, while the old Board kept up their organization, so that there were two separate and independent corps of police in the city. A collision took place between these bodies, which for the moment presented a serious aspect. Mr. Taylor, the Street Commissioner, having died suddenly, the Governor of the State appointed Mr. D. D. Conover to fill the vacant office. It was held, on the part of the city authorities, that this appointment was invalid, and that the right of filling the vacancy belonged to the Mayor and Common Council. The Deputy Commissioner refused to give possession to the newly-appointed incumbent, and on his persisting to demand it, caused him to be ejected by force. Mr. Conover thereupon procured a warrant for the arrest of the Mayor, on the ground that his ejec-

tion was occasioned by the order of the Mayor. One of the city coroners, backed by some fifty men belonging to the metropolitan police, proceeded to the City Hall to execute the warrant. A larger number of the municipal police had been assembled in the Hall, and a contest ensued, in which a number of the metropolitans were severely beaten. The National Guard, a military company, happened at this moment to be passing the City Hall, on their way to attend a pleasure trip. These, at the summons of the Coroner, were drawn up in front of the Hall, and their presence put an end to the fight. The Mayor, who affirms that he was not informed that the Coroner had a warrant for him, was subsequently arrested, and released upon giving bail. No further disturbance took place, although, by way of precaution, several regiments were kept under arms for some days, both parties tacitly agreeing to await the decision of the Court of Appeals. This contest took place on the 23d of June. In the mean time the Mayor had appointed Mr. Devlin as Street Commissioner, who took possession of the office. The question of the constitutionality of the Metropolitan Police Bill was argued at length before the Court, when six out of the eight Judges decided in its favor, the remaining two excepting. The decision of the Court of Appeals was rendered on the 2d of July, and on the next day the Mayor issued an order formally disbanding the municipal police, but at the same time hinting at the establishment of a "Municipal day and night watch," under the provisions of an old city charter. The city was thus left, on the eve of the 4th of July, with less than half of its usual police force, and this was but partially organized. Deplorable riots were the consequence, especially in a portion of the Fourth and Sixth Wards, which are inhabited by the most depraved portion of the populace. A gang of thieves and desperadoes, known as the "Dead Rabbits," made an attack upon a few policemen on duty near their haunts. These fled into a neighboring drinking-saloon frequented by a gang hostile to the "Rabbits." A fierce contest followed, in which a large portion of the residents of the quarter, men, women, and children, were engaged. Stones, brick-bats, knives, and fire-arms were employed. The fight lasted, with temporary intermission, for hours, and was only ended late at night by the presence of the military force, which was called out. Disturbances were renewed on the evening of Sunday, the 5th, at the notorious "Five Points." The police was utterly powerless to preserve the peace, and the military were again called out, by whom the streets were finally cleared. Nine persons were killed and fifty or sixty wounded, some of whom can not recover. Among these latter are a number of policemen. The rioters were almost without exception foreigners, the greater number being Irish.

The National Convention of the American party met at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 2d of June. It was resolved that the party in each State and Territory should be authorized to adopt such plan of organization as they may think best suited to the views of the members of the party in their several localities. The platform of principles laid down by the National Convention of 1856 was reaffirmed, with the omission of portions relating to the Pierce Administration.—The Message of Governor Haile, of New Hampshire, regrets that the State has been deprived by emigration of many of her best citizens; urges that a longer period of residence, and the ability to read and write the English, language should be required of aliens before they shall be admitted to vote; and advocates a protest by the Legislatures of all the Free States against the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case.——Hon. William L. Marcy died at Ballston, New York, on the 4th of July, aged about 72. He was born in Massachusetts, and entered public life at the age of 30. He was three times elected Governor of the State of New York, besides holding many other important State offices. He was Secretary of War during the administration of Mr. Polk, and during that of Mr. Pierce he was Secretary of State, both of which posts he filled with marked ability. His death was very sudden. He had retired to his room, complaining of slight indisposition, and in a few minutes after was found dead.

A Southern Railroad Convention was held at Bristol, Tennessee, June 3. Its leading object was to appoint a Commissioner to visit Europe in order to establish a direct steam communication between the Eastern Continent and our Southern ports, and likewise to endeavor to induce the owners of the steamer *Great Eastern* to send her to Norfolk, Virginia, instead of to Portland, Maine, as has been proposed. Hon. William B. Preston was appointed Commissioner for this purpose.——The eighty-second anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill was celebrated on the 17th of June by the inauguration of a statue of General Warren. Edward Everett, the orator of the day, paid a noble tribute to the memory of Warren. Speeches were also made by Mr. Mason, of Virginia, Governor King, of New York, Hon. John P. Kennedy, and Hon. R. C. Winthrop. Letters were read from Messrs. Buchanan, Breckinridge, Ex-Presidents Van Buren and Tyler, General Scott, Governor Wise, and others.——General Walker, whose arrival from Nicaragua was noted in our last Record, has made a tour as far north as New York. Beyond a very limited circle of admirers, his visit attracted little attention. In a speech at New Orleans he attributed the failure of his enterprise to British interference, the efforts of abolitionists, and the intrigues of the late American Administration, and declared his intention of speedily returning to Nicaragua. At Washington he had an interview with the President, in which he complained bitterly of the conduct of Captain Davis in interfering between him and his enemies. He declares that his retreat from Nicaragua was a masterly stroke of policy, and refuses to resume his citizenship of the United States. In New York he visited the principal theatres, and made brief speeches in reply to the cheers with which he was greeted.—The United States steam frigate *Wabash* arrived at New York June 28, bringing 121 men and 18 women and children, being a portion of the force which surrendered at Rivas. Of the men more than half are sick and wounded. When received on board the *Wabash* they were in a deplorable condition, being almost destitute of clothing and shockingly infested with vermin. The effluvia from their wounds and ulcers caused no small apprehension for the health of the vessel. None of them had received pay for their services in Nicaragua, and all, upon their landing in New York, were utterly destitute. Walker, who was in the city, could do nothing for their relief; but the sick and wounded were received into the public hospitals. A meeting of those who sympathized with them has been held, at which

it was determined to get up a theatrical entertainment to raise funds for their relief.——The foreign emigration to this country, which last year had greatly diminished, is now very large. During the first six months of the present year the arrivals at the port of New York were 86,080, exceeding those of the corresponding period last year by more than 30,000. The proportion of emigrants arriving by steamers is steadily increasing. The whole number of steamers conveying emigrants to this port during the last six months was 57. Of these 35 were under the British flag, 11 under that of Hamburg, 7 under that of Belgium, 1 each under those of Bremen and France, while only 2 were under the American flag.——A serious defalcation, the amount of which is stated at from half a million to a million of dollars, has been discovered in the accounts of H. N. Gibson, the State Treasurer of Ohio. Mr. Gibson states that the defalcation occurred under his predecessor in office, John G. Breslin, who misappropriated the funds, and that he himself, upon coming into office, moved by sympathy for his predecessor, who was a kinsman by marriage, acknowledged the receipt of funds which were never placed in his hands.——A band of renegade Sioux, the War-pe-ku-tahs, headed by a noted war-chief named Ink-pa-du-tah, have committed terrible outrages in Minnesota and the borders of Iowa. More than thirty settlers were killed near Spirit Lake and on the Sioux and Des Moines rivers, and a number of females were carried away captives. Some of these were brutally outraged and murdered. One of the survivors, a young woman named Gardner, was subsequently ransomed through the intervention of some friendly Indians, and brought back to St. Pauls.——During the first six months of the present year 182 fires have occurred in the United States, in each of which the loss of property exceeded $10,000. The total loss at these is set down at $8,455,000.——The steamer *Louisiana* was burned near Galveston, Texas, on the 31st of May. There were on board of her 104 persons, including crew and passengers, of whom 55 are reported as lost.——The steamer *Montreal* took fire on the 26th of June on her passage up the St. Lawrence from Quebec. She had on board between four and five hundred passengers, the majority of whom were Scotch emigrants. The flames spread with great rapidity, and numbers of the passengers flung themselves into the river; of these a few saved themselves by swimming, and others were picked up by vessels which went to their rescue. The entire loss of life by fire and water was nearly 300.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

What with the impending Presidential election, conspiracies, and the prospect of hostilities with Spain, *Mexico* presents an aspect far from tranquil. Of the reported conspiracies to overthrow the present government, it is hardly possible to keep the account. Santa Anna, from his retreat at Carthagena, has put forth a long and elaborate manifesto attacking the present government, denouncing the new constitution, and inveighing against the laws affecting the property of the Church and the privileges of the clergy. Since his resignation, he says that the relations between Mexico and Great Britain and Spain have assumed a threatening aspect, while it is only by maintaining good relations with the governments of Europe that Mexico can be able to oppose the colossus that menaces its independence. A revolution he affirms to be necessary, even though half the republic should be sold to supply the resources to carry it on. The man who shall be the chief of this movement, he says, must be ready to die, if necessary; and for himself, notwithstanding his age, he feels within himself the necessary force and valor to aid in this movement. This manifesto, which has been widely circulated among the partisans of Santa Anna in Cuba, is supposed to indicate that the ex-Dictator will co-operate in the proposed Spanish demonstration.—Considerable preparations have been made to resist the expected attack upon Vera Cruz.

From *Cuba* we have intelligence of the arrival of the Spanish fleet designed to operate against Mexico. The arrival of Santa Anna was hourly expected. The slave-trade is prosecuted with great vigor. A slaver was recently captured off the coast, by a British cruiser, having on board 370 Africans; 130 are said to have died on the passage. Hardly less destructive to life is the Coolie-trade; of these laborers nearly 12,000 have been landed on the island, and 1825 have died while on the passage.

The safety of the routes across the Isthmus is now a question for consideration by the various powers interested. At present the Transit route through Nicaragua is interrupted, and the Costa Ricans seem disposed to keep possession of it by right of conquest.—In the New Granadan Congress, General Mosquera has introduced a bill to authorize the Executive to negotiate a treaty with the United States and other powers, for the purpose of securing a free and safe transit over the Panama Railroad. —The expedition sent out from this country to survey the line of the proposed railway through Honduras, has reached Omoa, where their arrival was hailed with great rejoicings.

EUROPE.

Nothing of special importance has occurred in the British Parliament. Some debate arose in respect to British property destroyed at the bombardment of Greytown, and the Ministers were asked if indemnification had been demanded of the American Government. Lord Palmerston replied that no such demand had been made, since the law-officers of the Crown had given an opinion that the demand could not be sustained under the law of nations. Messrs. Disraeli, Roebuck, and others, taunted the Government with truckling to the Americans in this matter.—The question of the admissibility of Jews to sit in Parliament has again come up, and there is at last a probability that the oath may be so far modified as to enable them to take it. The slave-trade to Cuba has also furnished matter for debate.—After considerable hesitation, it has at length been decided that the necessary alterations shall be made in the steamship *Niagara* to enable her to take on board her portion of the transatlantic telegraph cable.—The Archduke Constantine of Russia paid a brief visit to the Queen at the Isle of Wight; but did not proceed to England.—Douglas Jerrold, one of the most caustic and original writers for the English press, died on the 3d of June, aged 55 years. Notwithstanding the receipt of a large income as editor of *Lloyd's Journal* and as contributor to *Punch*, as well as from other literary labors, he left no provision for his family, and various literary and theatrical entertainments have been proposed by his friends for their benefit.

Literary Notices.

The Professor, by CURRER BELL. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In Mrs. Gaskell's admirable memoirs of Charlotte Brontë, an interesting account is given of the composition of a novel, for which she in vain endeavored to obtain a publisher, before the name under which she wrote had been made popular by the success of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley." The work, which is now presented to the world in a posthumous form, betrays the peculiar genius of its gifted author, although it has not so high-wrought a plot, nor such intensity of conception, nor such effective development of passion, as the remarkable productions which have placed the name of Currer Bell so high among English writers of fiction. The incidents of the story are drawn from Charlotte Brontë's residence at a Brussels school, and in the character of the heroine may be traced many lineaments suggested by the experience of the author. She is a young Swiss girl, in humble but respectable life, who becomes acquainted with the Professor in the pensionnat of a fashionable teacher in Brussels. Of a pure, unworldly nature—earning their daily bread by daily toil—with no taste for the pretensions and falsities of social life—and taught by the hard and bitter lessons of experience to sacrifice the idols of fancy to the worship of truth—these two unique personages are soon drawn into relations of unacknowledged sympathy with each other, and the ripening of this sentiment into a more exquisite passion forms the subject-matter of the story. The prominent characters in the scene are brought into contrast with an unprincipled, conceited, and shallow Frenchman, and an intriguing, profligate woman of the same nation, who conceals the leprous spots of her nature beneath a shining vail of decorum and gentleness. A sturdy English humorist plays an important part in the drama, although he is managed with less skill than the leading personages. The plot is singularly inartificial, has no mystery to act on the imagination of the reader, and is too transparent in its final issue to pique his curiosity. But the vivid and exact delineations of real life, and the natural conceptions of character which abound in the work, amply redeem this deficiency. As a preliminary study for the composition of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," it is full of interest, and in itself it possesses attractions to the lover of acute psychological analysis far superior to the majority of English novels.

Virginia Illustrated, by PORTE CRAYON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The graphic letter-press descriptions of Old Dominion scenery and manners in this volume are almost eclipsed by the admirable pictorial illustrations which are profusely scattered over its pages. Without its inexhaustible store of comic representations the narrative would be eminently readable for its quaint and good-humored confidences. The combined influence of pen and pencil make it one of the most fascinating books recently published, as our readers will agree who have already had a foretaste of its charms in these columns.

A History of the United States, by BENSON J. LOSSING. (Published by Mason Brothers.) The design of Mr. Lossing in the compilation of this history is to present an accurate narrative of American affairs in a form adapted for popular use. It embraces the whole course of events from the discovery of the continent to the present time. Without aiming at a profound philosophical exposition of the causes of American progress, or at the construction of an eloquent or picturesque narrative, he has attempted to supply the family and the library with a volume suited for convenient reference, and faithfully recording the successive steps in the development and operation of republican institutions in this country. The author possesses some unusual qualifications for the successful accomplishment of such a task. He has visited in person the principal scenes of our revolutionary history. He has made the acquaintance of many of the surviving patriarchs of the olden time, and listened to the traditions of the past from their own lips. Combined with this invaluable source of historical information, his researches among written and printed authorities of a trustworthy character have given him the command of an ample fund of materials for the preparation of his work. With the eye and judgment of an artist, Mr. Lossing excels in the lucid description of localities. Few writers possess such an enviable power of giving clear conceptions of the circumstances in which the events of history took place. His own interest in the subject greatly enhances the effect of his delineations. His patriotic sympathies are always alive. His glow of feeling at the recollection of a noble sentiment or a brave action gives fresh energy to his style. Hence he writes like a man more intent on doing justice to his theme than on making a book. The arrangement of the present volume has some peculiar features which increase the facility of consultation. It is divided into six periods, the first exhibiting a view of the aborigines who occupied the soil on the arrival of the Europeans; the second recording the various discoveries prior to the permanent settlements by individuals and governments; the third devoted to an account of the earliest settlements before the organization of the colonies; the fourth describing the colonial history; the fifth relating the story of the Revolution; and the sixth giving the annals of the republic. The various events narrated in the volume are connected by a thorough system of foot-notes, which enable the reader to group the topics that are related to each other into a comprehensive whole. Almost every page is pictured with some appropriate embellishment, illustrative of the events and individuals alluded to in the text. Mr. Lossing will add to his well-earned reputation as a writer on American history by the publication of this volume. It is in no sense a reproduction of the elaborate works of his predecessors in the same department—nor a substitute for them—but it fills a place of its own. As Washington Irving has remarked of the author's "Pictorial Field-Book," "It is calculated to make its way into every American family, and to be kept at hand for constant thumbing by young and old."

Tent-Life in the Holy Land, by WILLIAM C. PRIME. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A glow of religious and antiquarian enthusiasm gives vitality to Mr. Prime's descriptions of the vestiges of sacred history in Palestine. He is not one of those cold-blooded travelers who can visit the scenes consecrated by the traditions of ages without a thrill of emotion; nor is he careful to conceal the indulgence of his feelings from the sympathy of

his readers. With manly but unusual frankness, he makes them the confidants not only of his experience, but of its effects on himself. He traverses the Holy Land less as a geographer and a critic than as a man of strong poetical impulses, if not a poet. Every thing which he sees is invested with the radiance of pious associations. He has no wish to dissolve any pleasing illusions of time or place by the exercise of rude and bold inquiries. Contrary to the procedure of many recent tourists in the East, he listens with a kindly welcome to the legends of the past, and is reluctant to disturb the dust of centuries by the curious suggestions of doubt; not that he is an indifferent or credulous observer; he combines a certain matter-of-fact shrewdness with an almost feminine mobility of sentiment. His pictures are sharply drawn, and with features made expressive by their distinctness. An ample proportion of flesh and blood is compounded with his most ethereal aspirations. He loves the aroma of wine and the fragrance of tobacco, as well as men of less spiritual tendencies. Such is an excellent temperament for a tourist, for it makes him genial and many-sided, preserving him from the fantastic and rhapsodical, on the one hand, and from prosy commonplace on the other. After a succession of animated portraitures of Oriental life, and of illustrations of scenes described in sacred history, Mr. Prime closes his volume, like that of "Boat-Life in Egypt," with a programme of practical directions for future travelers who may be tempted by his gorgeous sketches to visit themselves the scenes which he describes. The access to Jerusalem, we are informed, is not difficult to Americans or Europeans. A regular French steamer from Marseilles touches at Jaffa every fortnight, and from that place the journey to Jerusalem can be made in a single day. There are two good hotels in the Holy City, but generally, in Syria, the tent is the best dependence for shelter and comfort in every kind of weather. Pistols are necessary for the traveler in that country; warm clothing must be provided, especially in the spring, which is the safest season, and a horse and saddle should be procured before commencing the tour. In Beyrout there are good inns, plenty of dragomans, and every convenience for a Syrian journey. No person should attempt to travel in the interior without a tent. The mud huts of the natives afford but wretched accommodations, and, after the fatigue and exposure of traveling, are entirely insufficient to afford the necessary repose. Many Americans have in this way contracted Syrian fevers, and fallen victims to their rashness.

The Romany Rye, by GEORGE BORROW. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The erratic author of "Lavengro" here gives the sequel to his strange adventures, as described in that audacious, romantic, fanciful, and marvelous production. It is made up of a tissue of astounding incidents, peripatetic experiences in the rural districts of England, discussions of religion and horse-flesh, tirades against total abstinence and Catholicism, conversations in ale-houses and with superannuated hostlers, profound disquisitions on philology, savage assaults on the universal critical tribe, and a general overflowing of egotism, garrulity, and the liveliest vanity. A Bohemian by nature as well as by adoption, Borrow gives full scope to his gipsy proclivities, and with a potent union of malice, acuteness, and brilliancy of imagination, has made a book which no one can read without being amused by its contents, and no less by the grotesque self-complacency of the author.

The Athelings is the title of a new novel by Mrs. OLIPHANT, remarkable for its just delineations of English character, its natural domestic scenes, and the flowing ease of its diction. (Harper and Brothers.)

Heroines of Methodism, by Rev. GEORGE COLES. (Published by Carlton and Porter.) The devout and noble women whose names are commemorated in this volume have been held in signal honor among the followers of Wesley. Selected from various walks in life, with every diversity of natural temperament and intellectual culture, and in most cases presenting few points in common, except those connected with their religious experience, they all agree in the deep feeling of piety and devotion to the cause of the Gospel, for which they have been regarded as models in the annals of their Church. The biographies here given have been diligently compiled from trustworthy documents, and will be cordially welcomed by religious readers.

Philosophy of Skepticism and Ultraism, by JAMES B. WALKER. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) In the form of familiar letters to a friend, Mr. Walker here submits the religious views of Theodore Parker and kindred thinkers to a stringent and caustic examination. The author is already widely and favorably known to American theologians as a writer on the philosophy of religion, and this production will probably increase his reputation for acute analysis and controversial skill. He has endeavored to give a popular refutation of opinions which he regards as among "the prevailing moral fallacies of the times," and to bring back to a "rational apprehension of religious doctrine and duty" some of the "no inconsiderable portion of the business men of our cities and villages who are influenced by opinions which are inconsistent both with sound reason and revelation." The work is written with earnestness and severity, and in an eminently lucid style.

Verse Memorials, by MIRABEAU B. LAMAR. (Published by W. P. Fetridge and Co.) The ex-President of Texas has gathered up in this volume a variety of memorials suggestive of the softer feelings which often embellish a career of statesmanship and war. The principal themes of his poems are derived from the remembrance of friendship and love, and celebrate the charms of the better part of creation with the tender enthusiasm which the gallant soldier is bound to cherish in the presence of the fair.

Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, by DONALD M'LEOD. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The materials for a trustworthy account of the Scottish Queen have greatly multiplied within a recent date. Prince Alexander de Rostoff, especially, has devoted himself to the research of valuable documentary evidence with eminent success. He has collected, in seven large octavo volumes, more than eight hundred important memoirs and papers which had previously slumbered in the dust of Italian, French, and Austrian family archives, in royal libraries, university records, and other sources, now for the first time opened to the light. Mr. M'Leod has made use of these copious materials in the preparation of his work. He engages in the defense of the royal lady, with whose character he has strong sympathies, in a spirit of chivalric devotion, rather than of historical impartiality.

Editor's Table.

HEROISM.—The noblest and most exhilarating objects of human contemplation are those which exhibit human nature in its exalted aspects. Our hearts instinctively throb and burn in sympathy with grand thoughts and brave actions as radiated from great characters; for they give palpable form to ideals of conduct domesticated in all healthy imaginations, and fulfill prophecies uttered in the depths of all aspiring souls. They *are*, in fact, what all men feel they *ought* to be. They inspire our weakness by the energy of their strength; they sting our pride by the irony of their elevation. Their flights of thought and audacities of action, which so provokingly mock our wise saws and proper ways, and which seem to cast ominous conjecture on the sanity of their minds, can not blind us to the fact that it is we and not they who are unnatural; that nature, obstructed in common men, twisted into unnatural distortions, and only now and then stuttering into ideas, comes out in them freely, harmoniously, sublimely, all hinderances burned away by the hot human heart and flaming human soul which glow unconsumed within them. They are, indeed, so filled with the wine of life, so charged with the electricity of mind—they have, in Fletcher's fine extravagance, "so much man thrust into them"—that manhood will force its way out, and demonstrate its innate grandeur and power.

This indestructible manhood, which thus makes for itself a clear and clean path through all impediments, is commonly called Heroism, or genius in action—genius that creatively clothes its ascending thoughts in tough thews and sinews, uplifts character to the level of ideas, and impassionates soaring imagination into settled purpose. The hero, therefore, with his intelligence all condensed into will—compelled to think in deeds, and find his language in events—his creative energy spending itself not in making epics, but in making history—and who thus brings his own fiery nature into immediate, invigorating contact with the nature of others, without the mediation of the mist of words—is, of course, the object both of heartier love and of fiercer hatred than those men of genius whose threatening thought is removed to the safe ideal distance of Art. The mean-minded, the little-hearted, and the pusillanimous of soul instinctively recognize him as their personal enemy; are scared and cowed by the swift sweep of his daring will, and wither inwardly as they feel the ominous glance of his accusing eyes; and they accordingly intrench themselves and their kind in economic maxims and small bits of detraction, in sneers, suspicions, cavils, scandals, in all the defenses by which malice and stupidity shut out from themselves, and strive to shut out from others, the light that streams from a great and emancipating nature. We must clear away all this brushwood and undergrowth before the hero can be seen in his full proportions; and this will compel us to sacrifice remorselessly to him the whole race of the sneaks—a class of creatures who have, as Godwin would say, "the audacity to call themselves men!" and who hunt all magnanimity of soul with a pertinacity of rancor worthy of such ambitious professors of meanness. To this division of animated nature we propose to give a short introductory analysis—a difficult task, because it has heretofore not been deemed worthy of scientific investigation, and requires a strong effort to lift it to that level which makes it a proper object even of contempt. Fishes have had their Agassiz, birds their Audubon, insects their Huber, but science, it seems, has not yet descended to the sneaks—a contemptuous silence more unendurable, perhaps, than the sharpest invective; and it is truly an act of benevolence to relieve the sneak from the agony of this voiceless scorn, and place him on that inverted eminence of littleness where he may be viewed in all the petty perfection of his descendentalism. And in speaking of him we shall attempt to individualize the class, without meaning to hint that any individual reaches the ideal perfection of the type.

The fundamental peculiarity of this antithesis and antagonist of the hero is his tendency to skulk and evade the requirements of every generous, kindling, and exalting sentiment which the human heart contains. He has, to be sure, a feeble glimmer of thought, a hesitating movement of conscience, a sickly perception that he exists as a soul, and his claim to be considered a man must therefore be reluctantly admitted; but his soul is so puny, so famine-wasted by fasting from the soul's appropriate diet, that he knows of its existence only as an invalid knows of the existence of his stomach—by its qualms. This soul, revealed in the last probe of the most penetrating microscopic analysis, and trembling dizzily on its finest edge, a mere point between life and lifelessness, is still essentially the soul of a sneak, and its chief office appears to be to give malignity to his littleness, by weakly urging him to hate all who have more. This rancor of his has an inexpressible felicity of meanness, which analysis toils after in vain. His patriotism, his morality, his religion, his philanthropy, if he pretend to have any of these fine things, are all infected with it, lose their nature in its presence, and dwindle into petty tributaries of its snarling venom and spleen. It is compounded of envy, fear, folly, obstinacy, malice—all of them bad qualities, but so modified in him by the extreme limitation of his conceptions and the utter poltroonery of his character, that we may well hesitate to call them bad. He is, indeed, too small a creature to reach even the elevation of vice, and no general term designating a sin can be applied to him without doing injustice to the dignity of evil and the respectabilities of the Satanic.

Mean as this poisonous bit of humanity is, he still wields a wide influence over opinion by creeping stealthily into the recesses of other and larger minds, and using their powers to give currency to his sentiments. He thus dictates no inconsiderable portion of the biography, criticism, history, politics, and belles-lettres in general circulation; and, by a cunning misuse of the words prudence and practical wisdom, impudently teaches that disinterestedness is selfishness in disguise, poetry a sham, heroism craft or insanity, religion a convenient lie, and human life a cultivated bog. We detect his venomous spirit in all those eminent men whose abilities are exercised to degrade man, and wither up the springs of generous action. Thus Dean Swift, in his description of the Yahoos, combines the sentiment of the sneak with the faculty of the satirist; Rochefoucauld, in his "Maxims," the sentiment of the sneak combined with the faculty of the philosopher; and Voltaire, in his "Pu-

celle," presents a more hideous combination still of sneak and poet.

Having thus ruled out the evidence of these caricatures and caricaturists of humanity against the reality of the heroic element in man, we may now proceed to its analysis and description. And first, it is necessary to state that all vital ideas and purposes have their beginning in sentiments. Sentiment is the living principle, the soul, of thought and volition—determining the direction, giving the impetus, and constituting the force, of faculties. Heroism is no *extempore* work of transient impulse—a rocket rushing fretfully up to disturb the darkness by which, after a moment's insulting radiance, it is ruthlessly swallowed up—but a steady fire, which darts forth tongues of flame. It is no sparkling epigram of action, but a luminous epic of character. It first appears in the mind as a mysterious but potent sentiment, working below consciousness in the unsounded depths of individual being, and giving the nature it inhabits a slow, sure, upward tendency to the noble and exalted in meditation and action. Growing with the celestial nutriment on which it feeds, and gaining strength as it grows, it gradually condenses into conscious sentiment. This sentiment then takes the form of intelligence in productive ideas, and the form of organization in heroic character; so that, at the end, heart, intellect, and will are all kindled in one blaze, all united in one individuality, and all gush out in one purpose. The person thus becomes a living soul, thinking and acting with the rapidity of one who feels spiritual existence, with the audacity of one who obeys spiritual intuitions, and with the intelligence of one who discerns spiritual laws. There is no break or flaw in the connection between the various parts of his nature, but a vital unity, in which intellect seems to have the force of will, and will the insight and foresight of intellect. There is no hesitation, no stopping half-way, in the pursuit of his lofty aim, partly because his elevation being the elevation of nature, he is not perched on a dizzy peak of thought, but is established on a table-land of character, and partly because there plays round the object he seeks a light and radiance of such strange, unearthly lustre that his heart, smitten with love for its awful beauty, is drawn to it by an irresistible fascination. Disappointment, discouragement, obstacles, drudgery, but sting his energies by opposition, or are glorified to his imagination as steps; for beyond them and through them is the Celestial City of his hopes, shining clear to the inner eye of his mind, tempting, enticing, urging him on through all impediments, by the sweet, attractive force of its visionary charm! The eyes of such men, by the testimony of painters, always have the expression of looking into distant space. As a result of this unwearied spiritual energy and this ecstatic spiritual vision, is the courage of the hero. He has no fear of death, because the idea of death is lost in his intense consciousness of life—full, rich, exulting, joyous, lyrical life—which ever asserts the immortality of mind, because it feels itself immortal, and is scornfully indifferent to that drowsy twilight of intellect into which atheism sends its unsubstantial spectres, and in which the whole flock of fears, terrors, despairs, weaknesses, and doubts, scatter their enfeebling maxims of misanthropy, and insinuate their ghastly temptations to suicide. One ray from a sunlike soul drives them gibbering back to their parent darkness; for

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Hath ever truly wished for death.
>
> "'Tis life of which our nerves are scant,
> Oh life—not death—for which we pant,
> More life, and fuller, that we want!"

This life of the soul, which is both light and heat, intelligence and power—this swift-ascending instinct of the spirit to spiritual ideas and laws—this bold committal of self to something it values more than all the interests of self—attests the presence of the heroic element by indicating an ideal standard of conduct. Let us now contemplate it in the scale of moral precedence, according as it fastens its upward glance on the idea of glory, or country, or humanity, or heaven. This will lead to a short consideration of the hero as a soldier, as a patriot, as a reformer, and as a saint.

In viewing the hero as a soldier, it must be remembered that the first great difficulty in human life is to rouse men from the abject dominion of selfishness, laziness, sensuality, fear, and other forms of physical existence but spiritual death. Fear is the paralysis of the soul; and nature, preferring anarchy to imbecility, lets loose the aggressive passions to shake it off. Hence war, which is a rude protest of manhood against combining order with slavery, and repose with degradation. As long as it is a passion, it merely illustrates nature's favorite game of fighting one vice with another; but in noble natures the passion becomes consecrated by the heart and imagination, acknowledges an ideal aim, and, under the inspiration of the sentiment of honor, inflames the whole man with a love of the dazzling idea of glory. It is this heroic element in war which palliates its enormities, humanizes its horrors, and proves the combatants to be men, and not tigers and wolves. Its grand illusions—fopperies to the philosopher and vices to the moralist—are realities to the hero. Glory feeds his heart's hunger for immortality, gives him a beautiful disdain of fear, puts ecstasy into his courage, and claps wings to his aspirations, and makes the grim battle-field, with its crash of opposing hosts and the deafening din of its engines of death, as sweet to him

> "As ditties highly penn'd,
> Sung by a fair queen in a summer bower,
> With ravishing division to her lute."

This splendid fanaticism, while it has infected such fine and pure spirits as Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney, and thus allied itself with exalted virtues, has not altogether denied its hallowing light to men stained with Satanic vices. In Hannibal, in Cæsar, in Wallenstein, in Napoleon, in all commanders of gigantic abilities as well as heroic sentiments, and whose designs stretch over an extended field of operations, the idea of glory dilates to the vastness of their desires, and is pursued with a ruthlessness of intellect which, unchecked by moral principle, is indifferent to all considerations of truth and humanity which block the way to success. The ravenous hunger for universal dominion which characterizes such colossal spirits, though criminal, is still essentially ideal, and takes hold of what is immortal in evil. Such men are the unhallowed poets and artists of action, fiercely impatient to shape the world into the form of their imperious conceptions—like the usurping god of the old Greek mythology, who devoured all existing natures, and swallowed all the pre-existing elements of things, and then produced the world

anew, after the pattern of his own tyrannous ideas. But their crimes partake of the greatness of their characters, and can not be imitated by malefactors of a lower grade.

The courage of the devotee of glory has in it an element of rapture which resembles the fine frenzy of the poet. The hero, indeed, has such prodigious energy and fullness of soul, possesses so quick, keen, and burning a sense of life, that when great perils call for almost superhuman efforts, he exhibits flashes of valor which transcend all bodily limitations; for he feels, in the fury and delirium of imaginative ecstasy, as if his body were all ensouled, and, though riddled with bullets, would not consent to death. It was this sense which made Cæsar rush singly on the Spanish ranks, and carried Napoleon across the Bridge of Lodi. "I saw him," says Demosthenes, in speaking of Philip of Macedon, "though covered with wounds, his eye struck out, his collar-bone broke, maimed, both in his hands and feet, still resolutely rush into the midst of dangers, and ready to deliver up to fortune any part of his body she might desire, provided he might live honorably and gloriously with the rest." It was this sense also that forced out of the cold heart of Robespierre the only heroic utterance of his life. In his last struggle in the Convention, surrounded by enemies eager for his blood, and his endeavors to speak in his defense drowned by the clamors of the assembly, desperation infused eloquence even into him, and he cried out, in a voice heard above every thing else, "President of Assassins! hear me!"

The hero, also, when his inspiration is a thought, has a kind of faith that the blind messengers of death hurtling round him, will respect him who represents in his person the majesty of an idea. "The ball that is to hit me," said Napoleon, "has not yet been cast;" and this confidence of great generals in a tacit understanding between them and the bullets was quaintly expressed by the brave Dessaix in the presentiment of death which came over him on the morning of the battle of Marengo. "It is a long time," he said to one of his aids-de-camp, "since I have fought in Europe. The bullets won't know me again. Something will happen."

The audacity and energy of the hero likewise stimulate his intelligence, brightening and condensing rather than confusing his mind. The alertness, sagacity, and coolness of his thinking are never more apparent than in the frenzy of conflict. At the terrible naval battle of the Baltic, Nelson, after the engagement had lasted four hours, found that an armistice was necessary to save his fleet from destruction, and in the heat and din of the cannonade, wrote to the Crown Prince of Denmark proposing one. Not a minute was to be lost, and an officer hastily handed him a wafer to seal it. But Nelson called for a candle, and deliberately sealed it in wax. "This is no time," he said, "to appear hurried and informal." Gonsalvo, the great captain, in one of his Italian battles, had his powder magazine blown up by the enemy's first discharge. His soldiers, smitten by sudden panic, paused and turned, but he instantly rallied them with the exclamation, "My brave boys, the victory is ours! Heaven tells us by this signal that we shall have no further need of our artillery." Napoleon was famous for combining daring with shrewdness, and was politic even in his fits of rage. In desperate circumstances he put on an air of reckless confidence, which cowed the spirits of his adversaries, and almost made them disbelieve the evidence of their senses. Thus he induced the Austrian embassador to commit the folly of signing the treaty of Campo Formio, by a furious threat of instant war, which, if declared at that time, would certainly have resulted to Austria's advantage. Seizing a precious vase of porcelain, a gift to the embassador from the Empress Catharine, he exclaimed passionately, "The die is then cast; the truce is broken; war declared. But mark my words! before the end of autumn I will break in pieces your monarchy as I now destroy this porcelain;" and, dashing it into fragments, he bowed and retired. The treaty was signed the next day.

But, perhaps, the grandest example in modern history of that audacity which combines all the physical, civic and mental elements of courage, is found in Napoleon's return from Elba, and triumphant progress to Paris. The world then beheld the whole organization of a monarchy melt away like a piece of frost-work in the sun, before a person and a name. Every incident in that march is an epical stroke. He throws himself unhesitatingly on the Napoleon in every man and mass of men he meets, and Napoleonism instinctively recognizes and obeys its master. On approaching the regiment at Grenoble, the officers in command gave the order to fire. Advancing, confidently, within ten steps of the leveled muskets, and baring his breast, he uttered the well-known words, "Soldiers of the Fifth Regiment, if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor, let him do it! here I am!" The whole march was worthy such a commencement, profound as intelligence, irresistible as destiny.

But the test of ascension in heroism is not found in faculty, but in the sentiment which directs the faculty; the love of glory, therefore, must yield the palm in disinterestedness of sentiment to the love of country, and the hero as a patriot, take precedence of the hero as a soldier.

The great conservative instinct of patriotism is in all vigorous communities, and under its impulse whole nations sometimes become heroic. Even its prejudices are elements of spiritual strength, and most of the philosophic chatterers who pretend to be above them, are, in reality, below them. Thus the old Hollander, who piously attempted to prove that Dutch was the language spoken by Adam in Paradise, or the poor Ethiopian, who believes that God made His sands and deserts in person, and contemptuously left the rest of the world to be manufactured by His angels, each is in a more hopeful condition of manhood than the cosmopolitan coxcomb, who, from the elevation of a mustache and the comprehensiveness of an imperial, lisps elegant disdain of all narrow national peculiarities. The great drawback on half the liberality of the world, is its too frequent connection with indifference or feebleness. When we apply to men the tests of character, we often find that the amiable gentleman, who is so blandly superior to the prejudices of sect and country, and who clasps the whole world in the mild embrace of his commonplaces, becomes a furious bigot when the subject-matter rises to the importance of one-and-sixpence, and the practical question is whether he or you shall pay it. The revenge of the little in soul and the weak in will is to apply to the strong in character the tests of criticism; and then your unmistakable do-nothing can prattle prettily in the *pa-*

tois of the giants, and with a few abstract maxims, that any boy can grasp, will smirkingly exhibit to you the limitations in thought of such poor creatures as Miltiades, Leonidas, Fabius, Scipio, of Wallace, Bruce, Tell, Hofer, of Joan of Arc, Henry IV., Turgot, Lafayette, of De Witt and William of Orange, of Grattan, Curran, and Emmett, of Pym, Hampden, Russell, Sidney, Marvell, of Washington, Adams, Henry, Hamilton, and all the rest of the heroes of patriotism. The idea these men represent may, doubtless, be easily translated into a truism, and this truism be easily overtopped by some truism more general; but their faith, fortitude, self-devotion, their impassioned, all-absorbing love of country, are, unhappily, in the nature of paradoxes.

Patriotism, indeed, when it rises to the heroic standard, is a positive *love* of country, and it will do all and sacrifice all which it is in the nature of love to do and to sacrifice for its object. It is heroic only when it is lifted to the elevation of the ideal—when it is so hallowed by the affections and glorified by the imagination that the whole being of the man is thrilled and moved by its inspiration, and drudgery becomes beautiful, and suffering noble, and death sweet, in the country's service. No mere intelligent regard for a nation's material interests, or pride in its extended dominion, is sufficient to constitute a patriot hero. It is the sentiment and the idea of the country, "felt in his blood and felt along his heart;" it is this which withdraws him from self, and identifies him with the nation—which enlarges his personality to the grandeur and greatness of the national personality—which makes national thoughts and national passions beat and burn in his own heart and brain, until he feels at last every wrong done to his country as a personal wrong, and every wrong committed by his country as a sin for which he is personally responsible. Such men are nations individualized. They establish magnetic relations with what is latent in all classes, command all the signs of that subtle freemasonry which brings men into instant communion with the people, and are ever impatient and dangerous forces in a nation until they reach their rightful, predestined position at its head. "As in nature," says Bacon, "things move more violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm." As long as Chatham is out of office, England must be torn with faction in his furious endeavors to upset the pretenders to statesmanship who occupy the official stations; but the moment he is minister the nation comes to self-consciousness in him, and acts with the promptitude, energy, and unity of a great power. Though his body was shattered and worn with illness, his spirit—the true spirit of the nation—was felt at once in every department of the public service; timidity, hesitation, intrigue, mediocrity, disappeared before his audacious intelligence; and India, America, the continent of Europe, soon felt the full force of the latent energies of the national soul. The word impossible was hateful to Chatham, as it is to all vigorous natures who recognize the latent, the reserved power, in men and nations. "Never let me hear that foolish word again," said Mirabeau. "Impossible!—it is not good French," said Napoleon. My Lord Anson, at the Admiralty, sends word to Chatham, then confined to his chamber by one of his most violent attacks of the gout, that it is impossible for him to fit out a naval expedition within the period to which he is limited. "Impossible!" cried Chatham, glaring at the messenger. "Who talks to me of impossibilities?" Then starting to his feet, and forcing out great drops of agony on his brow with the excruciating torment of the effort, he exclaimed, "Tell Lord Anson that he serves under a minister who treads on impossibilities!" Horace Walpole calls all this ranting. "Lord Chatham's rants," he says, "are amazing." But a statesman who indulged in such fine rants as Quebec and Minden—who ranted France out of Germany, America, and India—and ranted England into a power of the first class, is a ranter infinitely to be preferred to those cool and tasteful politicians who ruin the countries they govern with so much decorous duncery and grave and dignified feebleness.

Patriotism, to the patriot hero, does not consist in aiding the government of his country in every base or stupid act it may perform, but rather in paralyzing its power when it violates vested rights, affronts instituted justice, and assumes undelegated authority. Accordingly, Chatham, the type of the patriot, but whose patriotism comprehended the whole British empire, put forth the full force and frenzy of his genius and passions against the administrations who taxed America; gloried, as an English patriot, in the armed resistance of the colonies; gave them the material aid and comfort of his splendid fame and overwhelming eloquence; became, in the opinion of all little-minded patriots, among whom was King George the Third himself, a trumpet of sedition, an enemy to his country; and with the grand audacity of his character, organized an opposition so strong in reason and moral power, and so uncompromising in its attitude, that it at least enfeebled the efforts of the Governments it could not overturn, and made Lord North more than once humorously execrate the memory of Columbus for discovering a continent which gave him and his ministry so much trouble. Fox and Burke, as well as Chatham, viewed the Americans as English subjects struggling for English legal privileges—would not admit, even after the colonists revolted, that they were rebels; and Lord North was near the truth, when, interrupted by Fox for using the offensive word, he mockingly corrected himself, and with an arch look at the Whig benches, called the American army and generals, not rebels, but "gentlemen of the Opposition over the water." In after years, when Fox and Burke had quarreled, Fox, referring, in the House of Commons, to old memories of their political friendship, alluded to the time when they had mutually wept over the fall of Montgomery, and mutually rejoiced over a victory by Washington; and one of the noblest passages in literature is the memorable sentence with which Burke concludes his address to the electors of Bristol, in defense of his conduct in regard to the American war and the government of Ireland. It just indicates that delicate line which separates, in great and generous natures, the highest love of country from the still higher love of mankind. "The charges against me," he says, "are all of one kind—that I have carried the principles of general justice and benevolence too far—farther than a cautious policy would warrant—farther than the opinions of many could go along with me. In every accident which may happen to me through life—in pain, in sorrow, in depression, in

distress—I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted."

It is a great advance, morally and mentally, when a man's heart and brain reach out beyond the sphere of his personal interests to comprehend his nation; but there are men whose ascending and widening natures refuse to be limited even by the sentiment and idea of country, whose raised conceptions grasp the beauty of beneficence, the grandeur of truth, the majesty of right, and who, in the service of these commanding ideas, are ready to suffer all, in the spirit of that patience which St. Pierre finely calls the "courage of virtue," and to dare all, in the spirit of that self-devotion which is certainly the virtue of courage. This class includes all reformers in society, in government, in philosophy, in religion, whose position calls for heroic acts, resolutions, sacrifices—for manhood as well as for mental power. Thus Milton, whose whole nature was cast in a heroic mould, who felt himself not merely the countryman of Shakspeare and Cromwell, but of Homer and Sophocles, of Dante and Tasso, of Luther and Melancthon—of all men who acknowledge the sway of the beautiful, the noble, and the right—he could not, of course, write any thing which was not dictated by a heroic spirit; all his sentences, therefore, have the animating and penetrating, as well as illuminating power of heroic acts, and always imply a character strong enough to make good his words. Still, in some respects, we may doubt whether the mere writing his "Defense of the People of England" rises to the dignity of heroism; but when his physician told him that if he did write it he would lose his eyesight, his calm persistence in his work was sublimely heroic. Freedom demanded of the student his most precious sense, and he resolutely plucked out his eyes, and laid them on her altar, content to abide in outward night, provided with the inner eye of the soul he could see the stern countenance of inexorable Duty melt into that approving smile, which rewards self-sacrifice with a bliss deeper than all joys of sense or raptures of imagination.

There are occasions, also, where mere intellectual hardihood may be in the highest degree heroic. That peculiar moral fear which is involved in intellectual timidity is often harder to overcome than the physical fear of the stake and the rack. There are men who will dare death for glory or for country, who could not dare scorn or contumely for the truth; and people generally would rather die than think. Nothing but that enrapturing sentiment and vivid vision implied in the *love* of truth—nothing but that transporting thrill which imparadises the soul in the perception of a new thought, can lift a wise and good man above the wholesome prejudices of prudence, custom, country, and common belief, and make him let loose the immortal idea his mind imprisons, and send it forth to war against false systems and tenacious errors, with the firm faith that it will result in eventual good, though at first it seems to trail along with it the pernicious consequences of a lie. Such a man feels the awful responsibility laid upon that soul into whose consciousness descends one of those revolutionizing truths,

——"Hard to shape in act;
For all the past of time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever thought has wedded fact."

Thus heroic resolution, as well as wide-reaching thought, is often indispensable to the philosophic thinker; but when to the deep love of truth is added the deeper love of right, and the thinker stands boldly forth as a practical reformer, the obstacles, internal and external, to brave and determined effort, are multiplied both to his conscience and his will. A prophet of the future, with his eager eyes fixed on hope—

"The burning eagle,
Above the unrisen morrow"—

he has to labor in the present on men whose inspiration is memory. The creative and beneficent character of his aggressive thought is at first concealed by its destructive aspect. His light seems lightning, which irradiates not to bless but to smite. As regards his own life and comfort, he may be ready, in every exigency, to say, with the hero of Italy, "I had rather take one step forward and die, than one step backward and live;" but he often has also to resist the tormenting thought that he is sacrificing himself only to injure others, and is preparing to go triumphantly through the earthly hell of the martyr's stake, only to pass into that hotter hell which is paved with good intentions. An universal yell denounces him as the apostle of anarchy, falsehood, and irreligion; and nothing but the faith which discerns and takes hold of the immortal substance of truth, can enable him, not only to withstand this shock of adverse opinion, but to deal his prodigious blows with the condensed energy of unhesitating, unweakened will. This is true strength and fortitude of soul, reposing grandly on unseen realities above it, and obstinately resisting the evidence of the shifting facts which appear to cast doubt on the permanent law. It is probable that Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, all heroic men who have brought down fire from heaven, the light and the heat of truth, had, in moments of despondency, a sly and sneering devil at their elbow, mocking them with the taunt by which the scoffing messenger of Jove adds keener agony to the sufferings of the chained Prometheus:

"Those who do endure
Deep wrongs for man, and scorn, and chains, but heap
Thousand-fold torment on themselves and *him*."

In these remarks, so far, we have laid stress on the principle that the inspiration of the hero is the positive quality of love, not the negative quality of hatred. For example, Carlyle, always writing of heroism, is rarely heroic, because he hates falsehood rather than loves truth, and is a disorganizer of wrong rather than an organizer of right. His writings tend to split the mind into a kind of splendid disorder, and we purchase some shining fragments of thought at the expense of weakened will. Being negative, he can not communicate life and inspiration to others; for negation ends in despair, and love alone can communicate the life of hope. His negative thought, therefore, can never become a positive thing; it can pout, sneer, gibe, growl, hate, declaim, destroy; but it can not cheer, it can not create. Now men may be soldiers, patriots, and reformers, from the inspiration of hatred; but they can not be heroic. It is love, and love alone, whose sweet might liberates men from the thraldom of personal considerations, and lifts them into the exhilarating region of unselfish activity. It is not the fear of shame, but love of glory, which makes the purely heroic soldier. It is not hatred of other nations, but love of his own, which makes the heroic patriot. It is not hatred of falsehood and wrong, but love of truth and right, which

makes the heroic thinker and reformer. And it is not the fear of hell and hatred of the devil, but the love of heaven, which makes the heroic saint. All the hatred, all the fear, are incidental and accidental, not central and positive. We should hardly style old King Clovis a saint on the strength of the passion he flew into when the account of the Crucifixion was read to him, and of his fierce exclamation, "I would I had been there with my valiant Franks! I would have redressed his wrongs!"

The heroism of the saint exceeds all other heroism in depth, intensity, comprehensiveness, elevation, and wisdom. The hero soldier, the hero patriot, the hero reformer, each is great by detaching one idea from the sum of things, and throwing his whole energies into its realization; but the hero saint views all things in relation to their centre and source. He brings in the idea of God, and at once the highest earthly objects swiftly recede to their proper distance, and dwindle to their real dimensions. But this heroism, though it exhibits human nature reposing on an all-inclusive idea, the mightiest that the heart can conceive or the mind dimly grope for on the vanishing edges of intelligence, is still not a heroism eagerly coveted or warmly approved. It is recorded of Saint Theresa, that after she had become old and poor in the service of the Lord, and had only two sous left of all her possessions, she sat down to meditate. "Theresa and two sous," she said, "are nothing; but Theresa, two sous, and God are all things;" on which Pierre Leroux makes the bitter comment: "To the young bucks of Paris, Theresa, young and handsome, and worth but two sous, would be little; and Theresa, two sous, and God, would be still less!"

The mental phenomena implied in the acts, or recorded in the writings, of the heroes of religion are of so grand and transcendent a character that one can hardly have patience with Mr. Worldly Wiseman—the worthy gentleman who writes history and explains the problem of metaphysics—when, with his knowing look, he disposes of the whole matter by some trash about fanaticism and disordered imagination. Now glory, country, humanity, are realities only to those who love them; and the all-comprehending reality whom the saint seeks and adores, is but a faint star,

"Pinnacled dim in the intense inane,"

to the wisest of the worldlings. By what right does he sit in critical judgment on the saints and martyrs, when his point of view is earth and their point of view is heaven? Religious heroism, indeed, in its gradual growth from religious sentiment, is a feeling before it is an idea; but what the heart wishes the mind soon discerns; and the marvelous experiences which visit the consciousness of the saint are logical results of the gravitation of his nature to its source, and are as valid as the facts of science. Once roused, this divinizing sentiment kindles the whole solid mass of his being with its penetrating and purifying fire; carries his thoughts, affections, passions, to higher levels of character; converts faith into sight, so that at last the mysteries of the supernatural world are partially unrolled to his eager gaze; he catches glimpses of glories almost too bright for the aching sense to bear; discerns right, truth, beneficence, justice, as radiations from one awful loveliness; and sees

"Around His throne the sanctities of heaven
Stand thick as stars; and from His sight receive
Beatitude past utterance."

Filled and stirred with these wondrous visions,

"Which o'erinform his tenement of clay,"

he becomes a soldier of the chivalry of spirit; a patriot of the heavenly kingdom—the true "pilgrim of eternity," burdened beneath the weight of his rapture until it finds expression in those electric deeds whose shock is felt all over the earth, amazing Time itself with a thrill from Eternity. The still, deep ecstasy which imparadises his spirit can but imperfectly ally itself with human language, though it occasionally escapes along his written page in fitful gleams of celestial lightning, touching such words as "joy," and "sweetness," and "rest" with an unearthly significance—a preternatural intensity of meaning; but the full power of this awful beauty of holiness is only seen and felt in the virtues it creates; in the felicity with which it transmutes calamities into occasions for new graces of character; in the sureness of its glance into the occult secrets of life; in the solid patience which exhausts all the ingenuity of persecution; in the intrepid meekness which is victorious over the despotic might of unhallowed force; in the serene audacity which dares all the principalities of earth and defies all the powers of hell; in the triumphant Faith which hears the choral chant amidst the torments of the rack, and sees the cherubic faces through the glare of the fires of martyrdom!

But perhaps there is nothing more exquisitely simple and touching in the experience of the hero of religion, nothing which more startles us by its confident faith, than the feeling which animates his colloquies and meditations when the spiritual home-sickness, the pang of what Coleridge calls the sentiment of "other worldliness," presses on his soul, and he confesses to the weakness of desiring to depart. Thus figure to yourselves Luther, as he is revealed to us in his old age, sitting by the rude table in his humble house, and with a few dear veterans of the Reformation, gossiping over mugs of ale on the affairs of the celestial kingdom, while the thunders of papal and imperial wrath are heard muttering ominously in the distance. Luther tells them that he begins to feel the longing to leave their camp on earth, and to go home. He is not without hope that the Lord, in view of his protracted struggles and declining energies, will soon recall him. He is resigned, not to die but to live, if such be the order from headquarters; but if it be not presumptuous in him to proffer a petition, he would wish it to be considered that he had sojourned here long enough, and could have permission to depart, it mattering little to him whether the medium of transfer from one world to another be the bed of sickness or the martyr's stake. At any rate, however, age is doing its sure work even on his stalwart frame; and he closes with the consoling sentiment so finely embodied by the Christian poet:

"Within this body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
But nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

We have thus attempted to picture, with a few rude scrawls of the pencil, the heroic spirit, as its creative glow successively animates the soldier, the patriot, the reformer, and the saint, painfully

conscious all the while that we have not sounded its depth of sentiment, nor measured its height of character, nor told its fullness of joy. We have seen that this spirit is a spirit of cheer, and love, and beauty, and power, giving the human soul its finest and amplest expression; and that while its glorious inspiration illuminates history with the splendors of romance, it is the prolific source, in humble life, of heroic deeds which no history records, no poetry celebrates, and of which renown is mute. This spirit is every where, and it is needed every where. It is needed to resist low views of business, low views of politics, low views of patriotism, low views of life. It is needed in every situation where passion tempts, and sloth enfeebles, and fear degrades, and power threatens, and interest deludes. And it is not without its band of witnesses to sound their everlasting protest against meanness, cowardice, baseness, and fraud, and to shield in their sustaining arms, and invigorate by their immortal presence, the sorely-tempted novices of heroic honor and virtue. They rise before the soul's eye, a glorious company of immortals, from the battle-fields of unselfish fame; they come from the halls where patriotism thundered its ardent resolves, and the scaffolds which its self-devotion transfigured into sacrificial altars; they rise from the hissing crowd of scorners and bigots through which the lone Reformer urged his victorious way; and they come from that promised heaven on earth beaming from the halo which encircles the head and beatifies the countenance of the saint, smiling celestial disdain of torture and death. From all these they come—they press upon the consciousness—not as dead memories of the past, but as living forces of the present, to stream into our spirits the resistless energies which gladden theirs—

"Filling the soul with sentiments august;
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE comet did not come: on the contrary, it was doubtful until late in June whether even the summer was coming. That devoted and hapless county in Kentucky which was to shrivel under the dreadful swish of the comet's tail, still stands green and growing under the sun; and except the ravages of the tornado, and the decease of the woman who awoke in the night, and seeing a light instantly deemed it to be the comet, and "came down" like the grizzly bear—excepting these events the fearful forebodings have had no justification, and Professor Peirce was right in declining to believe in the probability of the world's rapid consumption.

Perhaps, as Ottilia declared, the long rains of the early summer were an antidote to the fervor of the heavenly enemy; or perhaps comets, like dreams, go by contraries; and when the world *is* destroyed by a meteor, it will be drowned out. However that may be, it will require some more imperial terror to frighten Gunnybags. He disbelieves in comets, in inspired tables, and in what he calls the black art generally.

"Mere superstitions, Sir, idle vapors. How can a table move without something to move it, Sir? It's all stuff, Sir—all knuckles, and knee-pans, and elbow-joints! Don't talk to me! Do you think a man lives to my years to be taken in by conjuring? Go and see the famous wizard, Sir; he does things a thousand times more wonderful. People crack their toe-joints under a table in the dark, and tell you your great-grandfather has called. You tell over the alphabet, and the toes crack at certain letters, and so you spell out 'M-i-n-d y-o-u-r o-w-n b-u-s-i-n-e-s-s!' That's Spiritualism, Sir—and proves the future life, does it? No, no, Sir! Your humble servant, I decline all interest in a future life which seems to be the sediment of this; whose wisdom is the stale dregs of this world's commonplace. Bless my soul, Sir! how I am talking! But I think your tables will tell you something worth knowing on the very day the comet burns up the earth, and not before. Stuff, stuff! The cramp in an old woman's back may foretell a storm, but the cracking of her toe-joints doesn't prove the immortality of the soul. If it does, Sir, the world's a joke. Good-morning, Sir!"

Now, as a moderate Easy Chair, with two well-stuffed sides, we shudder to think what Judge Edmonds and the *Spiritual Telegraph* will have to say of Solomon Gunnybags. We remark in our diocese that whoever believes very strongly in one thing pities every body else, however strongly they may believe in something else. Gunnybags rails at the inspired tables; the inspired tables turn upon Gunnybags. People who care very much for neither side smile so long as the tables continue to hold up their dinners; but they, too, have their private little faiths and fancies, which are quite as good as any body's.

There will always be a comet coming to many worthy people. There will always be devout believers ready to stand upon the house-top, clad in a sheet, to ascend to glory with Mr. Miller. You laugh at the sheet, and at the coming down stairs when the chance of the world's blowing up has blown by; but you must respect the faith and the feeling. The same spirit which carries the Millerites to the roof of the house carried the Crusaders to the Sepulchre. In the one case, the result was magnificent; in the other, it was mean; but in both it was a homage to the supernatural element in man.

The coterie about our Chair laughs loud and long at the tipping tables and the destroying comet; but whether spirits tip the tables or not, and whether a comet shall ever consume the world or not, are questions of minor importance compared with that whether the fact that the human mind, somewhere and somehow, accepts the most grotesque things as the greatest, does not imply that there is a truth—an invisible and spiritual truth—as vast as the faith which grasps after it in a hundred crude and curious ways.

Once we asked Gunnybags if this were not so. But the worthy Solomon dropped asleep in the midst of the question; and rousing suddenly as the sound of our voice ceased, he answered, in a very rapid and confused, as well as dozy and drunken manner, "Oh yis! suttenly, shuth'nly!"

What are comets and tables going to do with such a man as that?

"My dear Easy Chair,—I have read with delight your observations on 'Choate upon Flirtation.' Some day may a kind fortune throw the illustrious and eloquent advocate at my feet.

"But my present object is rather to inquire where I can find the most luminous treatise upon the subject, and what the proper laws and limits of flirtation are.

"I have particular reasons, for the facts are these:

"At present I am in Newport, bathing, dancing, driving, and dressing. When I arrived I took a general survey of the field, and was grieved to find no worthy game. I saw only a range of youths, who had, apparently, the same tailor, shoemaker, and hatter; who wore very large coats and very small boots; and drove very fast horses in very light wagons; and waltzed beautifully, looking very serious in the face. I tried one or two of them at the first hop; but, after they had performed their solemn dance, they were dumb, or they talked, which was much worse, as they had nothing to talk about. But I, who came to flirt, and not to waste my time in gossip, was sadly at a loss for several days.

"At length Eugene Anser arrived. The hotel was in a tumult. The girls fled fluttering to their rooms to dress for dinner, each one resolved to conquer him at first sight. I heard Emily saying to Jane, 'Did you ever see such eyes?' I heard Amelia whispering to Maria, 'Did you ever see such a foot?' I heard them all murmuring to each other, 'What a fascinating man Mr. Anser is!'

"You know his reputation, of course; you know how distinguished a flirt he is; you know that no girl thinks of resisting him, and that the men are jealous, as they always are of female favorites.

"Well, he was presented to me. I supposed my game had now arrived, and that we were to proceed at once to a desperate flirtation. So did he. So did the hotel. So did Newport.

"I began. I rallied him upon his conquests, in order to pique him to conquer me. He smiled languidly, and turned his dark eyes upon me. It opened well. I praised other men who were really handsome, graceful, gentlemanly. He smiled a little scornfully, and raised his forehead. That was all promising. I alluded to my general *ennui* and disgust of society; laughed at the men and the girls about us, and took the position of superiority. He smiled languidly, and looked at me with his large dark eyes. Then I stopped, and sighed, and quoted poetry (men are generally such fools that they think if a woman quotes poetry she is romantic or clever). I grew silent altogether.

"Then he began. He said that my eyes were the very color of love, and that he admired *distingué* women. He turned his face to me, and did not permit a single glance to wander toward any thing else. He played with my fan—said, with a conscious smile, as if he were dropping some dear secret into my ear, the most absurd, commonplace flattery—and I could see that the room thought the flirtation was fairly established.

"And the ass thought so himself. He really believed that being devoted with eyes and ears only to me, and telling me how he must always love such and such a woman—describing me—and looking at me with his dark eyes, was flirtation.

"What I want to know is simply, whether this is flirtation? When a woman sees through this manner, and knows that a man is apparently devoted to her only that other people may remark it, and tells her that she is beautiful only that he may make her like him, and she knows why it is said, and the whole thing is a transparent joke—what I want to know is, whether this is flirtation?

"Eugene Anser is a handsome man without brains, without heart, and without conscience. I know that many a clever man has no conscience and no heart; but must not a man have brains before he can flirt, or are the flirts all fools?

"Will you please ask Mr. Choate about these things, and gratify your willing NINA."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SHALL we keep by our corner when all the world is moving? Shall we persist in frying our monthly dish of nettlepots under the leads of the Hotel du Louvre when we can pluck a monk's-hood on the Alps, or a glacier rose for the edifying and delight of the gentle ones who cluster about our Chair? Shall we grope through Figaro's, and all the programmes upon the "dead walls," when we can take breath and nourishment under waving poplars that tuft French waysides—the stiff, serried plumes that run every where in France out to the horizon, and keep up the illusion of army clank and marching grenadiers?

No, we will not; we will play truant to news; if you must keep pace with the Tuileries doings and the English marriages, why you shall find it all in the close type of the *Weekly*. For ourselves, we (this month at least) abjure it all; we will breathe free; we will follow our will; we will rollick on the grass; and if St. Cloud be crowded, we will "cut stick" and away over the plains to Burgundy—to the land of wines—to the golden hillside—to the vats where luscious Volney will be foaming, and where the grapes which shall kindle the foam are even now setting and swelling in the vineyards.

How better this than the scorching street-walks! Yet we will not poetize overmuch; we will be fact-searching and plodding, and tell you all, simply and truly, what we see.

Do you not love to amble, after all, with this sort of traveler, who admits you to pack with him, to eat his last meal with him, to miss the train with him, to dine with him, to see common things commonly?

Are not all the great things in the guide-books, the gift-books, and the poets? How then can your old Chair gossiper venture to touch them? Can we kindle them over? Are they not burned to a crisp in your thought already—only ashes left, which you spread upon your own fancies (as wood ashes to home patches of clover) to make them grow?

Well—we pack our portmanteau; 'tis a small one—when you are old in travel you will always carry a small one—the more experience, the less the luggage; if you need coat or linen, you shall find coat and linen (*experto crede*) in every capital of Europe; they wear such things in all civilized countries; they sell them, too. We therefore put in our portmanteau only such things as we positively need; and giving it into the hands of a *facteur*, we direct him to carry it to the office of the Diligences, a little way out of the Rue St. Honoré. We book our portmanteau there for the eastern town of Dole, lying in the way to Switzerland, and within sight of the best vineyard slopes of Burgundy.

We are relieved now of all care of luggage, and shall find it at the Hôtel de France, whether we loiter for days or for weeks upon the road.

Our next step shall be to go around to the Passage Véro-Dodat, and buy us a goat-skin knapsack; it is large enough for a change of linen, a guide-book, an extra pair of woolen socks, soap and brushes (razors we abandon), a pocket-telescope, a pocket-flask, a note-book (to press flowers within,

if nothing more), perhaps a miniature Tennyson—for rainy days in the mountains—and an oil-skin cape.

With this, a slouch, broad-brimmed hat, a serviceable tweed suit, and heavy walking shoes, we call a cab, drive down the Rue Rivoli and the Rue St. Antoine, cross the Place of the Bastile, and arrive presently at the station-house of the Lyons Railway. We pay a fare of twenty-five sous (we should have paid seventy-five in your extravagant city), and take ticket for Fontainebleau.

Why should we, with our hob-nailed shoes and tweed overalls, take a first-class place? Ah, the tenderly-proud Americans! so vain of extravagance—so jealous of any thing like privilege—what muttons they make for the innkeepers! We have outlived this; we take a second-class seat; we pay less by a third; we see more of the natives by half; we have plenty of air; we have cushioned seats (though they may be covered with striped bed-ticking); and the chances are even that we shall have beside us some member of the Institute of France, some eminent professional man, who dislikes at once the seclusion and the price of the first-class carriage.

Our fare, when we reckon it up with pencil as we scud away over the level country that skirts the capital, we find to be only a trifle, if any thing, more than the home rates. Two things, moreover, we are sure of here—we shall have the seat we have paid for, and we shall not be annoyed by any "loose expectoration" from our neighbors' tobacco. A ticket sold at the New Haven office (unless that administration has become latterly more humane than it was) implies only a chance for a seat; but a ticket sold in a French railway station implies invariably a seat. If a car be overcrowded by one only (of which observation is made always before the start), there is a whistle from the inspector, a messenger appears, an order is dispatched, and a new carriage is brought upon the track.

Away we hurtle; the houses, the trees, the fortifications, the plains, the great outstanding barracks, the white villages, drift into the dreamy distance, where the domes of Paris gleam in the haze like sparkling dandelions on a dewy meadow.

When we stop at Fontainebleau, after a two hours' ride, we deliver our ticket within the station-house; and as we shoulder our knapsack, and march into the town (unless we prefer a seat upon the omnibus, for which we will pay tenpence), we hear the buzz of the train as it sweeps on toward Lyons.

We stop at the inn of the *Cadran Bleu;* a fat landlady receives us; shows us to a little chamber, not so large, perhaps, as your attic rooms of the New York hotels, but only up a single flight of stairs; the floor is of red tiles, which have been waxed that morning only, and shine, and would seem slippery, except for our good hob-nailed shoes. There is a dainty bed, with coarse, cool, clean linen, and a water pitcher of most Liliputian make.

"Has Monsieur breakfasted?"

Of course we have breakfasted before ten o'clock; still we will have a bite, since the ride and the fresh air of the country has sharpened our appetite.

We will have a steak *aux pommes*, and a half bottle of Beaune, and perhaps a bit of cheese and a plate of cherries.

"*Très bien!*" says the landlady. And when we have washed the dust from our eyes, and gone below, into the long *salle-à-manger*, a tidy French girl (who would be a grisette if she went to Paris) is laying our cloth upon an end of the table, and we snuff the odor of the steak, mingled with that of the jessamines from the garden. And as we eat with sharpened taste (for the Beaune is an appetizing wine), we rejoice in the pleasant escape we have made; we compare that quiet lunch, within sound of the roar of the great French forest, and only a stone's-throw away from the magnificent home of Francis the First, with the lunches you may be taking in the crowd of Taylor's or Thompson's, glared upon by all that finery, and amidst the clamor of a hundred waiters, and—frankly—we pity you! In sheerest benevolence, the old gentleman of the Chair wishes he might single out a pretty face and figure from the hubbub of your restaurants, and place them beside him here in the *Cadran Bleu*, and turn out a drop of the petillant, generous wine, to moisten the fair lips withal. How *she* would forget the hob-nails, and he—the hoops! how we would luxuriate in the cool, scented air, and loiter away afterward in the coppices of the palace garden!

Heigho!—this may not be; and yet, wherever you lounge, when your eye falls here, your fancies shall come trooping to us, and bear us company.

As we said, the great things of travel are all familiar; we leave them utterly; we pass through the Palace-yard—away from the companies of strangers who are passing in and out of the royal apartments—and loiter on along the terrace, to the parapet that skirts the garden pond. We sit there, idly nicking our hob-nailed shoes against the wall, looking over to rich sweep of lawn and clumps of shrubbery that stretch away from the farther shore. We buy a cake from an old woman, and break it, and fling it to the fishes; these come crowding to the bait by hundreds—heavy, lumbering carp, who have lived in those waters these fifty years, perhaps a century, and may have risen to catch bread-crumbs from the hand of some pretty Dauphiness in the days gone. There are hoary veterans among them, wagging their tails gravely, and blotched over with gray spots, who, it is said, date back as far as the times of Francis the First. What a quiet, serene life they must have passed! How much more royally than kings they have braved the storms and the weaknesses of age!

We buy another cake and break it, and fling it all around upon the water; and below, upon the terrace, other strangers are doing the same—leaning idly over the parapet—gazing and wondering at the ancient fishes. The air is delightfully cool; the fragrance of a thousand flowering things is on it; the shadow of the farther trees falls heavy on the water. There are worse places to loiter in than the gardens of Fontainebleau.

What, now, if we wander away into the forest, comparing, as we go, the nibbling, ancient fishes we have seen to that bait-seeking fry we have seen in other times and other watering-places—fat, dowdy dowagers; brisk young misses, in shoals; bright-waistcoated bucks—all disporting like the carp—coming by turns to the surface—making a little break and a few eddies—catching at floating crumbs—and retiring, when the season is over, to hibernate under some overhanging roof-tree which they call Home.

Oaks, beeches, tangled undergrowth, moss under-foot, gray boulders, long vistas of highway, stretching to a low horizon; artists sketching on camp-stools; Mr. Smith, and wife and daughter,

driving in a crazy phaeton (wife and daughter wearing green frights, and reading Mr. Murray)—all these we see, as we loiter on through the paths of the forest. We make three leagues of tramp by sundown, and are ready for our dinner at the *Cadran Bleu;* Mr. Smith and wife and daughter are just finishing theirs, at the end of the long table. Our beard misleads them; they mistake our nationality, and remark somewhat freely upon French taste in matters of diet. They are apparently from Huddersfield; they do not once suspect that a man with a beard, whom they meet at the *Cadran Bleu*, can speak or understand English.

So, as we eat our *filet, sauté aux champignons*, we learn that the oaks in Windsor Park are much finer than those of Fontainebleau; that the French beer is watery stuff; and that the Americans are not the only self-satisfied people in the world.

Mr. Smith, wife and daughter, drop away at length; we wander, with our cigar, under the shade of the palace walls; a dragoon passes from time to time, with sabre clattering at his heels; the clock in the great court, where Napoleon bade his army adieu before Elba, sounds ten as we turn back to the inn; and from our window we see the stars all aglow, and feel the breath of the forest.

Coffee at six, with two fresh eggs. If you carry a knapsack, you must carry early habits with it. The hostess brings our little bill, smilingly; we promised to tell you of commonest details, so you shall see the price of our entertainment:

Lunch	2 francs.
Wine	2 francs.
Dinner	4 francs.
Room	3 francs.
Wax-light	1 franc.
Breakfast	2 francs.
Service	1 franc.

Being a total of fifteen francs; or, *Anglice*, three dollars.

It is not over-dear, when we reckon the pleasant Burgundy we have drank, and remember, too, that Fontainebleau is as near (in time) to Paris as Rockaway to New York. We shall find cheaper things as we get on, and—worse.

How the birds sing in the woods! And how the dew shines upon the nodding clover, which shows itself here and there by the wayside! We have taken the precaution to buy ourselves a cane in Fontainebleau, and with this we travel on, the road running straight far as we can see. After two hours' march—better than two leagues—we sit down in the edge of the forest, for as yet we have not reached its border. We have passed a woodman with his cart, a boy driving cattle, and a soldier with his coat upon a stick over his shoulder. We shall scarce see any others, or of other sorts, till we are out of the wood.

A half hour there, under the oaks, and we are ready for the tramp again. We are only putting ourselves in walking trim for the passes of Switzerland, and so take this level country very leisurely.

The little town of Forsard lies just upon the outskirts of the forest. We welcome it gladly; for by the time we have come here it is full noon. There are straggling, white, low cottages of stone, covered with mortar, and shaded, perhaps, by a pear or a plum-tree; then another like the first; and a third; and a woman in *sabots* (which are heavy beechen shoes); and at last a larger cottage, with a fern bough over the door, and a floor covered with baked tiles, glossed over with grease, wax, and filth.

The bough means that we may find bread, cheese, and wine there, and, if not over-fastidious, a bed. The bread we take, and a bottle of sour wine, and sit at the deal table, writing there very much of what you are reading now, in our pocket note-book.

So we go on our summer jaunt: fatigue; rest in villages; strange dishes of stewed pears; Gruyere cheese; country fairs, where, at eventide, we see the maidens dancing on the green sward; high old towns with toppling towers; walks through vineyards; long levels; woody copses, over which we see extinguisher turrets of country chateaux.

But all this grows tiresome at length; and when we have reached the little shabby town of St. Florentin, on the third day, we venture to inquire about some coach (for we are away from the neighborhood of railways) which shall take us on to Dole.

But at St. Florentin no coach, not even so much as a *voiture à volanté*, is to be found; so we harness on our knapsacks, and toil along under the poplars to a little village far off in the plain, where we are smuggled into what passes for the *coupé* of a broken-down diligence. A man and little girl, who together occupy the third seat, regale themselves with a *fricandeau* stuffed with garlic. The day is cool, the windows down, the air close, and the perfume—(when you travel on the by-ways of France learn patience).

That night we reach a town where lived that prince of boys' story-books about animals—Buffon. A tower rises on the hills beside the town, covered with ivy—gray, and venerable, and sober-looking; and the postillion says it is Buffon's tower, and that the town is called Buffon.

We desire to get to Dole as soon as possible; so the next morning—*voila un cabriolet!* to take us on to catch the diligence that passes through the old town of Semur.

This French cabriolet which we take at Buffon, is very much like a Scotch horse-cart with a top upon it. It has a broad leather-cushioned seat in the back, large enough for three persons. One is already occupied by a pretty enough woman, of some four or five and twenty. The postillion is squatted on a bit of timber that forms the whipple-tree. We bid adieu to our accommodating landlady, take off our hat to the landlady's daughter, and so go jostling out of the old French town of Buffon, which, ten to one, we shall never see again in our lives.

What think you, pray, of a drive in a French cabriolet, with a pretty woman of five-and-twenty? We will tell you all—just as it happened. Our cigar chanced to be unfinished. "Of course, smoking was offensive to mademoiselle?"

It proved otherwise: "Oh no! her husband was a great smoker."

"Ah, *ma foi!* can it be that madame, so young, is indeed married?"

"It is indeed true"—and there is a glance both of pleasure and of sadness in the woman's eye.

We begin to speculate upon what that gleam of pleasure and of sadness may mean; and, finally, curiosity gains on speculation. "Perhaps madame is traveling from Paris, like ourselves?"

"*Non pas;* but she has been at Paris. What a charming city! those delicious Boulevards and the shops, and the Champs Elysées, and the theatres—oh, what a dear place Paris is!"

"And if madame is not coming from Paris, perhaps she is going to Paris?"

"*Non plus;*" even now we are not right. "She is coming from Chalons, she is going to Semur."

"Madame lives then, perhaps, at Semur?"

"*Pardon*, she is going for a visit."

"And her husband is left alone then, the poor man!"

"*Pardon*" (and there is a manifest sigh), "he is not alone." And madame rearranges the bit of lace on each side of her bonnet, and turns half around, so as to show more fairly a very pretty brunette face, and an exceeding roguish eye.

We are curious to know if it is madame's first visit to Semur?

"*Mon Dieu, non!*" and she sighs.

"Madame then has friends at Semur?"

"*Ma foi! je ne saurrais vous dire.*" She does not know!

This is very odd, we thought. "And who can madame be going to visit?"

"Her father—if he is still living."

"But how can she doubt, if she has lived so near as Chalons?"

"*Pardon*, I have not lived at Chalons, but at Bordeaux, and Montpelier, and Pau, and along the Biscayan mountains."

"And is it long since she has seen her father?"

"Very long; ten long—long years; then they were so happy! Ah! the charming country of Semur; the fine sunny vineyards, and all so gay, and her sister, and little brother—" madame puts her hands to her face.

We turn slightly to have a fuller sight of her.

We knew "it would be a glad thing to meet them all!"

"*Jamais*, Monsieur, never, I can not; they are gone!" and she turned her head away.

The French country-women are simple-minded, earnest, and tell a story much better and easier than any women in the world. We thought—we said, indeed, "she was young to have wandered so far; she must have been very young to have quitted her father's house ten years gone-by."

"Very young—very foolish, Monsieur. I see," says she, turning, "that you want to know how it was, and if you will be so good as to listen, I will tell you, Monsieur."

Of course, we were very happy to listen to so charming a story-teller; and our readers as well, perhaps.

"You know, Monsieur, the quiet of one of our little country towns very well; Semur is one of them. My father was a small *proprietaire;* the house he lived in is not upon the road, or I would show it to you by-and-by. It had a large court-yard, with a high arched gateway—and there were two hearts cut upon the topmost stone; and the initials of my grandfather and grandmother on either side; and all were pierced by a little dart. I dare say you have seen many such as you have wandered through the country, but now-a-days they do not make them.

"Well, my mother died when I was a little girl, and my father was left with three children—my sister, little Jacques, and I. Many and many a time we used to romp about the court-yard, and sometimes go into the fields at vineyard-dressing, and pluck off the long tendrils; and I would tie them round little Jacques' head; and my sister, who was a year older than I, and whose name was Lucie, would tie them around my head. It looked very pretty to be sure, Monsieur; and I was *so* proud of little Jacques, and of myself too: I wish they would come back, Monsieur—those times! Do you know I think sometimes that, in Heaven, they will come back?

"I do not know which was prettiest—Lucy or I; she was taller and had lighter hair; and mine, you see, is dark." (Two rows of curls hung each side of her face, jet black.) "I know I was never envious of her."

"There was little need of it."

"You think not, Monsieur; you shall see, presently.

"I have told you that my father was a small *proprietaire;* there was another in the town whose lands were greater than ours, and who boasted of having been sometime connected with noble blood, and who quite looked down upon our family. But there is little of that feeling left now in the French country—and I thank God for it, Monsieur. And Jean Frère, who was a son of this proud gentleman, had none of it when we were young.

"There was no one in the village he went to see oftener than he did Lucie and me. And we talked like girls then about who should marry Jean, and never thought of what might really happen; and our *bonne* used to say, when we spoke of Jean, that there were others as good as Jean in the land, and capital husbands in plenty. And then we would laugh, and sometimes tie the hand of Jacques to the hand of some pretty little girl, and so marry them, and never mind Jacques' pettish struggles, and the pouts of the little bride; and Jean himself would laugh as loud as any at this play.

"But sometimes Jean's father would come when we were romping together, and take Jean away; and sometimes kiss little Jacques, and say he was a young rogue, but have never a word for us.

"So matters went on till Lucie was eighteen, and Jacques a fine tall lad. Jean was not so rich as he had been, for his father's vineyard had grown poor. Still he came to see us, and all the village said there would be a marriage some day; and some said it would be Lucie, and some said it would be me.

"And now it was I began to watch Lucie when Jean came; and to count the times he danced with Lucie, and then to count the times that he danced with me. But I did not dare to joke with Lucie about Jean, and when we were together alone we scarce ever talked of Jean."

"You were not in love with him, of course?"

"I did not say so," said madame. "But he was handsomer than any of the young men we saw, and I so young—never mind!

"You do not know how jealous I became. We had a room together, Lucie and I, and often in the night I would steal to her bed and listen, to find if she ever whispered any thing in her dreams; and sometimes when I came in at evening, I would find her weeping.

"I remember I went up to her once, and put my arm softly around her neck, and asked her what it was that troubled her; and she only sobbed on. I asked her if I had offended her; 'You!' said she, '*ma sœur, ma mignonne!*' and she laid her head upon my shoulder, and cried more than ever; and I cried too.

"So matters went on, and we saw, though we did not speak to each other of it, that Jean came to see us more and more rarely, and looked sad

when he parted with us, and did not play so often with little Jacques.

"At length—how it was we women never knew—it was said that poor Jean's father, the proud gentleman, had lost all his money, and that he was going away to Paris. We felt very sadly; and we asked Jean, the next time he came to see us, if it was all true? He said that it was true, and that the next year they were going away, and that he should never see us again. Poor Jean!—how he squeezed my hand as he said this; but in his other hand he held Lucie's. Lucie was more sensitive than I, and when I looked at her, I could see that the tears were coming in her eyes.

"'You will be sorry when I am gone?' said Jean.

"'You know we shall,' said I; and I felt the tears coming too.

"A half year had gone, and the time was approaching when Jean was to leave us. He had come at intervals to pass his evenings with us; he was always a little sad, as if some trouble was preying on his thoughts; and was always most kind to Lucie, and kinder still, I thought, to me.

"At length one day, his father, a stately old gentleman, came down and asked to see my father; and he staid with him half an hour, and the thing was so new that the whole village said there would be a marriage. And I wandered away alone with little Jacques, and sat down under an old tree—I shall try hard to find the place—and twisted a garland for little Jacques and then tore it in pieces; and twisted another and tore that in pieces, and then cried, so that Jacques said he believed I was crazy. But I kissed him and said, 'No, Jacques, sister is not crazy!'

"When I went home, I found Lucie sad, and papa sober and thoughtful; but he kissed me very tenderly, and told me, as he often did, how dearly he loved me.

"The next day Jean did not come, nor the next, nor the next after. I could not bear it any longer, so I asked papa what Jean's father had said to him, and why Jean did not come?

"He kissed me, and said that Jean wanted to take his child away from him. And I asked him—though I remember I had hardly breath to do it—what he had told him?

"'I told him,' said papa, 'that if Lucie would marry Jean, and Jean would marry Lucie, they might marry, and I would give them a father's blessing.'

"I burst into tears, and my father took me in his arms; perhaps he thought I was so sorry to lose my sister—I don't know. When I had strength to go to our chamber, I threw myself into Lucie's arms and cried as if my heart would break.

"She asked me what it meant? I said—'I love you, Lucie!' And she said—'I love you, Lisette!'

"But soon I found that Jean had sent no message—that he had not come—that all I told Lucie, of what my father had said, was new to her; and she cried afresh. And we dared say nothing of Jean.

"I fancied how it was; for Jean's father was a proud gentleman, and would never make a second request of such *bourgeois* as we.

"Soon we heard that he had gone away, and had taken Jean along with him. I longed to follow—to write him even; but, poor Lucie!—I was not certain but he might come back to claim her. Often and often I wandered up by his father's old country house, and I asked the steward's wife how he was looking when he went away. 'Oh,' said she, '*le pauvre jeune homme*;' he was so sad to leave his home!

"And I thought to myself bitterly, did this make all his sadness?

"A whole year passed by and we heard nothing of him. A regiment had come into the *arrondissement*, and a young officer came occasionally to see us. Now, Monsieur, I am ashamed to tell you what followed. Lucie had not forgotten Jean; and I—God knows!—had not forgotten him! But papa said that the officer would make a good husband for me, and he told me as much himself. I did not disbelieve him; but I did not love him as I had loved Jean, and I doubted if Jean would come back, and I knew not but he would come back to marry Lucie, though I felt sure that he loved me better than Lucie.

"So, Monsieur, it happened that I married the young officer, and became a soldier's wife, and in a month went away from my own home.

"But that was not the worst, Monsieur; before I went there came a letter from Paris for me in Jean's own writing."

Madame turned her head again. Even the postillion had suffered his horses to get into a dog-trot jog, that he now made up for by a terrible thwacking, and a pestilent shower of oaths, partly, I thought, to deaden his feelings.

"The letter," said madame, going on, "told me how he had loved me, how his father had told him what my father had said; and how he had forbidden him in his pride, to make any second proposal; and how he had gone away to forget his griefs, but could not; and he spoke of a time, when he would come back and claim me, even though he should forget and leave his father.

"The whole night I cried over that letter, but never showed it to Lucie. I was glad that I was going away; but I could not love my husband.

"You do not know how sad the parting was for me; not so much to leave my father, and Lucie, and Jacques, but the old scenes where I had wandered with Jean, and where we had played together, and where he was to come back again perhaps, and think as he would of me. I could not write him a letter even. I was young then, and did not know but my duty to my husband would forbid it. But I left a little locket he had given me, and took out his hair, and put in place of it a lock of my own, and scratched upon the back with a needle—'Jean, I loved you; it is too late; I am married; *J'en pleurs!*' And I handed it to little Jacques, and made him promise to show it to no one, but to hand it to Jean, if he ever came again to Semur. Then I kissed my father, and my sister, and little Jacques again and again, and bid them all adieu, as well as I could for my tears; I have never been in Semur since, Monsieur."

Presently we asked her what ever became of Jean.

"You know," continued she, "that I could not love my husband, and I was glad we were going far away, where I hoped I might forget all that had happened at home; but God did not so arrange it."

"We were living in Montpelier; you have been in Montpelier, Monsieur, and will remember the pretty houses along the Rue de Paris; in one of them we were living. Every month or two came

letters from Lucie—sad, very sad at the first—and I forgot about myself through pity of her. At length came one which told me that Jean had come back; and it went on to say how well he was looking. Poor Lucie did not know how it all went to my soul, and how many tears her letters cost me.

"Afterward came letters in gayer temper, still full of the praises of Jean, and she wondered why I was not glad to hear so much of him, and wondered that my letters were growing so sad. Another letter came still gayer, and a postscript that cut me to the heart; the postscript was in Jacques' scrawling hand, and said that all the village believed that Jean was to marry sister Lucie. 'We shall be so glad,' it said, 'if you will come home to the wedding!'

"Oh, Monsieur, I had thought I had loved Lucie. I am afraid I did not. I wrote no answer; I could not. By-and-by came a thick letter with two little doves upon the seal. I went to my room, and barred the door, and cried over it without daring to open it. The truth was as I had feared—Jean had married Lucie. Oh, my feelings—my bitter feelings, Monsieur! Pray Heaven you may never have such!

"My husband grew bitter at my sadness, and I disliked him more and more. Again we changed our quarters to the mountains, where the troops had been ordered, and for a very long time no letter came to me from home. I had scarce a heart to write, and spent day after day in my chamber. We were five years along the Pyrennees; you remember the high mountains about Pau, and the snowy tops that you can see from the houses; but I enjoyed nothing of it all.

"By-and-by came a letter with a black seal, in the straggling hand of my poor father, saying that Jean and Lucie had gone over the sea to the Isle of Mauritius, and that little Jacques had sickened of a fever and was dead.

"I longed to go and see my old father; but my husband could not leave, and he was suspicious of me, and would not suffer me to travel across France alone.

"So I spent years more—only one letter coming to me in all that time—whether stopped by my husband's orders or not I do not know. At length he was ordered with his regiment to Chalons sur Marne; there were old friends of his at Chalons, with whom he is stopping now. We passed through Paris and I saw all its wonders; yet I longed to get toward home.

"At length we set off for Chalons. It was five days before I could get my husband's leave to ride over to my old town. I am afraid he has grown to hate me now.

"You see that old Chateau in ruins," says she, pointing out a mossy remnant of castle, on a hillock to the left—"it is only two kilometres from Semur. I have been there often with Jean and Lucie," and madame looks earnestly, and with her whole heart in her eyes, at the tottering old ruin. We ask the postillion the name, and note it in our green-covered book.

"And your father knows nothing of your return?"

"I have written from Chalons," resumed madame, "but whether he be alive to read it, I do not know."

And she begins now to detect the cottages, on which surely in this old country ten years would make but little difference. The roofs are covered over with that dappled moss you see in Watelet's pictures, and the high-stone court-yards are gray with damp and age.

"*La voila!*" at length exclaims madame, clapping her hands; and in the valley into which we have just turned, and are now crick-cracking along in the crazy old cabriolet, appears the tall spire of Semur. A brown tower or two flanks it, and there is a group of gray roofs mingled with the trees.

Madame keeps her hands clasped and is silent. She is weeping perhaps.

The postillion gives his hat a jaunty air, and crosses himself as we pass a church by the way; and the farmeries pass us one by one; then come the paved streets, and the pigs, and the turbaned women in *sabots*, and boys' eyes, all intent; and thick houses, and provincial shops.

"The same dear old town of Semur!" says our female companion. And, with a crack and a rumble, and a jolt, we are presently at the door of the inn.

The woman runs her eye hastily over the inn loungers; apparently she is dissatisfied. We clamber down and assist her to dismount.

"Shall we make any inquiries for her?"

"*Oh, Mon Dieu! J'ai trop de peur!*" She is afraid to ask; she will go see; and away she starts—turns—throws back her vail—asks pardon—"we have been so kind"—bids God bless us—waves her hand, and disappears around an angle of the old inn.

'Tis the last we see of her; for, in ten minutes, we are rattling away toward Dole and the Juras.

Editor's Drawer.

CARINGTON was a famous infidel speaker in the West, who was the terror of many of the preachers, unable as they were to meet, at a moment's notice, the cavils with which he often interrupted them in the midst of their discourses. He met with his match, however, in the Rev. Mr. Quickly, who had a dash of eccentricity with his native good sense, making him a popular as well as instructive preacher. He was speaking of the nature and destiny of the immortal soul, when the infidel rose in the crowded house, and said he knew "the Hebrew and the Greek, and the word that is translated *soul* in the Bible might just as well be rendered wind, or smell, or smelling-bottle, or any thing of that sort; and it was all nonsense to talk about people having a *soul* in them to live forever."

"Well, well," said old Mr. Quickly, let us try how it will read; here is my text:

"'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his smelling-bottle?'"

The people took the illustration, and a laugh of derision sent the scoffer away abashed at his own impertinence and defeat.

THE wonderful facility which Henry Clay possessed of putting every man at his ease with whom he came into social intercourse has often been the subject of pleasant illustration, but we remember nothing better in its way than this:

A party of gentlemen had come on as a committee of the citizens of one of the Western towns, to make Mr. Clay a magnificent present of a silver urn, or something of the kind. They were received by Mr. Clay with his elegant hospitalities, and invited to dinner, at which time it was arranged that the presentation should take place.

General M'Munn, the Chairman of the Committee, was appointed to make the presentation speech, which he had carefully committed to writing and to memory. Fortifying himself with two or three extra glasses of wine, and rising to speak, he began:

"Mr. Clay—" But the words refused to come. His embarrassment was not relieved by another glass; and when, in despair, he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth the manuscript, he was able to read it only in the most bungling style, to his own mortification and that of his friends. Mr. Clay responded; and soon after, as M'Munn was sitting next to him, Mr. Clay said to him,

"What a pity it is, General, that you did not take to public speaking at an earlier period of life; you have all the elements of a great orator."

"Do you think so?" gasped the General.

"Certainly," said Mr. Clay; "all you need is *practice!*"

M'Munn was delighted. Fairly recovered from his mortification, he entered heartily into the festivities of the occasion; and went home thinking that he and Mr. Clay were the two greatest men that ever lived.

The ——— turnpike was in a terrible state for traveling. We were making as much haste as the nature of the case would admit, when, worn-out with the incessant banging, pitching, and sticking, I said to Jones, with whom I was riding in my buggy:

"The Company ought to be prosecuted for keeping their road in such a wretched condition."

"I think," said Jones, "we ought to be prosecuted for riding on it."

This was a sensible view to take of the subject, and I didn't dispute the proposition.

A Chicago correspondent writes: "A friend of ours, named Frank, a good fellow, always on the look-out to do a kind act, had his generous tendencies slightly nipped recently. He visits your city some three or four times a year on business, and generally manages to have some lady under his charge, to gallant by the way, to relieve the tediousness of railroad traveling. On this occasion he entered the cars alone, but on looking for a seat, espied one unoccupied, by the side of a buxom dame, whom he found, by conversation with her, was from Wisconsin. She was alone, unprotected, and glad to find some one who would aid and assist her to escape the vexations and annoyances to which she might be subject. Frank was the man for the occasion. Every thing went on smoothly till the cars reached Syracuse, when the lady was to leave the regular train, and wished our friend to see her trunk transferred to the car of the branch-train. He seated her, and rushed to the baggage-car to order her trunk to be changed. In obedience to the order the trunk came out, but with a slam upon the platform. The force of the concussion caused the lid to fly off, and out came—what? Ladies' linen, drapery, hose, etc.? No; but a bushel of the best Wisconsin potatoes! The 'Ha, ha, ha!' that arose from the crowd of surrounding passengers, and the exclamation of the conductor, 'I guess you carry your provisions with you!' caused Frank to be invisible for the remainder of that trip to New York. He says that if he ever superintends the conveyance of another bushel of potatoes from Chicago to Syracuse he will see that the trunk-cover is well secured, and that it falls into the hands of no baggage-*smasher*."

"Let me tell you something of our Assessor," says a Western man. "But first, to make all clear, I must state that every third year, in our State, we take an assessment, called 'triennial,' by which the assessments of the two following years are governed, the assessors being allowed to make no change in the valuation of property unless some improvement has been added. The assessors for the following years take this 'triennial assessment' with them in going their rounds.

"The assessor for our district is a man not over fond of making trouble for himself, so he hit upon a short plan of operation, calculating to obviate the necessity of transcribing his minutes. His plan was this: Upon visiting a property, and finding that it had not changed owners nor been improved, he wrote in the triennial assessment-book, opposite to the owner's name, 'R.,' meaning thereby *Right;* and upon visiting a property wherein any change *had been* made, he wrote 'R.,' meaning thereby *Rong* (wrong). He actually sent in the assessment-book thus amended to the Commissioners of the County!"

Probably when he went to school he studied the three R's—Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic—and knows them all, if he doesn't know "right" from "rong."

Many years ago the late lamented Sir John Franklin was in command of the *Rainbow* frigate, on the Mediterranean station. It becoming necessary to make a long stay at Malta, some of the officers, having obtained leave, took to amateur gardening, and none more zealously than Sir John himself and the British Commissioner, Sir Thomas Briggs, of jovial and facetious memory. These botanical efforts were, however, greatly interfered with by a marauding and hungry gang of porkers that infested the neighborhood, and whose ravages bid fair to nip all gardening operations in the bud. Sir Thomas, who had suffered most, was particularly irate, and put up a notice one afternoon, threatening to shoot, etc. The next morning a large printed board was seen conspicuously staring from the Commissioner's garden, which read as follows:

"I, Commissioner Thomas Briggs,
Hereby give notice to all pigs,
That if in this yard your snouts are put,
By jingo, all your throats I'll cut!
Ye long-faced tribe, keep in your sheds,
By which ye may retain your heads;
For you ne'er shall run your rigs on me,
As long as I'm the Commissioner, T. B."

The Commissioner was not a little nettled at first, but soon joined in the laugh, which Sir John Franklin greatly enjoyed.

At a Parisian ball some time since, as the dancers were leaving the saloon for the supper-room, a large centre lustre became detached from the ceiling, and fell, with a heavy crash, on the just-vacated dancing-floor. The narrow escape caused a lively sensation, as may be supposed, and no little comment.

Madame D——, a *ci-devant* belle, pale with terror, exclaimed, within hearing of a rival beauty, "It is frightful! Only think of it! If we had been there! A lustre to fall on one's head! It makes me shudder!"

"Bah!" replied Miss A——, "you ought to be accustomed to it."

"How so, mademoiselle?"

"Why, have not seven or eight *lustres* fallen on your head already?"

Madame was scholar enough to know the classic meaning of the word as a period of time, and now turned pale with rage. But remembering the proverb, "It is the truth that offends," she restrained herself, and smiled at the epigram. The next day, however, in committee of her friends, she gave vent to her feelings.

"The impertinent! to give *me* seven or eight *lustres!* What an abominable lie!"

"Yes," said one of her intimates, "it was a wicked exaggeration. She should have omitted the 'or eight.'"

A DREAM flitted past the cavern where Fortune was sleeping, and awoke her from her slumber.

"Whence comest thou?" asked the goddess.

"From a maiden," said the aerial visitor, "over whose pillow I have hovered all night. I wore the shape of a lover, of rank and wealth, with horses and equipages, and a train of liveried servants. I kneeled and kissed her hand, and had just won her consent to be mine, when day broke, and I vanished. But the child will think of me all the day long, and be happy."

"My fate is not so happy a one as thine," replied Fortune. "'Twas but lately I visited a merchant, and made him prosperous and happy. While I remained with him he was contented, but yesterday I turned away my face from him and he hung himself. Why should those whom thou visitest feel thy disappearance less? Am not I, too, a dream?"

IT appeared best to the excise commissioners of the town of M——, of Northern New York, to refuse license for the sale of intoxicating liquors to all persons save a doctor of known integrity and strong temperance principles, who promised not to sell except for medicinal or mechanical purposes. One Wheeler—an eccentric Irish cobbler—longed for a quiet drink, and, with a sober air and smooth tongue, petitioned the doctor for a quart of gin.

For what purpose do you wish it?" asked the Doctor.

"Sure, Doctor, I've been very bad for nearly ten days back with a great goneness in my stomach, and not a haper of good can I get from any thing in these turns but gin to soak some roots in."

"And do you tell me upon your honor, Wheeler, that you only wish the gin to soak some roots in, and to be taken as a medicine for a weak stomach?"

"Faith, as I live, Doctor, I only want the gin to soak some roots."

The Doctor, confident from his sallow appearance that the man was sick, and that a little tonic bitters would not harm him, filled his quart bottle and received his pay. Wheeler, on reaching the sidewalk, fronted the Doctor, who was still standing in the door, placed his thumb upon his nose, and made sundry gyrations with the fingers, while with the other hand he placed the bottle to his mouth, and took a long, invigorating guzzle of the gin.

"Stop!" cried the Doctor; "you gave your honor that you only wanted the gin to soak some roots, and here you are drinking yourself dead drunk."

"Faith, Doctor, and I'm after telling you no lies. I wanted the gin sure to soak the roots of me old tongue, which was so dry I could never swallow a mouthful of meat to strengthen my stomach." The Doctor, like his gin, was sold.

WHILE approaching the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls some time ago, an old lady leaned forward and, with evident anxiety, wanted to know if I was going to ride over the bridge. I told her that such was my intention if we didn't break it down. She replied,

"Ain't you afraid they will—such a heavy load? I rode over it when I came out, and I was terrible 'fraid 'twouldn't hold us up—so many of us—*but I held my breath and bore up, and I know I didn't weigh a pound!*"

SONG OF THE HOOPS.

SAILING down the crowded street,
Scraping every one they meet,
With a rushing whirlwind sound,
Muffled belles around abound.
Hoop! hoop! hoop!
What a vast, expansive swoop!

Hoops of whalebone, short and crisp,
Hoops of wire, thin as a wisp;
Hoops of brass, thirteen yards long,
Hoops of steel, confirm'd and strong;
Hoops of rubber, soft and slick,
Hoops of roping, bungling thick;
Hoops of lampwick, cord, and leather,
Hoops that languish in wet weather;
Hoops that spread out silken skirts,
Hanging *off from* silly flirts.

Sweeping off the public lands,
Turning over apple-stands;
Felling children to the ground,
As they flaunt and whirl around.
Hoop! hoop! hoop!
What a vast, expansive swoop!

Jolly hoops, that wriggle round,
Sober hoops, that sway profound;
Springy hoops, that shake and wag,
Broken hoops, that droop and drag;
Monster hoops, all overgrown,
Junior hoops, of smaller bone;
Hoops that ravish lover's eyes,
Hoops that rend their breasts with *size*
Hoops that shock their feeble legs,
Like a crowd of giant kegs.

What gallant ships! what swelling sails!
How they resist opposing gales!
With what a full, relentless waft,
They overwhelm each smaller craft!
Hoop! hoop! hoop!
What a vast, expansive swoop!

JUDGE UNDERWOOD, of Georgia, had a supreme contempt for fops. A dandy remarked of a gentlemanly planter who was passing, that it would be a fine speculation to buy that man for what he *was* worth, and sell him for what he *thought* he was worth.

"Well," says the Judge, "I have often *seen* men selling jackasses, but this is the first time I ever *heard* of a jackass offering to sell a gentleman!"

The Judge was a stanch Clay Whig, but his son, J. W. H. Underwood, was continually changing his politics. A friend asked, "What are John's politics?"

"Really," said the Judge, "I can't tell you; I haven't seen the boy since breakfast."

John applied to the old gentleman for a letter of recommendation to his friend, then Governor Crawford, of Georgia. It was immediately given; and, sure of his game, John put off to Milledgeville; but knowing his father's eccentricities, he thought it prudent to open his credentials before presenting them, and, to his astonishment, he read the following:

"My dear Feiend,—This will be handed to you by my son John. He has the greatest thirst for an office, with the least capacity to fill one of any boy you ever saw. Truly yours,

"William H. Underwood."

But John has since falsified the old gentleman's opinion by proving himself a shrewd politician and a first-rate lawyer.

The following verse contains every letter of the English alphabet except "*e*." It is a question whether any other in English rhyme can be produced (in print) without the letter "*e*," which is a letter more used than any other.

"A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain,
That what I say is right."

A correspondent of the Drawer sends something far better in the same line. He composed the following three verses with *ease* without "*e's*."

THE FATE OF NASSAN.

Bold Nassan quits his caravan,
A hazy mountain-grot to scan;
Climbs jaggy rocks to spy his way,
Doth tax his sight, but far doth stray.

Not work of man, nor sport of child,
Finds Nassan in that mazy wild;
Lax grow his joints, limbs toil in vain—
Poor wight! why didst thou quit that plain?

Vainly for succor Nassan calls.
Know, Zillah, that thy Nassan falls:
But prowling wolf and fox may joy
To quarry on thy Arab boy.

A young counsel who had the reputation of being a very impudent fellow, but whose memory failed him when beginning to recite a long speech which he had prepared, having uttered these words, "The *unfortunate client* who appears by me—the *unfortunate client* who appears by me—My Lord, my *unfortunate client*'—the Chief-Justice interposed, and almost whispered in a soft and encouraging tone, "You may go on, Sir; so far the Court is quite with you."

Mr. Caldecot, a great Sessions lawyer, but known as a dreadful *bore*, was arguing a question upon the ratability of certain lime-quarries to the relief of the poor, and contended at enormous length that, 'Like lead and copper mines, they were not ratable, because the limestone in them could only be reached by deep *boring*, which was a matter of science." Lord Ellenborough said: "You will hardly succeed in convincing us, Sir, that every species of *boring* is '*matter of science*.'"

A Quaker coming into the witness-box at Guildhall without a broad brim or dittos, and rather smartly dressed, the crier put the book into his hand and was about to administer the oath, when he required to be examined on his *affirmation*. Lord Ellenborough asking if he was really a Quaker, and being answered in the affirmative, exclaimed, "Do you really mean to impose upon the Court by appearing here in the disguise of a reasonable being?"

A witness, dressed in a fantastical manner, having given very rambling and discreditable evidence, was asked, in cross-examination, what he was.

Witness. "I employ myself as a surgeon."

Lord Ellenborough. "But does any one else *employ you as a surgeon?*"

Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address, in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by *dangerous eloquence*." Lord Ellenborough replied, in a very mild tone, "My impartiality as a judge calls upon me to say, Sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice."

A very tedious bishop having yawned during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed: "Come, come; the fellow shows some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province."

In one of the interior towns of the old Bay State, not a hundred miles from the beautiful and flourishing city of Worcester, resides a venerable and worthy D.D. of the Congregational persuasion, who has grown gray in the service of his Master. He still retains his charge over his faithful flock, assisted by a colleague, and is universally and deservedly beloved and esteemed by all who enjoy his acquaintance, for his sterling qualities of mind and heart. A remote part of the town is known as the "Bond Corner," from the excess of families of that name over other residents. Our worthy friend occasionally preached in the little, unpainted, brown, and weather-stained school-house of that district. On one of these occasions he selected for his text a part of the twenty-ninth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts: "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*;" which was delivered with the customary deliberation indispensable on such occasions.

The effect, as might be supposed, was peculiar; but the decorous and proper blood of our good Pilgrim forefathers still lingering in the veins of their descendants, had sufficient power to restrain any improper explosion.

"A recent paragraph appeared in your Drawer, wherein the town of Port Gibson is made the scene of a pleasant anecdote, that has recalled to my memory sundry amusing incidents which occurred during my residence there in by-gone days. Like most Mississippi villages of that period, it contained a goodly share of 'originals,' whose peculiarities excited the practical jokes of the many wags who smoked good cigars and drank bad whisky at the 'Washington Hall.' Among these 'originals' none was more promising than poor Tom Johnson, who filled, with frontier facility, the posts of editor, squire, coroner, and county surveyor. No one enjoyed a joke or a drink at the expense of another more than he; but when at his *own* expense, he generally took the latter alone, and the former not at all. On the 1st of April, 18—, one of Tom's tormentors, while walking along the dismal banks of the Bayou Pierre, saw a man lying on one of the half-buried logs which low water reveals in that melancholy stream. He had evidently gone fishing, but, overpowered by the heat and the con-

tents of his 'pocket companion,' had fallen asleep. His rod had dropped, and floated away with the current; his hat had also started on a voyage of discovery; and, with face upturned, he lay with his long hair floating on the water, while the arm which had lately been extended to ensnare the greedy cat-fish or the lubberly 'buffalo' now lay relaxed, and nervelessly swaying with the current which rippled around his resting-place. Stopping for a moment to be assured of the real state of affairs, a happy thought struck the joker. He remembered the day, and also the peculiar fondness of Squire Tom for the ten-dollar fee to which he was entitled for an inquest. Seeking the favorite bar-room with all speed, he found the Squire ready, as usual, for a drink and a profitable job; and while they discussed the first, he announced the discovery of a *human body* in the bayou.

"Suddenly assuming that air of solemn sagacity and judicial dignity which he wore on no other occasion, Tom mounted his spectacles on his rubicund nose, placed under his arm the gold-headed *hickory*, which was alike the symbol of his political faith and his staff of office, and summoning a jury among the loungers, he hastened with his informant to the scene of the discovery. A walk of a mile brought them in sight of the object of search, but it was on the opposite side of the water. No boat could be obtained, and all the jury declined to wade in and bring the body over. Tom had the greatest repugnance to undiluted water, but now he must go in. Floundering through shifting sands and sunken brushwood, and over slippery logs, he reached the spot. Pausing for a moment, to wipe his reeking brow and to contemplate the body of a fellow-man in the cold embrace of death, he then stretched forth his hand and caught the floating hair to draw the dead over the bay. One pull startled the sleeper from his long repose. He had been dead—drunk. He fancied himself in the teeth of an alligator, and was sober in an instant. His resurrection frightened Tom into fits. He drew back in mute horror, and falling over the logs was whelmed in the midst of the element he most abhorred. The laugh of the jury reached his ears as he scrambled out of the water. Grasping his hickory, which floated near, and, maddened by the discovery that he had been 'sold,' he hit the risen fellow over the head a tremendous blow, but the skull was too much for the cane, and the golden head of the carved weapon snapped off, and sunk forever in the oozy bed of the stream. Poor Tom, mortified beyond measure, took to the nearest land, and wandered off into Big Black Swamp, where he remained till the mosquitoes drove him home, two weeks afterward."

The same correspondent to whom the Drawer is indebted for this Coroner Tom's story, says that "the annals of Port Gibson have also the records of one Hughey Agnew, a son of Erin, who had the misfortune to be indicted for stealing pork. Being without counsel, the Court appointed young Parsons, who had just been admitted to the bar, to defend the prisoner. Entirely unprepared, and very diffident withal (lawyers are apt to be very diffident!), Parsons made but a sorry defense; and the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of guilty. When Hugh was asked by the Court if he had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he replied,

"'Yer Honor, it's hard for a man to go to prison without a fair trial.'

"'You have had a fair trial,' said the Judge; 'the Court appointed counsel to defend you.'

"Hugh cast a glance of contempt at the beardless barrister, and muttered, 'Sure, an' if I'd had *two* such, the jury would have hung me for murder!'

"Parsons never appeared at the bar again."

A Mississippian writes: "Governor M'Nutt, of whom you have in your June number related an instance of gastronomical capacity, was also remarkable for his great thirst. When the Legislature passed an Act restricting the sale of ardent spirits to quantities not less than one gallon, and it was presented for his approval, he said, 'Nothing would give him more pleasure than to sign such an Act, for he had always thought that less than a gallon was calculated to do no good.'"

Judge Marshall, returning from North Carolina, wrapped in profound thought on some knotty point, found himself suddenly brought to a halt by a small tree which intervened between the front wheel and the body of his buggy. Seeing a servant at a short distance, he asked him to bring an axe and cut down the tree. The servant told the Judge that there was no occasion for cutting down the tree, but just to back the buggy. Pleased at the good sense of the fellow, he told him that he would leave him something at the inn hard by, where he intended to stop, having then no small change. In due time the negro applied, and a dollar was handed him. Being asked if he knew who it was that gave him the dollar, he replied, "No, Sir; I concluded he was a gentleman by his leaving the money, but I think he is the biggest fool I ever saw."

Biddy was a native of the Emerald Isle, and a servant of one of my neighbors, a Roman Catholic priest, who partook of his meals solitary and alone. Father B—— rang his bell, the well-known tinkle of which caused his domestic to appear immediately.

"Biddy, bring me some salt."

"Sure and I will, your riverince."

Forthwith reappeared Biddy with the article in her hand. Said the master,

"Never again bring me any thing in your hand. You should have brought it on a plate."

The evening meal being over, the bell was again rung, and the faithful domestic instantly appeared.

"I want my slippers."

Biddy went, and returned bearing in her hand a plate, *upon which were the priest's slippers!*

A correspondent, from whom we hope to hear many a time and oft, writes the following capital sketch of "*setting up a boy in business.*"

"I was the other day pacing the halls of the Girard House in Philadelphia, when I noticed a boy some ten years old, plainly but decently clad, and having a good honest German face, who was watching my footsteps as I passed to and fro, and gradually edging up toward me. Encouraged perhaps by my seemingly benevolent face (as who would not be?), he directly asked me timidly, and with a slightly foreign accent, '*Won't you please to set me up in business, Sir?*'

"The application was of such a novel character that curiosity more than charity led me to stop and inquire his meaning, and what he wanted me to do.

"'If I had sixteen cents,' he said, 'I could buy

Harper's Magazine, and sell it for twenty-five cents. I've got one fip; and if I could get two more I could start in business.'

"The boy obtained the balance of his required capital and ran off rejoicing.

"A friend for whom I was waiting came in at the moment, and I told him the story; but he only laughed at my credulity, and thought me hoaxed by a 'confidence' beggar-boy.

"'Well, it did not cost much; let us wait and see.'

"An hour later, and my boy was in the gentleman's parlor of the same hotel with the last number of *Harper*, passing rapidly about the room and holding up his stock in trade, repeating inquiringly, 'Harper's Magazine? Buy Harper? Just out. Have it, Sir?' I did not at first recognize my new acquaintance; but as he passed me, he whispered, with a grateful look of recognition, and without offering me a chance to buy his book, 'You see I'm started; *you set me up*.'

"In the evening of the same day my boy again presented himself. This time he exhibited a small cane. 'Buy a cane, Sir? Cane, Sir? Buy a cane!' My friend was again present, and inquired, quizzingly, what had become of the boy I had set up in trade. I had failed to recognize him in his new line, and replied, 'My boy will get a living,' and perhaps the next time I come to Philadelphia will be able to lend me money.'

"'I am the very boy,' said he; and passing with his cane to sell, came around to me again and said, in a low tone, with his hand in his pocket, '*I can lend you fifty cents now, if you want it.*'

"Upon my questioning him, he told me he had cleared fifty cents since morning, and had the cane besides. And with the self-satisfied air of one who has a clear cash capital and his stock in trade, and *owes nobody*, and which I have never been able to assume since I was a boy (have you?), he passed rapidly and joyously on: 'Buy a cane, Sir? Only four fips!'

"That boy is fairly set up in business, at a very small cost. I hope the gentleman who gave the first fip, and who perhaps gave from charity, while I gave rather from the novelty of the application, is (as he should be) one of the readers of *Harper*, that he may learn how his fip helped to start a poor boy in business, who now considers himself quite independent, and well to do in the world."

MANY and varied are the manifestations of sorrow; and sometimes the expressions that escape the lips of mourners are ludicrous in the ears of those who are not themselves in tears.

"In this quiet Connecticut village," writes a Drawer contributor, "there lives a family by the name of Deans. Now it was the misery of this family that Mr. Deans was an intemperate man, and his wife and little ones were often suffering for want while he was off on a spree; and so poor Mrs. Deans was wasting away, and sinking into the grave. She was a good woman, and would go to church if she had decent clothes; but a new dress or a new bonnet was what she rarely ever had. At last the poor woman gave up and died. The day of the funeral, as the neighbors came in, they saw Deans, quite sober, standing over the dead body of his wife in the coffin, and crying like a child. He seemed at last to be struck with some sense of his guilt and shame, and to be mourning it, as he saw the ruin he had wrought. At length a lady, who was also looking at the remains, remarked:

"'Mr. Deans, how very natural Mrs. D. looks!'

"'Yes, yes,' cried out poor Deans, boo-hooing at a great rate; 'Mrs. Deans always was a good-looking woman when she was dressed up!'"

A CLERICAL correspondent, whose graceful pen we trust will often grace these pages, writes from the West, and once more trenches on forbidden ground by sending us another story of those people with hard shells, of whom we have heard enough already. He writes on this wise:

"When I was an agent of the Bible Society, and canvassing Fulton County, Illinois, I called on the Rev. Mr. Adger—a Hard-Shell Baptist—who, *not having a Bible*, was persuaded to buy one; 'Not that he needed it, but,' he said, 'it would be convenient to have one in the house.' I gave one to another of the same order because he was poor, and had only a dirty fragment of an old pocket Bible. And yet, he received it under protest, saying it was all a Yankee speculation.

"A neighbor of his told me the particulars of Mr. Adger's call to the ministry, as he heard them from his own lips. 'In a dream the Lord said to me I must go to a certain place and preach to the people; not being disobedient to the heavenly vision, I went in my dream as I was directed; but when I tried to speak I could not say a word. I just then discovered that I had swallowed my big Tennessee wagon, and the great pole stuck out of my mouth. I now began to pray in the best way I could, and the Lord came right down before all the people and took away the great stiff pole, and put in its stead a nice limber Yankee tongue, which was as the pen of a ready writer, and I began to thresh the mountains till they all became smooth prairie. Then I awoke, and have never once doubted my call to preach.'

"This is told in much better language than Mr. Adger is given to using when addressing his people. The following is a specimen of his style of oratory and illustration, as reported to me by one who heard it:

"'My brethering, I am gwin to preach you a sermon on the gloris doctrine *uv wunst in grace, allers in grace;* an' my tex you mought find, ef you had Bibles and knowed how to read, somewhar in the second part uv Samwel, which reads as follers: "*He maketh my feet as hens' feet;*" which you all know has got *three* claws before, an' *ony one* behind; so it is as *un*possible to slide backwards as it would be for a coon to come down a tree head first, unless he slipped and fell down. Speakin' uv coons, puts me in mind uv somethin' to tell. Last summer I killed a coon in my corn-field an' saved the skin. This winter I brought the skin to town; but all the storekeepers said it was uv no account, 'cause it was kotched in the summer, and hadn't no fur. I knowed it hadn't much fur on to it, but it was a big skin, an' I tuk great pains in skinnin' on it; an' I thought if winter skins was a lawful tender at a dollar, mine must be wuth sunthin'. But I couldn't get a pic for it, an' at last I guv it to a clark. I was glad to get shut uv it, but he wouldn't have it after I guv it to him. I couldn't think uv throwin' it away—*that would be wicked;* an' I was awfully bothered till I hit on a plan which I thought was just the thing. I put it loose in my outside pocket an' started for hum; but I hadn't gone far before I felt it working out.

I didn't look round when it dropped, for the *idee* was to lose it; but I was tickled enough when I found it was clean gone at last. But who can describe my feelinks when a boy came runnin' an' hollerin', "*Mr. Adger! Mr. Adger! here's your coon-skin!*"

"'Just so, my brethering, with religion. When a man has wunst got it, he can't sell it; he can't give it away; he can't lose it! Wunst in grace, allers in grace. He maketh our feet as hens' feet.'"

ONE good story brings another, sometimes a dozen or more, in its train. Two or three months ago the Drawer had a characteristic anecdote of the Vice-President of the United States and his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Robert Breckinridge, of Kentucky. That anecdote has had a great run in the papers, especially in the West, where the men are known; and one of the newspapers that tells the story says:

"It suggests to us a hit at the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge by Tom Marshall, which is equally good with that of the Vice-President. Tom was discoursing on his favorite theme—the greatness of Henry Clay; his transcendent eloquence and unconquerable heroism. Many attempts, he said, had been made to supplant Old Hal in the confidence and love of Kentucky, and some of them under formidable auspices; but they all ended in giving him a higher, stronger, and firmer hold in the affections of the people. One of these assaults on Old Hal he had special reasons to remember.

"'When Mr. Clay was at the meridian of his greatness, there came forward on the public arena in Kentucky two young natives of the State, who were regarded as very brilliant, promising young men. They had inherited talents of a very high order, and had cultivated them very assiduously; had enjoyed the advantages of the best schools and teachers the country could afford. They were both regarded as eloquent speakers, sound logicians, vigorous controversialists. The opponents of Old Hal looked to these two promising and gifted young men as the champions before whose strong arms and well-poised lances the brave old knight, the hero and victor in so many fights, would go down into the dust. The impetuous young cavaliers were not long in responding to the general expectation, and clad in full armor, with nodding plumes and gallant air, they rushed into the arena and hurled themselves against the old chief. A long and violent conflict then ensued.'

"Here Tom paused for some time in the narrative, until some of his impatient auditors exclaimed:

"'What was the result? Who whipped?'

"'All I can tell you further of this contest,' resumed Tom, 'is that, after it was over, the old knight went to the United States Senate, and his two young assailants doffed their armor—the one took to the pulpit and the other to the cup'—and after a long, serious pause, and in a loud and emphatic tone, he added, while all were impatient for the names, 'and I've stuck closer to my text than *Bob Breckinridge!*'"

WHAT *neat* things Charlie Lamb could say!

On a wet, miserable, foggy London day in autumn, he was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, Sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow-woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, Sir, I have seen better days."

"So have I!" said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "so have I; *it's a miserable* day! Good-by! good-by!"

"HANDSOME is that handsome does," is an old adage with truth in it; as witness the boy who was riding down hill on his sled last winter in the street, and ran into a lady's dress. Springing to his feet, he expressed his regret at the accident; when the lady kindly remarked, "There's no great harm done, my boy; you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined," said the lad; "I thought you would be very angry."

"Better have a spoiled dress than a ruffled temper," the lady replied; and, as she passed on, the boy exclaimed to his companions,

"Isn't she a beauty?"

"Call *her* a beauty?" said one of them; "why, she's more than forty, and got wrinkles!"

"I don't care for that," retorted the lad; "*her soul is handsome, any how.*"

That's a fact. And a handsome soul makes many a plain face beautiful with the light and love of heaven. Professor Upham says, and says wisely and well, that "If a man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble actions and purposes; by having something to do, and something to live for which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it."

Physical beauty that has no reflection of a noble soul has always been lightly esteemed by wise men. Erasmus said: "Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to have ague-fits." "Remember," saith Sir Walter Raleigh to his son, "that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year! And when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied."

THE Boston people are certainly becoming a little fast. They know a great deal, every body knows; but we fear their virtues do not grow apace with their knowledge. We hear of a well-known gentleman who had been out dining at a friend's, with his lady, and driving home after dinner mistook the way, and made such numerous blunders, that she began to fear that her excellent spouse had taken more wine than was wise, and she ventured to hint the same.

"Never you fear—fear, my d-d-dear," said he; "I'll get you home all safe, if—if the *h-h-horse only holds together!*"

He wasn't the worse for liquor! Not at all!

"THEY had a parish meeting in our church," writes a New England correspondent, "and the great question of increasing the salary of our excellent pastor was up for discussion. But the debate was like the handle of a pitcher—all on one side—nearly every one taking the ground that it would be impossible to go beyond the present starvation point. At length, to the surprise of all, a poor old man, who was never known to speak in meeting, rose, and holding upon the pew to steady himself, said:

"'Mr. Chairman, they call me a droll fellow,

and so I am; they call me a drunkard, and so I am; they call me a swearer, and it is too true, and I'm ashamed of it—ashamed of all; but I ain't half so much ashamed of it as I am that I have to live in a town where the people are too stingy to give the minister a decent living!"

The effect of this short speech was very happy. It shamed the people into duty and decency, and the salary was increased by the unanimous vote of the congregation.

"The Rev. Dr. F——, of Hartford," writes the same correspondent, "during the last war with Great Britain, made a visit to New London when it was in a state of blockade. While there, he was invited to preach, and his celebrity drew together a large assembly, chiefly the soldiers and sailors on duty there. The Reverend Doctor chose a singular text for such a time and place—'Fear God: *honor the King;*' and the frequent repetition of the words in the midst of the discourse roused a roistering tar, who finally became so impatient under the injunction, that he jumped up and exclaimed, 'I say, mister, Fear God, and honor the *Congress!*' The audience were much excited by the sudden interruption, and an officer stepping up to Jack, told him to be silent or to leave the house. But Jack roared the louder, 'If the land-lubber says so again, I'll pull him out of his bunk!' After this explosion the preacher found it impossible to proceed until the obstreperous sailor was *persuaded* out of the house; but he insisted that the man aloft was a Tory, and ought to be hauled down."

This brings along the more recent and more exciting encounter of Father Taylor, of Boston, with a sea-lawyer—a profession that we do not know in this port. But the story is that one Sunday evening the Bethel was crowded with merchants, seamen, and others—it is crowded every Sunday evening—to take into consideration the physical wants of seamen. After a few remarks by Father Taylor, setting forth the object of the meeting, a sea-lawyer rose and overhauled the iniquities of captains and owners, in a style of forecastle eloquence that made the parties alluded to feel rather uneasy. "Talk," said he, "about the physical wants of poor Jack! why, he's all wants. He wants better wages; he wants watch-and-watch; he wants biscuit without crawlers; he wants a water-tight hole to sleep in; he wants to be treated as well as a nigger; and Father Taylor says he wants religion. The last he is told he can get for nothing; and I suppose this is true, for it's not tradable, but if it could be sold, Jack might want that, too, till he was sent to the Fiddler's Green. Why, my friends, there are in all large ports a set of very moral ship-owners, who are continually on the scent for a bite at poor Jack. They took away his rum, because the use of it was immoral; but they took care to put the price of it in their own pockets; and they would take away his salt-horse to-morrow, if he could be fed on hay, like a horse. But, good souls! they want Jack to be moral, to be religious, because then they know he will be better prepared to endure starvation without growling, or troubling them with lawsuits!"

"Stop, brother!" cried Father Taylor, at the top of his lungs; "I move that you come up here to the altar, and pray for the speedy conversion of such hard-hearted ship-owners. Come along; the Lord is all ready to hear you!"

The sea-lawyer was nonplused for a moment, but only a moment. Without making any reply, he bounded over the backs of two or three seats, landed in front of the altar, and knelt down and prayed in a tone of voice that might have been heard in Hanover Street.

He prayed for the conversion of ship-owners, and then for the conversion of Father Taylor himself, who, he feared, had not got the true religion; and groaned hideously at the end of every sentence. Jack closed by giving one tremendous groan, tapered off with Amen.

At the close of the meeting Father Taylor gave Jack a kindly dig in the ribs, and remarked, "I had you there, Jack!" Jack acknowledged the beat, but never afterward spoke in the Bethel.

We are indebted to a member of the Southern bar for a report of two cases of extraordinary interest recently occurring in the Inferior Court, Warren County, Georgia:

Starling Johns versus *Ephraim Dodge.—Account of Board and Lodging at the Hotel of Plaintiff.*

By the Court. "The plaintiff, to obtain judgment in this case, must show that he kept a common inn."

Lawyer (calling on a member of the bar, an ex-Judge, who was now boarding at the plaintiff's hotel). "Will you please testify, in this case, that my client keeps a common inn?"

Witness. "Yes, I can testify to that fact. My old friend Johns keeps a *very* common inn!"

By the Court. "That'll do. That's a *leetle* more proof than you needed to take judgment, with costs of suit."

The next case is thus reported:

Jonas Jones versus *John Smith.—Trespass.*

The defendant's bull had not confined himself to his owner's grounds, but had made serious havoc on the plaintiff's wheat. The defendant denied the charge, by establishing the good character of the bull. For this purpose he called Elder Silas Hardcastle, a Hard-Shell Baptist preacher, who was examined.

Lawyer. "Elder Hardcastle, you will please state to the Court your general knowledge of my client's bull, as to his character and general behavior in the neighborhood where you and he reside."

Witness. "I knows Brother Smith's bull mighty well. I ginerally meets him in Brother Jones's lane, as I goes to my appointments at Kittle Creek Church. He allers seems mighty humble; he holds down his head, and goes moanin' and moanin' along, and I should say he seems to me a mighty pious kind of a bull."

By the Court. "No further testimony needed. Judgment for the defendant, with costs of suit."

Every body in Indiana knows, or at least knew, Joe M——, for he is among the "loved and lost." Equally well known, in his circuit at least, was Judge T——. In the course of a trial before the latter, in which Joe was attorney for one of the parties, the Judge had, in one of the strange vagaries not uncommon with him, ruled against him that he could not be permitted to contradict one of his own witnesses. The decision was submitted to with a bad grace, but it was useless to produce authority when old T—— had once laid down the law.

In the course of the afternoon a young man applied for admission to the bar. The practice had

been for the Judge to relieve himself from the labor of an examination by deputing some member of the bar to discharge that duty, and report to the Court upon the fitness of the applicant; and in the present instance Judge T—— requested Joe to make the necessary investigation. He left the court-room with the young man, and in about five minutes returned again, and interrupting the Judge in the middle of a charge he was delivering to a jury, announced that he had examined the candidate for legal honors, and found him totally unfit to practice law.

"Why, bless my soul, Mr. M——," said the Judge, "you have not had time to examine the young man!"

"I only asked him one question, Sir."

"And what was that?"

"I asked him if it was competent for a party to contradict his own witness, and he said No. Such ignorance of the plainest principle of law rendered it unnecessary to pursue the examination any farther."

The young man got his license, nevertheless, that evening.

The same legal authority is responsible for the following anecdote of the same judge:

"Judge T——, when at the bar, was somewhat noted for his frequent quotations from Shakspeare, in which, however, he generally broke down before he got through. Upon one occasion, when he rose to address a jury, on behalf of the plaintiff, in a slander suit, bets were freely offered, and no takers, that before he sat down he would bring in the well-known quotation, 'Who steals my purse,' etc.

"Sure enough, when he came to the pathetic part of his speech, out it came in this wise:

"'Who steals my purse, steals trash; but he who steals from me my good name, takes that which—which—does him no good, and makes me, gentlemen—makes me—feel—very uncomfortable indeed!'

"As he said afterward, he had the 'idea;' what difference did it make about the words."

Mrs. Ellen Key Blunt has given the world a beautiful volume of poems, entitled "Bread for my Children," and here is one of the crumbs:

"Dear Lord! only Thee!
Only Thee! I pray,
Fill my heart with only Thee,
Till I pass away.
Many do I love,
And many do love me,
But Thou—Thou all above—
'Thou knowest I love Thee!'

"Dear Lord, be my guide;
I give my hand to Thee!
By day and night, through time and tide,
I know Thou wilt keep me.
The fairest love is mine
Which in this world may be;
Dear Lord, let ever thine be mine—
'Thou knowest I love Thee!'"

"Squire Wilson lives in a flourishing village on the Lower Mississippi" (so writes a veracious correspondent of this Drawer). "He has been for many years a Justice of the Peace; and, like the ancient Dutch magistrates in the Island of Manhattan, he knows a thing or two, and knows it very strong. He has little regard for the opinions of the higher courts, for what does the Supreme Court know about the affairs of his neighbors? Besides, the Squire is a good Methodist man, and comes to the prayer-meeting in all weathers. It rained very hard the other night, and only two or three turned out—the Squire was among them; and when called on to pray, he began: 'O Lord, thou hast promised that where there are two or three gathered, thou wilt be in the midst of them. Come, we pray thee, and bless this *banditti!*'"

The good man evidently thought *banditti* was a *little band*, and expressed himself accordingly.

In a private conversation, the late Earl of Chatham asked Dr. Henniker, among other questions, how he defined wit? The Doctor replied, "My lord, wit is like what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

Hundreds were present, but the house was not crowded—for our city churches are rarely crowded of a Sabbath afternoon—when the worthy pastor perceived that a large number of his hearers were yielding to the combined influences of the warm weather, a long sermon, and the dinner that came between services, and were gradually sinking into slumbers. Certainly they nodded assent to all his propositions, but still he had his fears that they were not apprehending them clearly. He paused in the midst of his discourse. He took the psalm-book and said, "Let us sing one verse of the 853d Hymn:

"'My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.'"

The proposal to sing in the midst of the sermon was startling, but the appropriateness of the words to the occasion completed the effect, and fairly roused the slumbering people to a sense of the proprieties of the place.

The preacher who cried "Fire! fire!" was not more effective in waking his hearers; and when one sleeping-and-waking man cried out "Where?" he got for his answer words never to be forgotten: "In hell, for men that sleep under the Gospel!"

"I was dining at a hotel in Philadelphia," writes a gentlemen of Knoxville, Tennessee, "and sitting nearly opposite Gideon Henderson, Esq., of this city, a well-known merchant, who was on his semi-annual tour to the North to buy goods. He had two young ladies from this State under his charge, who were making their first visit to your regions, and one of them was sitting on each side of Mr. Henderson at table. Directly in front of him sat a dandy who, having finished his soup, raised his eye-glass and stared steadily, first at one and then at the other of the ladies. Mr. H. seized a heavy glass tumbler, and I thought was about to spoil the fellow's profile by hurling it at his head; but, instead of that, he brought it to his own eye and looked deliberately through the bottom of it at the top of the scamp in front of him. The attention of the company was fixed upon the fellow; a general giggle began and grew, till he was compelled to quit the table and the room in the midst of the jeers of the guests."

Every day is written this little sentence, "Died yesterday," so-and-so. Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home, a breach made in

some happy circle, a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day, from the summer fields of life, some harvester disappears; yea, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral of one who "died yesterday" winds like a winter shadow along the street.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in the bower of roses—whose little life was a perpetual litany, a May-time crowned with the passion of flowers that never fade. Or mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous, whose path was hemmed by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath; one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart is still now; he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the orange-flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisles of the temple she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers." A tall, crowned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig-tree, fell to dust even as the anthem trembled upon his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An ancient patriarch, bowed with age and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber, and on his door-post is written, "Died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily men, women, and children are passing away, and hourly, in some grave-yard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered up forever; so daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been as fire from Heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost; for life with him shall pass away gently, as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and gain.

Professor Park, of Andover, being at Plymouth in warm weather, was lodged in a bed that resembled Pekin in being more populous than comfortable, and he remarked in the morning that he never before knew what was meant by "*live geese feathers.*"

For a specimen of Wisconsin officers, a correspondent away out there sends us a sketch of Tom Noyes, the Sheriff, a rough original character, of no education. He had always lived *on the border*, and knew nothing of the forms of law. But when he was called on to serve a writ of Habeas Corpus, he told the applicant "*that* wa'nt the kind of thing for him, but he would issue a writ of *ram damus* that would take the feller just as well *where he wa'nt as where he war!*"

Judge Gosh, when he was on the bench in the same county, used to keep the court-room in a perfect uproar by his mock majesty and outlandish sayings. On one occasion a couple of lawyers got into a hot discussion on some point of law, when the Judge rose, with all his dignity hanging on him, and stopped the mouths of the disputants by saying: "If the Court is right, and she thinks she are, why then you are wrong, and she knows you is. So dry up!"

Frederick the Great was always very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him. One day, when he was even more disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question.

"It is impossible, your Majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such very strong convictions, and who *wears such very thick boots!*"

The recent stir in our sister city over the river on the Sunday rail-car running, brings to mind an authentic incident in the life and experience of the celebrated and Honorable Harrison Gray Otis.

He was traveling in the State of Connecticut. It was before railroad-cars had begun to break men's bones or Sundays. He had an important cause to argue in Boston on Monday, and having been detained in New York until Saturday, he left that city in his gig, rode on till late Saturday night, when he put up at a New England village inn, and resumed his journey Sunday morning. He had rode but a few steps from the tavern before a grave personage, known as a "tiding-man," stepped up, took his horse by the head, and coolly informed Mr. Otis that he was arrested for traveling on the Sabbath, and must proceed with him to the jail! Mr. Otis replied:

"Sir, I respect the day and the law; but I shall be obliged to break your head as well as the Sabbath, if you do not let me quietly go on my way."

But the officer was not to be bluffed off in this manner. He said he knew his duty, and should do it. Mr. Otis then drew out from his portmanteau a volume which the official recognized as the Statutes of the State, and remarked very blandly,

"Well, my friend, it won't do any hurt to look at the law a little."

"Oh no," said the tiding-man; "you will find it all there."

Mr. Otis read aloud, "If any person shall be guilty of Sabbath-breaking as aforesaid, it shall be lawful for the tiding-man to arrest and stop him;" and then he added, "The law is against me; I must submit."

"Well, then," rejoined the tiding-man, "you must make up your mind to quarter in the lock-up till to-morrow; so, if you please, we will ride back together."

"Oh no!" retorted Otis, "that will never do. I don't intend that you shall ride back, or any where else with me, to-day. The Statute reads, mind you, that you shall *arrest and stop;* that's all. You can stop me as long as you please; but that is the extent of your power. The law says nothing at all about your carrying me off to the lock-up, nor of your riding in my gig on the Sabbath either!"

It was a very stormy day. The poor tiding-man was already completely drenched; and the prospect of standing by the gig all day and night

in a muddy road was by no means either pleasant or compatible with the dignity of his office.

Mr. Otis again repeated with entire composure, "I still wish you to consider, Sir, that I am your prisoner—for so reads the law; nothing more. You can go back if you please, but I intend to stop where I am."

So saying, the old lawyer drew his cloak around him, and made preparations for a quiet snooze till Monday morning, if the tiding-man maintained his watch until that far-distant day. The poor fellow looked as blue as indigo, and really felt quite as uncomfortable as a young gosling in a shower. He gazed a moment or two upon the composed expression of the sheltered and complacent lawyer, and without saying a word—for his feelings were too big for utterance—he relinquished his prey, and went home to meditate on the mysteries of the law and the plainer precepts of the gospel.

Mr. Otis lingered just long enough to permit the officer to get fairly around the corner, and then he proceeded on his journey, getting out of the State as soon as possible, lest he should not so easily get out of the hands of the law if he were caught again.

Walter Scott was not exempt from the persecution of literary bores. "One morning," said Scott, "I opened a huge lump of a dispatch without looking to know how it was addressed, never doubting that it had traveled under some omnipotent frank, like the first lord of admiralty's, when, lo and behold! the contents proved to be a manuscript play, by a young lady of New York, who kindly requested me to read and correct it, equip it with prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favorable reception from the manager of Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright; and, inspecting the cover, I found that I had been charged five pounds odd for the postage. This was bad enough; but there was no help, so I groaned and submitted. A fortnight or so after, another packet, of no less formidable bulk arrived, and I was absent enough to break its seal too, without examination. Conceive my horror, when out jumped the same identical tragedy of the Cherokee Lovers, with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that, as the winds had been boisterous, she feared the vessel intrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore judged it prudent to forward a duplicate!!!"

One of the comic papers revives an old story that is better *now* than it was before these days of spirit-seeing and hearing. It seems that an old sea-captain, who had retired from service and was living on a farm, had a wild harum-scarum nephew living with him. He could never drive or frighten said nephew to do any thing in its proper time. Among the rest, he could never get him to drive the cows up to milk before dark—he had to drive them up from a back pasture through the sugar-bush. Finally, the captain asked the lad if he was not afraid to go through the woods in the dark.

"Fraid! What is that? I never seen a fraid," replied the boy.

"Well, never mind, my lad; you will see one some of these nights, if you do not get the cows up before dark," said Cap., meaningly.

That night the boy played until dusk before he went after the cows as usual. The captain took a sheet and followed him. Now the captain had a tame monkey, who saw the performance, and, monkey-like, took a table-cloth and followed the captain at a respectful distance. The captain went into the middle of the woods, where there was a big log by the side of the path. Going to the further end of it, he wound his sheet around him, got upon it, and stood still. The monkey got on the first end without noise, and did the same. So the parties stood when the boy came whistling along with his cows. They shied a little upon seeing the ghosts, which caused the boy to look ahead.

"Hello, what is that?" he shouted; "by golly, I guess it's a fraid!" and then, spying the monkey, he sung out, "by Jerusalem, if there aint two fraids—a big fraid and a little fraid!"

This caused the captain to look around, when he saw, for the first time, his ghostly companion. He thought it was a *fraid* sure enough. The old captain streaked it for home, the monkey chasing him, and the wicked nephew clapping his hands and shouting, "Run, big fraid, run, or little fraid 'll ketch you!"

A "foine" young gentleman, in turning swiftly on his heel, ran his head against a young lady, He instantly put himself in a position to apologize. "Not a word," said the quick-witted maiden; "it isn't hard enough to hurt any body." The coxcomb frowned, and vanished.

Who can forbear his tenderest sympathy with Monsieur Fricandeau, of Philadelphia, who was brought up before the Court of the Quaker City for assaulting a German fortune-teller by the name of Mitnacht, to whom the worthy Frenchman applied for help to find a little friend of his who had gone astray. But let him tell his own story:

"I 'ave lost my leetle dog female Heloise; I heard Monsieur Mitnacht knew something about every thing, and I go to him and say—'Sare, I vill give you one dollare if you vill tell me my Heloise's fortune, and vare I find her.' He say 'Vat is dat Heloise? is she your vife?' I say, 'No; but I lufs her much better dan six, seven vifes, or I vould not give you one dollare for bring her back.' Den he say, 'You must tell ven Heloise vas born, and I kalkilate her nativitee.' So I tell him all dat, and pay him ze dollare, and he make figure on ze paper, and tell me Heloise vas gone wid an autre man, and vould come back nevare no more. And I ask him vat dat toder man vould do vid Heloise—vould he make sassage? He say No, he vould marry her ven he got toder side of ze vattare. Den I laugh, he! haw! and tell him Heloise vas von dog female. So he got mad, and call me von French homebug, and say I vant to cheat him, and vy I not tell him sooner dat Heloise vas not von voman. I say, 'Vy ze star no tell you dat? You 'ave got my dollare on ze false pretense, and I vill give you ze law tout suite.' Den ve make ze fight, and he 'ave call ze vatch, and zey have put me in ze dark cellare; and I 'ave done nothing for break ze law, only broke ze head of ze rascale star man vot sheat me."

It appeared that M. Fricandeau had been sharply dealt with, and had suffered enough by the loss of his dollar and night's imprisonment. So the astrologer's complaint was dismissed, and M. F. was set at liberty.

Elephantine Metamorphoses.



The Elephantine Swell.



The Aquatic Elephant.



The German Elephant.



The Irish Elephant.



The Chinese Elephant.



The Yankee Elephant.



The Injun Elephant.



The Aldermanic Elephant.



The Operatic Elephant.



The Theatrical Elephant.



The Dissipated Elephant.



The Elephant in Love.



The Elephant as a Fireman.



The Elephant as one of the B'hoys.





The original Elephant in two Acts.

He is supposed to be standing on his Trunk and sitting on his Tail (never before attempted by any Elephant).

Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1, 2, and 3, Morning Toilet, Boy's and Girl's Dress.

The Morning Dress given in our illustration is of jaconet, but it can be made of any material. The lace *bretelles* are bordered with neat white buttons. The lace, folded in descending plaits, ornaments the front of the skirt. The basque is deep, and a bow with ends adorns the waist. The sleeves are headed with a box frill, with a reversed box plait, and have cuffs turned back. We have seen

a carriage dress of similar fashion of glacé. This, however, had two *bretelles*—the upper one, narrowed to a finger's width at the waist, and studded with buttons through the middle, was edged with Alençon point lace upon both sides of the *barbes*. The bell-shaped sleeves were also edged with lace. *Nœuds* of white satin ribbon were placed upon the right side between the folds of the lace, and similar *nœuds*, graduated in size, ran up on each side. We may add, in general, that patterns inwoven in the flounces upon the sides of the dress are quite fashionable; and that passamenterie trimmings retain their favor.



FIGURE 4.—COIFFURE.

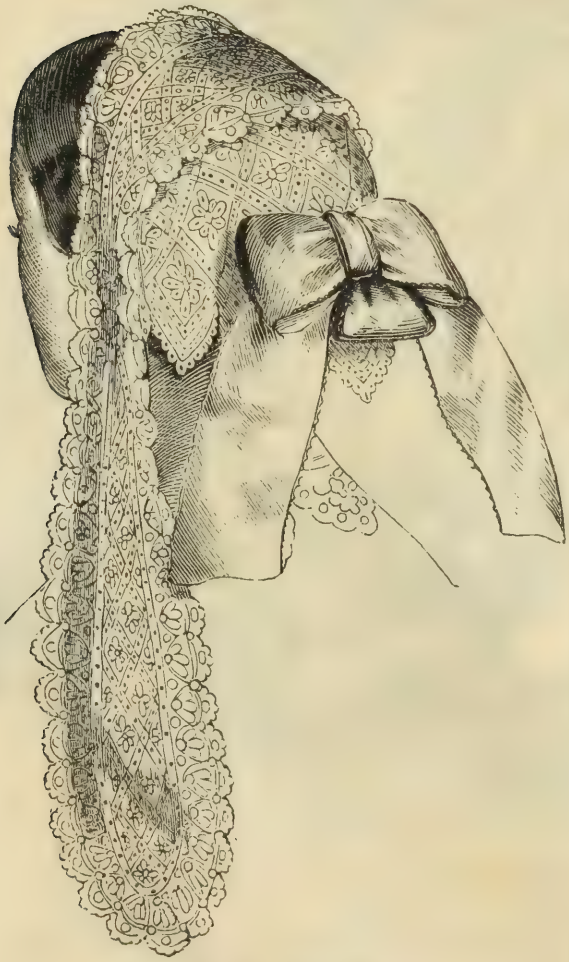


FIGURE 5.—UNDRESS CAP.

The BOY'S COSTUME consists of a jacket and continuation, of any favorite material. Silks, in a small or medium plaid, are becoming. The pants are of English embroidery. The hat is of leghorn, with corn-colored ribbon. Straw caps are also much worn.

The GIRL'S DRESS, which is flounced, needs no explanation.

COIFFURES of trailing grasses, miniature fruits, and the like, are much admired. In the one which we illustrate the hair is arranged in broad basket plaits, with a Grecian braid in front. Sprays of convolvulus, with rice ears and leaves, hang drooping over the shoulders.

The UNDRESS CAP forms an appropriate adjunct to the morning toilet. It is of guipure lace, with insertions of Valenciennes. It has long *barbes*, and a bow of broad green ribbon at the back.

UNDER-SLEEVES.—Figure 7 is balloon-shaped, gathered into a ribbon of corn-colored taffeta, which also encircles the wrist—the point of juncture being marked with a bow. In Figure 6, the broad band of lace which forms the cuff is relieved against the sleeve by five ranges of pink satin ribbon, looped. The top one is plain, with a bow near the wrist.



FIGURES 6 AND 7.—UNDER-SLEEVES.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXVIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1857.—Vol. XV.



VIEW OF SALTVILLE, VIRGINIA.

A WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

First Paper.

"With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men, and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's or the painter's toil,
My tale unfolds." AKENSIDE.

WHEN any one voluntarily exchanges the peace, comfort, and safety of home for the hubbub, inconvenience, and danger of bad taverns and public conveyances, the world naturally expects that some motive should be assigned, sufficient to justify the apparent folly. That comprehensive phrase, "business of importance," the stereotyped excuse of common people, often passes current, because the world is not sufficiently interested in the movements of such to require further explanation; but when a gentleman like Squire Broadacre appears on the platform with a party of six at his heels, and ten pieces of baggage all marked with his name, the public will not be put off with such a sham apology. Now we are not aware that the Squire ever put himself to the trouble of informing any one as to where, or wherefore, he was going.

Nevertheless, the laudable curiosity of the public must be appeased; and if, in endeavoring to do so on our own responsibility, we should, like a certain saint we wot of, "say some things not because we know them to be true, but because we don't wish to be stumped," we hope to be excused on account of our good intentions.

In former years Squire Broadacre had taken a lively interest in politics, but of late, the rapid degradation of parties, in their efforts to reach the level of the masses, had left him stranded high and dry on the rocks of old fogyism. His perceptions were obfuscated and his temper soured by reading newspapers, until, in disgust and despair, he determined not to let a political paper cross his threshold. "Othello's occupation was gone;" the country was going to—a very bad place, and the Squire had the dyspepsia. By advice, he spent the summer at the Berkeley Springs, a jolly old bathing-place,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

haunted by a class of visitors who rather look down on Fashion, the goddess of parvenues. Here, with a childlike simplicity not uncommon among persons who have never been used to sickness, he asked and followed every body's advice in regard to his ailments. He drank, by accurate computation, a puncheon and some odd gallons of water without any apparent good effect. He tried crackers and black tea one morning at breakfast, but it seemed rather to set him back. He took pepsin one day, and then an old fat lady recommended to him to chew dried gizzards, which she assured him had nearly cured her of indigestion. He had about a peck prepared, and chewed perseveringly for two days, when one morning he threw up his breakfast. This unusual event so alarmed him that he immediately consulted a physician. The medical gentleman, who had a red nose and a humorous twinkle in his eye, told him that, unless he had a mind to eat half a pint of sand or gravel every morning to assist the gizzards, they would not benefit him, and had better be discontinued. The doctor accordingly wrote out a prescription for the case, as follows:

"Saccha. alb., ℥ij.
Cum aqua fontana, quant. suff.
Cogniac fort., ℥iss.
Spir. Secalicus, ℥ss.
Fol. menthæ viridis, ad lib.
fiat infusum et add.
Glacies pulv. quant. suff.
Omnia misce.
Repeat dose three or four times a day until cold weather.
"QUACKENBOSS, M.D."

By steadily following this prescription, under the daily supervision of the doctor, the Squire rapidly recovered his health and jollity, and to prevent a relapse into dyspepsia and newspapers he determined to travel.



THE PRESCRIPTION.

So much for the "wherefore." Whereto the Squire was going we are thoroughly persuaded he did not know himself. But if those who feel an interest in the subject will take the trouble to follow him in his wanderings, their curiosity will in time be gratified, and they may find some worthy entertainment by the way.

The baggage was checked for the Washington Junction, the travelers took their seats, and the iron horse, having got his belly full of fresh provender, started off with a yell that startled the calves browsing on the hills two miles off.



SIR JOHN'S STATION.

Traveling in the cars is a tedious business at best. One can neither read, write, converse, nor sleep with comfort, and as for seeing, the hurried glimpses of the world which are obtained only serve to tantalize the true lover of nature. Then, although the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in the hundred and twenty miles between Sir John's and the Relay House, passes through one of the most beautiful and interesting regions in the world, our friends were too familiar with its features to note or admire, for

> "Prospects however lovely may be seen
> Till half their beauties fade."

So with eyes and thoughts turned inward upon themselves or each other, they got through the long tedious hours as they could, while we occupied the time in sketching their portraits.

Anthony Broadacre, Esquire, was a Virginia gentleman of fair lineage and good estate, who lived upon his land and had for many years exercised the functions of justice of the peace under the old constitution. When that office was made remunerative and elective by the people, the Squire disdained it and retired from public life. His education and reading had been thoroughly English, and he had consequently become saturated with the bigotry and prejudices of those muddle-headed islanders as they stood during the past century. The unction with which he trumped the demagogue's Latin "Vox populi, vox Dei," with his more pointed Greek "*οἱ πολλοὶ οἱ κακοί*," showed his conservatism as well as scholarship. In person the Squire was about the middle height, fat, florid, and handsome. He had traveled nearly across that great plateau in the journey of life which extends from forty to sixty, but a sound constitution and cheerful temper still enabled him to play the boy when an opportunity offered.

Mrs. Betty Broadacre, his consort, was a ladylike person who owned to thirty-seven years. Like many country ladies who have seen but little of the world, it was her weakness to set an undue estimate on style. Her not very successful efforts in that line frequently annoyed the Squire and elicited his satirical comments, to which she replied with true conjugal spirit.

In front of this worthy couple sat their two daughters. They were originally christened Ann and Betty; but the good lady's superior taste had Frenchified the one and Italianized the other into Annette and Bettina, which were subsequently familiarized into Netty and Tiny.

Annette was nearly eighteen, a girl after her father's own heart, whose beaming smile and merry laugh, like the charmed fountain of Florida so long sought by Ponce de Leon, restored youth to the aged—at least temporarily, and also caused a deal of superfluous silliness in the young; and yet whose exuberant mirth and mischief were guarded and controlled by native sense and a heart whose deep fountains of tenderness had never yet been fathomed.



ANNETTE.

Tiny was only in her seventh year, the youngest born and pet of the family. However, contrary to the general custom, we shall try to keep her in her proper place.

That dark-eyed girl in mourning is Leonore D'Orsay, a niece and ward of Squire Broadacre. She was the only daughter of Mr. Broadacre's sister, who married a French refugee, and some time afterward accompanied him to his native country. The recent death of both parents had made Leonore an inmate of her uncle's house, where she shared with Annette the affection and privileges of a daughter.

In her deportment she was polished, self-possessed, but reserved in the extreme. She was considered a paragon of beauty and ac-

complishment, and indeed passed the greater part of her time with her music, painting, and books. Her decided style had completely captivated Aunt Broadacre, while her unaffected dignity, and entire freedom from all traditional French frivolity, had turned the edge of the Squire's English prejudice.

Robert Larkin, a good-looking young fellow of twenty-five or over, sat beside Leonore, discoursing on the subject of the fine arts with great vivacity, the lady being a calm listener rather than a participator in the conversation. Bob, having been found unavailable for any practical pursuit, and exhibiting some turn for the ornamental branches, was set down by his friends as a genius, and estimated accordingly. He had, in fact, a lively fancy and a pretty talent for drawing, which had been improved by foreign travel. Pride and laziness had prevented his making a profession of his art, so that up to date he had done little else than sketch gratuitous portraits of his friends, and draw patterns for the girls. He could also illuminate albums and write verses. He had sketched Annette's blooming face so often, and required such repeated and lengthy sittings, that by common rumor he was her accredited beau. We must not, however, place too much reliance on such reports, for common rumor scarcely possesses sufficient delicacy of perception to distinguish between the mere artistic admiration of a pretty face and that mysterious soul-enthralling madness called love. There existed an indefinite relationship between our artist and the Broadacres, which entitled him to the privilege of calling Annette cousin—a privilege which, in all probability, he would not have claimed had she not been very pretty.

Jim Bug, the Squire's body-servant, sat in the smoking car, looking demurely at the world around him, observing and wondering at many things in silence. It is difficult to guess at a negro's date between youth and age. Time does not seem to handle them as it does white folks, and that conventionalism which assigns its appropriate code of manners to each epoch of the master's life, has no authority with the servant. Jim's chief merit was that "he always done what he was sot to do," and had an unfathomable veneration for the Squire and every thing that appertained to him.

Our travelers sojourned for one day only in the Federal City, and left in the early boat for Richmond, by the Acquia Creek route, gladly availing themselves of that opportunity to break the wearisome monotony of railroad travel. As the boat left the pier the young people stood upon the frosty promenade deck, enjoying a glorious view of the broad river rippling in the moonlight, just paling before the approaching dawn.

"What a picture!" exclaimed Bob, gazing toward the stern of the boat with rapt admiration.

"What picture, Cousin Robert?" asked Annette.

"Why, the moonlight on the water, Netty."

"I thought," said she, in an under tone, "you were looking at Cousin Leonore when you spoke."

"She was certainly in the foreground of the picture," replied Bob, biting his lip; "and, indeed, seemed so entirely a part of it that I scarcely realized her separate existence. I am playing artist now, you know, Cousin Netty. Observe the graceful *pose* of her dark-robed figure, and the cold, calm, queenly face of your gifted cousin. Does she not seem the very incarnation of moonlight?"

Annette replied, in a voice slightly tremulous, "I am glad, Robert, that you admire Leonore so much."

Bob looked perplexed, and turning to the east, whose rosy blushes now vied with those on Annette's cheek, he seemed to be straining for an idea.

"I say, Cousin, do you see that star?"

Annette looked, and innocently replied that she didn't see it. The jangling of a bell here interrupted the discourse.

"That's breakfast," said Bob, quickly.

"But, Cousin Robert, what of the star?"



OLD VIRGINIA LABOR-SAVING MACHINE.

"It must have been a spark from the smoke-pipe," said Bob, "and they're all going down to breakfast."

"What a goose you are, Robert!"

While they were at breakfast the boat ran into a fog, and this circumstance put an end to all further romance for that day. In passing from Acquia Creek to Fredericksburg, in the cars, the Squire made acquaintance with a gentleman who occupied an adjoining seat, and they got into a discussion on the subject of agricultural improvement, the stranger advocating, and the Squire condemning, the introduction of certain labor-saving machines in farming operations. This discussion was only terminated by their arrival at Richmond. As their stay here was to be limited, the ladies resolved to make the best use of their time, and, as the gentlemen had business engagements, sallied out unattended to see the objects of interest in this famous city. About tea-time they returned, perfectly charmed with what they had seen, and quite out of breath.

"What did you think of the Capitol?" asked the Squire.

"Why, Papa," replied Annette, "we haven't seen it yet; but we have been in every dry goods and fancy store on Main Street."

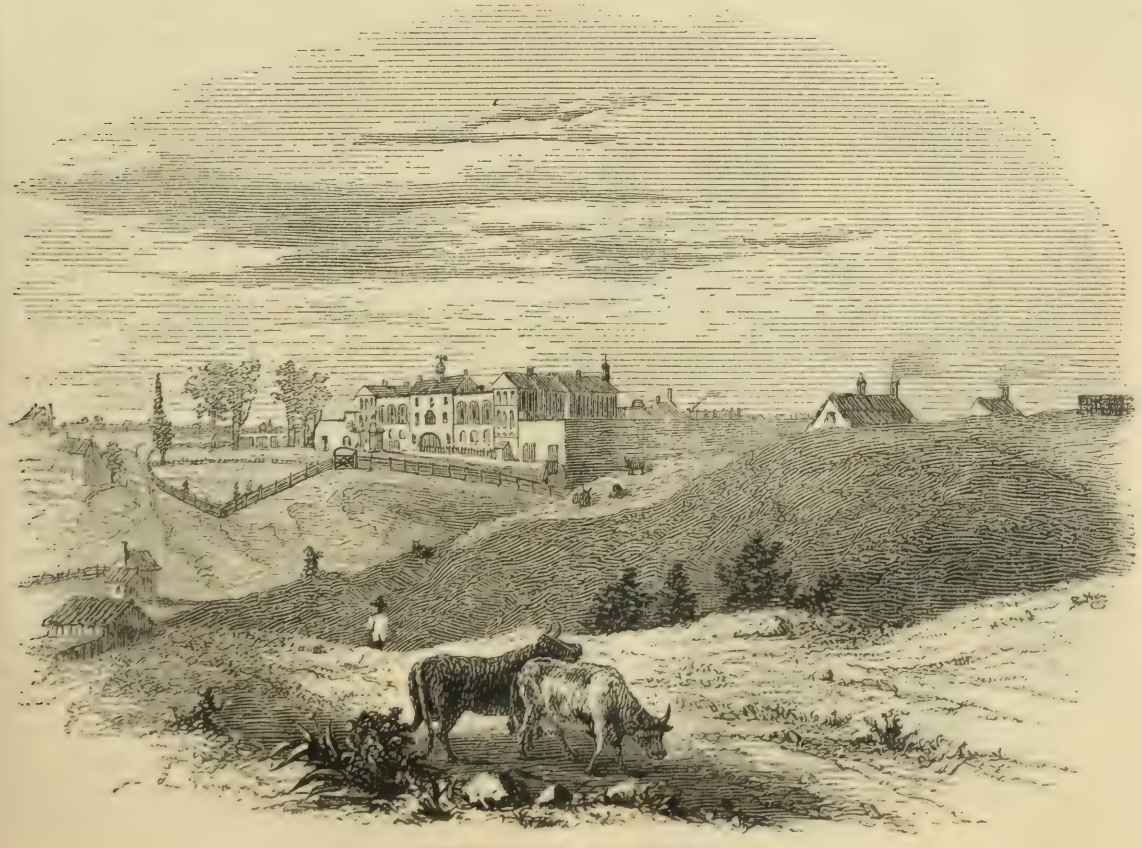
Squire Broadacre opened his eyes and whistled.

Larkin, who was familiar with Richmond, undertook to play cicerone next day, and showed them all the lions—the Capitol, the statuary, the new Washington Monument, the Arsenal, Shockoe Hill, and the river. The Squire was more taken with the appearance of the Penitentiary than any thing he saw. Its architecture was old-fashioned, while, with its grated windows and armed sentinel pacing to and fro at the gate, it stands the only monument of conservatism left in the old commonwealth.

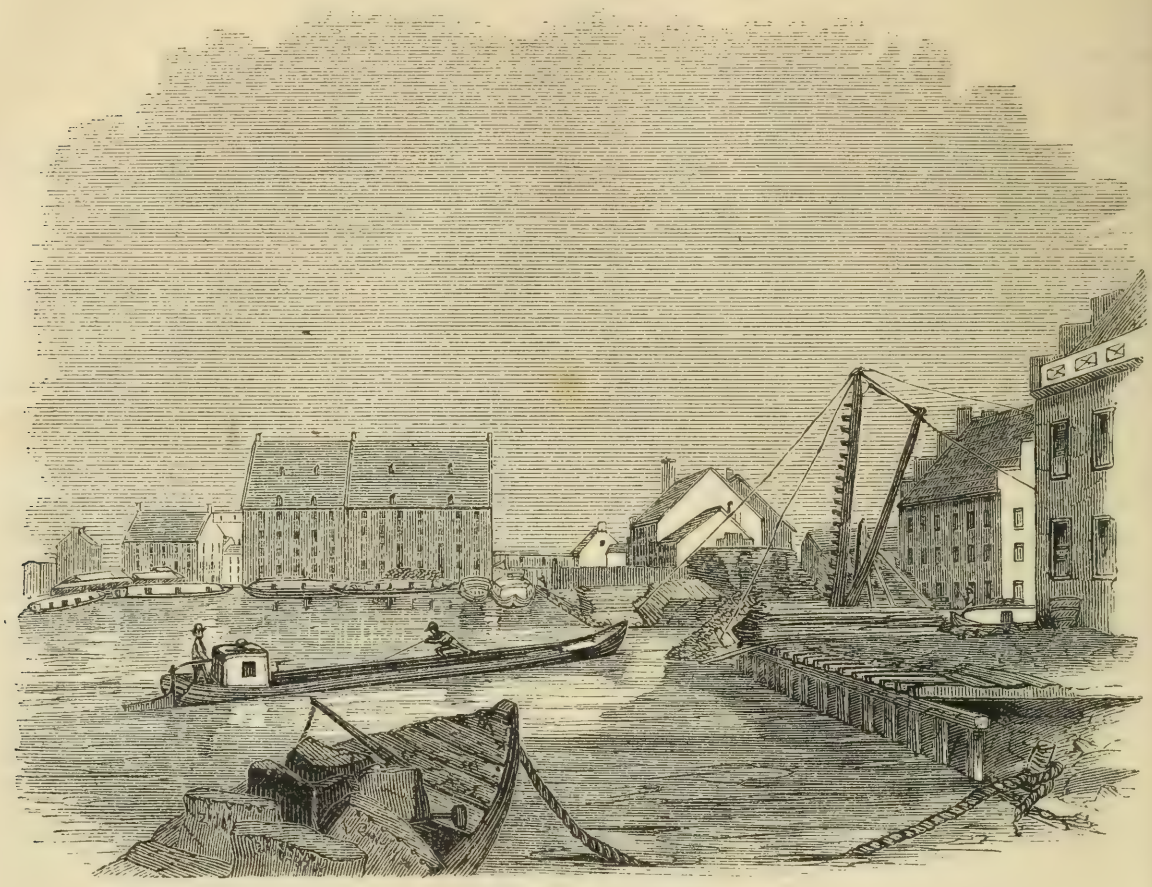
The ladies professed themselves vastly pleased with every thing, but were at length compelled by sheer fatigue to return to their hotel, making it convenient, however, to stop at a number of stores on their way.

This evening, after due discussion and consideration, it was resolved that, instead of going directly south through the Carolinas, as had been suggested, they should turn westward and visit the Black Mountains. Larkin, the zealous advocate of this route, promised the ladies that they should see wonders, while the Squire advised them to be in readiness to start next day by the packet-boat on the James River and Kanawha Canal.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, according to appointment, the packet left the Basin with our particular friends and a crowd of other passengers on board. On the upper deck, which was rather encumbered with heaps of baggage, might be seen the Squire and Larkin composedly taking leave of the fading city, and, when that was gone, turning their attention to the beautiful river, winding among innumerable rocks and islets, glimmering and flashing with the fiery light of the declining day. As the babble of many discordant voices ascended from the cabin a quiet smile lighted Squire Broadacre's face, and perceiving his footman, who had just appeared on the scene, he called him and inquired after the welfare of the ladies.



PENITENTIARY AT RICHMOND.



CANAL BASIN AT RICHMOND.

"Miss Leonore is readin' in a book, Sir; Miss Annette a-laffin; and Mistis, Sir, is settin' like impatience on a monnyment, bilin wid grief." Jim concluded with a flourishing bow, as he always did when he thought he had said any thing smart.

The Squire winked at Bob. "When the bonnets and hoops are irretrievably ruined," said he, "good-humor will again prevail."

When the gentlemen at length concluded to visit the cabin, the scene which presented itself was one not particularly suggestive of comfort, but to those who regarded comfort as a secondary affair, it might have been entertaining. Near the entrance of the narrow cabin a number of negro waiters were striving to set a narrower table in order, pushing and squeezing through a half-querulous, half-laughing crowd of men passengers. Forward was a jumbled mass of humanity, its components singularly varied in size and color, appearing for all the world like a haul of fish wriggling in the meshes of an evil net.



THE CHOIR.

There were, among various other items, probably a dozen infants with nurses, and an equal number of brats at large tumbling over stools, tugging and pestering certain lovely monuments of patience in the shape of mammas. These numerous and ill-assorted pipes were all in full blast, assisted by the nurses patting with feet and hands, playing the drone to the bag-pipes—da-den—da-a-a den—da den—da den—da-a-aden.

The supper-bell reduced this sounding chaos to something like order. The children fed, and went to bed one after another. The tables were cleared, and with books, conversation, drafts, and backgammon, the evening passed pleasantly enough.

Finding the atmosphere of the cabin rather close, Larkin invited the young ladies to go on deck to see the moon. Wrapping their shawls about them, they crept through the low-arched door and up the narrow steps. The air was chill, but the beauty of the shifting scenery, bathed in moonlight, made them forget the cold.

"Miss D'Orsay," said the artist, "you may now float in what seems to be your native element. Is not this beautiful?"

"Beautiful, indeed!" she replied, with unusual vivacity. "The boat seems to glide upon a stream of molten silver—and mark those arrowy lines of light in the distance, glittering through the gray mist with their dim, undefined surroundings. How much more engaging and suggestive are they than daylight pictures!"

The artist looked at the moonlight reflected in Leonore's dark eyes, and sighed.

"Thus it is that mystery invests all objects, animate or inanimate, with a strange, romantic interest. What moonlight is to the landscape, a graceful reserve is to the character—"

His companion here interrupted him:

> "If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day,
> Gild but to flout the ruins gray."

"Hark," continued Robert, "even the long-drawn notes of the driver's horn, certainly not over-musical by daylight, now seem to wail in consonance with the scene."

"*Bri-i-i-dge!*" screeched the man at the helm.

"Pardon, Miss D'Orsay," said Bob, suddenly and unceremoniously seizing his fair companion's arm, and drawing her down just as the dark timbers of a bridge passed over their heads. At the same moment he heard a thump, a shriek, and Annette sank at his feet. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed Bob, "she's killed!" and hastily quitting Leonore, he kneeled beside his cousin and endeavored to raise her up.

The deck of the boat was instantly a scene of confusion. "Is any one hurt?" "Yes, a lady." "Bring lights—water! Run for a doctor!"

By this time the Squire was on deck, fast followed by his consort, a couple of doctors, and about five-and-twenty volunteer assistants.

Fortunately Leonore's salts bottle was all that was required. Annette got up, and leaning on her cousin's shoulder declared she was not at all hurt, but only felt a little dizzy.

"Netty! Netty! how I am distressed!" whispered Bob, attempting to take her hand. "Can you forgive me?"

"Go away, you wretch!" replied she, disengaging her hand with a smart jerk. "Papa, give me your arm, and let us go below. I feel chilled here."

Bob followed, openly proclaiming that it was all his fault—that he was a criminal of the deepest dye—and several times expressed an intention of jumping into the canal. The worst of it was, that nobody seemed disposed to dispute his assertions. The Squire called him a careless puppy, and Mrs. B. fully sustained the unlucky artist in his self-condemnation. Even Jim Bug observed, "it was a shame for Mass' Robert to let dat sweet chile hurt husself in dat ugly manner." When they got into the cabin Leonore dabbled her embroidered handkerchief in Eau de Cologne, and bound it lovingly over Annette's temples, gracefully kissing her as she tied the knot.

The excitement had flushed Leonore's pale cheek, while the exuberant roses in Annette's face were softened by the recent accident, and, in truth, lamplight never shone upon a lovelier group.

Bob had withdrawn himself into the shade. "Ah," thought he, "if she would only give me a reproachful look, or call me a wretch



BOOTS.

again, I should be happy; but her eye is studiously averted. Annette calm and cold! It seems unnatural and unreal, but perhaps I have deserved it. Boy," said Larkin to a waiter, "have you any thing to drink on board this boat?"

"Any thing you please, Master."

"Then bring me a hot whisky punch, strong as Samson and hot as—!"

The waiter paused: "How, Master?"

"At a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit," said Bob.

"I don't know," replied the waiter, meekly, "if we kin make it dat a way, but I'll have it bilin' anyhow."

In the distribution of bunks Bob had chosen one in the upper tier, but how he got into it that night has never been clearly explained. When Jim Bug entered the cabin in the morning, he saw a pair of boots which he recognized hanging out of an upper bunk, and as he went to take them down for the purpose of polishing them he aroused Master Robert.

He civilly ordered Jim to go about his business, and, slipping down from his bed, immediately sought the upper deck. Here he drank such draughts of the frosty biting air that soul and body felt invigorated. Dipping a basin of icy water from the canal, he performed his ablutions with the gusto of a muddy gander.

"What a glorious morning!" he soliloquized; "earth and sky, rock and river, how incomparably beautiful—such tinting, such effects! Come,



AUNT HANNAH.

come!" he continued, half aloud, as he drew a case of Faber's crayons from his pocket; "come, old comrades—come pour your oil upon the troubled waters; you whose varied entertainment never palls, whose calm pleasures leave no sting behind, whose simple witchery can charm away *ennui*, pain, and sorrow! Faithful companions in many a lonely ramble, in many a hardy and hazardous adventure, I have neglected you too long!"

The eye of the enthusiast kindled and his frame dilated as he paced the deck. "Oh, lovely art, bearer of the key to earth's treasure-house of beauty; friendly guide, leading the way from the dull level realms of commonplace to the wild upland of romance; interpreter, teaching intelligent communion with mystic nature as she sits enthroned in her loveliness and her majesty, in the shadow of the forest, on the spray of the cataract, on the pinnacle of the mountain, on the foam of the ocean! To-day and henceforth, beautiful mistress, I give myself to thee, and thee alone!"

The artist suddenly halted on the spot where the tragedy of the previous evening had occurred, and stooped to examine some dark-colored marks which had arrested his attention. There were several little drops of blood. His lip quivered. There was no one on deck but the helmsman, who was looking over the side of the boat, talking to the cook. The young man pressed his lips upon each crimson spot, and rose, as he thought unobserved: "Now I have paid the debt—no more weakness."

When the passengers collected at the breakfast-table it was observed that most of the company had disappeared during the night, for besides the Broadacre party there were not more than five or six persons visible. Every body had rested well and the breakfast was superb, so that general good-humor might have prevailed but for a little awkwardness on the part of the young people. Larkin took occasion, in a formal and pretty speech, to express his regret at the accident of last evening, and to inquire after Annette's health. She answered, with assumed carelessness, that the only bad consequences were a trifling bruise and scratch, which gave her no inconvenience whatever. Bob then turned to the Squire, and engaged him in a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and French, which, being a fruitful subject between them, lasted until the ladies retired.

During the forenoon Larkin got up quite an excitement with his sketches. He pictured the cook, the mate, Aunt Hannah, the matron of the boat, and every body who was willing to sit. Leonore also attempted to hit some views on the wing; but the boat moved too rapidly, and she was obliged to give it up.

Annette spent part of the day on deck, but did not seem well, although she laughed as much as usual. At first she seated herself as far from Robert as she could get, and scarcely condescended to comment on his drawings, which Leonore brought to show to her. At length she seemed to relent, or changed her tactics, for she



CANAL BASIN AT LYNCHBURG.



NEWBERN DÉPÔT.

looked over his shoulder as he sketched, and Cousined him two or three times as usual.

Mrs. Broadacre applied herself industriously to embroidery, and the Squire, when he had pumped all his fellow-passengers dry, played with Tiny for the rest of the day, sending off paper boats in the canal.

At supper every body agreed that they had passed a pleasant day, and traveling on the canal was voted charming, safe, and jolly. Mrs. B., however, still harped on the narrowness of the accommodations; but the Squire protested that there was room enough for reasonable people, and that those who took the trouble to make themselves too big for the world as it stood had no right to expect it to expand to suit their silly caprices.

On awaking next morning our friends found themselves in the town of Lynchburg, and a comfortable omnibus in waiting to convey them from the boat to the Norvall House. Here they were ushered into richly furnished apartments, roomy enough to allow the ladies to spread themselves at pleasure. It being Sunday there was, of course, no traveling; but they went to church, dined, and in the afternoon walked upon the Heights to enjoy a magnificent view of the Blue Ridge and the celebrated Peaks of Otter. In the evening the subject of their route was again discussed. The Squire proposed that they should continue on the canal as far as Buchanan, its present terminus, passing by the Balcony Falls, the famous gap in the Blue Ridge, the Natural Bridge, and other points of interest. From the terminus of the canal, by staging ten or fifteen miles, they might join the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and pursue their journey westward.

On the other hand, the railroad would carry them through to the Tennessee line, 204 miles, in twelve hours, and there were numerous interesting points on the line, or within striking distance of its stations, which they might visit if so disposed. Bob Larkin, who had taken notes from the Gazetteer of Virginia, here mentioned the following items. The road sweeps around the base of the Peaks of Otter. North of Christiansburg is the Salt Pond Mountain. Near Newbern, the cliffs on the New River called the Glass Windows. The Salt-works in Smyth County, and the Natural Tunnel in Scott, besides minor points too numerous to mention.

"But," said the Squire, "we may see all these things after following the canal to the end, as I suggest—"

"But by taking the cars," replied Mrs. B., "we will save time."

"And pray, madam, what use do you intend to make of the time when you've saved it?"

"Pshaw, Mr. B.—you ask such silly questions."

"As if," continued Mr. B., "it makes a particle of difference whether we while away our time here, there, or elsewhere. But I have

observed invariably that those who have nothing to do are most solicitous about saving time—to enable them to do it thoroughly, I suppose."

"But, Papa," said Annette, "the boat starts an hour earlier. We will gain an hour's sleep in the morning by taking the cars."

"That, my daughter, is something tangible. We must take the cars, then."

The promised scenery fully answered their expectations, but their inability to sketch and enjoy it at their leisure elicited many expressions of regret from the artists. At Christiansburg they ascertained that the Salt Pond Mountain was out of distance, and consequently concluded to pass it by. Indeed, the Squire observed that with trunks, bandboxes, and finery, his party was so unwieldy, he thought it better to go on directly to Abingdon, establish headquarters there, and make excursions to the points they most desired to visit; "for after all," he continued, "from what I have observed, I doubt very much whether any of you, except Larkin, and maybe Leonore, care any thing about the scenery or the information to be acquired by travel. I begin to think—"

The Squire's bluntness brought a shower of protestations from the maligned individuals, which he received by shutting his eyes and feigning a sleep, which presently became reality.

At arriving at the central dépôt, dinner was announced in the ordinary form, and the ladies commenced making their preparations to get out in their usual leisurely manner. Having arranged their bandboxes, work-boxes, gloves, cloaks, and bonnets, and primped a little, they commenced their stately march toward the door of the car. Before they arrived there the time allowed for passengers to get out had expired, and the train commenced a retrograde movement toward a watering station several hundred yards back.

"Hurry!" exclaimed the Squire, vehemently.

"I shan't hurry," replied madam, curtly.

The speed of the cars increased, and the procession of ladies came to a dead stand; for Mrs. B., in trying to get through the door without damaging her skirts, had stuck fast.

"Now," said the Squire, "you may as well return to your seats, for you will have at least a quarter of a mile to walk, even if you succeed in getting out." And he accordingly, with great nonchalance, resumed the seat he had left.

After spending some time in hesitations and uncertain evolutions, the whole party followed, declaring it was an abominable arrangement, not allowing folks time to get out.

"There was time," said the Squire, "but you wasted it with your hoops and dawdling."

Tiny, to whom the disappointment was a serious trial, wept outright, and thereby proved the falsity of the often-repeated assertion that "there's no use in crying;" for in a trice, several hospitable carpet-sacks were opened, and bread, butter, pickles, and ham were proffered in such quantities that the whole family were enabled to dine heartily upon the crumbs from Tiny's table.

There was a hard-looking countryman in the seat opposite, whose exit had been prevented by the stoppage in the door, who also opened his saddle-bags and took out a large package carefully tied up.

"I think," said he, "we'll do as well staying here as if we had got out. That's nothing more than a fried-meat tavern, anyhow."

Tiny stared at him as if she expected some addition to her bill of fare, but the philosopher's bundle only contained about fifteen pounds of tobacco, from which he cut off a hunk to fit his mouth, and returned the remainder to its place.

Larkin was determined not to miss the New River Cliffs, and on their arrival at the Newbern Dépôt suddenly announced his intention of leaving the party for a few days to visit the Glass Windows and make a few sketches. He promised to join them again at Abingdon in three days thereafter.

This announcement excited some surprise, but was set down to Bob's love of nature and eccentricity; and with a recommendation from the Squire not to exceed the proposed limit of time, he took his leave.

At four o'clock the travelers landed at Abingdon, and put up at the Washington House, where they sojourned for several days.

From this point Annette wrote a letter to a schoolmate, as follows:

"Abingdon, *November* —, 1853.

"Dear Molly,—We are now in Abingdon, the county town of Washington County, a neat, pleasant-looking little town, but very dull, nothing to do and nothing to see, and very little sociability. In short, we pass our time reading and sewing, just as if we were at home. I am chiefly occupied in making doll-baby dresses for Tiny, who is a perfect little cormorant in such matters, and has as many dresses for her dolls as the Empress Eugénie had on the occasion of her marriage, yet continually wants more.

"I was much pleased with Washington and Richmond. Richmond is indeed the most delightful city I've ever seen, and I would like to live there. We had quite a pleasant time, and a great deal of fun on the canal packet. I thought I should have killed myself laughing at Ma. She got her skirts and bonnet all smashed as flat as pancakes. Then we slept in such funny little places, called bunks, strapped up to the ceiling. There was an old fat woman, who occupied the one above me, who broke the straps of her bunk and came down upon me, and we both went down upon Ma; so between the two I was smothered to death; and there was such a kicking, and scolding, and groaning, and lamenting that I nearly killed myself laughing. However, when we had roused the whole cabin, and startled all the babies, Aunt Hannah came in to our assistance; but I was so flattened out that I haven't recovered my natural shape yet.

"Aunt Hannah is the old black woman that

attends to the ladies' cabin, and we were very much flattered that she recognized us as people of quality at first sight—at least she told us so when Ma gave her a gold dollar. She said, too, that she could tell common people, no matter how fine they were dressed, for they never gave her any thing.

"But now I am going to tell you what happened to me the first evening I spent on the canal boat. Cousin Bob Larkin invited Leonore and myself to walk on the deck with him to see the moon. You know Bob's habit of making silly flattering speeches to every pretty girl he meets. He used to make a great many to me; but although I never thought any thing of them, I always liked Robert, he is so amiable and accomplished. But since he has become acquainted with Leonore, he has been all devotion to her; and indeed I don't wonder, for she is perfectly lovely both in person and character, and has had so many advantages of education, and can talk so delightfully about foreign countries, and with her painting and music she has entirely overshadowed her poor little ignorant rustic cousin. Well, Molly, I had yielded cheerfully to my fate, when Cousin Robert took us up to see the moon, as I told you. As usual, he and Leonore got into ecstasies about the moonlight, quoted poetry and all that, and I stood by like a candle-holder at a wedding, trying to pick up a little improvement by listening to their elegant conversation. Robert had just finished a speech about a nasty tin horn, which the driver was blowing, when suddenly he seized Cousin Leonore and made her stoop, and the beam of a bridge under which we were passing struck me such a blow that I fell senseless.

"Now, wasn't it outrageous that he should have forgotten me so entirely, and only thought of saving Leonore; that thought struck me harder than the bridge did, and when I came to my senses I was so indignant that I refused to look at Robert, or listen to his apologies. They say he showed a great deal of feeling about it. But to be so neglected, and have my head bumped besides, is rather more than I can overlook.

"I wasn't much hurt after all, and I tried to make up with Robert next day; but, bless you, he was in one of his unapproachable spells, and has continued so ever since. So elegant, so studiously polite, and at the same time cold and re-



VIEW OF GODBEY'S CLIFFS, ON NEW RIVER.

pulsive as a snake. He has cut both Leonore and myself, and taken to talking philosophy with Papa. In fact, he's become so stupid that I am glad he has left us for several days—as he did yesterday with the pretense of going to see the New River Cliffs. He said he would join us to-morrow, but I doubt it, he is so eccentric.

"Now, dear Molly, don't breathe a word of all this nonsense; but write all the news from home, and I'll promise to keep you posted in regard to our movements. Write to Jonesborough, Tennessee, which will be our next stopping-place. Yours, affectionately, NETTY B."

To the surprise of all, Larkin joined them in Abingdon at the appointed time. He was in a good-humor, apparently, but met the girls with a studied politeness rather than his usual easy cordiality. After tea, he exhibited his sketches, and gave the following narrative of his adventures:

"On parting with you at the railroad station, I dodged the express carriage and footed it to Newbern, a distance of three miles. It is rather a lonesome-looking village, situated on a hill, with a hotel of very unpromising exterior; but the dinner I got at Bagsby's was a surprise; it was uncommonly good, and only served to remind me of what I knew before—that, to appreciate life in Virginia, one must see the inside of their houses. After dinner I continued my walk to the Cliffs, about three miles farther, and descended to the river by a steep, dangerous path, where, to keep my footing, I was obliged to hold on to bushes and projecting rocks with my hands. When I got to the banks of New River, I looked about in vain for Godbey's house, to which I had been directed.

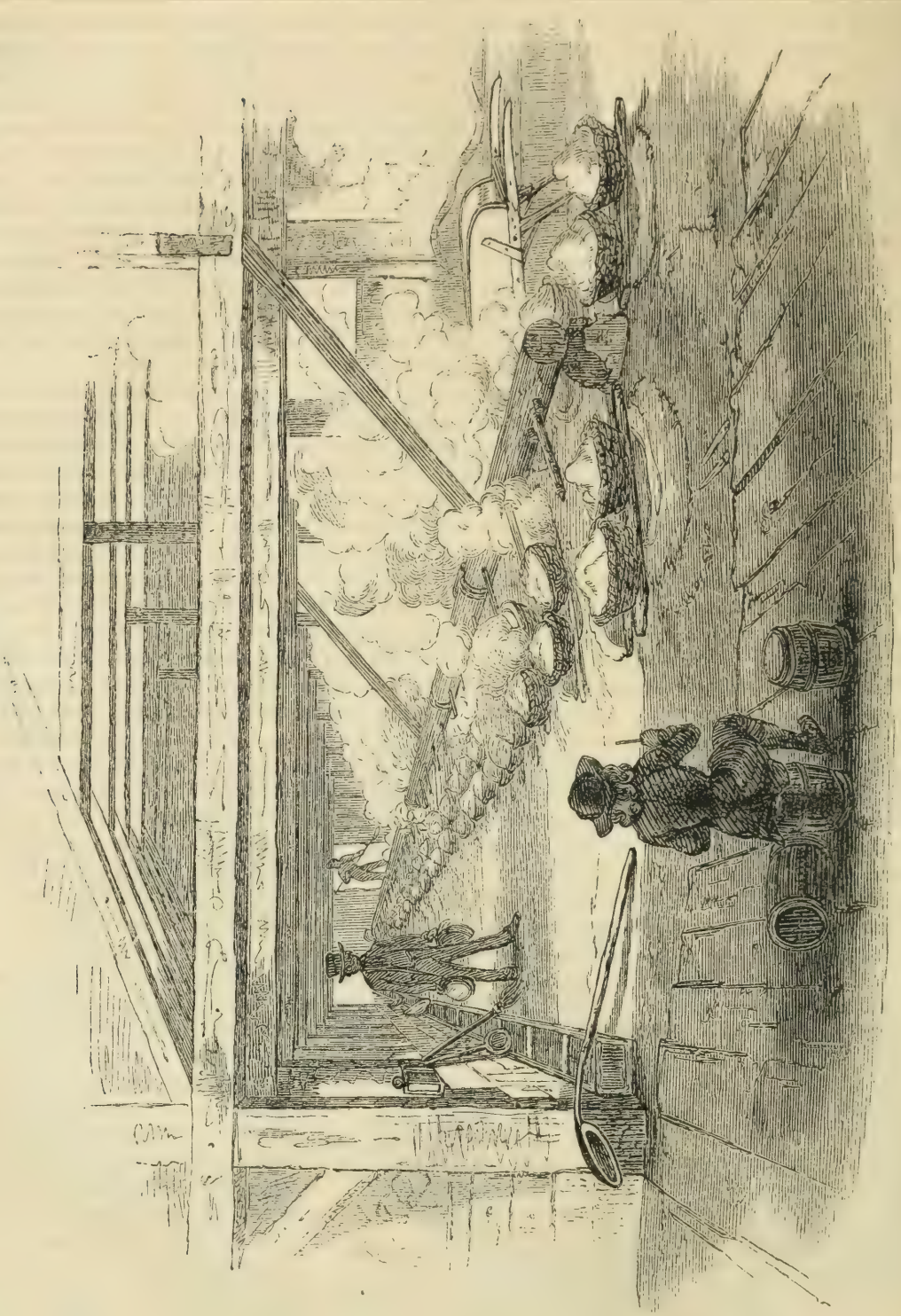
"It was raining, and every thing was enveloped in a dark, gray mist; so that I wandered for some distance along the stream until I came to a hut, and there made inquiries for Godbey's house. A woman informed me that I had come half a mile out of my way, and that the place I sought was on t'other side of the river, just opposite the path by which I had descended. I lost no time in retracing my steps, and at the point found a boy with a rifle and bunch of squirrels just about crossing in a dug-out. He ferried me over and piloted me to the house, glad enough to find a shelter, and sufficiently wet, tired, and hungry to appreciate the rough but substantial entertainment it afforded.

"The Godbeys—grandfather, father, and son—have lived on the spot for the butt-end of a century. Their dwelling was erected by the senior Godbey, and somewhat resembled an old-fashioned block-house, intended for defense as well as shelter—a mode of building common among the early settlers of these regions. I was pleased to find the next morning clear, and went out at an early hour to see the rocks. They rise like a vast rampart to the height of three or four hundred feet above the river, which washes their base for a distance of four miles. The perpendicular face of the Cliffs is perforated with numerous holes and caverns, and broken into varied and picturesque forms by the scaling of the strata. In many places these square breaks occur with such regularity that, when struck aslant by the sunlight, they resemble ranged architectural openings. This feature has procured for them the far-fetched appellation of 'The Glass Windows.'

"Immense flocks of buzzards haunt the Heights, finding safe and convenient places to snooze and sun themselves after their filthy feasts. They may be attracted, also, by the chances of prey afforded by the locality, as deer, pursued by the dogs, are sometimes driven over the precipices; while cows, and even sheep, browsing too near the brink, not unfrequently slip, and are dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks below. A countryman told me that, on one occasion, he was walking with a neighbor near the Cliffs, when he observed a sheep cropping the grass on a narrow ledge about a hundred feet from the base. In attempting to turn, the animal fell the whole distance to the ground. 'Come,' said he to his companion, 'let us go up and get the mutton.' As they approached the body, to their great surprise, it got up, shook itself, and ran away. Its life was probably saved by a heavy growth of wool. Having satisfied my curiosity, and made a hurried sketch, I returned to the Newbern Dépôt.



THE LOVE-FEAST



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SALT-WORKS.

"As I came on in the train I had an opportunity of making another sketch which, following the scene at the Cliffs, might illustrate the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. A gawky-looking mountaineer got in at one of the stations with a buxom, red-cheeked young woman who, I understood, was his newly-made bride. Having found a seat to suit them, the groom went out and presently returned with ten or twelve turnovers, or Jack-pies. Reseating himself by his lady he piled up his investment on her lap, and then, oblivious of the forms of society, the cold world around him, of every thing but his own unutterable happiness, he put his arm around her, and she, nothing loth, laid her head lovingly upon his shoulder. He then took up one of the pies and presented the plumpest end to her ruby lips, when, with kitten-like vivacity, she snapped off the end with a clean semicircular cut about four and a half inches across. The enchanted groom then took his turn, which halved the pie exactly, and again returned it to his gentle partner. Thus they went on with alternate bites until they had devoured the whole provision; she rolling her milky blue eyes affectionately upon her spouse at every mouthful, and he giving her a hearty squeeze at the beginning of each pie. This unique love-feast set every body in the cars to snickering, but on me it had quite an opposite effect. I could have wept—"

"Bob Larkin, you audacious scoffer," cried

Mrs. Broadacre, "hush, this instant! I don't believe a word of that story. You invented it, I'll guarantee."

"Why, Aunt—"

"Don't call me Aunt—"

"Then, Madam Broadacre, here's the sketch I made from the scene as it passed."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be caricaturing poor simple people in that way. Can't you put your talents to a better use?"

On the morning after Larkin's return from Newbern he and the Squire rose early, and took the train going eastward, for the purpose of visiting the celebrated Salt Valley, situated on the line dividing Washington and Smyth counties, about twenty miles from Abingdon. At the Glade Spring Station they got out, with the intention of taking the branch road to Saltville, eight or nine miles distant. Finding, however, that the branch train was somewhat uncertain in its movements, the Squire proposed that they should walk, declaring that, although a little gray, he had lost none of his youthful stamina. The railroad track furnished pretty good walking, and they found so many objects of interest on their way that ere they were aware of the passage of time and distance they came in sight of Saltville, a village at the head of the valley, containing the principal salt-works and dependencies.

The valley contains several hundred acres of rich meadow, producing corn and grass in abundance, and sustaining numerous herds of the finest cattle. It is surrounded by a chain of conical hills from five to eight hundred feet in height, so regularly formed that, but for their extent, they might be mistaken for artificial mounds.

These hills are overlooked by lofty and rugged mountains, whose frowning precipices contrast strikingly with the softer beauties of the valley.

But these are only the superficial attractions of this interesting region. At the distance of two hundred and thirty feet below the surface is a bed of fossil salt of unascertained extent and thickness, while gypsum, its invariable geological associate, has been recently developed near the surface by excavations on the line of the railroad. The preparation and exportation of plaster, already commenced, bids fair to be an important addition to the wealth of the valley. The salt is procured by sinking wells to the depth of the salt-bed, when the water rises within forty-six feet of the surface, and is raised from thence by pumps into large tanks or res-



FIRING UP.—JEFF



DIPPING OUT.—IKE.

ervoirs elevated a convenient distance above the surface.

The brine thus procured is a saturated solution, and for every hundred gallons yields twenty-two gallons of pure salt.

The process of manufacturing it is perfectly simple. An arched furnace is constructed, probably a hundred and fifty feet in length, with the doors at one end and the chimney at the other. Two rows of heavy iron kettles, shaped like shallow bowls, are built into the top of the furnace—in the largest works from eighty to a hundred in number. Large wooden pipes convey the brine from the tanks to these kettles, where the water is evaporated by boiling, while the salt crystallizes and is precipitated. During the operation a white saline vapor rises from the boilers, the inhalation of which is said to cure diseases of the lungs and throat.

At regular intervals an attendant goes round, and with a mammoth ladle dips out the salt, chucking it into loosely woven split baskets, which are placed in pairs over the boilers. Here it drains and dries until the dipper has gone his round with the ladle. It is then thrown into the salt-sheds, immense magazines that occupy the whole length of the buildings on either side of the furnaces.

This process continues day and night without intermission for about a week, when it becomes necessary to cool off to clean the boilers, which have become thickly coated with a sedimentary deposit which impedes the transmission of heat.

This incrustation, sometimes called pan-stone, is principally composed of the sulphates of lime and soda, and its removal is the most troublesome and least entertaining part of the business.

The salt thus manufactured is of the purest quality, white and beautiful as the driven snow. Indeed, on seeing the men at work in the magazines with pick and shovel, a novice would swear they were working in a snow-bank; while the pipes and reservoirs, which at every leak become coated over with snowy concretions, sparkling like hoar-frost and icicles in the sun, serve to confirm the wintry illusion.

The north fork of the Holston River, about a mile distant from Saltville, furnishes an outlet to the western market, and to avoid land-carriage, the brine is piped from the wells to

the banks of the stream, and manufactured on the spot. As the salt intended for transportation by water is always packed in barrels, an immense coopering establishment is the characteristic adjunct of the lower salt-works. The eastern trade was formerly carried on by wagoning to Buchanan and Lynchburg; but this mode has been lately superseded by the railroad, and crowds of burly teamsters no longer enliven Saltville with their rows.

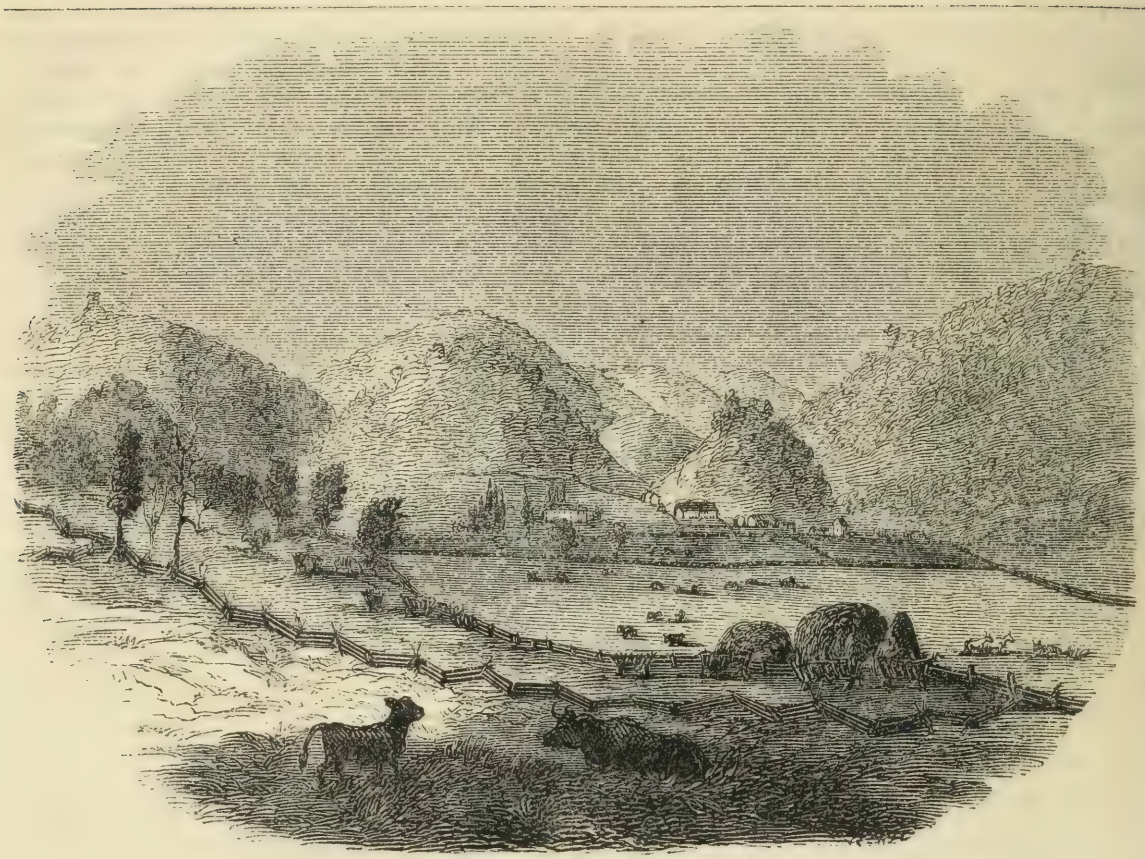
Having passed a pleasant and profitable day in the examination of these localities, our travelers accepted an invitation from the proprietor to pass the night at his house, and next morning, under the guidance of their accomplished host, they visited various other points of interest within his princely domain.

From a sharp, conical peak near the mansion they had a fine bird's-eye view of the valley, and while descending, quenched their thirst at a delicious fountain which bursts out about midway of the hill, from a bed of moss-covered rocks. The cold, crystal water is in sufficient volume to turn a mill at the base of the peak, from whence it winds through the grassy meadows and discharges itself into the Holston, near the lower salt-works.

Near the centre of the low grounds, in another direction, is a plateau elevated considerably above the surrounding fields, which was evidently at one time the site of an Indian town. Bits of broken pottery and remnants of domestic utensils may still be found, although the traces of their houses, which



THE RAGGED CAVALIER.—ANDY.

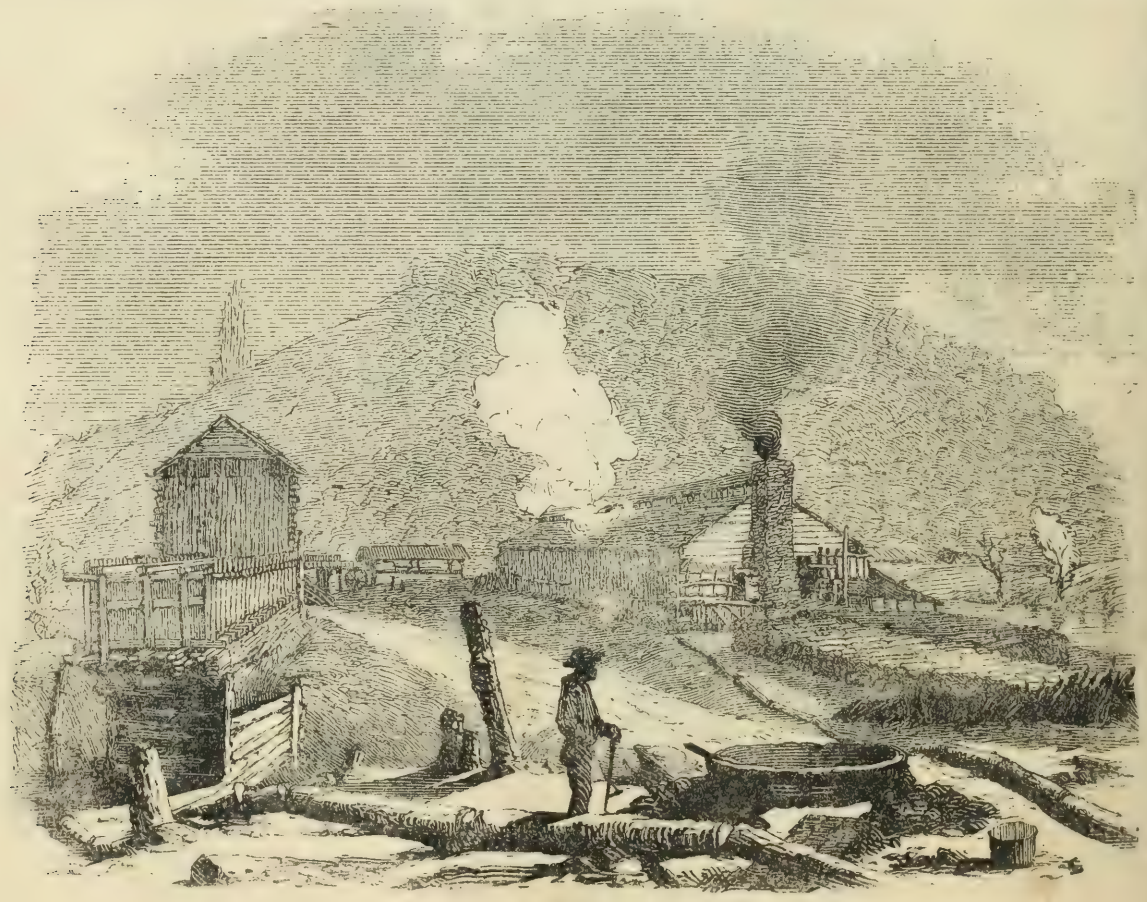


VIEW OF SALT VALLEY.

were formerly distinctly visible, are now obliterated.

At three o'clock in the afternoon our friends seated themselves cozily in the train on a heap of plethoric salt-sacks, and started for the Glade Spring Station. As the wheezing, puffing locomotive wound its way out of the valley, Bob Larkin fell into a sentimental strain.

"Uncle," said he, "this little vale is one of the loveliest spots on earth. I have never seen



LOWER SALT-WORKS.

a place of the same extent that combined so many elements of beauty."

"And of utility, Bob," replied the Squire. "Besides its fossil wealth, look at those broad corn-fields, those herds of superb cattle wading knee-deep in the grass of those level meadows—"

"And," cried Bob, "the river stocked with fish and the mountains with game—what cheery sport to give zest to books and pencils!" and here the artist heaved a sigh.

"Indeed!" sighed the Squire, "one might spend a lifetime in such a place and never wish to roam." And both gentlemen fell into silent musings.

Perhaps the artist's fervid fancy busied itself in painting a picture of a vine-covered cottage at the foot of the Sugar-Loaf, near that cool, bubbling fountain, "with one fair spirit for its minister;" but whether her eyes were black or blue the curious world may not yet know.

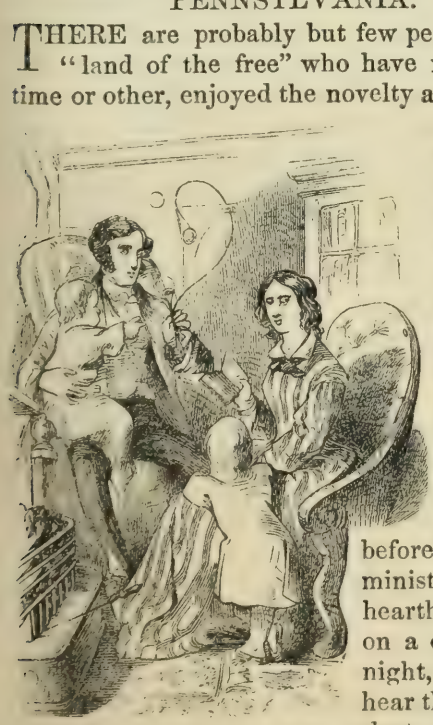
Possibly, too, the Squire, although not given to castle-building, may have been occupied in locating an El Dorado in that happy valley—a little world, where there should be wealth without arrogance, poverty without envy, justice without lawyers, and freedom without politicians.

Their arrival at the station terminated these pleasing dreams, and in an hour after they joined their expectant friends in Abingdon.

"Ladies, pack your trunks, for by to-morrow evening we may be in Tennessee."

COAL, AND THE COAL-MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THERE are probably but few persons in this "land of the free" who have not, at some time or other, enjoyed the novelty and the genial warmth of an anthracite fire; often has the social bowl been emptied; many a pleasant, jocund story has been related; many tender vows been made and sealed before the flaming minister upon the hearth. But it is on a cold winter's night, when we hear the snow and sleet all "pitiless pour," and the wind fret and howl around us, that we realize in a more grateful sense the glowing qualities of our friend. It is then, rapt in silent contemplation, that we trace its useful presence throughout the whole range of both social and industrious life, and find it often associated with our national strength and glory—never to be diminished or obscured. The steamship and the steam horse alike are impelled onward by its fiery lungs; the night is turned into day by its illuminating breath; and the gaudy chandeliers of the fashionable saloon give lustre to the eyes of beauty only by its brilliant jets.



Although coal is usually plain and unpretending in its physical aspect, it can, nevertheless, claim relation with a celebrated "noble stone"—a member of the higher order of mineral aristocracy. We refer to the diamond, whose beauty can not easily be exaggerated; but, unlike coal, it contributes to our vanity rather than to our comfort and actual necessities. Both members of the carboniferous family, and almost identical in composition, they are yet wholly dissimilar in appearance, in geographical distribution, and in the characters which they have to play in the domestic economy of man. As between the two, we venture to say that coal commends itself more warmly to our favor, and having impressed its stamp very conspicuously upon the age in which we figure, must be invested with some points of interest beyond the mere statistics of commercial value. Its origin, its history, and the circumstances of its benevolent mission, certainly deserve to be known.

In the year 1791, there lived on the eastern slope of the mountains drained by the Lehigh River, in Pennsylvania, a hunter, named Philip Ginther. The country, for many miles around, abounded in game, and was clothed in dense primitive forest. On the occasion to which we are now referring, Ginther had spent the whole day in the woods without meeting the least success. He had left with anxious solicitude in the morning the cabin which sheltered his wife and children, for the scanty breakfast had impressed him with the necessity of replenishing the culinary department. As the shades of evening gathered around, he found himself on the summit of Sharp Mountain, several miles distant from his home. A storm of rain was advancing, and had already spent a few drops, when he began to quicken his pace. Running along at a brisk gait through the woods, he stumbled over the roots of a tree which had recently fallen, and threw before him a large, black stone—to recognize which, and the black aspect of the spot around the roots, there was yet remaining sufficient light. He had heard persons speak of stone coal as existing in these mountains, and concluded that this must be a specimen. He therefore took it with him, and a few days after gave it to Colonel Jacob Weiss, then living near the present site of Mauch Chunk. Unable to determine its real character, the specimen was forwarded to Philadelphia, where, after undergoing the scrutiny of sundry mineralogists and learned *savans*, it finally came into the hands of Mr. Charles Cist, a printer. Printers are popularly supposed to know every thing, and from their liberality of sentiment are disposed to take a "compliment-



DISCOVERY OF ANTHRACITE COAL.

ary notice" of almost any thing; so, true to his calling, Mr. Cist promptly pronounced the thing anthracite coal, and sent a request to Colonel Weiss to reward the discoverer, and make immediate arrangements for securing the land.

As the entire region of country from the Blue Mountain to the Susquehanna River was an unbroken, savage wilderness, the land had but little value. Weiss had no difficulty in obtaining, through the usual process of the Land Office, several thousand acres; and early in the following year organized an association, called the "Lehigh Coal-mine Company." Among its prominent members were Robert Morris (the celebrated financier), John Nicholson, Charles Cist, J. Anthony Morris, and others, some of whom owned large estates, especially Morris and Nicholson.

In the month of May an expedition was fitted out to open and work the mine. The force consisted of four laborers, with one of the members of the Company acting as mining engineer. The geological position of the coal was plain; it required but a small amount of scientific acumen to comprehend the whole problem. As the roots of the fallen tree had revealed the exact situation of the coal, and but a thin stratum of soil intervening between it and the daylight, a little perpendicular digging was only necessary to get at it. A few pits were accordingly sunk down, and several tons of the mineral quarried, when the great question presented itself to our enterprising Company — "*What are we going to do with it?*" There was the coal — there it was in unmistakable quantity—and the only thing that now remained to secure the most triumphant success was a market. Standing upon their seam of coal on the summit of Sharp Mountain, seventeen hundred feet above tide-water, the "Lehigh Coal-mine Company" looked wistfully over the vast expanse of mountain, valley, and plain, and up to the arching firmament, for a market. Nothing of the kind could be seen; not the slightest glimmer of encouragement was visible—around, above, or below; and they were forced to draw large drafts on a kindly-disposed imagination, which afforded an occasional beam of hope in the obscure vista of the distant future. The surrounding country was every where covered with timber; and what with the abundance and low price of cord-wood and charcoal, the want of wagon-roads and navigable streams, there was no demand for stone-coal, near or remote. After a few weeks' labor at the mine, the men were discharged and operations suspended. But Colonel Weiss, notwithstanding the inauspicious circumstances which involved the Company, determined that the coal should, at least, be introduced to the acquaintance of the public. He filled his saddle-bags from time to time, and rode around among the blacksmiths of the lower country, earnestly soliciting them to "try it." A few accepted the proffered supplies, and used it with partial success; but the truth is, our wise fathers almost unanimously regarded the mineral staple of the "Lehigh Coal-mine Company" as

nothing more nor less than *common stones*, while the enthusiastic shareholders were regarded as unpractical and visionary theorists. It was this ill-timed and foolish prejudice against a mineral whose peculiar properties they did not happen to understand that overwhelmed the Company with popular ridicule, and thereby seriously embarrassed its objects and movements. Had the parties themselves been men of no more than ordinary character, the enterprise never could have been initiated at all, but they were like

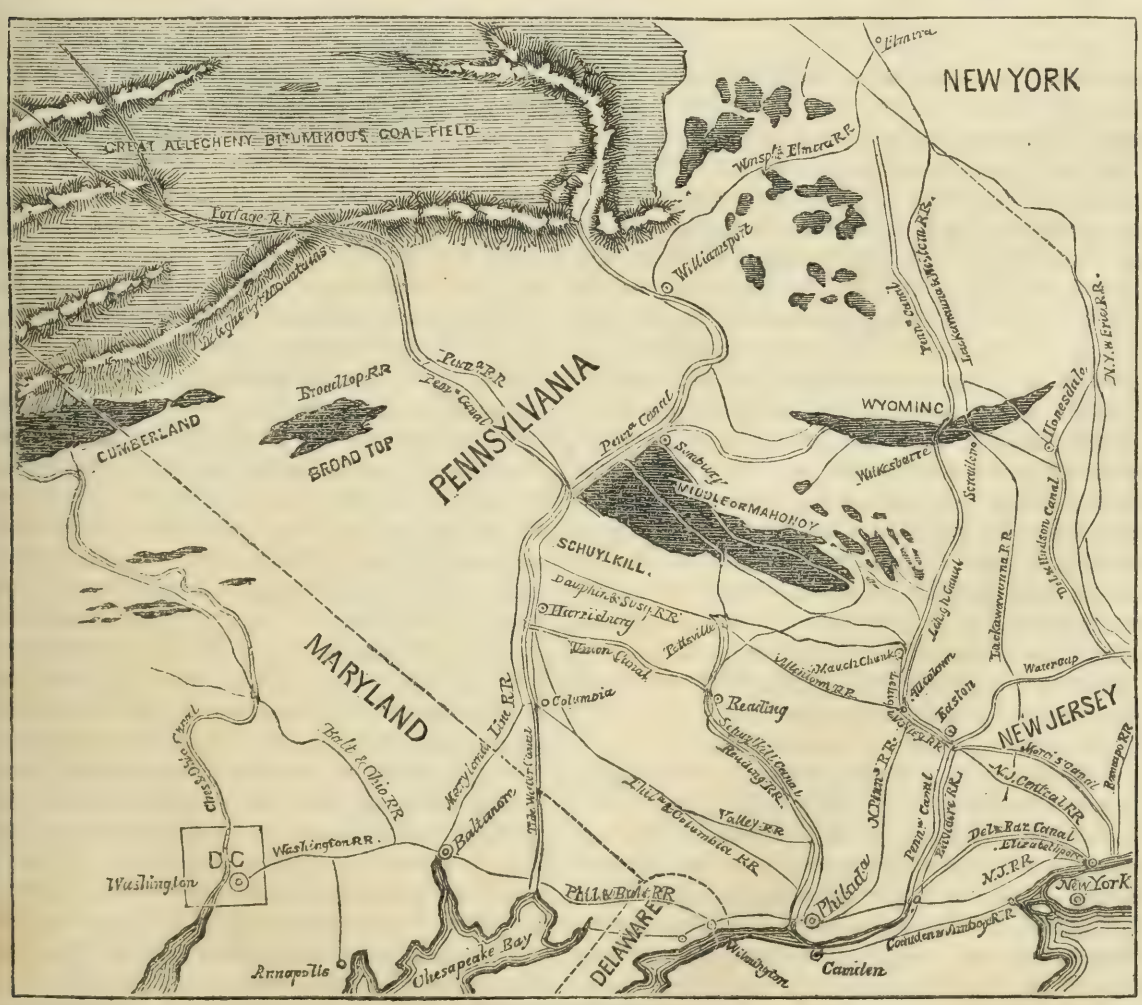
"Calthus, the seer, whose comprehensive view
The Past, the Present, and the *Future* knew;"

and the ridicule of the ignorant public, no doubt, only served to stimulate them into premature activity.

In 1798 the Legislature of Pennsylvania chartered a joint-stock company to improve the navigation of the Lehigh River, and although the Coal Company had in the mean time relaxed all efforts, and was then upon the verge of dissolution, the prospect which now opened of rendering that stream navigable for the descent of the lumber and coal on its head waters, infused new spirit into some of its members, and they again went to work. Thirty thousand dollars had been expended in constructing wing-dams and removing obstructions; and upon the completion of the work, in 1802, a committee was appointed to examine and report its condition. It consisted of five persons, most of whom were also interested in the Coal Company. A large canoe was launched, and the party glided gracefully over the water. Every thing augured a favorable report; but they had not proceeded far in their investigations before the canoe capsized, and most unceremoniously precipitated the official representatives of the Navigation Company into the stream! Two of them were nearly drowned, but the others effected an easy escape to the shore. They subsequently adjourned to the nearest inn, refreshed the "inner" and the "outer man," laughed heartily over the adventure, and then quietly sought their respective homes.

Whatever may have been the opinion of the Committee concerning the improved navigation of the river, after the practical exemplification of its capacities which they had thus received, it is certain that their report did not dampen the ardor of the Coal Company. They had again resumed operations at the mine, and under the directions of Mr. Cist, were then preparing a fleet of arks to be dispatched at the earliest freshet, *via* the Lehigh and Delaware rivers, for the city of Philadelphia. The coal was hauled to the banks of the river by horses, and in the spring of 1803 six arks, containing one hundred tons of coal each, were ready for the voyage.

The descent of the river, for the first fifteen miles from Mauch Chunk, was exceedingly rapid, the fall being some three hundred feet. It was a bright and cheerful morning, after the



MAP OF COAL REGION.



COAL-ARKS DESCENDING THE WATER-GAP.

stream had attained the usual high-water mark, that the arks were cut loose, and, each equipped with six men, began at once the descent of the rapids. Now the torrent roars—the waves and whirls dash madly around the boats; the men at the oars, with faces wild with animation and excitement, and with muscles full distended, run to and fro upon their narrow platforms; the pilot, with energetic motions and speech, addresses the steersman—the steersman, with like gesticulation and vehemence of manner, responds to the pilot—and then all hands make desperate plunges at the oars! Now the boat, shaking and cracking, swings its cumbersome form around a villainous rock; now it sheers off, in a counter-current, toward the shore, and then bending round, again dashes forward into the rolling waves, when—cr-a-sh! je-boom! it rises securely upon a ledge of rocks half concealed beneath the surface of the water! A moment serves to contemplate the wreck, and then the men, seizing oars and plank, make good their exit to the shore—leaving the broken and dismembered ark to its fate, and the cargo to the curious speculations of the cat-fish and eels. Of the six which embarked, but two reached Philadelphia, and even these presented a very dilapidated appearance. The coal, naturally enough, excited some attention; but it seems that purchasers were not numerous, and the demand was for specimen lots only. After keeping the stock on hand for a considerable time, a sale was finally effected to the municipal authorities, who were then working a steam-engine in Broad Street to pump water into elevated tanks for the supply of the city. But all their attempts to burn it proved unavailing. Disgusted with what they esteemed a nuisance, they caused what remained of it to be broken up and scattered over the foot-walks of the grounds. And here and thus ingloriously terminated, for a period of seventeen years thence ensuing, the operations of the "Lehigh Coal-mine Company."

The brief and romantic experience it had thus undergone, one might readily infer, would have checked the ambition of others disposed to embark in the same business. But some men are fond of adventure, and there is always a degree of fascination in mining pursuits. When, therefore, coal was found in 1810 in the vicinity of Pottsville, a number of sanguine individuals again identified themselves with the discovery. The blacksmiths of the neighborhood experimented upon it, and happily with complete success. Here was a clear gain; it was now rendered certain that the coal would burn, or could be *made* to burn. And an intelligent chemist in Philadelphia, in assaying it, found that there was inherent in it the most extraordinary heating power, and procuring specimens to operate on a large scale, he subjected it to various tests to enable him to arrive at its economic value as a fuel. The heat he thus obtained was astonishing—platina itself

could not have withstood its flame; and as there was now no earthly doubt as to the real nature and value of the mineral, it only remained to devise some process for burning it with facility.

In the autumn of 1812, a meeting was held in Philadelphia to adopt measures for the improvement of the navigation of the Schuylkill, "whose trade had already become important to the city, and might be rendered much more so in view of the recent discovery of coal-mines at its head." A charter was granted in 1814 to a joint-stock company, and operations were subsequently begun to improve it as proposed. In the mean time, no little interest had been awakened on the subject of coal in Schuylkill County, no doubt in consequence of the success which attended its use there by the blacksmiths; and the late Colonel George Shoemaker, who had made openings on his lands near Pottsville, was persuaded to send a lot of it to Philadelphia. He loaded eight or ten wagons in 1817, and then set out, at the head of his teams, full of hope and honest confidence. But the previous failure of the Lehigh coal was still within the memory of many persons, and the Colonel was received with some coolness, if not with rigid scrutiny. He was questioned by one, and cross-questioned by another; but unreservedly guaranteeing to all, as he did, that the "stones" would burn, he began to enlist some customers. Several tons were disposed of to the nail-works at Fairmount; three or four tons went to Delaware County, while the balance was sold out in small quantities to blacksmiths and private consumers in the city. A few individuals who had thus purchased, and who had heard of the Lehigh affair, did not succeed in igniting it, and the result was that they became highly indignant. Instead of receiving any commiseration from their friends, they were rather taunted for their verdancy in being made the dupes of a transparent Dutch knave and swindler! The storm gathered so suddenly, and began to rage with such fury around the poor Colonel, that he had barely time to make a retreat. Writs had been issued for his arrest on the charge of swindling, and he only evaded the "lynx-eyed vigilance" of the officers of the law by describing a circuit of some fifteen miles radius on his return home. But while the affair was still the town-talk, an incident occurred which completely turned the tables upon the quidnuncs, and placed the Colonel and his coal in a favorable light before the world. The proprietor of the Fairmount nail-works, with some of his men, had been engaged during the whole morning in the vain endeavor to fire up a furnace with the coal. They tried every possible expedient which skill and experience in other fuels could suggest. They raked it, and they stirred it up, and poked it, and blew tremendously upon it with blowers. They persevered in the task—they manipulated with courage, with desperation—but it appears that all would not do. At length the signal for dinner was given, and utterly sick and tired of the stones, and with no complimentary epithets, the men shut fast the furnace door, pulled on their coats, and proceeded to their meal. Returning at the usual time, their consternation may be imagined as they beheld the furnace-door red hot, and the fire within seething and roaring like a tempest! They stood before it like men paralyzed, and when, after a time, they could summon courage enough to pry open the door, the white glare of the flames was beautiful to behold. Never before had such a fire been seen. And from that moment the secret of treating anthracite coal became known—it only required to be let alone.

The result of this trial having been communicated to the press, it was soon after followed by other reports of similar satisfactory character. In fact, as the learned Dogberry would have remarked, "the coal having now proven itself to be coal, it came near being thought so."

The Schuylkill navigation, although completed in 1818, was in such bad repair that, for several years following, it was practically useless for coal transportation. The work, probably as the natural concomitant of the want of capital and experience at that early day, was incomplete, and unable to withstand the violent freshets to which the river was exposed. But by this time wood and lumber had advanced rapidly in value —the former sometimes bringing sixteen dollars per cord in Philadelphia. The forests in the vicinity of the larger towns were fast disappearing; the suffering of the poor, during the inclemency of the winter, became severe and unavoidable, and the necessity for providing a substitute for wood was rendered daily more apparent.

Under these circumstances our friends of the "Lehigh Coal-mine Company" appeared once more in the field. They shipped, in 1820, 365 tons, and in the year following, 1000 tons. In 1822 their shipments reached 2240 tons, and in 1823 it was again doubled. This looked a little like business; and the two companies, in view of the brilliant career now opening before them, determined to merge themselves into one corporate body, under the title of the "Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company," and supplying themselves with a large additional capital, they entered at once upon the execution of such works of improvement as were deemed essential to the future accommodation of the increasing trade. As nature had not furnished an adequate supply of water to the Lehigh to maintain an even and regular stage, it became necessary to resort to artificial contrivances to check the rapidity of its flow. This was accomplished by the construction of dams in the mountain division, in which were erected sluice-gates, by whose aid the water could be retained in pools until required for use. When the dam or pool became full, and the water had overflowed long enough for the levels below to acquire the usual depth, the sluice-gates were let down, and the coal-boats, which were kept in readiness, passed over the dams in the artificial floods thus let loose.

The boats used in this descending navigation were square boxes, or arks, generally about 18 feet wide and 25 in length. At first two of them were joined together by hinges, so as to allow them to bend up and down in passing over the sluices; but as the boatmen became more accustomed to the work, and the channels continued to be improved from time to time, the number of sections thus lashed together was increased until their whole length often reached 180 feet. They were piloted and steered with long oars like a raft. Machinery was devised for jointing and putting together the planks of which the boats were made, and the men were so expert at it that five of them could put together one of the sections and launch it in forty-five minutes. Boats of this description were used until 1831, when the coal production had increased to such an extent that the boats employed to transport it, had they all been stretched out into line, would have reached over fourteen miles in length. And upon the completion of the Pennsylvania Canal in this year, the Lehigh was converted into a slack-water navigation, with locks and towing-path for horses. It has been operated in this way ever since, with no less advantage to the public than to the company themselves.

Another important improvement was the construction of a railway, nine miles in length, from the river to their mines on the summit of the mountain. This was begun in January, 1827, and finished in the month of April following—the route having been previously used as a wagon road. With the exception of a similar road in the quarries of Quincy, Massachusetts, it was the first railway operated on the American continent. And although it was not intended for miscellaneous traffic, it may be termed the nucleus around which subsequently sprang into existence the magnificent railway net-work that now binds together, in iron grasp, the States of the Federal Union. For a long time it attracted visitors from every portion of the country, and whenever a railway was proposed, a preliminary committee was appointed to examine and report its characteristic features. It had an inclination from the mines to the river of something like one hundred feet to the mile. While the loaded cars, therefore, descended by their own gravitation, mules were employed to haul back the empty ones—they themselves descending in cars specially adapted to their accommodation. And it is said that they used to enjoy the ride amazingly, expressing their approbation of the arrangement by all such tokens as long-eared animals might be expected to use. They learned to regard the privilege of riding down as an inalienable right, and no earthly pretext, neither severe nor mild measures, could induce them to return *on foot!* At the river the railway terminates on the side of the mount-

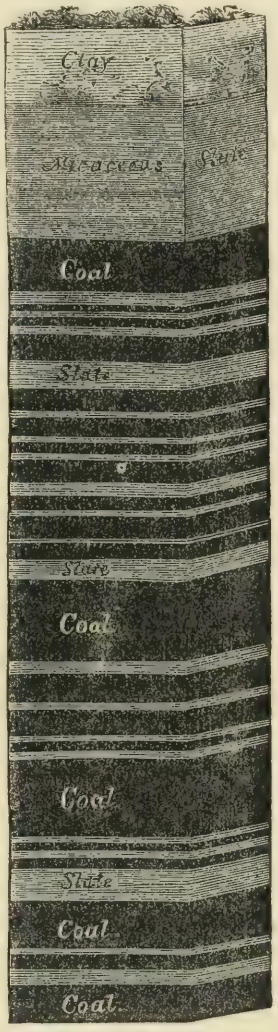


MOUNT PISGAH PLANES, AND THE GRAVITY RAILROAD AT MAUCH CHUNK.

ain at an elevation of nearly two hundred feet above the stream. Between it and the bins for storing the coal were wooden shutes, lined on the inside with sheet-iron, and sloping down to the bins on the surface of the mountain at an angle of perhaps 35°. The coal, being discharged from the bottom of the cars into the top of these shutes, slides down through them into the bins at the landing. As the bins project over the water, the canal boats, to receive their loads of coal, have only to be floated alongside; the gates of the bins are raised, and the coal issues forth in a continuous stream, and falls into the boat.

In 1830 the annual production of the Lehigh Company exceeded 41,000 tons; in 1840 it had swollen to 225,000 tons; and in 1850 to over 722,000 tons. The cost of maintaining horse-power on their railway for a trade of such magnitude became a very serious item. More than five hundred animals, with perhaps one-fourth that number of drivers and grooms, were at one time employed in the service of hauling back to the mines the empty cars. And as locomotive power was not thought practicable on a road of such severe grades, it was determined that another track should be built for the return of the empty cars, to be operated both by gravitation and stationary steam-power. The shutes for transferring the coal from the cars to the bins were accordingly abandoned (or partially so), and, by means of an inclined plane, the loaded cars themselves are now sent down to the canal, where, supported on trestle-work erected over the bins, the coal is emptied into them directly from the cars. The empty cars are then hauled to the foot of another plane a short distance above, where they are hoisted to the very peak of the mountain, accomplishing a height of over 750 feet perpendicularly, in a length of 2250 feet of plane. Arrived at the summit of the mountain, the cars descend for a distance of six miles by gravitation, and then mounting another plane again descend to the mines. With the aid of three planes, and the steam machinery which operates them, the whole business of transferring the coal from the mines to the canal boats, and of returning the empty cars, is now performed, and that in a very safe, expeditious, and economical manner.

Until the year 1847, the Lehigh Company procured all the coal which they sent to market from their celebrated open quarry on the summit of Sharp Mountain—being the identical vein or deposit originally discovered by Ginther. This quarry for many years constituted a great curiosity, and, in connection with the gravity railway, attracted thousands of visitors. The vein of coal, including the accompanying seams of slate, was at one spot nearly seventy feet in thickness, though the average did not probably exceed fifty feet. The excavated portion embraces an area of ten acres, and from this source there were mined and sent away about 850,000 tons of coal. Estimated at the ordinary value of coal as it lies in the ground, viz., thirty cents per ton, the revenue actually derived from these ten acres (as the landlord's royalty) would be $255,000, or $25,000 per acre. The annexed sketch exhibits a perpendicular view of the stratification, from which it will be perceived that a stratum of rock and clay, of considerable thickness, overlies the coal, while the "benches" of coal themselves alternate with numerous thin strips of slate and impure coal, as indicated by the white streaks. At some places the top covering did not exceed four or five feet, but for the most part it averaged from twelve to eighteen. As all this earthy material had to be excavated and removed, the process of quarrying was found to be quite as expensive, after all, as that of subterraneous working. And when it was found that the top covering continued to increase in thickness, from the anticlinal axis which the stratum formed, it was concluded to abandon the quarries in favor of the other mode, which requires the removal of nothing but the coal itself. The excavations in the quarries were conducted in platforms, of which there were five or six. They were penetrated in every direction by railways, over which the cars were brought in and loaded, and the refuse slate and dirt removed. The coal was thus fully exposed to the light of day, and the various avenues were all strewn with immense heaps and masses of it. Some of the huge breasts at which the miners were employed presented an appearance singularly and highly picturesque. Towering fifty to sixty feet in the air, entirely separated and isolated from the adjacent strata, with their tops still covered with forest foliage, and the trunk of an old tree occasionally left standing as a kind of monumental relic of the past, these gigantic mural breasts of coal had a dark, sombre, cyclopean aspect; while the ring of the drill, the sharp glance of the miner's pick, the rumbling noise of passing cars, the rattling of coal shovels, and the general buzz and circumstance of activity every where around—all awakened in the visitor sensations at once peculiar, novel, and interesting. Professor Silliman thought that they had much the "appearance of a vast fort, of



STRATIFICATION OF THE GREAT SUMMIT VEIN.



THE GREAT OPEN QUARRY OF THE LEHIGH.

which the central area was the parade-ground, and the upper escarpment the platform for the cannon." And the comparison was *à propos;* for there was employed in the mineral garrison an army by no means insignificant in number or strength, and all equipped and armed with the implements of industrial war.

The coal trade of the Schuylkill region commenced in 1822, when fifteen hundred tons were shipped to Philadelphia over the Schuylkill Canal. This work, however, still continued in a bad condition for navigation until, in 1825, it underwent some important repairs. In that year the trade reached 6500 tons, and in the following one nearly 17,000 tons. In 1827 the production was again doubled, and the shipments from the two regions amounted to more than 60,000 tons. The coal trade had now been thoroughly inaugurated. Hearth-grates and stoves of an improved structure, expressly adapted to the use of anthracite, were every where introduced, and its future destiny as a mineral fuel became at once as plain as the noonday sun. The public mind was not only aroused, but became intensely excited upon the subject. The valleys and mountains of the Schuylkill were explored, and when it was ascertained that a vast extent of country abounded in the combustible—that the quantity was seemingly inexhaustible—that instead of but two or three veins, there were in all probability a hundred, and these conveniently accessible to navigation from every point—when all this became manifest, the speculative spirit which burst forth scarcely knew any bound or limit. The wild and precipitous mountain lands which previously did not realize the taxes assessed upon them were now eagerly purchased, and assumed an extraordinary value. Towns were laid out—roads were cut through the forests, over the mountain peaks and along their narrow gorges—railways and canals were projected—coal-mines opened—all was conceived in the spirit of speculation, and executed under the impulse of its excitements. Such was the demand for houses that, in many instances, the lumber was wrought into shape in Philadelphia and sent by canal to the coal region, ready for the joiner. Whole villages along the road-side thus sprang into existence like mushrooms, or as if by the power of magic. The taverns were all crowded, and their walls strewn with colored maps and lithographs. All the adventurers of the large towns flocked to Pottsville, like so many bees around their queen. They had only to go there to be transformed into millionaires. Fortune had seated herself upon a throne of anthracite; she held her court levees among the rolling mountains, and to be crowned with her favor it was only essential to appear in person. Many of them, indeed, realized handsomely—for they could hardly do less as the mere instruments of transfer from one party to another. But the great Moguls of the day—those whose destiny it seemed to be to head long lines of millionaire descendants—appeared with their pockets stuffed with agreements of purchase; with leases of mines, plats of towns, surveys for railways, and various pamphlets and memoranda bearing upon the resources, productive capacity, and future destiny of the coal region and the coal trade, and of certain tracts of land and town lots in particular. These gentlemen, with an easy and impressive dignity of manner, could show you at a glance the number and thickness of the veins, and their dip

and strike, together with the whole complex geological phenomena of the basin. Their conversational eloquence—their graceful reasoning and comprehensive deductions—their inexhaustible store of statistical data and sagacious acumen, not only proved overwhelming in a conglomerate assemblage, but invariably produced a "sensation" in the pockets of such capitalists as happened to be on the alert for "something to turn up" in the form of an investment. They had combustible material to work upon, and they fanned their fires into an irresistible flame!

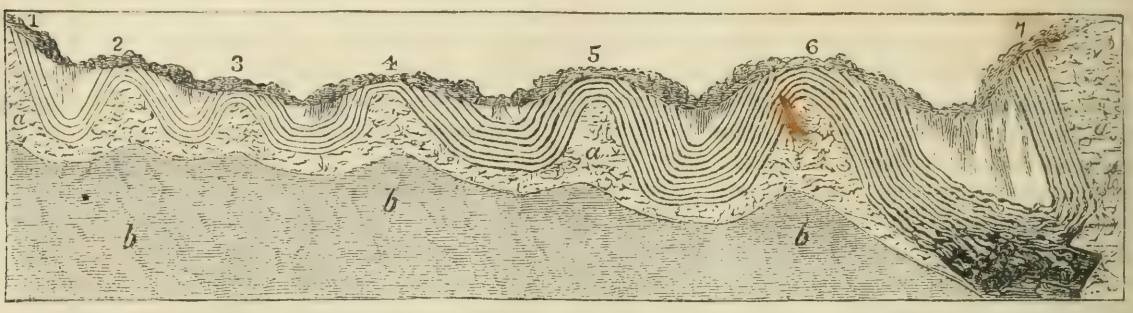
Within a period of six months from the beginning of the speculative movement (which continued with more or less activity for three years), nearly five millions of dollars had been invested in the coal-lands of Schuylkill County. The same tracts which were purchased in 1827 for five hundred dollars, in some instances were sold, in 1829, just before the excitement began to subside, for sixteen thousand; and these figures will indicate the rise and culminating point of the whole movement.

Now so far as the lands themselves were concerned, they had really never attained their intrinsic value; but it so happened that before any thing could be realized from them, it was necessary to construct improvements, both of a public and private character, to develop their resources. Up to the present moment, more than $75,000,000 have been expended in the railways and canals that convey the coal of the several regions to market; while ten millions additional have been appropriated to works of a local nature, including the machinery to get out the coal. It was in the execution of these essential, and, in most cases, preliminary improvements, that many of the original actors in the coal trade became involved beyond their means; and after years of intricate and perplexing financial manœuvring ("enough to break a royal merchant down") the sheriff had to step forward to their relief.

While all the coal of the Lehigh was procured from one spot, and under the direction of one company, the case was entirely reversed in the Schuylkill. Here, although two mining companies had been organized, the trade was in the hands of individual operators; and it affords a significant comment on the progressive spirit of the age (though by no means a flattering one upon the energy of the "pioneers" themselves) that it then required about the same number of master colliers to produce 100,000 tons as are now engaged in the annual production of nearly 4,000,000 tons. But as the business of coal-mining was new, they probably pursued the wisest course in embarking upon it in a modest way. The leases of the operators usually covered a "run" upon the out-crop, or strike of the vein, of from fifty to seventy yards, with an allowance of sufficient space to perform the necessary outside functions of a mine conducted on strictly ancient principles. The pits varied from thirty to forty feet in depth, and the coal was hoisted in wooden buckets, by means of a rope and windlass. The same "machinery" drained the mine of water, unless the influx was extraordinary, in which emergency its abandonment became a matter of necessity. A few of the more enterprising operators—such as had a "run" of one or two hundred yards on the vein—erected gins, and raised their coal and water by horse-power. These, however, were the Napoleons and Cæsars of the trade, and thought nothing of shipping two or three thousand tons per annum. Scattered along the hill slopes, in the vicinity of Pottsville, the spectator could survey a dozen of these "collieries" at a glance, and the scene which they presented was both unique and interesting. The coal was hauled away in wagons, and deposited on the wharves of the Schuylkill, where it passed through the hands of the shipping merchants to those of the consumer. While the trade itself was small, the profits were not to be despised; at all events, every thing proceeded cheerfully and satisfactorily until, in 1830, the market became suddenly and unexpectedly overstocked. The increased production was frightful, 63,000 tons over the previous year. The market was utterly unable to bear it, and a panic immediately ensued in the trade. The prices fell to a ruinous figure; the "paper" of the shippers had to "lie over under protest," and, as a natural result, operations at many of the mines had to be summarily discontinued. Picks and shovels, ropes and buckets, were hastily disposed of at a sacrifice for cash, and not a few of the operators took passage on the towing-path of the Schuylkill for such regions of country as afforded a safer immunity from the liability to imprisonment for debt than the statutes then in force in Pennsylvania. There was consequently in the following year a large diminution of the production, both in the Lehigh and the Schuylkill; but this was counterbalanced by supplies from the Lackawanna, which had then but recently gone into operation upon the completion of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. The whole increase, however, was only 2000 tons against the 63,000 of the previous year.

But the introduction of railways between the mines and the docks of the canal, together with some marked improvements in the mode of mining the coal, again revived the trade in 1832, when the shipments exceeded 209,000 tons, being an increase over the last year of 117,000 tons. As it was difficult to relieve the mines of their water after the shafts had attained a depth of forty feet, that plan of operating them was generally discontinued in favor of horizontal drifts or tunnels. The mining leases, at the same time, were more comprehensive in their scope, and embraced a far greater length of vein than formerly.

We may here remark, as a preliminary step to a description of the present processes of mining coal, that the wave-like undulations of the strata proceed from north to south, as shown in the following sketch, while their strike is from



IDEAL GEOLOGICAL CROSS-SECTION, EXHIBITING THE GREAT AXES OF THE SCHUYLKILL BASIN.

east to west, conformably to the chain of mountains which inclose them. The coal-trough is seventy-five miles in length, including the two terminal forks near the Susquehanna; its width at the broadest place, which is at Pottsville, being nearly five miles. The mountains which bound it rise with considerable abruptness to a height of from six to eight hundred feet, and their rugged peaks afford a splendid view of the whole of the central basin, which presents a form very similar to the Indian canoe, wide in the centre, and contracting and rising at both ends. Within this basin are several subordinate ones, the result of the axes described in the engraving, and which were no doubt produced by the joint and perhaps contemporaneous movement of heat from beneath the measures and of lateral pressure of surrounding agitated waters. In no other way can we satisfactorily account for the extraordinary folding together of strata originally in a soft and plastic condition.

Beginning on the Broad Mountain, the northern barrier, we find at least four veins, two of them of enormous thickness, out-cropping along the bed of conglomerate, *a*. Dipping with a gentle slope, they rise in the Mine Hill, producing a basin of comparatively shallow depth, and forming the first and second anticlinal axes. All these axes have been more or less degraded by water, thus exposing the veins on both slopes of the saddle, but others bend gracefully over, and often lie at great depths from the surface. It will hence be observed that what are the highest veins on the mountain, in point of fact are the lowest at the synclinal level.

In their second downward plunge toward the south, one or two veins are added to the previous number, and it will be seen that a similar successive addition accrues at each axis until, at the final and deepest pitch which they make, no less than thirteen distinct and separate veins of coal have been identified. The veins of the first, second, and third axes are of the white-ash variety; overlying these is a transition group, called gray or pink ash, and upon these in turn occur the red-ash series, some six or eight in number.

Now the coal of the Sharp Mountain axis is mainly of the red-ash variety, and the veins are exceedingly faulty and hungry in their aspect. Nothing like the true white ash is obtained, except perhaps at the eastern and western ends, where the measures are materially elevated. It becomes an interesting problem in practical geology to ascertain what has become of these great monster veins in the very heart of the basin. Where are they? I know of no way of determining the case but to infer that, at the point of fracture in the mountain, a terrible contest occurred between the coal measures on the one side, and the yet soft and yielding conglomerate and sandstone on the other. The thick stratum of conglomerate and mud, ere it had been hardened by heat and pressure, was bent and broken at the present synclinal level of the coal—the lower coal measures pushing against it with resistless force, doubled and folded back in a confused heap, while the small red-ash veins made their escape upward parallel with the conglomerate. It is thus that we find the red ash lying next to the conglomerate, while it will be seen from our section that this is the *true position* of the white-ash veins.



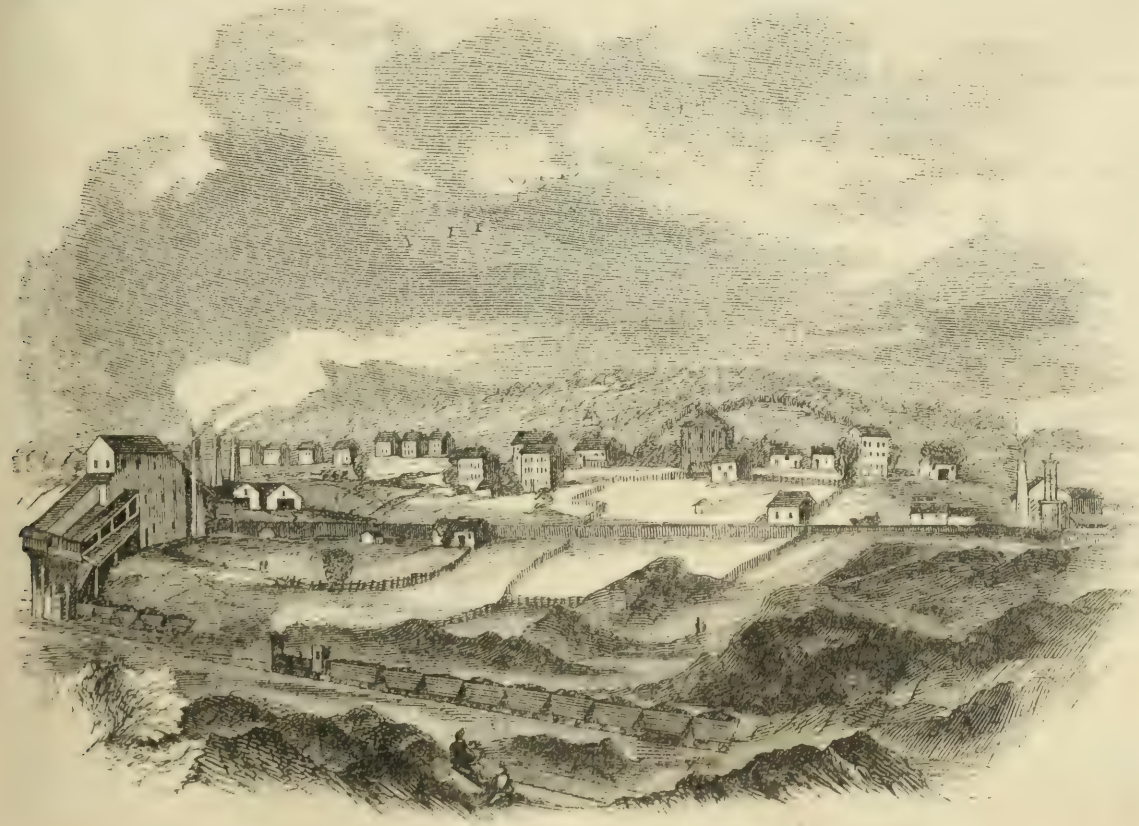
COAL DRIFT.

While the geological structure of the measures is thus complicated and distorted, the processes of mining and preparing the coal for market are simple. As the mountains have in many places been worn down to give passage to streams of water, the coal veins are exposed, or hidden only by shallow deposits of detritus. Where the coal exists in a mountain thus degraded, excavations are commenced directly upon the out-crop, and are thence pushed forward through the

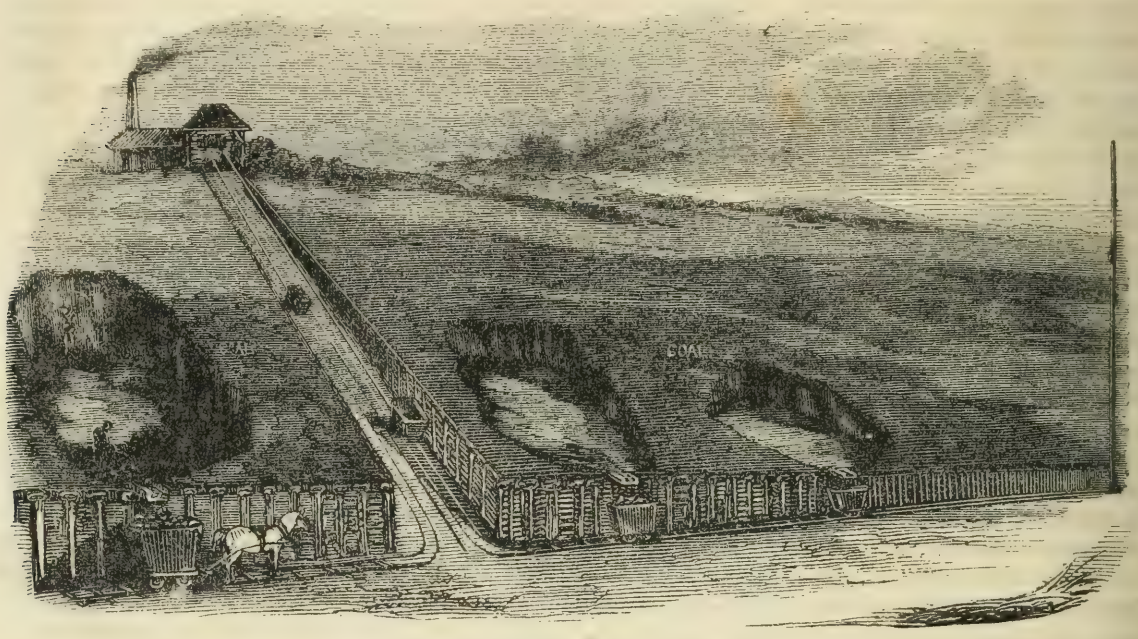
body of the vein. This is called a *Drift* (or adit level), and it is either situated upon the side or at the base of the mountain. As the drift is extended from day to day, the sides and roof are supported by wooden props, as exhibited in the sketch—the props being placed some three feet apart, and covered with slabs and sticks of wood to prevent the overhanging coal or wall-rock from falling through. A railway is laid down in the mine, over which the coal is drawn out by horses. Having an inclination toward its mouth the drift drains itself of water without any mechanical assistance. Where the mountain, however, is not cut down so as to afford direct access to the vein, it becomes necessary to drive a tunnel to it through the interposing strata, at the end of which gangways are driven through the vein at right angles from the tunnel. The letter T sufficiently illustrates the movement: the shaft representing the tunnel, and the beam-line the gangways, extending in both directions through the coal.

We believe it was in 1836 that the first mine was sunk below the water-level. Before this time, singular as it may now appear, it was generally thought that the coal did not extend below the base of the mountains. But experience has since demonstrated that not only do the veins pitch down to a great depth "into the bowels of the earth" (often, indeed, to an unknown if not an impracticable depth), but that by far the largest portion of the coal exists below.

When a vein of coal is worked below the bed of an adjacent stream the mine is called a *Slope*, and extensive steam-power is required to hoist the coal and pump up the water. The first step in commencing an operation of this kind is to trace the out-cropping of the vein upon the surface. A favorable location must then be selected, twenty to thirty feet from the dip of the vein, for the erection of the stationary steam-power. The engines used are of the capacity of from fifty to ninety horse-power, are nearly all horizontal high-pressure, and work with a slide-valve. They are built with more regard to strength and durability than to mere beauty of finish, and are invariably the work of the machinists of the coal region. The location being fixed upon, the slope or inclined plane is driven down through the vein, and consequently at the same angle of inclination, whatever it may be. The thickness of the vein is usually excavated, and the slope must be sufficiently wide to admit two railway tracks, each from thirty-six to forty inches wide, with room also for the pumps on one side (and sometimes both sides) and a traveling road in the centre for the miners. The whole width varies from eighteen to twenty-three feet. The plane is driven down about three hundred feet for the first level, at the foot of which gangways are commenced running at right angles from the slope, as in the case of drifts. These gangways are extended from time to time as occasion requires, until the limits of the mining lease are reached. They are often driven a distance of two miles, with turn-outs at intervals for trains to pass each other. They are made seven or more feet high, and sufficiently wide to admit a railway track, upon which a car, loaded with two or three tons of coal, may pass with facility. The cars are hauled by mules, which are supplied with board and lodgings in the caverns of the mine. The gangways being driven a suffi-



THE PRICE WETHERILL COLLIERY.



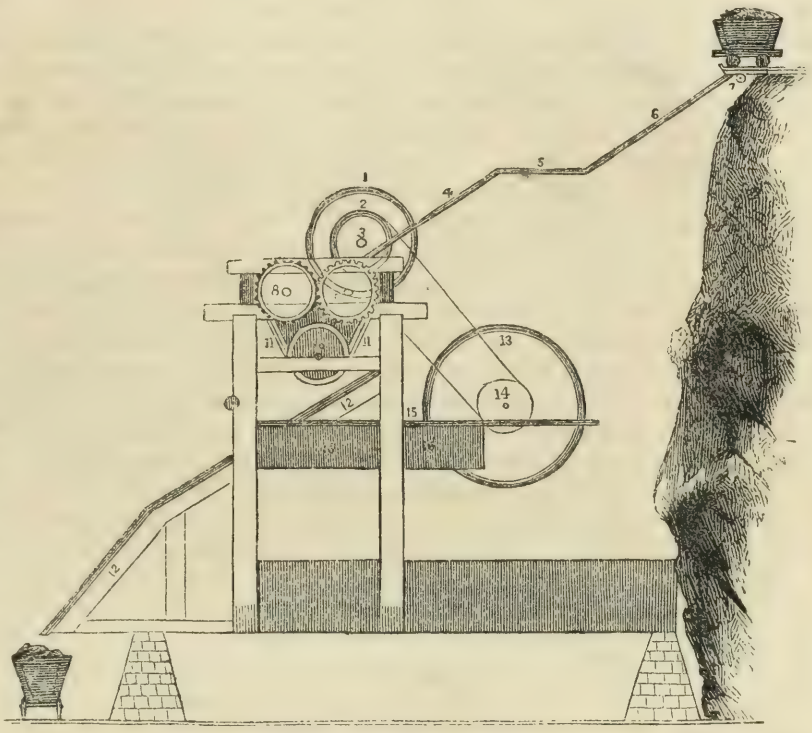
INTERIOR PLAT OF A COAL SLOPE.

cient length, the process of mining the coal begins. The vein is usually left untouched for a distance of some thirty-five feet on each side of the slope, so as to give it additional strength and permanency, as, in an extensive establishment and a good vein, its use may be required for a long series of years. A pillar of coal, for the like reason, is left standing along the upper side of the gangway; but above and beyond it, all the coal to within some twenty feet of the surface is worked out. The arrangement for working is simple: two miners and a laborer generally work in a "breast," or "slope," which is usually forty feet in width. They first make a small incision through the gangway pillar, which serves both to give them entrance to the breasts and as a shute for the excavated coal; after which they cut away all the coal to the full width of the breast, and as they pursue it toward the surface, it slides down behind them through the shutes, and into the cars in the gangway. As fast as the coal is extracted, the roof and overhanging rock is supported either by wooden props, or by suffering small pillars of coal to remain. Pillars are especially necessary when the vein is a large one, and there is consequently a considerable waste of coal in working such veins. Those of from eight to ten feet are, upon the whole, more desirable on the score of economy. From ten to fifteen breasts are worked simultaneously in mines of the ordinary capacity, while the gangways are always being extended; so that by the time the first breasts are exhausted, another series will be ready. When all the coal of the level is taken out, the slope has to be sunk down to another, whereupon the same arrangements are repeated. And thus the mine sinks down deeper and deeper, until finally, with the increase of friction, and the difficulty of ventilation, it is unable to maintain its profits, and its abandonment follows as a matter of necessity.

Going now to the shutes in the gangway, we find the cars loaded with coal. The mules will draw a train of three or four of them to the foot of the slope, where they are left, and as many empty ones hauled back. One of the loaded cars is pushed upon a horizontal revolving platform, by a person stationed there for the purpose, and then turning it round so as to connect with the rails of the slope-road, the bell-pull is drawn to give the engineer above notice that all is ready, when the steam-power is applied and the loaded car hoisted up, while an empty one descends on the other track. The coal being now safely arrived at the surface, the car is detached from the rope, pushed to a sideling track, and an empty one returned in its place and hooked to the rope. Another loaded car being by this time again in readiness below, the bell-pull is drawn, and the same movement occurs. This process of hoisting and lowering the cars is always going on during the day, and sometimes at night. The time occupied for bringing up a car rarely exceeds a minute, which includes the attaching and detaching of the cars from the rope. Where from one to two hundred tons are shipped daily from the mine (besides hoisting the accumulated rubbish and slates), it will be perceived that it forms one of the most important features of the establishment.

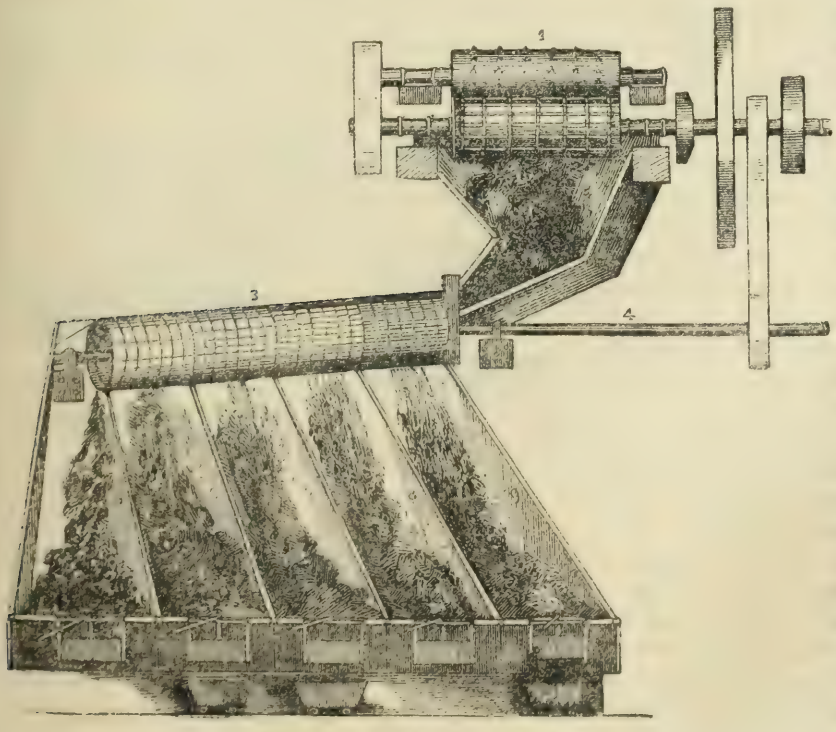
The next thing which demands our attention is the *Coal-Breaker*, and this always forms the most conspicuous object at every mine. Here the coal is broken and screened into the various sizes required by the consumer, and the process is performed with wonderful celerity and exactness. The breaker is erected as near to the mouth of the slope as the nature of the ground will admit, and considerable elevation is required to bring the coal to the top of the rollers without resorting to machinery for hoisting it up. In some instances it is erected directly at

the mouth of the slope, and the coal hoisted into it; but as provision has to be made for the disposal of the slate which accumulates in the mine, there is probably little gained by the arrangement. Much of the slate and "bony coal" that occurs in the vein is separated below, and then hauled up and thrown around the slope, where, in connection with the *débris* of the breaker, it often forms immense artificial hills. But as the slope itself is generally situated on the side of a mountain the breaker is at the foot of it, and upon a level with the railroad over which the coal is borne off to market. When the cars, therefore, come up from the slope they often descend by gravitation to the top of the breaker, or, if there be no such inclination, they are hauled back and forth by mules. The coal at the Price Wetherill colliery, it will be observed, has to be hoisted up—employing for this purpose the same steam-power that is applied to the breaker. The breaker is also fed by two slopes, one being immediately in the rear of it, and the other some distance to the right. The colliery is one of the most complete and extensive in the coal region, and has been erected at a cost of over one hundred thousand dollars.



SIDE VIEW OF THE BREAKER.

The coal-breaker is, of course, operated by steam—the capacity of the engines varying from ten to twenty horse-power, and they are constructed on the same plan as those used at the slopes. The annexed sketches exhibit the form and structure of the machinery, and the interior arrangement of the establishment. The loaded car appears at the top of the rollers, ready to be dumped, when the coal passes over the shute (6) into the landing (5), where men are stationed, with picks and hammers, to break the larger pieces as the mass moves forward. It now passes to the rollers through a hole about a yard in length by six or eight inches in width—the hopper (4) feeding it in a regular and continuous quantity. The figures 8 and 9 are the rollers, which, revolving with great rapidity toward each other, break the lumps of coal as they fall between them. Figure 10 is the screen into which the coal is conducted from the hopper (11) as it falls from the rollers. From the screen, the coal again falls into shutes (12), where it is stored, ready to be transferred to the railway cars. Figure 1 indicates the fly-wheel of the breaker; 2, a pulley on the fly-wheel shaft; 3, the breaker shaft; 13, the fly-wheel of the engine; 14, the pulley on engine shaft; 15, bed-plates for engine; and 16, the location of the boiler.



FRONT VIEW OF THE BREAKER.

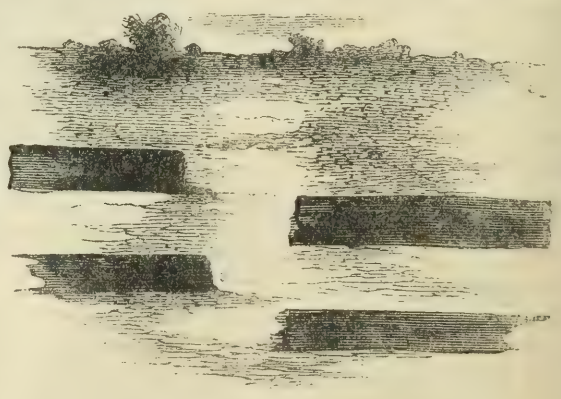
Such is the side view. Taking our stand in front, we shall see the movement of the coal as it falls from

the rollers into the screen, and thence into the shutes. The screen is divided into four sections, and, being in a slightly inclined position, receives the coal from the hopper (figure 2) at its elevated end. Figure 1 shows the rollers, the upper one being solid, and the other perforated between the teeth. This is to avoid, as much as possible, the crushing or grinding of the coal. Figure 4 is the shaft which turns the screen. Now the screen being divided into sections, the net-work of the first produces the smallest size of coal, called "pea," which falls into the proper compartment of the shutes below (9). The net-work of the second section is a little larger, and furnishes the size known as "egg coal," which, in turn, falls into shute 8. The third section is again larger, and produces "stove coal," which is received into shute 7. The fourth section furnishes "broken coal," and it falls into 6, while the remainder, being too large in size to penetrate the net-work, passes out of the end of the screen, and falls into the shute 5. This variety is known as "lump coal." As the coal falls from the screen boys are stationed in the shutes to pick out the slate and impure coal, and it is truly astonishing to observe with what activity they will discover and seize the proscribed intruders. They often perform their work carelessly, however, and then the consumer commits the egregious blunder of denouncing the quality of the coal instead of the culpable slate-pickers. There are usually two sets of screens and shutes at every breaker, so that in case of accident to one the other may be used. The shutes will hold from three to five hundred tons, and they are filled at least once a day during the season of navigation.

The cars of the Reading Railroad and of the Schuylkill Navigation are sent over the lateral railways to the several mines, where they are drawn under the shutes of the breakers and filled. They are then brought back to the landings at Port Carbon or Schuylkill Haven, and if the coal is to be shipped by canal, it is dumped into the dock shutes or directly into the boats; and if by railway, then the cars are rearranged into trains for Port Richmond, Philadelphia, or intermediate stations. The cars being labeled in numerical order, are consigned by the operator by the numbers which they respectively bear. Two tickets are filled up, one of which is taken by the conductor of the train, and serves to identify the cars and the coal at the weigh-scales, while the other is retained by the operator. After the weight is ascertained new bills are made out, one of which goes to the receiver of the coal, and the other to the proper officers of the railroad at the point of delivery. The cost of transportation over the Reading road is usually about two cents per ton per mile, and is always collected from the receiver of the coal; while that of the lateral roads, varying from ten to thirty cents per ton, according to the distance, is paid by the operators. There are five or six of these lateral roads owned by as many different companies, and all operated with profit to the shareholders. Their main trunks connect with the Reading Railroad and the docks of the canal, from which they diverge and radiate into numerous branches to the mines. There are more than one hundred such branches, having an aggregate length of 500 miles, including about 150 miles under ground.

But let us return to the mine. Below the turning platform at the foot of the slope is a sump from thirty to forty feet in depth, and of the same width as the slope, into which the water from all the avenues of the mine is drained. The pipes through which the water is pumped up extend from the sump to the mouth of the slope, and their diameter ranges from twelve to eighteen inches. There is also a considerable variation both in the length of stroke of the engine and the number of revolutions per minute. However, the amount of water raised from some of the mines is almost incredible. In rainy seasons they are frequently overflowed, and it taxes the strength of the pumping machinery to relieve them. Four thousand hogsheads of water have, in some cases, been pumped up in eight hours; while the aggregate amount raised each day, from the seventy-five slopes now in operation, is estimated at 385,725 hogsheads. Indeed, the amount of water from each mine is much more than sufficient to float away the coal, and the upper levels of Schuylkill, during times of drought, are often sustained solely by the supplies thus received. The entire coal-basin being porous or cellular, like a sponge, nearly all the water that falls into it sinks into the mines, whence it is furnished in regular supplies to the canal without any appreciable loss by evaporation.

The coal strata of the Schuylkill are somewhat impaired in value by the frequent occurrence of "faults," and especially the veins of the upper or red-ash group. When the continuity of a vein is destroyed or interrupted by the intrusion of rock or dirt, or by a deposit of soft and impure coal, it is termed a *Fault*. And

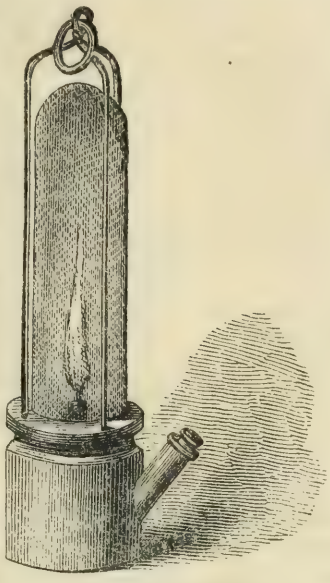


FAULT IN A COAL-VEIN.

these foreigners present themselves in various forms, in nearly every mine in the basin. Sometimes the vein has been fractured, and the dissevered and irregularly-shaped fragments are like a broken sheet of glass; sometimes it is rolled or doubled up, affording an immense quantity of coal in a particular spot, while

again the vein often pinches out into a mere thread; but the most common kind is the intrusion of rock and dirt in the body of the vein. These constitute one of the most troublesome and expensive contingencies in mining operations, and have wrecked the fortunes of many an operator, and caused the abandonment of many a mine otherwise good.

Another serious difficulty is that of ventilation, and this unfortunately increases with the depth of the workings. Thus far, however, the matter has occasioned no particular embarrassment, since the mines themselves have attained no great depth. The deepest in the region hardly exceeds a thousand feet perpendicular, while in England some of the collieries are nearly two thousand feet deep. The ventilation is consequently expensive and difficult of attainment. Besides the evils flowing from an impure air the coal itself constantly discharges gases which, in a certain state of combination with the atmosphere, produce what are termed "fire-damp explosions." Their escape from the breasts of coal creates a peculiar hissing sound, and when the ventilation is imperfect the liability to danger is always present. An explosion of fire-damp is similar to that of powder, except that it is often far more violent and terrific. The air is converted into a cloud of fire, and every thing is dashed to atoms that falls within its grasp. The fiery tempest seizes the rubbish of the mine, the timbers, and fragments of loose coal, and hurls them against the side-walls; the men, if they elude the sirocco blast, have their ears, mouth, and nostrils filled with sand and dust, and sustain more or less bodily injury from the mere violence of the atmospheric concussion. They often avoid the fire by falling on their faces and letting the demon ride over them, for if caught within its range death is the almost certain result. The fire-damp is generally succeeded by the "choke-damp," unless the ventilating current is strong. The atmospheric air being destroyed by the explosion, for a time there is left nothing to breathe but poisonous vapor—hence suffocation commonly ensues. In England, on one occasion, out of 200 men in the mine during an explosion, 196 were instantly killed. In France, on a Monday morning, when the miners, one after the other, were descending to their work, the first fell dead, seized with asphyxia; the next one attempted to aid him, and, coming within the stratum of carbonic acid, also fell dead; the third, fourth, and fifth shared a like fate, and there is no telling where the evil would have stopped had not the sixth turned round and forced the others to return up the shaft. The number of victims to these terrible casualties in the coal-mines of England became so alarming that the Government, some years ago, instituted measures for the better security of life; for although the safety-lamp invented by Sir Humphrey Davy enables one to explore the mine and penetrate the fiery accumulations with impunity, it can not be conveniently used for the ordinary purposes of the miner. It is too expensive and too inefficient as a light. As nothing short of an open flame will suffice, the absolute danger is probably as great as ever. Nevertheless the Davy lamp is useful in its way, in enabling one to examine the condition of the mine, and to apply the needful remedies; but beyond this it subserves no important end. It is surrounded by a thin wire gauze, having about 750 holes to the square inch, and its peculiar merit consists in the discovery that the explosive mixture in the air will not penetrate it so as to affect the flame inside. An explosion is thus impossible, and it is this beautiful discovery that constitutes the value of the lamp.



THE DAVY LAMP.

The common mode of ventilating the mines of this region is upon the principle of *withdrawing*. For this purpose air-shafts are pierced from the breasts of coal to the surface, directly over which, or some of them, fires are constantly maintained. The draft thus occasioned creates a strong current of air in the mine below, and generally secures the object desired. But while the air in the gangways is nearly always good, that of the breasts is more or less defective, owing to the difficulty of forcing or conducting the atmospheric currents through them; and it therefore often becomes necessary to employ fans and banners, either to drive the foul air out or the pure air in. Explosions of fire-damp have been increasing with alarming rapidity; but in most cases they are the results of sheer carelessness on the part of the miners themselves. It is a lamentable fact—and to such as have occasion to descend into mines whose ventilation is imperfect, it is by no means a pleasant reflection—that out of a gang of fifty or sixty men you can always count on a certain proportion of ignorant and reckless characters, who hold the lives and limbs of all the others in the tenure of their criminal folly and stupidity.

Although the social and moral condition of our mining population is not as good as many of us would like to see it, it is yet infinitely superior to that of the same class in Europe. It is composed almost exclusively of foreigners, and includes representatives in about equal proportions from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Germany. When engaged in the mines the miner attaches his lamp to the side of his cap, and there is probably nothing peculiar in his appearance except that his face and hands



COAL-MINER.

are blackened and his clothes all wet and besmeared with coal mud. His shoes are coarse and heavy—the soles being very thick and completely covered with little broad-headed nails, to resist the encroachments of water and the sharp edges of the coal *débris*. Apart from the accidents to which they are exposed, they are otherwise extremely healthy. They know little but what pertains to their subterraneous employment, and in connection with it some of them have ideas of geological order of far more practical value than the high-strung theories of the learned professors. They are to some extent superstitious—as, for example, it is regarded as an evil omen for a visitor in the mine to whistle or hum an air. Some of their technical words indicate their apprehension of supernatural spirits and evil genii as existing in the mines. The Cornish miners, who are usually found in lead and copper regions, have a most ridiculous habit of giving a loud *grunt* with every blow of the pick or hammer.

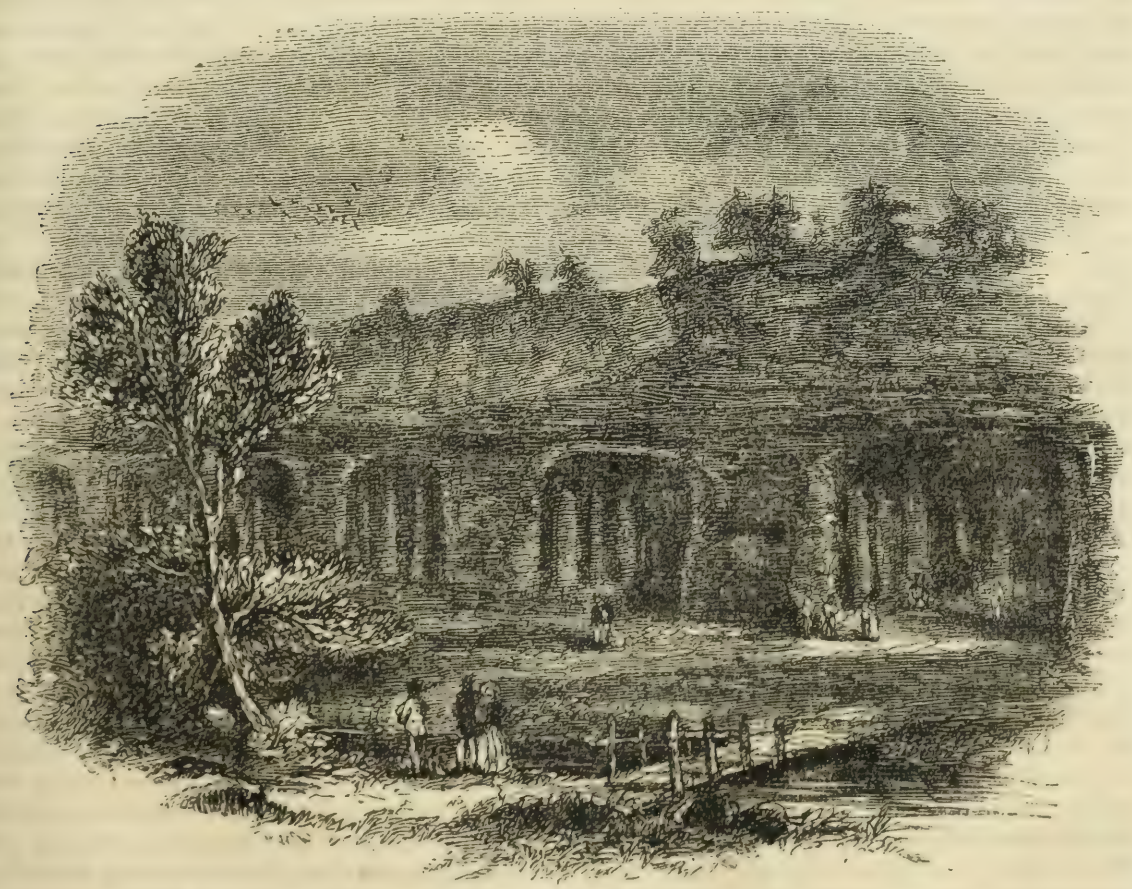
The Schuylkill coal basin is supposed to contain thirteen distinct seams of coal. At one time it was thought to embrace a hundred or more, but this originated in mistaking the different out-crops, where they only described saddles, for so many veins. The combustible qualities of the coal are divided into three classes, determined by the color of their ashes—the lower veins producing white, the middle gray or pink, and the upper red ashes. The first is preferred for smelting and puddling iron; the second for heating furnaces in houses, and the third for grates and cooking. But besides the marked differences in these three varieties in the economy of combustion, there is also a local difference in the character of the coal from the same veins; there is, in fact, all the difference in the qualities of coal that we find in different kinds of wood. Besides the distinguishing color of the ash, the coal graduates from a soft, semi-bituminous at the Susquehanna, to a free burner on the Swatara—a fine, compact and hard coal at the Schuylkill, to an exceedingly dense variety on the Lehigh (and this is the strongest anthracite coal ever found on the face of the globe).

North of the Schuylkill are the basins of the Mahanoy and Shamokin; while east of them are several small detached ones, as the Hazleton, Beaver Meadow, Buck Mountain, etc., all of whose coal (except the two former) is shipped over the Lehigh Canal and the Valley Railroad. The coal of the Mahanoy is drawn over the Broad Mountain by means of steam inclined planes, and reaches the Atlantic markets *via* the Schuylkill; that of Shamokin descends the Susquehanna River, or goes north *via* the Sunbury and Elmira railways. North of all these basins lies that of Wyoming—beautiful alike for its unsurpassed scenery, its romantic settlement and history, and, to the geologist, for the regularity of its coal measures. Like the Schuylkill basin, it is about five miles in width by nearly seventy in length. The Lackawanna Creek drains the eastern portion, and meets the Susquehanna River in the centre of the basin. Entering the valley from the north, the river abruptly changes its course toward the west, and then glides down the middle of it some ten miles below Wilkesbarre, where it again deviates from the canal, and passes through the Nanticoke Mountains. The coal of the Lackawanna has several outlets: the Railway of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, just completed, are the avenues to the Atlantic markets, while the North Branch Canal supplies the interior country north and west of Scranton. A cross-section of the Wyoming basin in the vicinity of Wilkesbarre exhibits five or six distinct but gently-sloping axes, the southern one being comparatively level, and the coal lying near to the surface. The whole basin appears to be remarkably free from disturbance of any kind. In the vicinity of the Nanticoke, where the measures begin to rise toward their western termination, the veins of coal occur in great purity and extraordinary thickness; and the excavations of the Grand Tunnel, and those of the Baltimore Company near Wilkesbarre, are nothing short of a physical phenomenon. A stage-coach, a locomotive and train might be driven through the excavated avenues of these mines. The principal vein at Nanticoke is thirty-five feet thick, at Wilkesbarre twenty-eight, Pillston fourteen, and Scranton about ten feet. The veins, it thus appears, thin out toward their eastern termini, and most likely come closer together. The Baltimore mines have been worked for many years, and it is worth a journey across the Atlantic to see them. The great vein was at first operated in open quarry, but the top covering having increased in thickness with the slope of the strata, it was found more economical to pursue the coal under ground, as in the case of the Lehigh mines. The measures having been thus cut down perpendicularly, six or seven openings were made into the coal, and up to the present

moment we are informed that about twenty-five acres have been excavated. Probably not more than two-thirds of the coal, however, has been removed, as it was necessary to leave large masses of it remaining to support the overlying rock and soil. The light admitted by these openings reveals several acres of the interior, and there appears before you a stupendous forest of rounded pillars of coal. The scene thus presented is one of those things which neither pen nor pencil can portray; it must be seen. The roof is some twenty-five feet above the floor, and it is not only perfectly smooth but often has the glossy polish peculiar to the laminated slates. The mine is free from water, and the air pure and invigorating. The cost of cutting the coal is as *near* nothing as a combination of favorable circumstances could approach, while there is apparently enough of it to supply the civilized world for ages to come. Indeed, a casual inspection of this monster vein, which also exists in the Schuylkill and some of the other basins, will dispel all apprehensions as to the exhaustibility of our anthracite coal-fields.

But large as these fields are, they are but the mere outlyers of the still more stupendous coal formation of the Appalachian chain of mountains. This vast bituminous region, including the basins east and west of the Missouri River, contains at least twice the aggregate amount of workable coal of all the rest of the known world combined; and lying, as it does, mainly within the valley and tributaries of the Mississippi, its commercial value is entirely beyond the scope of arithmetical computation. The whole country, from the Gulf of Mexico to that of the St. Lawrence and Newfoundland, originally comprised one grand coal-field. Detached portions of it are scattered along the Rio Grande and Chihuahua rivers in Mexico, as well as upon some of their branches in Texas; numerous isolated beds occur on the Red and Arkansas rivers; while further north lies that of Missouri, separated from the Illinois only by the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. The southeastern point is pierced by the Ohio, and it approaches within some fifty miles of the Alleghany coal, which, lying in a position nearly north and south, runs parallel with the Atlantic plain for a distance of 750 miles. On the eastern slope of the mountains are the isolated beds of North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and a portion of the semi-bituminous, bituminous, and the great anthracite basins of Pennsylvania. It originally traversed portions of New York and the New England States, where small deposits and traces of impure coal are found; but the invasion of the sea, in its northern course, has overflowed the beds, leaving those of the British provinces literally to emerge from the water which surrounds them.

Pennsylvania, of itself, has a greater area of coal than all England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Spain, France, and Belgium united. It is only exceeded by the British provinces, whose coal is but the terminus of our own formation. They contain a coal area of 18,000 square miles; Pennsylvania has a surface of not quite 14,000, or nearly one-third of its whole area. Large



THE BALTIMORE MINE.

as this body of coal land seems some of the other States exceed it, though none of them have any thing like the number of distinct coal veins or aggregate thickness of coal. It is estimated that we have in all the States of the Union upward of 150,000 square miles of coal; but Pennsylvania is the only State which affords all the different varieties, as red, gray, and white ash anthracite, and semi-bituminous, bituminous, and cannel coal. Our anthracite fields are the great depositories of that description of fossil fuel on the globe, and as they are nowhere surpassed in quality, quantity, or accessibility of the coal, they must ultimately be looked to for the supplies of a large portion of the civilized world.

But what *is* coal? Our disquisition would most likely be thought incomplete were this question left unanswered. A chemist defines it to be "the result of the decomposition of the compound of bodies from which it is obtained. It consists for the greatest part of the earthy principle of these compound bodies, with which a part of the saline principle and some of the phlogiston of the decomposed oil are fixed and intimately combined. Coal can never be formed but by the heat of a body which has been in an oily state; hence it can not be formed by sulphur, phosphorus, metal, nor by any other substance the phlogiston of which is not in an oily state. Every oily matter, treated with fire in close vessels, furnishes true coal, so that whenever a charry residuum is left, we may be certain that the substance employed contains oil. But the inflammable principle of coal, although it proceeds from oil, certainly is not oil, but pure phlogiston; since coal, added to sulphuric acid, can form sulphur—to phosphoric acid, can form phosphorus—and since oil can produce none of these effects until it has been decomposed and reduced to a condition of coal." Besides, the phenomena accompanying the burning coal are different from those which happen when oily substances are burned. The flame of charcoal is not so bright as that of oil, and produces no smoke or soot.

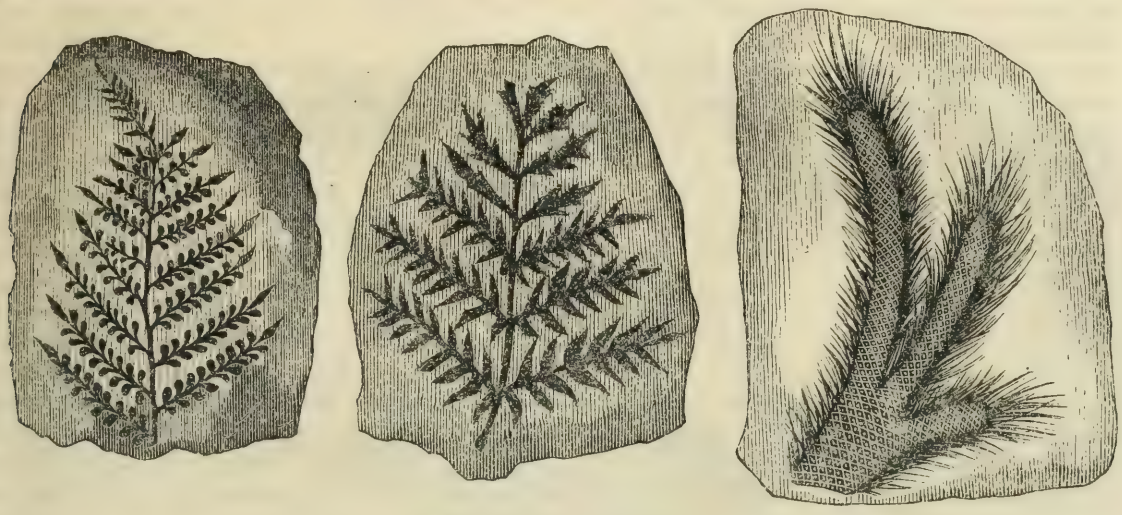
But how was it formed? After the convulsions which terminated the primitive period the earth seems to have enjoyed a long season of repose, and it was during this time that the coal *materiel* was deposited. That it is of the same age as the mountains which inclose it, is very certain from the fact that the layers are in conformable order with the stratification. That these mountains were at one period the bottoms of great seas or lakes is also very certain, since the rocks all point to a sedimentary origin, are full of marine shells, and contain strata of enormous thickness composed wholly of rounded and angular pebbles, which have undoubtedly been worn down by the attrition of water.

Previous to the elevation of the Appalachian chain of mountains, the climate was not only of an even temperature throughout the globe, but it was probably quite as warm as it now is in the torrid zone. The atmosphere was charged with carbon, and while it was thus unfit for the support of animal life (except a few species of the lower type), it could hardly have been better adapted for the rapid growth and development of vegetable matter. As the estuaries of the sea received the *débris* of the then higher points, they ultimately filled up and became shallow, thus forming the layers now constituting the old red sandstone group. These deposits in time must have formed low bottoms, islands, or peninsulas, and when emerged from the water their soft mud afforded an excellent soil for the most luxuriant vegetation, beginning with aquatic weeds, grass, and creepers, and ending with gigantic vines and trees rearing their dense foliage hundreds of feet in the air. The trees consisted, for the most part, of arborescent ferns, and several hundred specimens have been identified in the coal formation. We can readily imagine, as stretching along the margin of a primitive ocean, groups of islands or low marshy bottoms covered with the rankest and most luxuriant vegetation. Constantly drinking in the vapors of a hot and humid climate, the stupendous mass would ultimately break down by its own weight, but only to be succeeded by a fresh growth:

> "The penetrating sun,
> His force deep darting to the dark retreat
> Of vegetation, set the steaming power
> At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth
> In various hues."

Upon the accumulation, in this manner, of more or less vegetable material, we must suppose that, either by the subsidence of the strata of mud beneath, or by the overflow of the sea (most likely both), it would be covered over with a layer of mud and sand, which, in turn, would again rise from the water to sustain another vegetable crop. In every coal basin there are more or less distinct seams of coal, alternating with seams of slate or mud and sand; and it is hard to believe that this mechanical operation had been repeated again and again. Yet, when we come to consider all the circumstances —the soft yielding nature of the ground, and the proximity of the sea exposing it to repeated overflow—we must adopt it as the most probable theory which our limited experience in geological science can put forward.

The question now presents itself as to how this vegetable matter was converted into *coal;* and it has already been partially elucidated by the chemical assay. But it appears from the researches of Liebig and others, that when wood and similar vegetable substances are buried in the earth, exposed to moisture, and partially or entirely excluded from the air, they decompose slowly, and evolve carbonic acid gas, thus parting with a portion of their original oxygen. By this means they become gradually converted into *lignite,* or wood-coal, which contains a larger proportion of hydrogen than wood. A continuance of decomposition changes this lignite into common bituminous coal, chiefly by the discharge of carbureted hydrogen, or the gas



FOSSILS FOUND IN COAL.

by which we illuminate our streets and houses. And the inflammable gases which are constantly escaping from mineral coal, and produce the explosions of fire-damp in the mines, always contain carbonic acid, carbureted hydrogen, nitrogen, and olefiant gas. It is the disengagement of all these that gradually transforms bituminous into anthracite coal.

When the mountains were elevated the disturbance occasioned to the strata was very unequal and dissimilar. Most generally the coal occupies its original horizontal position, and retains all its bituminous and oily properties; but in the anthracite regions, and throughout the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, the measures have been very much bent, twisted, and distorted, and the disturbance thus occasioned, together with the overlying and lateral pressure, allowed the elements of the coal to escape, and thereby converted it into anthracite. The elevation of the mountains caused the waters of the sea to withdraw, at the same time that it refrigerated the atmosphere, thus preparing it for a new and higher order of animal life.

As to the vegetable origin of coal, Sir Charles Lyell has remarked that the microscopic examinations instituted in England, some years ago, settled this long-disputed theory forever. "After cutting off a slice so thin that it should transmit light, it was found that in many parts of the pure and solid coal, in which geologists had no suspicion that they should be able to detect any vegetable structure, not only were the annular rings of the growth of several kinds of trees beautifully distinct, but even the medullary rays; and what is still more remarkable, in some cases even the spiral vessels could be discovered. But besides these proofs from observing a vegetable structure in the coal itself, there are found in the shales or slates accompanying the coal, fern leaves and branches in innumerable variety and quantity; and when we find the trunks of trees and bark converted into this same coal, no one will dispute the overwhelming evidence of its vegetable origin." Many of these fossil impressions occur in a compact aggregated mass, and are so perfectly impressed upon the soft mud in which they were buried, that the faintest lines of their delicate structure can be traced. We append a few specimens of the most common forms from the collection of the Scientific Association at Pottsville.

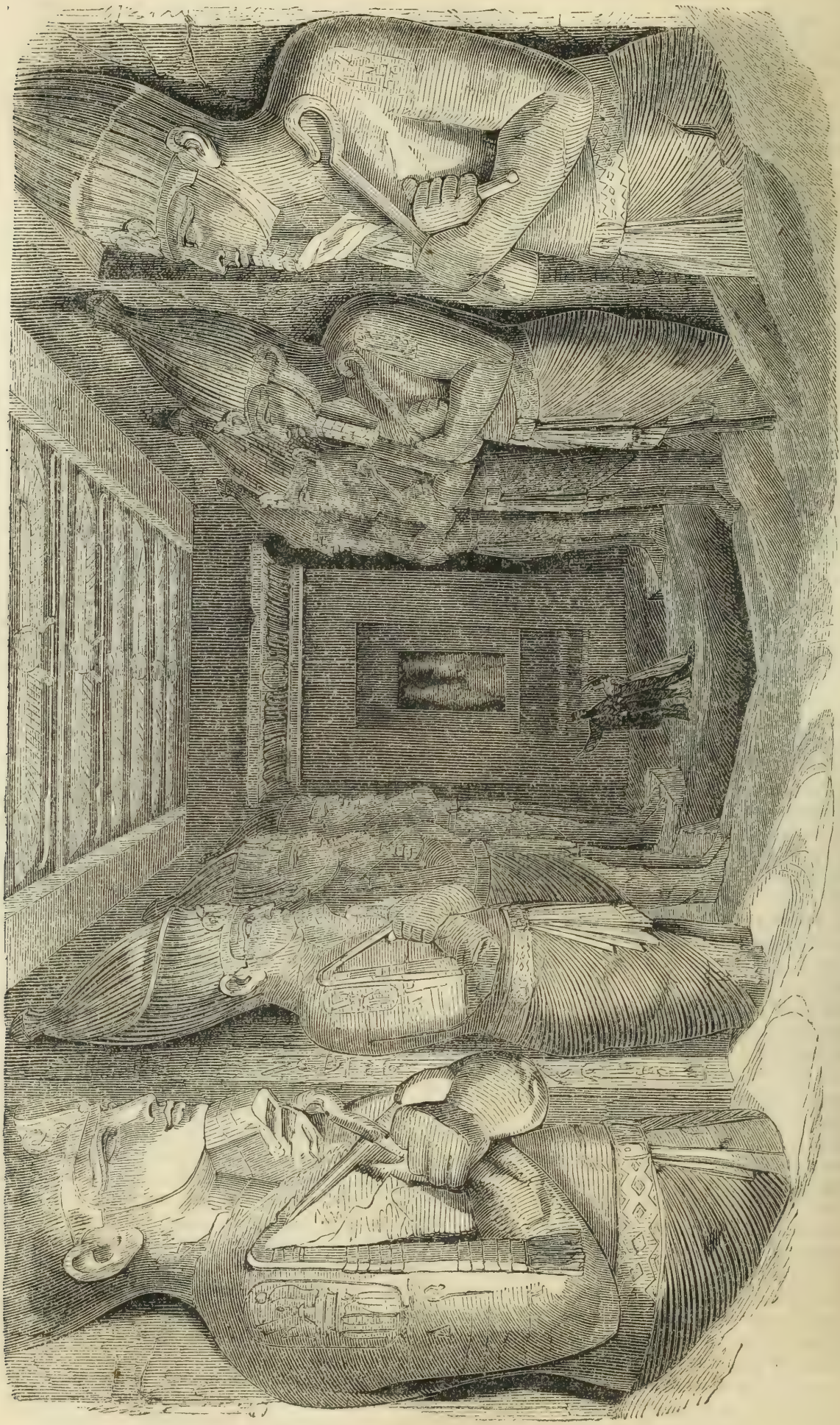
The Almighty has thus written upon the rocks of the earth the history of his own sublime work. Every formation, in ascending order, has stamped upon it, in the silent but comprehensive language of nature, the memorials of whatever creatures or incidents may have characterized it. And it is no less curious than true, as betraying the design of the divine author, that every step exhibits a progressive development—a constantly advancing movement to a higher, a nobler, a more perfect scale of organic life. The world, from the early primitive to the close of the tertiary period, was seemingly but undergoing preparations for the reception of man. One after the other of our vast and varied mineral treasures, "which subject all nature to our use and pleasure," were deposited, and they were, without doubt, designed for the future comfort and happiness of the human family:

> "Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
> With such a full and unwithdrawing hand?
> Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks—
> Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
> But all to please and sate the curious taste,
> And give unbounded pleasure unto man!"

TEMPLES IN WHICH I HAVE WORSHIPED.

I AM a free-thinker. Not one of that small and woe-cursed class of men whose sorrowful countenances are the indices to sad souls oppressed with one fearful thought, and who, in the vain attempt to escape the terror of that thought, call themselves free-thinkers. I am no infidel, atheist, or deist. Though I worship God—the God of Abraham and my father—I am nevertheless as free of thought as the bird is free of wing, and I worship Him in His temples every where.

It is the perfection of travel-enjoyment that freedom of worship, that needs no chapel with orientated altar, no dim light from window,



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ABOU SIMBAL.

"All garlanded with carven imageries,"

no voice of priest or deacon, no Gregorian tones, no written, printed—nay, no uttered prayer. It is, I say, the utmost enjoyment of travel, that ability to find God present every where, a listener and an answerer of the devout heart; for there is to every wanderer an hour in each day when the loneliness of his situation overcomes him with heavy thought. There are times when the miles, and mountains, and seas that lie between him and the beloved ones of earth seem like the distances that stretch from earth to stars—yea, seem vastly greater, for he then remembers those who have gone to the country he has been accustomed to consider as lying on the other side of the "sapphire floor;" and then they seem nearer to him than do those who yet travel the beaten and well-known, well-located paths of existence. And believing them to be in the presence of God, he then believes God near to him, and rejoices with keen joy in the might and majesty of those two words, "My Father," which reach the Almighty ear, whether they be uttered on plains of Orient or in the close-curtained room at home where the dear circle gathers at prayer.

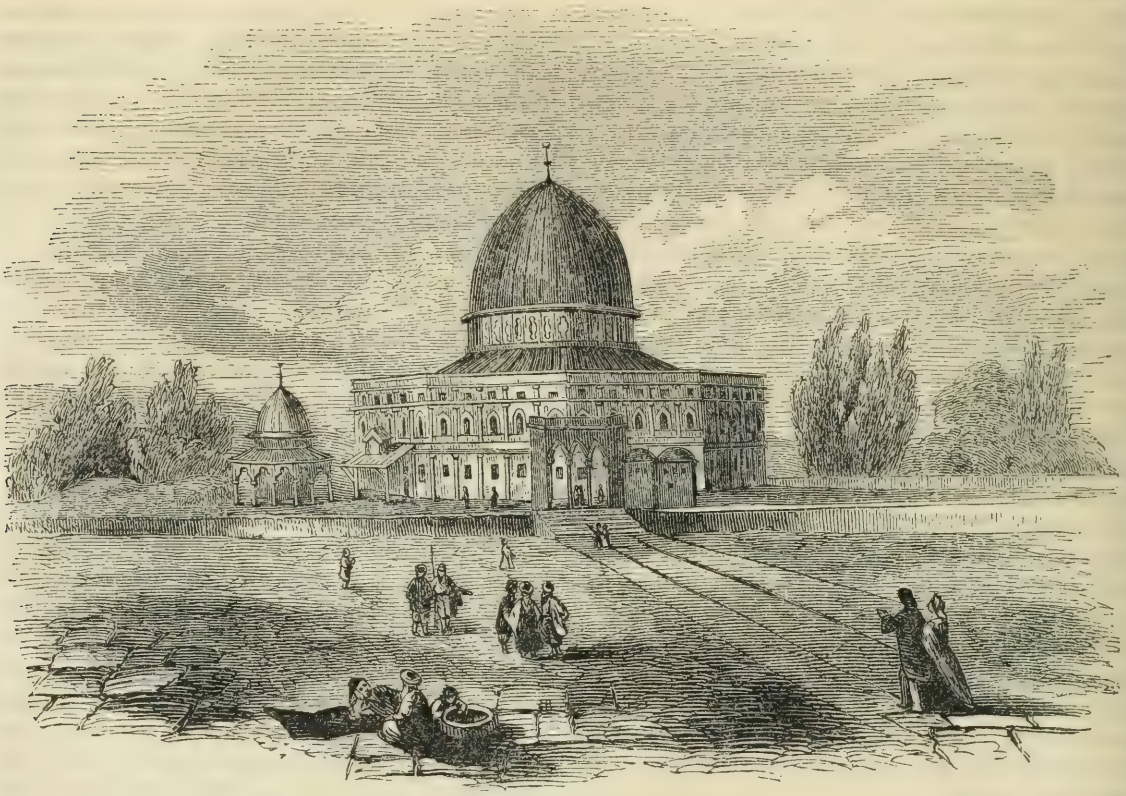
I return to the point at which I began, and repeat that I am a free-thinker. I am a Presbyterian, of the strait sect known as Old School. I believe in Apostolical succession, and a regular ordination through a line of Presbyters. I have strong—not very well-defined, I confess it—notions of the doctrine of election, and I am thoroughly convinced of every thing you may choose to assert concerning original sin. Yet I am a free-thinker; for in this I rejoice that, without thought of Church or creed, I am able to worship God humbly and heartily in painted cathedral of Rome, ruined temple of Paganism, mosque of Moslem, or

"That cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky."

But I can not deny that there are places where devotion, if not more sincere, is more humble, and where I worship more as a child than in others. For I can not, nor can any man, resist the pride of human nature which stirs his soul when he stands in one of those vast temples reared by human hands to the praise and glory of God, whose gorgeous walls, lofty columns, magnificent capitals and windows of Iris



SHRINE OF THE GREAT TEMPLE (ABOU SIMBAL).



DOME OF THE ROCK, ON MOUNT MORIAH.

splendor, half satisfy him with the belief that man can, after all, build a house worthy the residence of the Great King. But when I sit down, as I have sometimes sat down, among the shattered fragments of columns and architraves, where the chaotic ruin of a once mighty house of worship attests the grandeur of ancient adoration, but where the breath of the Almighty, over rank grass and clustering wall-flowers, laughs at the temporal decay of an edifice built for the Eternal, then the heart beats less stoutly, the soul is humbled, and the blue sky is seen to be too low an arch for His abode, whose praises sound on the chords of distant starlight.

I know of only one instance in the history of the earth in which man has approached toward the hewing out of a temple whose duration should equal the duration of the world. That was in the remote province known to us as Nubia.

It was a calm and glorious summer day when my Nile boat swung under the shattered fragments of the great mountain at Ipsamboul, better known as Abou Simbal. I have before this devoted no small space in the Magazine to a minute description of this temple of ancient worship, and my object at present is not to repeat those accounts. I desire only to illustrate my subject, by endeavoring to describe some of the emotions which I felt in this and other temples where others had worshiped before me, who were now gone to unknown dust.

For, as I have said, there are some places where I worship as a child, and those are not only such places as exhibit the weakness of human efforts adequately to praise the Creator, but especially all places in which generations of unknown men, women, and children have prayed and gone, to be succeeded by praying and decaying generations. This I speak not of such old cathedrals and churches as contain, in stones and monuments of brass, the attempts of those who lie in vaults below to retain names and places in the church above, but of such places as the temples of the ancients, where the very memory of a nation has disappeared—where the races of their kings and rulers are like the myths of tradition or poetry—where name, fame, and dust are all gone forever, as we count forever here on earth, and only the vacant temple and the cold altar remain.

In Abou Simbal only, of all the temples that I have visited, the altar on which men sacrificed remains, and behind the altar the statues of the gods they worshiped sit in profound silence waiting the return of their worshipers.

That altar is, therefore, one of the most curious stones that is to be seen by human eyes on the face of this earth.

Fourteen hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, Remeses the Great, known to Grecian fame as Sesostris, hewed in the heart of the mountain a vast temple, and cutting down its front to the water's edge, left sitting before the entrance four giant statues of himself. Within the mountain were successive chambers. The first is that of which the reader has a view on page 470, the roof supported by eight colossal statues within, and in the third chamber beyond the altar stands. It, like all the rest—statues, gods, and walls—is of the solid rock of the mountain, and therefore is the altar at which Sesostris knelt. The gods he worshiped sit there now—the very gods there now, cold, calm, stones. What sacrifices have been

offered on that altar! What prayers have gone up before it!

Let no one think that I believe aught of that foolish heresy, weak as it is common, that earnest prayer to a stone god reaches the all-hearing ear as a prayer to Him. The idea that sincere prayer avails, no matter to what god addressed, is an error that is as false in theory as it is damning in results, both in religion and in daily practice. Poison is no less poison that the one who takes it believes it wholesome. "There is a way that seemeth to a man right, but the ends thereof are the ways of death."

But the prayers that have echoed from these stone walls, and have gone no further, ring still in the cavern, and make its vaults more solemn and more awful. I know not what hoary heads have bowed here, I know not what maiden hearts have throbbed audibly in these dark chambers, I know not what human forms have writhed in the agonies of death on this altar; but this I know, that inasmuch as this is the place of ancient worship, where human beings sought intercourse with God, old heads *have* bowed here, young hearts have leaped madly here, tears have fallen on these stones, have sanctified these crumbling rocks, the voices of human emotion have sounded in these arches three thousand years ago, and somewhere above, below, in some part of this universe, are the souls of the millions who, in successive ages, wept and prayed here.

Their bones and dust are here. Even as I write these lines the thin and ghastly face of one of those ancient worshipers looks on me from the glass-case in which I have kept it here in New York, and the hand of a woman reaches out its delicate fingers, with rings and jewels as of old, as if to take my warm hand in its clasp!

The sunshine lay on the sand before the doorway as I entered the gloomy temple. In the first chamber it was light, but in the holy place, where the gods were sitting, the silence and the darkness were profound.

Yet here, among the relics of pagan superstition, in the presence of the stone idols of a long-lost race, here with earnest heart I worshiped God.

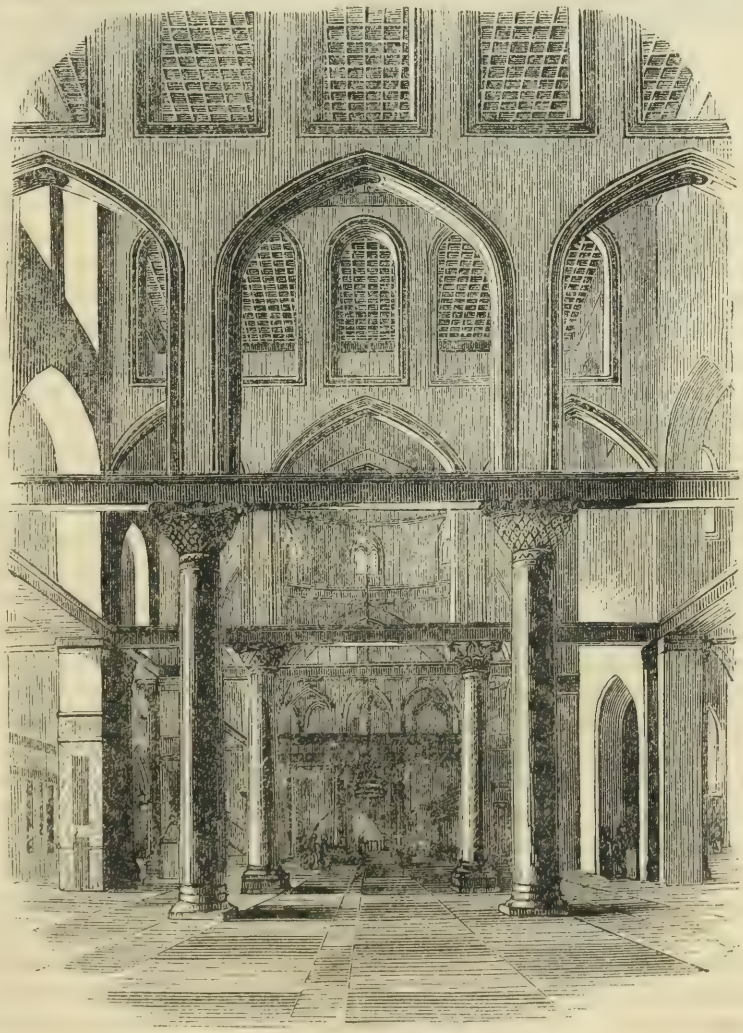
In the still sunshine of the Sunday afternoon, in the soft twilight that came down on the river like a greater glory than the day itself, that wonderful twilight of Egypt that raises the mountains to heaven and makes the desert sweep away into measureless distance, and shows stars in infinite space as thrones for angels; in the deep, dark, starry night, under which the swift river rushed downward by the silent statues to a distant sea, I worshiped that God whom the beloved ones at home worshiped in the Sunday morning service, the service that began just when my day ended, with the psalm of triumphant praise:

> "Oh! that men to the Lord would give
> Praise for his goodness then,
> And for his works of wonder done
> Unto the sons of men."

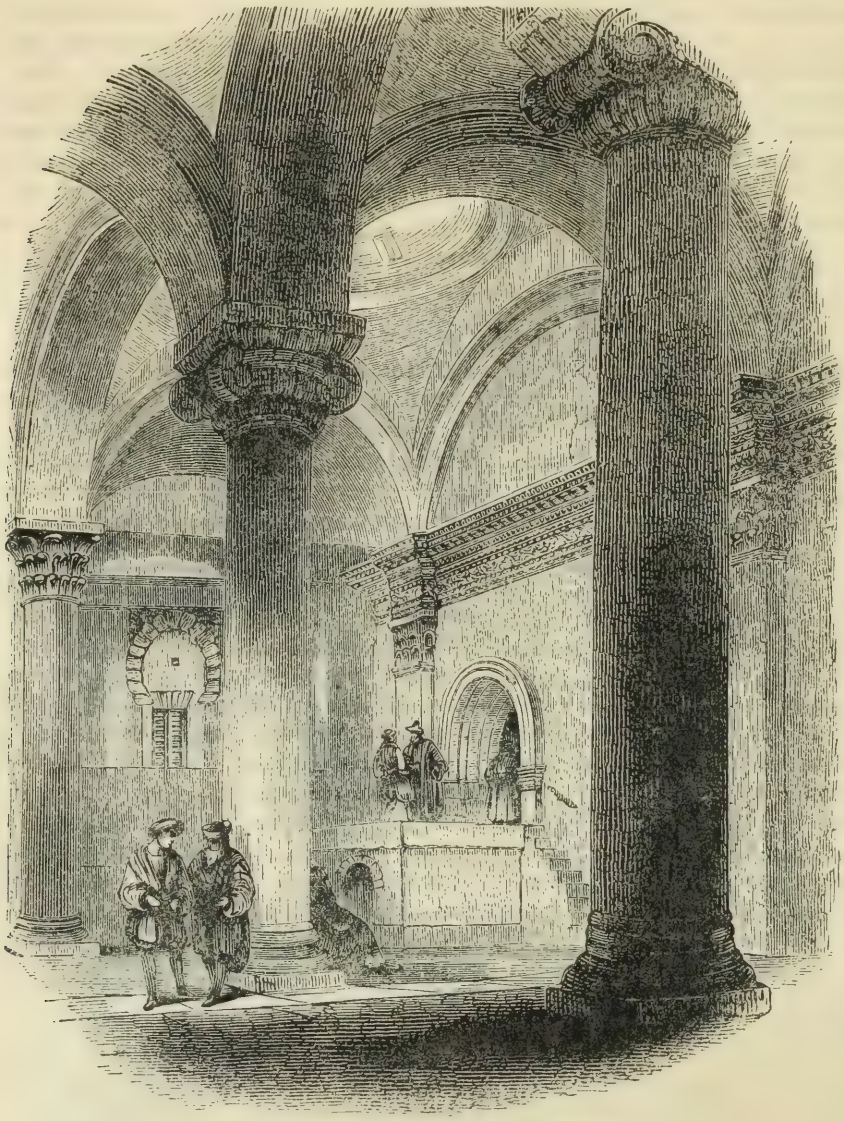
A few months later I was in my own hired house on the Via Dolorosa in Jerusalem. The morning was dark and threatening. We had an appointment with the Governor of Jerusalem to go into the Mosque of Omar, that inclosure long forbidden to Christian feet. It was certainly a privilege not to be neglected, that of offering up one prayer to God from the spot where his visible presence had so long made holy the place of worship, and where prayer had been so often heard and answered.

A difficulty arose—which I care not to explain here—and I sent Abd-el-Atti, my faithful and always successful servant, to the Bim Pasha of the city, with the all-powerful interpreter and introduction, and a demand for a file of soldiers to conduct us through the temple inclosure.

Gold did the business. On my honor I be-



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE EL AKSA.



INTERIOR OF THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

lieve gold would buy the throne of the Sultan, and will do it some day.

We went to the gateway. It was thrown open, and the soldiers waited to receive us. We marched into the area, and our feet stood on the holy soil of the great court of the Gentiles.

Mount Moriah, where once stood the Temple of Solomon, is one of the hills within the walls of modern Jerusalem. The same space that was occupied by the ancient Temple and its inclosures is now occupied by the various Mohammedan buildings and the grand court of the Mosque El Aksa. A very common but erroneous notion has given to the mosque and its adjacent grounds the name of Mosque of Omar. Its title is, in fact, El Mesjid el Aksa, the Holy Place the Most Distant, that is, from Mecca, Medina being the nearer Holy Place. There is no mosque known to the Moslems as that of Omar. But a portion of the great mosque on the south side of the inclosure is called the praying-place of Omar.

The elegant building in the centre of the space, commonly called the Mosque of Omar, is not a mosque. It is a kubbet or dome—a name common to Mohammedan places of interest, whether sacred or only sepulchres. This is El Kubbet es Sukkra, the Dome of the Rock. It is, in fact, only a very gorgeous and expensive building erected to cover the Holy Rock of Moriah, which Mohammed called one of the rocks of Paradise.

Crossing the open court, which is about 1500 feet long from north to south, and 1000 from east to west, I arrived at the foot of stone steps leading up to a large paved platform, in the centre of which rises the Dome of the Rock. The soldiers marched quietly forward, and we between their files, to the door of the building, over which hung a heavy curtain of leather and cloth. Pushing this up, we passed under and stood before the Rock.

The Sheik, Mohammed Dunnuf, long may he live! welcomed us with due respect, and apparently without anger.

Advancing to the centre, as soon as my eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the building, I found a lofty iron railing shutting me away from the rock, which lay rough and vast in the very centre under the lofty dome.

This was the Holy of Holies, and to this day the Jew believes that within that rock is the Ark of the Covenant, with its contents undecayed. It can not be doubted or denied that this rock was within the ancient Temple. It is forty or fifty feet long, and rises about twice the height of a man's head above the floor of the mosque.

There were fifty or more Mussulmans in the building when I entered, and as I approached the rock they turned their eyes on me furiously. It was certainly a breach of privilege in their view that they were not permitted to stone me then and there, as dead as Stephen. Notwithstanding their presence, however, I leaned against the iron lattice-work and gazed with an indescribable interest on that stone toward which more devout men had kneeled, when they prayed to God, than toward any other holy place on the surface of the earth.

There has been no age of the world, since the time of David, when there have not been hearts yearning toward the rock of the Temple—no period when somewhere on its broad surface there have not been men dying with faces turned thitherward, and dim eyes gazing through tears,

or through the films of death, to catch, with the first powers of supernatural vision, the longed-for view of the threshing-floor of the Jebusite, the Holy of Holies of Solomon. Blessed were my eyes that in the flesh beheld the spot where the daily incense was wont to be offered, where the Ark of God for so many generations rested, where the cherubim overhung the altar, and the visible glory of Jehovah was wont to be seen by the eyes of sinful men.

I walked around it, and gazed at it with earnest eyes, for on and over that spot men of ancient days had prayed to a God that heard and answered in the thunder.

The atmosphere seemed heavy above the Holy of Holies, as if the incense of old times were gathered in the dim air, making it oppressive.

"This way, oh Effendi," said Sheik Mohammed, and I followed him to a stairway that led down into a chamber under the rock, which is pierced with a hole directly through its centre. This cavernous chamber has two or three spots of interest to Moslems, since they say that here their great Prophet, and the Prophet Isa ben Mariam, and the Prophet Suleiman—to wit, Mohammed, Jesus, and Solomon—prayed. The kneeling-place of each is marked out; and further, they add that the rock itself is held in the air above the chamber, miraculously, without support. So Sheik Mohammed told me.

I looked at him, and then at the walls which surrounded the room, and seemed to sustain the rock above. He saw my doubt.

"The walls hold nothing. When Mohammed came to Jerusalem on horseback and went to heaven, he was in this room with his horse, and he went up through the rock, leaving that hole; and then the rock followed him up, but he said 'Stop!' and it stopped just there, and had remained there ever since."

"But these walls, oh learned and wise Sheik?"

"These walls are built up for safety. It can not be known to man when it may please God to allow the rock to fall back. The walls will receive it then, and no one will be crushed."

"But perhaps God has already let it fall back. It may be that the walls hold it up now?"

"It is impossible."

"Why?"

"Bismillah—it can not be."

I will not linger here to describe minutely the many points of interest within the inclosure of the ancient Temple. I went into the great mosque of the inclosure on the south side, known usually as the Mosque El Aksa, and examined its vast details. This was a Christian church, built by Justinian, and afterward the Hospital of the Templars, who derived their name from it. Thence I descended to the massive crypts under the Temple site. These are among the most interesting objects in Jerusalem.

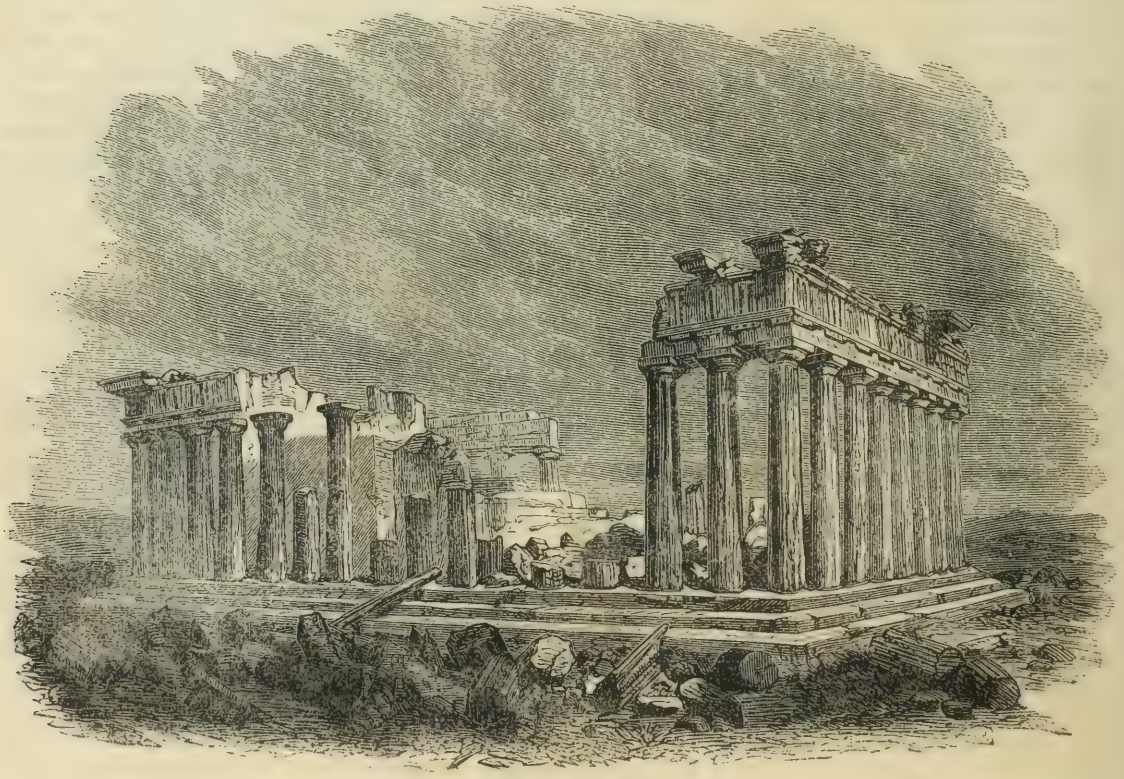


JACOB'S WELL AT SHECHEM.



BAALBEC, FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

The hill Moriah sloped gradually to the south. Solomon descried a local platform for the Temple and its buildings. For this purpose he built a succession of arches to support this platform. Where the depression of the hill was great, the arches were high and supported on columns; where the depression was less, the arches were low and sustained by blocks of stone or walls of mason-work. These crypts remain to this day. The earth has accumulated over them, so that large trees stand on the platform, and their roots extending downward have pierced the arches and reached the earth below. Under the Mosque El Aksa I found rows of elegant columns leading down a slope to the south, and ending at what was manifestly one of the great gateways of the Temple described by Josephus.



THE PARTHENON.

In the southeast corner of the Temple area, which is now also the southeast corner of Jerusalem, there is a little tower-like building, in which steps lead down to a floor thirty feet below the platform level. Here is kept a stone basin, shaped like a scallop-shell at one side, which is called the baptismal font of Jesus—and said to be that wherein he was washed on the day when Mary brought him into the Temple.

"Will you go to the judgment of Mohammed, oh Effendi?"

"Heaven forbid! what does he mean, Abd-el-Atti?"

"The seat where the Prophet will sit to judge the world."

"Oh—ah—yes, by all means;" and so we climbed the east wall that overhangs the valley of Jehoshaphat, and saw the spot where the bridge will end on the west, over which the righteous will pass safely to the feet of the Prophet; while the wicked, finding it the edge of a sword-blade, will fall into the depths below, which will then be deeper than all dreams of hell.

There was still one spot of great interest to visit. The Beautiful Gate of the Temple has long been closed. The solid wall on the east side has no passage through it; but the spot where it once was is marked by the remains of a stately edifice, of which a portion stands, supported by two splendid columns. The Moslems call it the Tomb of Solomon. It is a large chamber, evidently once the interior of the gate, and nobly ornamented.

This gate opened toward Bethany. By it Christ often entered and passed out. By it I strongly incline to think they led him in when he had been seized in the Garden of Gethsemane, in the valley below. Many tender and holy memories filled my mind and flooded my eyes as I stood in this room, the ground of which was holy, however modern the columns of the roof.

Who can doubt that I worshiped God with earnest heart on the sacred hill of Moriah?

At last my feet stood on the most holy place of earth. At last I stood where Abraham offered Isaac—where David worshiped at the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite—where Solomon prayed, "Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou and the ark of thy strength!"—where then "the glory of the Lord filled the house"—and where, in later times, the glory of the Lord incarnate walked in the presence of men.

Once more I say, I am a free-thinker. I could worship there, though the Temple was fallen, the holy place defiled—though Jew, and Turk, and Infidel, in turn, had mocked and spit upon the memory of the God of David even there—though I stood there surrounded by dark-skinned, furious-eyed Moslems, and there was nothing where the glory once was to remind me that there was in heaven an avenging God.

Nothing of the glory there; but yonder stood the Mount of Olives, and above it the sky that closed behind it when it departed from Jerusalem, and the Shekinah grew dark forever.

I have sometimes wondered when the visible presence of the Lord above the ark of the covenant ceased, and whether it was not at that moment when the ascending Saviour bore with him to heaven the mercy-seat, no longer between the folding wings of the cherubim but now at the front of the throne above.

Among the memories that remain forever impressed on heart and brain is that afternoon when, weary with long day travel, Miriam and I sat down by the well of Jacob, and remembered Him who there announced the utter end and abolition of temples and shrines. Unlike our Lord, we were not foot-travelers from Jerusalem to Galilee. Our retinue was stately. Our long line of horses, mules, and servants indicated no poverty, and, though strangers in the land, we had yet where to lay our heads, for our tents were pitched a little way beyond, and we lacked nothing of luxury or comfort.

But on the plain of Shechem, at the foot of Gerizim, with the wind sighing over our heads, and the sunshine pouring down the valley, as if it loved the hallowed ground where the weary Man of Sorrows offered to the woman of Samaria the waters of life, there was a divine voice in the air speaking those words of sublime import, ending the old dispensation, dismissing the glory of the Temple of Solomon, annulling the Law of Moses and of centuries, the holy voice which declared the hour already come when, neither in Jerusalem nor yet in Gerizim, should men worship the Father of heaven, but only and wherever men could worship Him in spirit and in truth.

"The Father seeketh such to worship him." The man is not who could worship coldly or falsely on the plain of Shechem, by the well of Sychar.

A group of Bedouins, at a little distance from us, were smoking calmly, while others were preparing a simple evening meal. The sun was going down. One of the most interesting subjects of my own memory just here was the fact that my brother had once been here before me, and was, on this very spot, saved from a Bedouin spear by the nobleness of his companion, who threw himself before his weaker friend. Singularly enough that same friend who saved my brother was now my own traveling companion, and I listened with the deepest interest to his story of the scene. It certainly seemed strange that two boys from the old white meeting-house in the up country had wandered off to this well of Jacob in the Land of the Lord.

Close by was the tomb of Joseph. A little Mohammedan building marks the spot, well authenticated by tradition and by history as the piece of ground which Jacob gave to his son.

That evening I went into the Samaritan synagogue in Nablous; but of this I have given a full description in "Tent Life in the Holy Land."

I wandered on to Nain, Nazareth, Tabor, and Tiberias. I sang old psalms on the shore of the Sea of Galilee—songs that had resounded in the up-country meeting-house in the long gone

years, when voices joined mine that are now loudest among the seraphim.

In many temples of old Phenician country, in ruined walls where the praise of Baal had given place to the worship of Jupiter, on the sunny side of Hermon, in the moonlight that made the Tower of Lebânon that looketh toward Damascus a glory, I looked up to heaven —the changeless heaven over all the changes of humanity.

Again it was a summer-like afternoon.

"Now, Miriam—the day's travel is well-nigh over—courage for a little longer; I see the valley yonder, and the Temple can not be far away."

The air was sultry. We had left Damascus two days before, paused in the valley of the Barrada one night, and on a plain among the hills of Anti-Lebanon another. This day had been very tiresome. We had crossed a ridge of high snow-covered hills, in a freezing wind, and then had descended to a valley of intolerable warmth, so that as evening approached we were nearly worn-out, and Miriam sat her horse with so languid an air that I half expected her to fall off on the next attempt at a gallop.

But we were now approaching the broad valley of the Leontes, which lies between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, on which the ruins of Baalbec stand in stately splendor. A faint gallop down a grassy slope, through a group of mud houses dignified by the name of village, then along the bed of a brook for a hundred rods, and we emerged from Anti-Lebanon and saw before us the great temples of the worshipers of the Sun.

I remember that once, when I saw a Parsee bow in silent adoration at the rising glory of his god, I was not surprised at his idolatry; for he looked not beyond the sun to a Sun-kindler; and now, when my eye rested on the vast ruins of the fanes that were once consecrated to the same deity, it seemed not so strange that two thousand years ago men worshiped the same object, since then, as now, it came up in the morning with the pomp of a god, and went down in the west like a king retiring, but only for a while, to return again in the same array of majesty. We worship immutability. It was that steadfast, immutable character of the sun that the men of Baalbec worshiped; his life and light-giving powers were secondary attributes. The one grand idea that commanded worship was the characteristic of God, which they saw reflected in his light, and fancied that they saw in its originality, the changelessness of Deity. He had seen thrones crumbling. He had seen earthquakes shaking the world and hurling down mountains. Beyond Olympus, beyond the pillars of Hercules, he had gone daily to his abode, and had come daily again in the morning to behold the temple they built to his worship. Moss grew on the capitals, and he shone on the moss. Grain by grain the dust of the temple crumbled and fell and was borne off on the wind, and he shone on crumbling column and architrave. The roof fell crashing on the pavement, and he shone in on the Holy of Holies with unchanging rays. Was it strange that men worshiped the sun?

A soft summer morning came upon the plain. My tent was pitched under the corner of the eastern wall, and from its door I looked up at the splendid capitals of the group of columns that still stand up to receive the first rays of the morning sun.

There was a group of Arab children around the tent door when I came out. They raised a shout as the Howajji made his appearance, and dashed off like frightened sheep around the corner of the temple area. Then all was silent, except the dashing stream from the great fountain of Baalbec, which ran swiftly by the tent, and talked aloud to sun and sky and ruin as it had talked for thousands of years. Sun, ruin, and stream were the only remains of those grand old days in search of whose memorials I had come to this spot, and each was profoundly mysterious in voice. I could learn no more from one than from the other.

The founders of Baalbec are unknown. The ruins are apparently relics of successive generations of nations. The temples stand on a lofty artificial platform, part of the sustaining wall of which is celebrated for three stones whose size is unexampled elsewhere in the world. The three measure in length one hundred and eighty-three feet, each being sixty-one feet long, by fifteen broad, by about thirteen in thickness. These vast hewn stones lie in a wall which is built up otherwise with small stone, evidently the work of a less gigantic race of men; less gigantic either in mental or in physical structure. Doubtless the platform is of comparatively late time. These stones are relics of a former race and age which was old in Greek and Roman times.

But I have nothing to do with discussion or description here. I am but to speak of my own worship. How on that summer Sunday morning I climbed the fallen rocks, fragments of the old glory, and found a place within the temple walls where the old sun looked down on me and laughed gleefully all the Sunday afternoon as he beheld the wandering American with his carpet spread on the green turf in the very centre of the once gorgeous temple of Heliopolis; and how I stood by the fountain and saw him go down behind the ruins, leaving them flushed with sad splendor—a mockery of their decay.

On that summer Sabbath in a distant land there was a scene that thrills my soul as I write these lines. Time, triumphant, had conquered an old man. One of majestic mien, gray locks, and reverend countenance, who had accomplished his threescore years and ten, lay dead, and men gathered around him to do the last homage to his dust. But a few days ago and the old man's heart went out with earnest love toward his wandering boy, and he longed to hear once more his voice rich with stories of Egypt and Jerusalem. But now the old

man lay dead in the church before the pulpit whence his voice had often sounded in loud utterance of words of faith and hope, and they prayed, and sang, and spoke of his life of labor and his glorious death; and the crowd looked on his countenance for the last time and went out and left him there, and then the sun had gone down on Baalbec, and the stars were looking down in silver sorrow on the ruined temple; and the boy, the wanderer, clothed in Eastern garb and surrounded by dark-browed Arabs, sat in his tent door on the plain under the lofty columns, and heard the stream beside him babbling its old story to the sky and the ruin.

I worshiped God that Sunday in the ruined Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, and they were burying my father that Sunday afternoon at home, and he was worshiping in the temple above, whose glory eye hath not seen!

I did not know that he was dead till long after that—when I was in the land of Minerva.

It was with a feeling that I can not well describe that I awoke one morning in the steamer *Carmel*, and hastened on deck to see the shores of Greece. It was a glorious morning—day was just breaking in the east. A fresh breeze came off the land from Hymettus, and the sea was rolling easily. Aurora was on the eastern horizon. As I came on the upper deck I met the young Prince de P——, who was out before me, and who pointed up to the lofty crags under which we were running. It was "Sunium's marble steep." The first flush of the morning lit the ruin of the temple of Minerva, and the white columns shone far over the sea. It was my first, and a fitting sight of Grecian ruin. Perhaps no spot in all of Greece could be found more exactly typical of Greece as it is. Standing on a noble promontory, its base washed by the eternal murmur of the waves, looking far out toward the islands of the sea, as if to teach the world the grandeur, the beauty, the glory of Athena, it is a beautiful, a magnificent relic—grand in its ruin, beautiful in its decay.

Two hours passed swiftly by as we paced the deck and talked of the shore along which we were running, every inch of which was full of classic memorials. This mountain was Pentelicus, that was Hymettus. Just there lay Marathon. Yonder in the west is the citadel of Corinth. Here is the Bay of Salamis, and there—right there—across a long, low, prairie-like stretch of land, grand, noble in the distance, sublime in antiquity—there are the Acropolis and the Parthenon.

Miriam came on deck as we caught sight of it. Then all our eyes were fixed on it, and the steamer dashed on, rounding the point and running into the little landlocked harbor of the Piræus.

Demetri was on board before the anchor was fairly run out. Demetri is landlord of the *Hôtel des Etrangers*, and Demetri is a trump. If any one wishes to know his personal appearance, let him go to the next representation of "Medea" in New York, and if he sees Jason in the same dress he appeared in lately at Wallack's, he will have seen Demetri. Doubtless the costumer had been in Athens, and forgotten that Greece is not living Greece any more.

Demetri received us under the shadow of his wing—that is, the corner of a modern carriage—and let me tell you, that after a year of wandering life, and seven months of it on boat, camel, and horse, without venturing into a wheeled vehicle, it makes one nervous to ride in a carriage. We were afraid for our necks all the way up to Athens, and Athens is five miles from the Piræus landing. Miriam longed for the chestnut horse of Syrian memory, and I would have given all my future carriage-rides for Mohammed the bay. We reached Athens, however, and the hotel. It was close by Otho the King's huge barn of a palace, in which the English and French keep him on the fat of the land, while the people of Greece occupy themselves in keeping the fat down, by trying the poor King's patience and scaring his soul out of him monthly. Then he rushes off to Austria or some German Court for a quiet pipe of tobacco, and leaves the Queen to catch robbers and govern Greeks. She is, in fact, the man of the house. But all this is neither here nor there.

In the very city of Athens rises an abrupt hill of rock. Its sides are nearly perpendicular toward the top, but the *débris* of the hill has made a slope all around it at the bottom of the precipice. On one side it is accessible by a steep climb. The top is nearly level, and includes two or three acres of land or rock. This is the Acropolis of Athens. The top is a mass of ruins. Pavements, capitals, cornices, statues, columns, architraves, lie in hideous confusion, where once the noblest works of human art were gathered.

It was a windy day when I climbed the Acropolis first. The gale howled and whined through the ruins of the Parthenon; but the sunshine was clear, and the scene grand.

Let him who would know the difference between Egyptian and Greek Mythology compare these two temples. The one grand, gloomy, mystical, and incomprehensible; the other simple, beautiful, compact, and complete. The one hewn out of the living rock, and dedicated to an unknown deity, but dimly shadowed forth by his attributes, which were represented as the only means of his intercourse with man; the other finished and superb in design, and beautiful beyond praise in execution, dedicated to a goddess of self-sufficient wisdom—an idol of beautiful stone.

In Egypt idolatry was in its infancy when Abou Simbal was hewn. In Athens idolatry was the only worship of the nation when Minerva dwelt in the Parthenon. In the one, the obelisk pointed to the residence of the deity; in the other, the closed roof of the temple shut in all heavenly aspirations.

But again I trespass. The guardian, a lame soldier, trotted closely after me as I walked hither and thither among the ruins, and seem-

ed afraid I would pocket the Parthenon itself. He talked nothing but Greek, and I almost any thing else, but not a word of that. So we had no intercourse. But I knew an interpreter. I bought him off with a silver coin, and he left me to my loneliness in the Parthenon. I lay down on my back, and looked up at the sky. The white clouds traveled over me like angels, and the sky seemed fathomless in its blue. And far away into its depths my thoughts went seeking the throne of the unknown God, whose name had been declared to the Athenians down yonder on Mars Hill by the Apostle of the Gentiles. If never before, at least then there was a sincere worshiper of the God of Abraham in the Holy of Holies of the temple of Minerva.

That night came to me a terrible messenger. A wandering newspaper, thrown in my way almost by chance, wherein I read on one page that my father had gone to the assembly of the patriarchs and prophets, and on the opposite page that Miriam's brother had joined the company that wear white robes in the land of light.

Let him who can imagine the weight of that blow on two lonely travelers, or how dark and fearful now in memory seem the Acropolis of Athens and the ghostly Parthenon as I saw them from my window that night through the fast tears that flooded my eyes.

MY INHERITANCE.

I.

MY great-uncle, Mr. Gerard Sunderland, was dead; and I, his heir, Gerard Sunderland the Second, had just stepped upon the cars to go and take possession of his estate in Woolwich, a pleasant little village not far from the Connecticut River. He had been a strange man, in many respects, this dead great-uncle of mine. In his early youth he was a diligent student, a man of rare genius, devoting himself only to study. He had traveled over many lands, and came back with much learning, a polished, stately gentleman. He was over thirty when he fell in love. I use advisedly this hackneyed expression. It was with him a desperate, unthinking plunge. He staked his all upon one throw. With such a nature as his there could be no calling back the heart—no after-growth of tenderness.

He loved, as such men oftenest do, a woman remarkable for nothing beyond her peers, and yet he made of her a goddess. She was sweet and blithesome rather than very beautiful. She had little fondness for study. She would rather gather roses than read poems; and made pies oftener than periods. She was very young, too, scarcely half his own age; and yet, to his fancy, she was the one stately and most perfect lady, whom no woman could ever equal, whose name no man's voice must ever utter without homage. He approached her, I have been told, with a reverent humility very wonderful in his proud nature; and perhaps that kind of wooing was not the one best suited to enchain her wayward fancy. At all events his love was not returned, and before many months pretty Amy Mansfield, with her sweet brown eyes, and her bonnie brown hair, became Mistress Amy Deane.

After this my uncle Gerard shunned the world. He settled down at Woolwich, where his lady-love continued to reside; and though his stately house and pleasant grounds were the finest in the whole county—though he was the best of neighbors, and his early grapes and ripe peaches were freely sent to every fortunate sufferer who chanced to fall sick in their season of bearing, he yet avoided all society. He lived alone, with a housekeeper as reserved as himself, a maid-of-all-work, and a gardener.

My father, who was his favorite nephew, resided at that time in New York, and was about marrying. He tried vainly to persuade his uncle to remove to the city, or at least to settle near him. The invariable answer expressed a quiet but resolute preference for Woolwich. When I was born, two years after, my father wrote again, begging him to come to my christening, and telling him that I was to be called for him—Gerard Sunderland. I believe my mother, Heaven bless her tender heart! had selected a lovely young girl to stand sponsor by his side, hoping, with her womanly tact, that so the lost Amy might be replaced, and another smile make rainbows about his lonely life. But in reply came the same quiet refusal to visit New York, even for a day; and the letter also stated that he had made his will, bequeathing to his infant grand-nephew, Gerard Sunderland, all his property.

I had only seen him twice. Twice, during my early boyhood, I had been sent—rather with his permission than by his request—to visit him at Woolwich. Once my parents wished—because of my dear mother's health, which was then delicate—to travel without the care which taking me would have involved; the other time New York was visited by an epidemic, before which all fled who could. Business kept my father in the city; and my mother, caring nothing for life unless he might share it, determined to remain with him; while, to ease her mother-heart of its anxiety, I was sent again to Woolwich.

Sitting in the cars, while the quiet villages through which we passed, the tall trees, and the very fences by the wayside, seemed to fly from us with lightning speed, I recalled those two visits. I had traveled then by stage. The journey had been a very fatiguing one, lasting from the gray of the early morning until ten at night.

My welcome had been kind, but grave; and the weeks I passed there had appeared strangely solitary to a child accustomed to the restless bustle of New York. It seemed to me almost as if I were in one of the enchanted castles I had read of in my story-books, where all the beautiful things would vanish if one spoke above a whisper. But this very stillness had not been without its own exceeding charm to my childish imagination. It was happiness enough for me to walk through the garden when the morning

dew trembled, tear-like, in the hearts of the blossoms; to gather the magical roses, and see the gardener train the climbing honey-suckle so tall that I used to wonder if there was a giant living in wicked state at the top of it. It was best of all to watch the wonderful panorama of sunset. It was to me—city born and bred—as if the breath of God had created a new world; had called to quick and beautiful life wonders of which I had never heard or dreamed.

Uncle Gerard, too, was very good to me, in his own stately way. He used to tell me wonderful stories of the foreign countries he had visited, and sometimes to show me paintings which he had made—for he was no mean artist—of some of those far-off scenes.

There was one picture which hung in his study—the only one there—and I had never seen it, for a crimson curtain always hung before it. One day I boldly asked him if he had painted it, and why I might not see it, as I had seen the rest. A look which I could not interpret passed over his face. His voice trembled, but he was not angry.

"Surely," he said; "why not? You shall see it, Gerard."

He drew away the curtain, and a woman's face was there. Gentle brown eyes smiled on me; brown hair of precisely the same hue rippled, in waves, over the delicate shoulders; the mouth was arch and bright, yet sweet, and looked as if it was just going to speak to me. I was too much pleased to be demonstrative. I think the tears even came to my eyes. They had a trick of doing so in childhood, whenever any thing appealed strongly to my quick æsthetic nature. I only said,

"Oh, Uncle Gerard, I never saw any thing half so beautiful!"

"You think so," was the gentle answer; "but *her* face was ten times fairer than any painter's art could make it."

With a long, perhaps unconscious, sigh he replaced the curtain, and during my visit I never saw that face again. But its memory came back to me vividly as I rode on now toward Woolwich. How those far-off childhood days came back, shedding their glamour over my spirit—came back, with their strange radiance of sunsets and sunrises, their wonderful fragrance of flowers, their far hills and bright waters. I was twenty-eight now. It had been eighteen years since I last saw Uncle Gerard. I had not known him well enough to have his loss come home to me as a real sorrow; still a sort of tender, poetic melancholy invested the memory of this solitary man, grown old alone, clinging to a by-gone love which had never known response; alone with his artist gifts, his genius, his rare learning.

I had been too far away from home to be summoned in time for his funeral, but my parents had gone; and my mother told me, with tears in her eyes, how death had seemed to still the long sorrow of his life—to give back youth and hope to his worn face—and how marvelously sweet was the still, dead smile into which his lips were frozen. Absorbed in these thoughts, I had not heeded the stopping of the cars or the name of the station, and I roused myself with a sudden start when the conductor, touching my arm, said, politely,

"I believe you wish to stop here. This is Woolwich, Sir."

I got out. My memory of places was always extremely tenacious. Much as Woolwich had in many respects changed since I had visited it, I knew my way at once to the house which was now mine. Leaving my baggage at the station, I walked onward. Before long I came to the spot where my uncle's grounds—I had not learned to say my grounds, as yet—commenced. They lay on both sides of the road, or rather drive, for it was not public property, leading up to the mansion. The pine-trees on either side of the way were not many years old when I saw them last, but they had grown so tall now that their branches met over my head, and, looking up through their greenery, they seemed to lift their odorous boughs almost to the sky. The drive itself flashed white, as if strewn with snowy, glittering shells in the summer sunshine. The grass was fresh and green, with the long afternoon shadows trailing over it. Soon I turned a corner, and there before me was the house which the trees had till now concealed—a stately, old-fashioned mansion, with an upright three-story centre, and long rambling wings on each side. Around these wings, whose windows opened to the ground, were pleasant verandas. A handsome flight of stone steps led up to the principal front entrance. The whole place was tasteful, well-appointed, beautifully kept, with a kind of hospitable face, which roused in me a certain pride and joy of ownership, for which I reproached myself the moment after.

I would have pushed open the door and gone in, but it was fastened, and I was obliged to have recourse to a ponderous silver knocker in the shape of a lion's head. The old housekeeper of eighteen years before came to the door. I had sundry grateful recollections of delicious little pies and cakes with which she had surfeited my boyhood. I was glad to see her kindly face again. She had not changed much. Her figure was hale and buxom as ever, though years had certainly frosted her hair which used to be thick and black. I extended my hand:

"How do you do, Mrs. Tabitha?"

She did not answer at first; she seemed trying to recollect me. Her face wore a puzzled expression which presently cleared up.

"Belike you'll be our young master?"

"The same."

"Well, I'm sure we'll be heartily glad to see you, Sir, only if you'd just sent word you was coming, we'd been all ready for you, and Mike would have gone after you with the carriage."

I suppose it always remained a mystery to the good old lady why I should have preferred walking quietly over the road to my new pos-

sessions, rather than coming to them with due honors, drawn in state by Uncle Gerard's sleek gray horses. However, I soon managed to put her on a right footing—to become the master instead of the visitor, and in due time I was quietly installed in my new home.

For the first day or two there was pleasure enough in rambling about the grounds, but the third day was rainy, and I shut myself up in my uncle's study. The vailed picture hung there still. I felt almost as if I were committing sacrilege when I drew away the curtain, but I had a strong desire to see how faithfully my memory had reproduced it. It was the same face that I had carried with me all these years, only there was a look of self-abnegation about it, a look like a prayer which I had not remembered, which I was puzzled to reconcile, at first, with what I had been told of Amy Mansfield's sunny, joyous nature, her disposition to take every thing at its best—to live in the present. My uncle must have painted her as she had seemed to his imagination. All the lofty traits with which his fancy had dowered her he had brought out upon the canvas. But, even without that expression, which seemed the look of a pitying angel, she must have been very lovely. I could imagine how a man might well have worshiped her, and asked her to be nothing that she was not. I looked at her a long time.

I was not romantic. I had been engaged in commerce, and it had not been without its usual hardening effect upon me. I must marry some time, I took that for granted. I was equally resolved that the future Mrs. Gerard Sunderland must be a lady of fortune and position, and yet I could not help thinking, as I gazed upon the picture, that I should like very much to have her eyes look at me like those eyes of bonny Amy Mansfield. And then I smiled at the thought of getting so enthusiastic about a woman who must be old and gray now, even if she were still living. And here a curiosity—I wish I could dignify it by a worthier name—took possession of me to learn her after fate. All I had heard was that she became Amy Deane and lived in Woolwich. Who was this gude mon who was her husband—this successful rival of my refined, stately great uncle? Nothing would be easier than to call Mrs. Tabitha and make the necessary inquiries, but I had a sort of romantic wish to find out in a different manner. It might be my uncle's papers would tell her story. Nothing more likely than for this man, reserved, yet painstaking and patient, who had no human confidant, to write down on paper such things as troubled the current of his life. I began a studious search among the papers in his desk.

I was not disappointed. In a compartment by itself I found a book which had evidently been a sort of journal. It was not dated, or kept with any attempt at regularity. It seemed as if, when he could no longer hush the cry of his soul, it had found vent there.

At first, however, it was joyous. He had just come to Woolwich—he had seen *her*. The words which dwelt upon her beauty seemed touched with flame, and yet it was a flame as pure as those which lit in other days the sacrifices offered to Heaven. To him she was not the pretty, light-hearted girl which only she seemed to other eyes, but the elect woman, crowned, to his thought, with all that there was on earth of nobleness, purity, and religion—a woman such as must have inspired the poets of those old classic days when they wrote of goddesses.

His timid wooing was detailed there; the delicate, poetical attentions by which he sought to make known his homage; and, at last, he told in words, every one of which seemed an embodied agony, how he had asked her love and asked in vain. There was no reproach coupled with her name. He seemed to think it nothing strange that she had not been able to love one who seemed to her youth so grave and old—his only marvel was that he should ever have been presumptuous enough to ask her. She had not fallen, ever so slightly, from the pedestal on which he had placed her—she was his goddess still. A few pages farther on her betrothal was chronicled to one Everhard Deane, the young rector of Woolwich—a man, my uncle wrote, whom she could worthily love—who, God grant, might love and cherish her forever! Of her marriage there was nothing written, but, by-and-by, there came a leaf from which it appeared that he had been painting her portrait. It said:

"I have been to church to-day. Everhard Deane preached for the first time since his marriage. They have returned from their short bridal tour. They are living in the rectory. I knew I should see her at church, but I could not stay away, though every moment was torture. I went early. I took my seat where, if she sat in the minister's pew, I could watch every expression of her face, catch every inflection of her voice. Soon they came in. She was leaning on his arm, as I had once hoped, Heaven help me, she would lean on mine. Oh, how she looked! Love made her face radiant. She had never seemed to me so maddeningly beautiful as now, when she had given herself forever to another. My portrait does not do her justice. I must give to her sweet eyes a tenderer light; I must paint an added nobleness in the still calm of her mouth. Did I covet her? If I did, God will forgive me; God, who knows I would not deprive her of one moment of happiness, even to make her mine forever.

"Oh how her low voice thrilled me, as she joined in the prayers! *Can* Everhard Deane love her as I do? He seemed indeed very content, very proud, as who might not with her by his side? Well, I shall learn calmness in time. It is something to have loved her—to have dreamed, once in life, a happy dream."

Then came other pages, sometimes with intervals of years between them. Once he had seen her with her first-born child in her arms, a noble boy.

Then that brave boy had died, and it was beautiful to see how every sorrow that came nigh this Amy of his love brought out the still, deep tenderness of Uncle Gerard's nature.

There were many such sorrows. Five children, one after another, she had followed to their quiet resting-places in the church-yard, underneath the rectory windows—the church-yard where, all summer long, suns shone, winds blew, and birds sang above her darlings, and round them every spring-time went on the new birth of nature; the wondrous spring-time miracle of earth's resurrection, typical of the mortal putting on immortality—Nature's own seal to the Divine promise, "Thy dead shall live again."

It seemed that, despite these many sorrows, the fair Amy was very happy in her husband. Nor was her middle age left desolate. The youngest of all her children, her daughter Rachel, was spared to her; was growing up by her mother's side, with her mother's gentle voice, and eyes which were Amy's own.

The last page of all was stained with that stain which from heart or paper can never be effaced—a strong man's tears. Amy was dead. The grave had closed upon that hair, still brown and shining—that smile which had never grown old to his loving eyes. She had never been his, and yet, now she was gone, a light, a music, a glory had been swept forever from earth and life. Happy Everhard Deane! He has a right to plant roses over her grave—a right to mourn her—a blessed heritage for all his lifetime in the memory that that dainty form has thrilled in his clasping arms; that those brown tresses have bathed his bosom with their silken length; those lips pressed upon his their first kisses—uttered for him their last prayer. The grave has closed over her. It wanted but this to make Uncle Gerard's lone life lonelier. It was something to see her—to watch, on Sundays and Saint days, for the chance gleam of her sad and tender smile, or the tremulous music of her voice joining in prayer and psalm. Now he has watched and listened for the last time—Amy is dead! Happy Everhard Deane! *He* was beloved—therefore, for him, all the beauty and glory of life are immortal. Beyond the grave he can claim his bride, young and fair again in heaven. For him fond arms are waiting—for him one heart beats lonely, even in the light of that day which hath no end, with longings for his coming; but for Gerard Sunderland there must be solitude—so whispers his despairing heart—even in heaven.

After this page all the leaves were blank. With this record of sorrow, the journal of Uncle Gerard's life came to a full stop. There was no date—I could not tell how long ago it had been written; but I wondered if that had not been his death stroke—if, after this great sorrow, his life had not begun to ebb.

That night, while Mrs. Tabitha poured my tea, I took occasion to inquire who was the present rector of Woolwich.

"Mr. Everhard Deane," was the reply. "He's getting an old man now, and since his wife died he seems sadly broken; but we all like him, and as long as he can say a prayer we would not change him away."

"How long since his wife died?" was my next question. The answer startled me.

"Just one year to a day before our dead master. He never held up his head after her death. Some said he took it harder than her husband. Belike you have not heard the story, but the master loved Mistress Deane when she was Amy Mansfield. They say she was a pretty girl and her eyes were wondrous sweet and bright, but nobody else saw such great things in her as your uncle. She said Nay to his suit. Mr. Deane was a younger man, and he had her heart. But it darkened all Mr. Sunderland's life. He always seemed to feel every trouble that came upon her as if it was his own, and when she died he never got over it."

The next day was Sunday, and I went early to church, more anxious, I must confess, to see the husband and child of this dead Amy than to join in the service, which I had not then learned to love. That morning I saw Rachel Deane for the first time.

The rector seemed a quiet yet deep-feeling old man, bowed down by sorrow. There was something singularly beautiful in his benign face framed in silver hair, and in the pathos of his low yet thrilling voice. His utterance charmed my ear, it was so distinct and musical, despite the tremulousness it had caught from age and sorrow. But I did not hear his sermon. I was too much absorbed in looking at the saintly face which was uplifted toward him from the minister's pew.

Rachel Deane, at sixteen, was the very image of her mother's portrait in my Uncle Gerard's study; save that the expression of holiness, of self-abnegation, was even deepened in her young, wistful face. She was, I could see, all that my uncle's imagination had made of her mother. Her voice—somehow I always notice voices—was so clear that I could easily single out its low tones whenever she joined in the service. Had I only heard that, without looking upon her face, I could have almost divined her character. I should have said that it must be the utterance of a true, pure soul, strong to do and to suffer; yet a cheerful, kindly soul, moreover, carrying light and blessing with it every where.

It was not long before I made her acquaintance. The Reverend Mr. Deane came to call upon me, and, very naturally, I returned his visit. I soon found that his daughter possessed a vigorous, inquiring mind, already stored with all the available contents of her father's library. But these works, for the most part books of science, history, and theology, had by no means satisfied her. She had read a few volumes of poems, and one or two of Scott's novels, which had been her mother's, and these had opened to her vision the enchanted realm of song and fiction, through which she longed to wander. I had it in my power to gratify this longing. Uncle

Gerard's library, which had come down to me with the rest of his possessions, was large and well selected. Himself a poet, his shelves were rich in the works of all the masters of song. I transferred volume after volume to Rachel Deane's table. Her earnest thanks, the glow of pleasure on her sweet young face, were my reward. I was daily more and more astonished at the rare, intuitive quickness of her intellect. It stood her in good stead of rules and precedents, so that I have seldom met with a finer critic.

I was a genuine book-lover myself. Even commerce and business had not been able to wean me from poetry and fiction, and it called back more than my early enthusiasm to share the deep, quiet, yet sometimes rapturous appreciation of this young girl. I often told her she brought back my youth.

I know now that I loved her even then, but I never acknowledged it to myself—I never thought of marrying her. It was, as I have said, a fixed fact in my mind, that the future Mrs. Gerard Sunderland was to be a lady of wealth and position. I never thought of finding her in the shy, quiet daughter of a village clergyman. So I went on, with this future settled in my mind, going to see Rachel daily, lending her books, rambling with her over the fields, and learning to watch for the coming of her rare, sweet smiles and the low music of her voice, with an interest for which I never tried to account.

I think she inherited her poetical tendencies from her father. There was something very touching in this old man's quiet, self-contained life. Every night, all through the long summer sunsetting and twilight, he would sit at his western window and look forth over the churchyard, with its white tombstones bathed in the sunset gold. I thought he was calling the past days back again—sitting in fancy beside the Amy of his youth and his love—that he saw not the green grave where he had laid her, but was looking over and beyond it, through the golden glory of the clouds, to a far-off shore, where his eyes—none but his—could see the gleam of a white brow, the fall of chestnut hair.

One night, when he had been sitting there a long time, he turned away with a radiant look. Somewhat of inspiration had chased the gray shadow from his worn and aged face. Rachel and I sat together, in silence, at the other end of the room, but he seemed unconscious of a witness. His voice was clear and hopeful. In a steadfast tone he said,

"I shall go to her, though she can not come to me. Blessed be God—the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob!"

As he left the room I looked at Rachel. Through the twilight I could see the tears shining in her eyes.

"He loved her so faithfully," she said, "so many years, and now she is dead he loves her still. Oh, it was worth living and worth dying for—I know my mother thought so."

I remembered afterward a thought which came to me then—a wonder as to how *she* would love—this young girl, so shy, so tender, yet, it seemed to me, so faithful. I remember thinking how blessed the man would be who should win her pure heart, but I never thought of seeking this love, of which I believed her nature capable, for the crown of my own life.

That was a long, bright summer. I had come to Woolwich, weary of the world, of fashion, of business, of care. I had found there rest, pleasant companionship, quiet. I was satisfied. I had scarcely perceived that autumn was tinting the forest trees, ripening the fruit in the orchard, the grain upon the hill, and sending forth his lawless winds to gather up the spoil of summer. I was too happy to heed the flight of time. Rachel and Rachel's father were enough of society; Mrs. Tabitha managed my housekeeping concerns admirably, and I was content. But the spell was broken one fine morning, late in October, by the receipt of a letter from my only sister, Flora. She was two years younger than I, and yet for seven years she had been Mrs. Maxwell Grafton.

She was a brilliant and fashionable woman, but a good sister notwithstanding, and, as the world goes, a devoted wife. It had never ceased to be a mystery how little Flora, the pet of my boyish days, could ever have matured into this stately matron, so unlike my gentle, retiring mother; and a stranger mystery still, how she, younger than myself, and a woman, had ever acquired so much mastery over me, an independent bachelor. The solution of this last half of the riddle lay, I suspect, in three words —*strength of will.*

I remember wondering, as I broke the seal of her stylish-looking letter, what she had marked out for me to do; feeling a half-vexed consciousness that I should obey her, though the purport of her missive should be to dispatch me to the North Pole. Low be it spoken, I have a horror of arguing with a woman. They will talk so fast, they have such a feminine gift for making the worse appear the better reason, that I would far rather lay down my arms in despair than stand the shock of such a volley of words. I suspect Flora had found out this weak point, and grown tyrannical on the strength of it.

The letter opened with an account of a brilliant summer. I hurried over this, getting only a vague and confused idea, which rung through my brain a dozen changes on such formidable key-notes as "Saratoga," "Newport," "splendid creature," "pistols," "despair." I hurried on to what more immediately concerned myself. I was a sad, provoking fellow to have buried myself up all summer in Woolwich. So she thought; so Maxwell thought; so some one else thought, whose name I didn't deserve to know. However, if I would come at once to New York she would forgive me. I *must* come —that was certain—I must be there in time for her great party, which was coming off next

week, the first of the season. She had a friend to show me—one who was just my ideal—elegant, stately, beautiful, and very rich. Yes, she knew Anastasia St. John would just suit me, but perhaps I wouldn't suit her—she couldn't tell. Anastasia wasn't a woman to be won without wooing. But there, she was busy, she had wasted time enough on me, only I must come next Monday.

It never entered into my head to disappoint her. Perhaps the promised introduction had something to do with my ready obedience. Anastasia St. John—I liked the stately name. Flora's description pleased me too. This was just the kind of woman I had always meant to marry, and it was nearly time now—I had passed my twenty-ninth birthday this very summer. I commenced my preparations for leaving home.

That night—did I tell you it was Saturday?—I went to bid Rachel good-by. I carried her a few books which she had expressed a wish to read, and offered her the use of my library during my absence. Was I mistaken? It seemed to me that a look of pain crossed her face when I spoke of leaving Woolwich. I even thought there was a suspicious mistiness in her eyes. The time came afterward when memory reproduced that look of tender sorrow. She did not speak for some moments. She sat silent, while her father answered me; but her voice was clear and gentle as usual when she wished me a pleasant winter and bade me good-by. I listened sharply, but there was no quiver of pain in it.

I never went to the rectory on Sundays, but the next day I saw Rachel once more in church. If she had grieved at parting with me her face did not show it now. The faint rose-hue on her cheek was no deeper; there was no faltering in her tones as she joined in the singing; no suspicious dew in her clear yet tender eyes. The rector's sermon that day moved me strangely. It was about heaven—that heaven where his beloved waited for him; toward which his aged, trembling feet were hastening *fast*. There was, I know not what, of power and majesty in the old man's tones, so that all who heard him felt that he testified of that which he did know. As I listened, how vain it seemed to grope for happiness among the rubbish of earth! All of life looked empty and worthless, save the one narrow path which he pictured in faltering tones—the path leading, sometimes over rugged hills where sharp stones goad the weary feet, sometimes through green pastures and beside still waters of peace. I remember, as I heard him, the thought came to me whether that saintly young girl, lifting such meek eyes to her father's face, was not a fitter companion for one whose feet should walk in this narrow path than Anastasia St. John, whose proud name seemed to conjure up a shape of earthly, not heavenly beauty, gleaming with gold and diamonds; a rustling of silken drapery; an embodiment of pomp, and pride, and worldliness. But this reflection was only momentary, I was scarcely conscious of its existence, and with the benediction that followed the rector's prayer it faded from my mind.

Of Rachel Deane I thought as a dear sister—nothing more; and yet, it was strange, the last night of my stay in Woolwich I drew no pictures of New York gayety and splendor; my fancy summoned no stately Miss St. John to bear me company; but my eyes seemed to see, instead, an ancient gray-stone rectory—an old man sitting by the western window watching the sunset and the graves—a young girl pacing back and forth among the shadows, with tender, thoughtful eyes of brown, singing to herself now and then snatches of those grand old hymns which seem to have been set for martyrs to die by. I went to sleep with this cadence coming, or seeming to come, to haunt my slumbers, low, and sweet, and very sorrowful.

The next morning I left Woolwich.

II.

My first three days in New York were not very eventful ones. There was Flora's careless yet good-natured welcome, my mother's tender greeting for her only boy; and then I found my way to the offices and counting-rooms of half a dozen good fellows, old friends, whose society somehow gave me less pleasure than formerly. I think a certain peace and quietness had grown into my spirit during that long, still summer in the country, on which the bustle and confusion of this great, busy town jarred at first with a sense of pain.

My sister's grand party came off on Thursday night. I stood by her side at one end of her brilliant drawing-room while she received her guests. Her réunions were always very successful. It was an amusement to me to watch the different faces—the varying expressions of those handsomely-dressed men and women whom she called her "set." At last her quick whisper in my ear aroused me from my half-listless mood. I turned eagerly toward the door. At first I thought I had been struck blind—then I saw. It was Anastasia St. John.

The expression "a stately woman" had always, from some old, boyish association, conveyed to my mind the idea of a brunette. I had pictured Miss St. John, therefore, with flashing black eyes, with olive face, framed in shining raven hair. I had been mistaken; and yet she became forever after my standard of stately beauty.

She was the proudest woman I have ever met. There was pride in her thin nostril, her curling lip; pride sat serene and regnant on her smooth brow. She was tall, and faultlessly formed. Her skin was marble white, save where, in the cheek, a faint dash of crimson broke up through it, cold yet clear as a winter's sunrise. Her long, thick hair was of a pale gold color. It was folded back from her forehead in heavy waves, and wound about her small, erect head like a coronal. Her eyes were blue and brilliant, but there was no warmth in them. Her dress suited her. It was a robe of some costly lace, floating cloud-like over azure

satin. Rachel Deane may have been lovelier, but this Anastasia St. John was the most beautiful woman I ever saw.

There was a kind of *empressement* in my sister's tones as she introduced us which convinced me that my name was not unknown to this cold goddess, but her manner was careless, and yet polished as glittering steel.

From that night I had an interest in New York. I had coolly made up my mind to marry Miss St. John, if I could win her. There was an intense excitement, a keen zest, in trying to conquer this cold indifference, this haughty calmness. That winter was to me like a long game of chess. Warily, carefully I planned every move. Self-complacently I said, "I am playing well."

In this subtle trial of strength Woolwich was well-nigh forgotten. Sometimes I saw in my dreams a gray rectory; a saintly girl, with calm, holy eyes, sitting alone in the shadows; an old man, looking out toward heaven. But in the daytime my whole thought centred in this stately maid of ice—this Mrs. Gerard Sunderland that was to be. And yet I was forced to acknowledge to myself that I made little progress. I was much in Miss St. John's society. Her mother was an invalid, and my sister was her chaperon to balls, and drives, and operas. She accepted my attentions, or rather she endured them without seeming scarcely to be aware of them. She wore my bouquets, played my music, read my new books, and yet I grew no nearer to her. This piqued me, and I became more earnest in the pursuit.

Lounging in my sister's dressing-room one morning, I said, with assumed carelessness as I unwound a roll of ribbon,

"I give you credit for good taste, Flora, but I don't see what you think a man could marry in Anastasia St. John. One wants a woman whose heart beats once in a while, just often enough to show its existence; but Miss St. John! I'd as soon think of kissing life into a statue!"

Flora came up to me, and deliberately took the ribbon out of my profane fingers.

"Three dollars a yard, Mr. Gerard Sunderland. I can not have you spoil it. As for Anastasia, you don't know her, and I do. She has got too much heart, instead of too little—you may not be the one to discover it, but it's there. If she does love, it will be worth winning."

I did not believe my sister at the time, and yet her words led me to observe Miss St. John more closely. I began to see that she was weary sometimes. More than once I detected an expression in her fine eyes when they met mine which said, just as plainly as any words could have done,

"I should like you for a friend, Mr. Sunderland, if you would content yourself without trying to be my lover. You do not deserve me, because you do not understand me. I should gratify no part of your nature but your ambition."

But after a time I ceased to perceive this expression. I began to believe that I loved her; that that marble face, the clear blue of those eyes, the pale gold of that hair, were each and all dear and necessary to my happiness. I thought, too, that she seemed to soften toward me. Her voice grew lower. Sometimes I saw a strange tenderness in her eyes. Fool that I was, I thought it was evoked by my voice. I had indeed played well, I said to myself in these days. The checkmate was near at hand. Already the game had lasted through the winter.

It was on an April morning that I thought to win my crowning triumph. I went early to see Miss St. John. I found her alone, but I looked in vain for the tenderness I had fancied was growing habitual to those clear eyes. Had I, then, mistaken their expression before? I had intended this morning to ask her to be my wife, but the words did not come easily. I sat still for a time and looked at her.

"Could that proud woman ever *love?*" I once more asked myself, doubtingly. "Would any lover dare to tangle up his fingers in the pale sunshine of that hair? Would any husband's brow find rest on that pulseless bosom? Would any children dare to climb that silken knee?" There was no answer in the cold pride of her face. But another voice spoke to me—a voice which no ear could hear but mine.

What were you, Rachel Deane—you so shy, so small, so quiet—that you could shut out that proud beauty from my vision? By what strange might of your deep nature did you follow me, call me, draw me toward you? Never did mortal eyes rest upon your face more clearly than my spirit saw you then. Fearlessly your pure soul spoke to mine!

"Sin not," it said, "against your own best nature. Your love is mightier than your pride."

Every pulse leaped, every nerve in my body thrilled, as those words rung through my heart's chambers. She seemed to stand before me like an accusing spirit. Oh, I knew then that I loved Rachel Deane! I believed—how sweet the hope was—that she loved me; that apart earth held for either of us no true happiness. In my heart I blessed her for rising up before me then—I called her my salvation. Her presence seemed very real to me. I lifted my eyes, and they fell on Anastasia St. John, sitting there calm, and proud, and very beautiful—her great eyes seeming to look at something far away—something that was not me. I had never loved her; she had never loved me. Something within me forced me to speak to her—a new emotion I had for her—a calm, quiet esteem, a friendly regard, of which I knew now she was worthy. By this moved, I went up to her. I extended my hand. I said,

"I am here, Miss St. John, to bid you good-by. I leave New York this afternoon. Your society has made this winter very pleasant to me. We began it as strangers; I feel that we shall part as *true* friends."

She understood me. She had never looked so good to me as then. She put her hand in mine. Did I see rightly — I think the tears gathered in her eyes. Her voice was very gentle.

"I thank you," she said, warmly. "We *are* true friends—we will be. I am not so careless or so happy as the world call me. I have my griefs; but when I think of you, I will remember that I have one friend."

"God bless you!" I said, with a fervent prayer for her in my heart. I left her with such tenderness as I had never thought she could inspire. I never saw her again.

My sister met me upon the stairs. She had known of my intention to visit Miss St. John.

"How sped your wooing?" she asked, gayly.

"Flora," I answered, "you were right. You understood your friend better than I did. Miss St. John could love with a love that would be worth winning, but I am not the one."

I believe she thought I had been rejected. At any rate, she made no opposition to my plan of returning to Woolwich that afternoon, and three o'clock saw me upon the cars.

III.

Oh how fast we whizzed along! I had heard some one say we had started a little behind time, but it was not half fast enough for me. I felt like crying out to the conductor for more speed. My spirits were at high tide. I was going to Rachel. I knew my own heart now. I knew I loved her—I *thought* she loved me. With this hope in my mind I grew quieter. I sank into a reverie. I sat back in my seat and drew my hat over my eyes, and then I strove to recall all the tokens she had given me of her regard. The expression which I had seen upon her face the night before I left Woolwich came back to me. I remembered her timid pleasure at my coming. How charming she seemed to me in her beauty, her grace, her innocent youth. I pictured her as my wife. I thought how bright would be the stately house behind the pine-trees, when her light figure glided up and down the stairs, or sat, in household quiet, by the hearthstone. I gloried in the thought of protecting her—of keeping all sorrow and care away from her fair life—of leading her footsteps out of the shadow into the light.

Absorbed in thoughts like these, time sped rapidly. We were nearing Woolwich. I looked from the window, and the fields by the wayside were familiar. My heart bounded. Soon I should see Rachel. I would tell her that I loved her—I would know my fate from her own lips. I fancied how her eyes would droop—how the color would come and go in her cheeks—how shyly her little hand would flutter into mine.

Just then came a sudden, quivering motion running along all the train—a crash—a loud, prolonged, wailing shriek, and after that I remembered nothing more.

It was a warm morning in May when my consciousness came back to me. My first emotion was that of pleasure in the balmy air; the blossoms upon the trees which brushed in at the open window; the spring sunshine over all. Next came a curious feeling of, not exactly pain, but *goneness*. My senses were hardly yet fully aroused. I put my hand where this sensation most oppressed me. My right leg seemed to have been cut off above the knee. I should have thought I must be dreaming, but that the maimed limb was exquisitely tender and sensitive to the touch. I looked around the room where I was lying. It was not in my own house. It bore strange resemblance to an apartment in the rectory. I was quite alone, but some feminine piece of work lay upon a stand by the window. A few spring flowers stood there also, in a delicate vase.

Soon I heard footsteps approaching. I closed my eyes and lay very still. The footsteps came into the room. Then I heard Rachel's voice, in a tone of sad, almost pleading inquiry:

"You *do* think, Dr. Smith, that his reason will come back to him? He won't rave so always?"

"No fear of that, little Rachel. No head could stand such a blow as his got without being dazed for a while. Poor fellow! when his senses *do* come, it'll be a sorry awakening. A young, rich, good-looking man like him to have to carry a cork leg with him all his life."

I heard Rachel sigh, but she did not answer, and Dr. Smith left the room, saying he would be back in half an hour to dress the leg. Rachel came to the bedside. I knew she was standing beside me—I knew, as well as if I had seen her, that her tears were falling silently. I opened my eyes and looked at her.

"Come, Rachel," I said, "I heard what Dr. Smith told you, and now I want you to sit down beside me and tell me all about it. How long ago was it?"

She struggled hard to control herself.

"About four weeks," she said; "the cars—" but here she broke down utterly and hurried from the room. I lay there, wrestling with an agony before which any mere physical suffering shrank into insignificance. It was not that my pride was humbled—not that I must go through life a lame, to some degree, a helpless man, but it was that I felt I could never ask Rachel to be a cripple's wife—to mate her loveliness with my deformity. She could pity me—she did pity me—but I must shut out of my heart, from henceforth, the golden hope of love—I must live and die alone. No wife's head must lie upon my breast—no children's voices call me father. I strove in vain to choke back the cry which my longing heart *would* utter. My grief o'ermastered me. But I will not write out the sorrow on which only God and my own soul have ever looked.

When Dr. Smith came back I drew from him an account of the accident. I shudder to recall the frightful story now. So many souls called, unthinking, before their Maker. Such groans,

such tumult, such helpless cries of agony. Dr. Smith pictured it vividly, but there is no need that I should write out its horrors here. I had been taken up, at first, for dead; stunned by a severe blow upon my head. In all this, the Doctor said, Rachel had been the most wonderful nurse—I believed him.

During the two tedious months of convalescence which followed there was often, in the midst of my agony, a troubled joy. Sometimes it seemed happiness enough to have Rachel in my sight; her gentle hands ministering about me. Sometimes, too, there was a look in her eyes whose meaning I dared not meet, lest it should make me selfish. I had resolved, firmly, that I would never seek her love. I would not impose upon her tenderness, her pity, to win any pledge which she might regret afterward. No, I must live alone all my life, but I turned from these thoughts to rejoice in her smile, in the tender tones of her voice.

It was midsummer before I went to my own house. In the mean time I had learned to walk in the poor crippled fashion in which I must make up my mind always to move about hereafter. Several times I had proposed to go home, but neither Mr. Deane nor his daughter would allow it. I must stay with them until I was quite well. I had been brought to them when I was first hurt. They had nursed me through my delirium—they had claims upon me, and I must obey them. I confess I staid with them willingly. But at last the time was fixed for my final removal. The day before I was to drive to my home and give Mrs. Tabitha a few directions. I had sent for Mike to come with the carriage.

When it arrived, I entreated Rachel to do her patient one more good turn, and drive home with me for an hour. She consented, and we took the short drive in silence. When I reached the house I wanted to walk a little about the grounds, and she would make me lean upon her arm. How strangely it reminded me of my fancies, that sad day in April, about how tenderly *I* would protect *her*. Now this frail, delicate girl, at my side, was helping to guide my steps. I could not bear it; I hurried her into the house.

I do not know how it chanced that we sat down, not in the drawing-room, but in my Uncle Gerard's study. For a time I looked at her in outward silence, but my soul was crying out in its agony. So many hopes came back to mock me. I had thought once how her light feet would flit in girlish glee, up and down those walks lying so white and gleaming in the summer sunshine, that she would sit by my fireside, the glory of my home and my life. The great pangs became too mighty for me. In spite of myself they found a voice. I rose and walked across the room. I put back the curtain from before her mother's picture.

"There," I said, and my tones were almost stern with the effort to keep back the grief surging in my heart, "there, Rachel Deane, is the picture my Uncle Gerard painted of your mother. You are like it. I am not the inheritor alone of my uncle's wealth, but of his hopeless love. This is my inheritance. To live here, as he lived, alone. To love, as he loved. To long vainly, as he longed. Nay, Rachel, do not turn your eyes away. I did not mean to tell you, but you *must* hear now. Even as my uncle loved your mother and loved in vain, so must I, till my death day, love you. I was coming to Woolwich that day to tell you this love, to ask you to be my wife. I thought then I could win you, but God interposed and we are separated."

She came across the room. She laid her hands, her little woman's hands, upon my arm. The truth shone out of her clear eyes into my very soul. Her voice was firm but tearful. I can never forget her dear, dear words:

"We are *not* separated. We never can be. Take me, Gerard, if you love me. I love you; I have loved you long. I do not care for life unless I can pass it with you."

I could not gainsay her. I felt that she spoke truly, and thus the great joy and blessedness of love drifted into my heart; flooded my full life. I could not speak. I opened my arms and took her, thank God, I took my betrothed close to my heart. I know not how long we sat there. It was almost night before we returned home. As I led her up the steps, I said, not because I doubted her, but because I longed to hear her reply,

"Are you sure, my beloved, that you will never regret this—that you will be quite content with an ugly, crippled man, so many years older than yourself?"

Her brimming eyes answered me, and then her voice came to my heart, freighted with words too full of blessing to write here. They satisfied me forever.

We went together to her father as he sat at the western window. We told him of our love and asked his blessing. He rose and laid his aged, trembling hands, upon our heads. He blessed us. As we turned away we heard him murmur:

"Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"

We turned back as we reached the door to look at him. He sat again at the window, and his far-seeing eyes were fixed, not on his Amy's grave, but on the golden clouds, far, far away. We left him there.

We had much to say to each other. I told Rachel of Miss St. John, and how she herself had been present to my fancy; had come after me and brought me back, when I would have done my own heart wrong; and she answered me with smiles and with tears. That first twilight after our betrothal was a golden hour.

When we went in, the moon had risen. The old man sat there still. Rachel went up to him and laid her hand upon his brow.

"Oh, how cold he is!" she cried. "Father, father, wake up! *Don't* you hear me, father?"

I went toward her. Her father could never more hear any sound of earthly tones. He was gone to Amy. Who can tell what voice had called him? what fair hand had beckoned from the sunset-clouds?

We laid him by Amy's side, in the quiet church-yard, where the snow-flakes would drop their white mantle of peace above them in the winter; where the summer winds would blow, and the summer birds would sing. Even in their death they were not long divided.

My darling bore it well, for she knew that joy had dawned for the reunited ones in heaven; and on earth my love comforted her. It was not many weeks before she became my wife. She dwelt in peace in the stately mansion where her mother's portrait had waited for her so many years. My life was rounded into full and beautiful symmetry. I asked no more of fate. I was content with my crippled form, my halting gait, for my soul's life was bright and blissful; the path wherein Rachel and I were walking onward to the world lying beyond was lightened by Heaven's own sunshine.

The summer was not over when an unusually long letter came to me, in my sister's hand. She had written previously her congratulations on my marriage, and an invitation to bring my bride to New York. As she was not a frequent letter-writer, I broke the seal with considerable curiosity. The contents were sad, but they gave me the key to a character I had ardently desired to comprehend.

"We know now," she wrote, "why Anastasia St. John did not care for you. A little while ago a young man, the supercargo of a vessel, was reported as lost at sea, and then it came out. She had known him when her father was poorer—when they were both children indeed, and had loved him faithfully all her life. He was poor, and her father opposed it; but she was content to forego wealth and luxury for his sake. They were waiting till he could make enough to marry respectably. This was why she was always so cold in society. You know how she kept every one at a distance. It seems she saw his death in a paper, and it literally broke her heart. She was found with the blood flowing in a crimson tide from her mouth, and the paper clutched in her hand. In three days she was dead. They buried her yesterday. Poor, proud, broken heart! Poor Anastasia St. John!"

My darling had read the letter over my shoulder. I felt her tears upon my cheek, as she murmured, in her tender, pitying voice, this fragment from a ballad that she loved:

"And they called her cold. God knows.....
Underneath the winter snows,
The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blossoming!
And the lives that look so cold,
If their stories could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mould—
Would seem full of Love and Spring."

Behold I have told you the story of My Inheritance. Vale!

DESMOND THE SPECULATOR.

IN the summer of 1856, while traveling in the interior of New England, I found myself in company with a person looking forty years of age, who had evidently passed a considerable portion of his life in California and Mexico. Being travelers of leisure on our way to the White Mountains, a sort of transient intimacy grew up. My companion entertained me with stories of Mexican and border life which would have made the fortune of a magazine writer; but among them all, being myself a man of some business, I was chiefly interested in a sketch of the life and character of the celebrated Royal Desmond, the prince of gamblers and speculators, and who was a trader in Mexico before the discovery of gold in California.

"I was among the first," said my companion, "who looked for gold in the interior, and after six months of variable fortune accidentally met Desmond. He was then rapidly becoming rich, and controlled a considerable portion of the interior trade of Mexico. After a few days' acquaintance in the mines, I became aware that my new friend was the most extraordinary gambler on record, inasmuch as he played deeper than any, used no method of fraud, and almost invariably rose a winner. He seldom played, and always with men of acknowledged wealth. Five days and nights, without sleeping an hour, Desmond played in my store-cabin with Farquhar the old trader, who had amassed a fortune at Santa Fé. At midnight on the fifth day, Farquhar drew a pistol and killed himself. He had played away all his Mexican sheep, three hundred horses at Santa Fé, five thousand head of cattle in Chihuahua, houses and land in St. Louis, stores in New York, a steamer at New Orleans, piles of gold dust and silver coin which he had with him—in all four hundred thousand dollars. Being myself a lawyer and duly-elected magistrate in the camp, I executed the deeds of the conveyance and passed them one by one, hour by hour, to Desmond. They paid me one hundred dollars each time I witnessed Farquhar's signature. There was nothing terrible or exciting about this scene. Desmond was grave and pleasant; when he lost, which he did several times in the fortune of the game sums exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, he seemed rather to grow more cheerful, while the trembling old Scotchman was drinking to keep himself awake. Desmond seemed to sleep a moment, holding the cards in his hand. Farquhar drew the pistol so suddenly it was impossible to stop him. Desmond showed no surprise. He assisted me to take the body of Farquhar into a back room, went down to the river and washed his powerful limbs, mounted Farquhar's horse and rode off at two in the morning. The affair made no noise; my testimony was credited, and in a day every thing was forgotten.

"Desmond attached no value to money except as a means toward the accomplishment of some grand scheme of business. In person he

was cool, quiet, and abstemious, rather free in his relation to the other sex, but not a swearer nor a drunkard. All things with him were subjects of calculation, except his loves and his friendships. His attachments were warm, close, and exclusive. There was nothing loose, desperate, or defiant in the man: whatever he did *seemed* to be right for the time; if you condemned Desmond you had first to overthrow his system, for in all things his conduct squared with his philosophy. You smile; nevertheless your Mexican or Santa Fé trader has principles of his own, and he will explain to you his system of conduct with clearness and precision; in the city this is done to hand for you by the clergyman and professor; in the desert each man is his own philosopher and preacher.

"I said that Desmond was cheerful when he lost large sums. Yes—though it seems incredible. It was a part of his system never to play for small or single stakes, but the whole of his against the whole of his antagonist's; his credit being unlimited and unfailing, it was as easy for him to draw bills for a million as for an hundred thousand, and on this principle he played against any thing a little less weighty than himself, and his courage rose with the amount that had seemingly gone out of him, when in fact it was merely a step backward for a longer leap. 'This,' he would say, 'is merely the credit system—moral against material. Your men of business have no interest in the material they sell or buy, but only in its effects as a representative of values. Now, in playing with such men as Farquhar, who have money, I trade with the pure principle of trade, disencumbered of the substance.'"

"After all," said I, interrupting the narrative of my traveled friend, which a crowd of eager listeners were drinking in, "did you not look upon your friend Royal Desmond—by-the-by, is that the real name?"

"No."

"Well—did you not regard this prince of gamblers as a prince of rascals?"

"He never cheated. All rascals cheat."

"Go on, then, let us hear the rest."

"A week after Farquhar's death Desmond entered my cabin, threw himself upon a bed without a word, and slept twelve hours; he had ridden three hundred and fifty miles, killing three or four horses.

"I was sitting near him mending a pair of corduroy pants, when he opened his eyes. He watched the operation for a little while, and then said: 'How much money have you?'

"'About five thousand dollars, in gold dust.'

"'By mining?'

"'No, by trading—all.'

"'I will give you five thousand more—don't interrupt me. Here is a draft upon St. Louis. Take this and the rest of your money; turn all into coin at San Francisco; go by the first vessel to Acapulco, and thence to Guanajuato, in Mexico. I will write by you to the Padre Gerraez, informing him that I will give two hundred thousand dollars for the silver-mine of Cantaranas which he owns; he is poor and wants money; the mine is worth a million. The padre knows me, and will do as I request. Will you go?'

"'Yes.'

"'How soon?'

"'To-morrow.'

"'Very well, I will be with you at the *hacienda* of Cantaranas in six months. I shall take the land route through Mexico.'

* * * * * *

"The *hacienda* of Cantaranas crowns with its vast white walls the bare summit of a desolate mountain, down which a number of winding paths lead toward the various richly-wooded valleys of the province or department of Guanajuato.

"The mountain itself is called the 'Hill of Groans or Lamentation,' from a gloomy legend connected with the early colonization of Mexico by the Spaniard. It is said that soon after the conquest, four hundred women and children, who had taken refuge there while the invader was laying waste the populous valleys, destroyed themselves by a mutual massacre at the suggestion of a priest. Whether this story is to be credited or not, I can not tell, but the natural features of the mountain are sufficiently formidable without the aid of legendary horrors. On the side facing southeast, a precipice descends sheer down two hundred fathoms; the torrent of the Rio Mitro, thundering at the base, is inaudible at the summit. One wall of the *hacienda* rests upon the edge of the precipice. It is of white porous rock, hewn into cubes four feet in diameter, and evidently of great antiquity. Traces of ancient sculpture still exist on the outer face of this wall overhanging the cliff.

"The *mineral* or mining district, on the southern side, which is less precipitous, has many veins of silver and other metals; but the great vein called the Cobra, opened and worked three centuries ago, is much the most remarkable. It is said that more than ten millions in silver were taken from the Cobra during the first century of Spanish dominations, at the expense of many thousand lives, the natives being worked as slaves under the lash, and turned out to die as soon as they became weak or incapable. Desmond being well-known at Cantaranas, I was cordially received as his representative, after presenting my letter to the Padre Gerraez, who seemed to be in ecstasies with the prospect of selling the mines for so large a sum. The time passed away slowly while we awaited the arrival of Desmond, and was, I think, the dullest period of my life. Had it not been for the great confidence I reposed in Desmond, and a secret faith in his destiny, no ordinary inducements would have kept me so long in the dreary *hacienda*. The wind blew continually from the northeast with great violence, and we kept fires burning night and day to preserve an agreeable temperature.

"The director or engineer of the mines was an

Englishman named Clifford, who, though he had been two years in Mexico, appeared to be ignorant of the Spanish language, and conducted all his business with the padre in French, or through a young Cuban who acted as his clerk and interpreter. This man delighted me with his intelligent conversation. He represented himself to have been a younger son of a poor but noble family in England, and educated in a mining school in Paris. His knowledge of metallurgy was exact and profound, and he soon informed me confidentially that the mine had long since been a poor speculation for the padre, the expenses of raising the ores from the deep shafts consuming nearly all the profits. After watching Clifford's operations for a month or more, I became satisfied that his statements were correct, and I would have written to Desmond, dissuading him from the purchase, had not a secret awe of his superior sagacity restrained me.

"Clifford passed only a portion of his time at the *hacienda*. Every Sunday morning he mounted a powerful black horse, descending the mountain on the north side, and I saw nothing of him until Wednesday following. His clerk, the Cuban, conducted all necessary business in the interval. These periodical absences excited my curiosity to such a degree that I could not forbear betraying it to him. He said something about a wealthy Mexican woman whom he hoped to marry, but as he went away roughly dressed, and appeared travel-worn on his return, I became satisfied that love-making was not the only motive of his absence.

"At length, punctual to the day, Desmond made his appearance, accompanied by a train of one hundred and thirty pack mules bearing merchandise, wines, and three hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver coin. A party of thirty Mexican guerrillas escorted him to the gate of the *hacienda*, and were hospitably received by the padre, who entertained them for the night, and welcomed Desmond with the most extravagant protestations of friendship.

"Desmond opened a package of merchandise, and distributed presents to the native and foreign miners, who crowded into the *hacienda* to make friends with the long-expected proprietor. Wine and ardent spirit flowed like water, and the night waned in extravagant jollity. Padre Gerraez and his children passed hours in counting the two hundred thousand dollars and replacing it in the bags. Their excitement amounted almost to insanity. They wept and prayed, kissed Desmond and myself, and when, after a sleepless night, they took leave of us and started for the city of Mexico the next morning, they fairly sobbed themselves into silence, and could only wave an *adios* to the stranger who had made them all free and happy for the rest of their lives.

"No sooner had the last mule of the departing family disappeared down the winding path than Desmond took me with him into a private room and locked the door. He detailed the incidents of his journey. He looked haggard and care-worn: his complexion had assumed a leaden hue, as if suffering from internal disease.

"'I should not have reached you,' he said, 'had I not been impelled and aided by motives at once singular and to you incredible. I have acted under advice, and yet no living man has been my counselor.'

"'Desmond,' I replied, 'your mind is unsettled with excessive fatigue and want of sleep. Let us talk of this to-morrow.'

"'No,' said he; 'I have seen my father. I met him in a pass of the mountain near Santa Fé.'

"'Your father is then living?'

"'No; he has been dead these twenty years. But he laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, in his old natural voice:

"'Royal, do you know me?'

"'Yes, father,' I said, 'but I thought you were dead long ago.'

"'He only smiled, and continued addressing me, with his eyes fixed upon mine, as he used when I was a boy:

"'Go to Cantaranas,' said he. 'Do not fail. Your friend will be there waiting for you. Give him one-tenth of the produce of the mine.'

"'You may be sure I was not unmoved by this adventure. In fact I fainted, and remained insensible I know not how long; and when I arrived in Santa Fé, the women asked me if I had seen a spirit, I looked so pale and haggard.'

"Feeling persuaded that the intellect of Desmond was unsettled, perhaps by abstinence and fatigue, as I knew his habits of old, I refused absolutely to converse with him until the day following. I then introduced him to Clifford, whom he regarded with evident dislike. I had already detailed all that I knew of the habits of the Englishman.

"'Mr. Clifford,' said Desmond, coldly, 'you will remain constantly at the mine or in the *hacienda*, if you engage in my service, except when absent by special agreement. I will give you one thousand dollars a month, twice the salary given by the padre, but I expect you to be occupied all the time in my business.'

"Clifford pleaded his affair with the Mexican heiress. It was useless.

"'If,' said Desmond, 'you expect a fortune, devote yourself to her; but that is not my affair. I require exclusive services, or none.'

"Clifford agreed unwillingly, and nothing more was said of the matter.

"In less than a month we had three hundred miners engaged, new drifts were opened at the base of the hill at points indicated by Desmond, whose knowledge of the localities astonished every one, but none more than Clifford. Vast quantities of silver were taken out. Desmond now showed me papers in which all these secret localities were described. A few days after the death of Farquhar, while on his way to Santa Fé, he met a poorly-dressed and half-starved Mexican on the road, who offered him these papers for a thousand dollars. 'Not believing

them to be of any value,' said Desmond, 'I gave him one hundred and a mule. He represented that he had formerly been a proprietor of the mine but was driven off by a revolution. I took the papers, more out of respect to the feelings of the man than from any faith in their value. But the next night I had a wonderful dream. I thought that my father came to me, and advised me that the papers were of value, and that I should send you to the Padre Gerraez to make an agreement. This was a dream, but the second appearance to me was at noonday. It is my luck to be so met half-way by good fortune. In ten years I shall be worth ten millions, and one of these I shall get from this mine.' While Desmond talked with me I regarded him steadily. His large gray eyes shone not with the lurid fire of insanity but with the mild and steady light of a profound enthusiasm. His countenance was the type of rugged sense, deep cunning, and a wisdom which it was impossible to circumvent or elude. The vast cheek-bones stood out like ragged rocks, and the span-wide forehead displayed the largest powers of perception and combination. There may have been in his composition a mixture of the Hebrew, but I have seen American heads with aquiline contours of the same outline.....

"At the end of the seventh month seven hundred thousand dollars in silver had been sent away from the mine after paying all the expenses.

"Desmond never appeared to be excited or astonished when the monthly balances were announced to him. He gave his orders for the sale of the crude silver, and the disposition of the proceeds in foreign cities, with the coolness of an ordinary counting-house clerk. He would often check my exultation by some such remark as 'True, this may be riches to you, but to myself, who require ten millions for a specific purpose not to be accomplished by a smaller sum, it is mere poverty and destitution. Men are happy or unhappy as they have or have not the means to accomplish their ends.'

"'What, then, do you propose to do with ten millions?'

"'That is my secret.'

"'Have you reflected, then, by what means you will achieve the other eight, since you will have but two in all at the end of this enterprise?'

"'Money-making, like the art of war, is an affair of will, intellect, and fortune. I possess all the elements of success, and am consequently sure of the result. I am not avaricious, I never engage where I can not conquer, and I succeed with men by inspiring a confidence that is never violated. Look at a million as you do at a thousand. It is not difficult to convert two thousands into ten!'

"'But the details of so immense a business!'

"'There is your error. Napoleon governed an army of five hundred thousand men by the application of certain rules which you call principles. Can not you lift a spade full of sand without counting the single particles of sand?'

"A few days after this I accidentally overheard a private conversation between the clerk and Gilbert Clifford the engineer. It was in the Spanish language, of which Clifford had always professed himself ignorant. When I reported this to Desmond, and also informed him that Clifford had been twice absent for two successive days from the mine, he became thoughtful and disturbed. Soon after Clifford was again absent, and a Mexican whom we sent to follow him reported that he saw the engineer enter the houses of the Padre Garcia and of the commandante, twenty miles distant from Cantaranas, and that Clifford, the padre, and the commandante were in deep conference in the padre's garden.

"There was only one part of the miner's business to which Desmond gave close attention, and that was to ascertain the quantity of ore taken out every week from the drifts and pits. This ore was passed to Clifford, who became responsible for the returns in crude silver.

"'One evening at the beginning of the eighth month, while Desmond and I were sitting together, about sunset, on a Sunday evening, the Padre Garcia made his appearance, bowing and smiling with his usual benignity. He was a thin, brown, voluble Mexican, tolerably rich, and passionately fond of gaming and cock-fighting. Desmond often sent him presents of fighting cocks, and whenever he and the commandante made us a visit, it was a point with us to lose a few hundreds at monte to keep them in good-humor.

"The padre, after a short visit, would have gone away alone, but Desmond ordered horses, and we accompanied him, apparently for politeness, a few miles on his way home. The road was steep and rugged, winding along the mountain side, and had it not been for the brightness of a full moon we should not willingly have attempted it. Several times Desmond advised the padre to return, but he seemed anxious to get away, and annoyed because we would not leave him to go on alone.

"Two miles from the *hacienda* we reached a point where the path almost overhung the very verge of the precipice. I was riding in advance, the padre next, and Desmond behind. It was impossible for the padre to turn or pass either of us. Desmond ordered a halt. 'Padre Garcia,' said he, 'it is three hundred yards deep if you were to fall from this cliff. At the bottom there is a torrent.' 'Mercy, good Señor Desmond!' cried the padre, 'God has informed you.' He let drop the bridle of his mule, which stood still, clinging with its sharp hoofs to the slippery rock, crossed himself rapidly, and prayed aloud.

"'Padre Garcia,' continued Desmond, speaking in a mild, compassionate voice, 'it would be more effectual than prayer for your safety to give me a list of the conspirators who wish to rob me of my life and property at Cantaranas.' The padre drew a paper from his bosom, and, taking a pencil, wrote several names upon

the back of it, and turning on his saddle, passed it to Desmond, and then we rode on. At the foot of the mountain stood a small *adobé* cottage of one room, used by travelers as a place of rest and shelter. Another road went off to the right from this cottage by a circuitous route to the *hacienda*. The padre, an old mountaineer, had taken the shorter and more dangerous path. As we approached the cottage a rifle-shot fired from a shed in the rear passed through Desmond's saddle and tore the back of his horse, which started and screamed with pain. I dismounted, drew a pistol, and rushed into the cottage. A second shot, apparently from a revolver, struck my hat and inflicted a slight wound upon my forehead; and I saw a man escape from the shed into the undergrowth behind, which was thorny and almost impenetrable. I soon gave up the pursuit, after tearing myself severely with the thorns, and returned to Desmond. The padre and he had dismounted and were talking together, the padre entreating and supplicating. Desmond took the saddle from his horse, washed the wound at a brook and we rode back in silence to the *hacienda*, leaving the hypocrite Garcia to go his way homeward.

"As we entered the stone-archway, Clifford came out of his room into the court-yard undressed, as if for some trifling occasion, half asleep. He said, in a drowsy way, 'What were those shots fired at the foot of the mountain?' 'You have sharp ears,' I replied. 'We were attacked from the Casa Mignon.' 'That is the third time people have been fired upon there," replied Clifford, as he re-entered his room. 'We ought to pull down the *casa;* it is a mere shelter for robbers.' About two in the morning Desmond rose from his bed (we slept in the same room), and went out by the back door into the garden. In ten minutes he returned. 'I have examined Clifford's horse,' said he. "The horse is running loose in the *corral.* He has been carefully rubbed down, but I detected several fresh scratches of hooked thorns on his flanks, which he must have received to-night, near the Casa Mignon, as there are none others in the neighborhood. It was Clifford who fired upon us. You know it is impossible to hear the sound of a rifle or pistol at that distance, not less than two miles and the mountain intervening. Get up and see that your pistols are in order, and sleep no more to-night. He may possibly attempt to kill us if we sleep.' I rose and dressed myself quickly. Desmond struck a light, and bringing his books from the escritoir showed me that not less than two hundred thousand dollars in value of crude silver had been stolen during the seven months preceding. He ascertained this by knowing the amount of ores taken out, and by the confession of the padre Garcia, who admitted that he had divided one hundred thousand between himself and the commandante, and that Clifford had hidden one hundred thousand in bars, in a well near the foot of the mountain. This he had learned by the information of spies whom he had kept to watch Clifford, on his own account, intending at some convenient time to appropriate the whole.

"The next morning Desmond sent for the Cuban clerk, who was also one of the conspirators. Clifford came with him, and opening his books, explained that seven hundred thousand was the entire profit, the expenses not having exceeded three hundred thousand in all. Desmond, who had been attentively studying the accounts, turned from the table, and requesting him to be seated, 'Mr. Clifford,' said he, 'the ores taken from the mine ought to have yielded two hundred thousand more; how much have you given to the Padre Garcia, how much to the commandante, and how much more is concealed in the well of Signora Aloya?'

"Clifford made no reply. His thick lips quivered and his tongue refused him utterance. This man, powerful, solid, and full of hot-red blood, became pale and feeble for a moment under the terrible gaze of Desmond, whose eyes flashed unearthly fires.

"'You are a thief, Mr. Clifford, as well as a conspirator and assassin; you fired upon us last night from the Casa Mignon.'

"Clifford rose from his chair, stepped backward, and drew his revolver.

"'You have forgotten to cap your pistol,' said Desmond, smiling. 'I will give you time.'

"I had drawn a bead upon the head of the villain and would have killed him at the word, but a look from Desmond restrained me.

"Clifford had recovered his presence of mind, capped his pistol, and raised it; but before he could get an aim Desmond fired off-hand, and he fell dead, shot through the heart.

"'That,' said Desmond, 'is much better than hanging. I would give a wolf one chance for his life.'

"Not long after this affair we sold the mine for a sum which fully realized our expectations, and left Mexico well satisfied with the fruit of the year's labor. I parted from Desmond at New Orleans, where he was making preparations to fulfill large contracts for the overland interior trade of Mexico. His Sante Fé and Mexican property was all converted and reinvested in a wonderfully brief space of time; and when I took leave of him for a three years' tour in the Old World, he was confident of being the master of at least five millions on my return."

My traveled friend paused in his narrative. We were sitting, six or eight of us, listening with deep interest to his sketches and anecdotes of the great financier.

"Pray, Sir," said an amiable old lady in spectacles, "is Mr. Desmond married?"

"Yes, madam; he has a wife and two children somewhere in the West. He sees them once a year."

"Who is this Desmond?" asked a red-faced judge of the circuit.

The stranger made no reply.

"I should think," said a green Yankee, "that

he would be satisfied with less. He can't make no use o' ten millions."

"How much capital, friend, do you require to set up a wooden bowl manufactory?"

"Abeout eight hundred dollars."

"You couldn't do it for less, could you?"

"Not easy, I guess," said the Yankee, seriously.

"Well, then, Desmond requires ten millions."

"What's the natur' uv the bis'ness," squeaked an old speculating country doctor, who had been leaning over with his hands upon his knees, winking and grinning at us, while the stranger was relating the adventure.

"A cotton operation?" suggested a Meredith man, who stood by.

Every one had his guess: iron, wool, lard, cloths, ocean steamers, telegraph lines. The stranger shook his head.

"Perhaps you don't know yourself," said the Yankee.

The stranger smiled.

"You don't mean to tell, anyhow, dew yeou?" continued the persevering Yankee.

"Not just now," said the stranger.

ESTHER.

CAPTAIN WALLACE JEFFREY had followed sea-faring from boyhood, and having compassed that rarest of achievements, the acquisition of a fortune equal to his own ideas of a competency, he made up his mind to enjoy himself a little for the residue of his days, and cast about for a pleasant harbor. He was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet, so in a few weeks he found himself possessor of unquestionably the largest domicile in our country town, a handsome brick mansion, surrounded by green, terraced grounds, and a whole forest of fine old trees.

A noisy, stirring man was Captain Jeffrey; somewhat less noisy and stirring, whatever that indicated, in his own home than every where else. Mrs. Jeffrey was a thin woman, rather below the middle height, with decorous manners, deliberate speech, a cool eye, sandy, dubious ringlets, much jewelry, and altogether a frumpish look. The poor Captain! something evidently went amiss with him. Perhaps country life did not agree with him. When once Mrs. Jeffrey had given a great party, such as was never before seen among us, wherein our eyes were delighted with wonderful specimens of confectory skill, the achievements of a real city artist, and our ears charmed by a band of city musicians, who came for the express purpose, and when Captain Jeffrey, by way of beguiling his weariness, had made every improvement in and around the house which his fancy devised and his wife permitted, he began to have a pinched, worn look; and one day, while yet no one thought him really ill, he took to his bed, and shortly after to his berth in the hillside grave-yard.

Mrs. Jeffrey, who was propriety itself, appeared of course in the deepest, blackest grief, all crape and bombazine; mitigating her mourning, however, by due degrees as the years passed on. Every spring and fall, as regularly as the village milliner, she visited New York or Boston, returning always exceedingly furbished up. Meanwhile she led a much more secluded life than in the days of Captain Jeffrey. That may have been in part because the house had lost something of the air of cordial welcome which he had always diffused there; or it may have been that Mrs. Jeffrey—august as undeniably she was—was also just a little stupid. She herself, I think, accounted for the change on the assumption that she was more aristocratic, more refined and exclusive, than her husband used to be. At all events, it was evident enough that she regarded herself as occupying a position of much grandeur and distinction.

The house had a lonely look, shut up as it mostly was. To be sure, if Mrs. Jeffrey chose to restrict herself to the little south wing of her large habitation, leaving the rest to be occupied by airy nothing, she had an undoubted right to do so; in the circumstances it was natural perhaps. But that which we did not understand, that in which we all felt an interest therefore, was, whatever in the world she did with her time. She kept a man-servant, a maid-servant, and a sewing-woman; child she had none; she seldom had a guest; books she cared nothing for. True, she took several newspapers, precisely those which her husband used to take; but that she did not read them was pretty nearly demonstrated—indeed, she once urged them upon our clergyman, with the avowal that she never cared to look beyond the marriages and deaths. Now, what could such a woman do with her time?

We discovered; she used to knit Berlin wool! First, there was an infinite number of brilliant little triangular bits (shells she called them), each knit separately, and all destined finally to merge their individual being in splendid union, forming such coverings for sofas, and cushions, and chairs, as herself averred could be bought for neither love nor money. It is incredible with what quiet zest she devoted herself to these fractions of unpurchasable magnificence. If she had company to tea, she did not therefore intermit her interminable employment. If she went out to tea, the knitting-needles and Berlin wool went too, and really were rather more amusing and conversable than the lady herself.

That no great intimacy should exist between Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Jeffrey was easy of solution. But then they had a standing disagreement, a cordial antipathy, the ground of which no one understood, and which was in itself a little remarkable from the fact that they were in no degree related, had never even lived next-door neighbors, and neither of them really disliked or was disliked by any other human being; though the last circumstance should, perhaps, have mitigated our wonder, since it is too clear to admit of dispute that most persons re-

quire a safety-valve in the shape of some object of legitimate dislike, without which they are just like a flueless chimney.

Mrs. Grey was the kindest-hearted woman, the most neighborly, the frankest—ah! perhaps just there lay the difficulty. Who knows but she may have been a little too out-spoken?

She was the occupant, ever since my recollection, of a pleasant little dwelling, almost hidden, in summer time, by a huge grape-vine, and standing at some distance from the village on the outskirts of a fine old wood. Her excellent judgment and ready sympathy made her invaluable as privy counselor and adviser in general, while her cheerful efficiency and untiring activity were an unfailing resource in emergencies. Nothing was impossible for her. Her skill in cookery was unrivaled; her wheaten bread was the fairest, her brown loaves the sweetest, her pastry the snowiest and airiest, her cakes of every sort the daintiest. Whatever she undertook seemed unfailingly to prosper. Did she bethink herself to cultivate a strawberry bed, the rich crimson fruit ripened on her vines full three days earlier than on any others in the vicinity. Was a cutting of some rare rose given her, it rooted, grew, flowered with a celerity that seemed fabulous. Was a package of outlandish seeds shared with her, there was the certainty that her part, at least, would come to something. Even Colonel Ray, our amateur horticulturist, did not disdain to inquire incidentally into her methods. I am not sure but she possessed some mystic power over inanimate nature; for why else were her daisies, pansies, and carnations a third larger than any one's beside? why did her English violets spread and spread till the whole little front-yard was purple and fragrant with them? and why were her mountain-ashes laden, year after year, with full scarlet clusters when, upon others, they grew few and far between?

If one could have had the heart to find fault at all with Mrs. Grey, it was in respect of her daughter. Half a dozen years ago Esther was already a tall girl, wild as a hawk, with eyes almost weird in their dark splendor—when once you could get sight of them through the brown, heavy-drooping hair that hid half her face. She lived out of doors all summer long, and, lithe, agile, and fearless, knew every nook and corner of the country around, every hill and valley, brook and pond, thicket and swamp, as well as she knew the ins and outs of her mother's quaint little sitting-room. In birds and wild flowers she was well-nigh as learned as King Solomon himself; and she knew no other earthly thing. Her mother fully intended sending her away to school sometime, but Esther always pleaded off, so that there was a fair prospect of her developments being altogether spontaneous.

Mrs. Jeffrey commented on the case deliberately and severely, and foretold, like an oracle, dire results of ignorance and awkwardness. Possibly her remarks, faithfully reported to Mrs. Grey, would have prolonged Esther's independence, and proved Mrs. Jeffrey also among the prophets, but circumstances occurred to change the face of things.

An elderly gentleman stopped one day at the Cheshire House—as our place of public entertainment was designated—inquired Mrs. Grey's whereabouts, dispatched thither his luggage, and forthwith betook himself to the little white house. Polly Ellis, our lynx-eyed servant-maiden, who happened, as mostly she does happen on such occasions, to be at the well drawing a pail of water just as he walked by, affirmed that he was "a really nice, respectable-looking person, with cane and gloves and all." The next day was Sunday, and we could judge for ourselves. Undoubtedly he was Mrs. Grey's brother—there was the same cast of features, the same straight, well-defined eyebrow, the same dark gray eyes with frank, cheery glances, the same erect, independent bearing. He had certainly the air of a man well to do in the world. Mrs. Grey wore that day, for the first time, a very handsome shawl over her quiet merino dress.

Of course before Monday night we knew all about it. The gentleman, Mr. Ingersoll, was really Mrs. Grey's brother, a resident of Baltimore, and had come hither expressly to induce Mrs. Grey and Esther to share his home.

Mrs. Grey could not bring herself to that; she preferred her lonely independence; besides, the happiest years of her life had passed here, and she loved the place. She saw, however, too plainly to feel disposed to reject them, the advantages offered to her daughter; so Esther turned up her long tresses with a comb, put aside such childish things as high aprons, donned long dresses, and vanished from our midst one sunny spring morning, while the pear-trees were in their whitest splendor.

Much about the same time I too was sent away to school for several years. On my return at one of the vacations, I learned that Esther had been at home and was gone again, and so it happened that we never met at all for five years.

A pleasant walk in summer is down Beaver Lane, across the brook bearing the same name, and then along the bank of that pretty stream, skirting the woody hill on the left till the path emerges on the highway close by Mrs. Grey's. One fine spring evening two years ago, Fluke and I—Fluke is my Newfoundland dog, my tolerably faithful attendant in many an excursion that would else be solitary—Fluke and I had been enjoying the route I have mentioned. The shallow water, which, though it flows swiftly, is so crystal clear that you may see distinctly every outline and faintest shading of the rich brown gravel beneath, the soft, vivid green of the early grass, so prettily set off by the deep tawny sand of the beaten path, the superb drooping elms which, solitary or in groups, dot the fields around, or shade the winding course of the far-away river; these, with a richer chorus of bird-music than it has often been my lot to

listen to elsewhere—for we are not a sporting community—made up a very fair aggregate of attractions. I diverged from the path to ascend the hill a little way, and thereby obtain a better view of the western sky. There had been promise of a fine sunset; country people easily grow wise in these prognostics; there were clouds, apparently one continuous dusky mass, but the sun touched them, and they stood detached, fiery-edged and glorious; just over them floated the new moon, slender and golden, "with the old moon in her arms," and in the clear purple zenith hung two silver-white planets. I watched till the beautiful western fires paled.

"Come, Fluke," I called, "it is time to go home." But Fluke had espied a white vesture, and was off like a shot; evidently he had found an acquaintance, for he was leaping, barking, wagging his tail, in most demonstrative fashion; so I waited to see what should be the end of it. I had not long to wait; the lady of the white robe approached and gave me her hand with a frank, cordial smile. Fluke's memory was better than my own, for at first I did not recognize her, but a moment more told me it was Esther—and grown so much!

Grown, she repeated; yes, indeed, but not changed one whit. She had been half the day in the woods, and loved them just as dearly as when a child she used to live in them almost.

But she was changed; her figure had unfolded into uncommon symmetry; her eyes, with lashes so long and thick and black, had gained wonderfully in depth and beauty of expression; her face was pale in repose, but brightened as she spoke, and her mouth, exquisitely shaped, was red as a fuschia blossom.

She was still Esther though, for an oriole sang in a bough over us, and she caught up his song, echoing it with such perfect truth that he must have thought her a veritable bird.

"You have learned to sing, Esther?"

"Oh yes! and, except to read a book, it is all I have learned! They tried faithfully to teach me all that girls are taught, and I tried faithfully too for a while; but it was revealed to me," continued she, "that they might just as well try to teach a bird. We compromised; they ceased importuning me to overpass my vocation, and I did my best to satisfy them about music."

"And you play—what instrument?"

"Best and most the harp—I love it beyond all others; and worst and least the guitar. I can also do plain sewing—can even make a buttonhole. And now, dear Madge, you have a complete list of my accomplishments. Before the summer is gone, however, I intend to rival my own mother in cookery, and then—"

"And then?—"

"I don't know. I never looked six months before me in my life."

I scanned her face eagerly because it was so very lovely, so full of fresh, beautiful vitality, varying its expression with every changing thought. I remember that with that last remark of hers, an auroral flush swept over her face; I thought it was because I looked at her so much, and, half laughing, apologized.

"Oh! you will see quite enough of me, dear Madge. I shall come to you just as in the dear old time when we both were young." (N.B. She was nineteen that summer.) And so we said good-night.

Changes come to all. It chanced this summer that Mrs. Wallace Jeffrey was induced to descend a little from her solitary grandeur. She had guests—a lady and a gentleman. The former, only for the difference in years, you would have taken at first glance to be Mrs. Jeffrey's double, but when you looked again you would have seen that of the sandy ringlets there were more, that the opaque blue eyes were bluer, that the little figure was less still, that this outdressed the other by many degrees, and that the frumpish air was wanting entirely. We had been informed that she was from a stylish Philadelphia family, an heiress, altogether accomplished, a niece of Mrs. Jeffrey, and a Miss Chesterfield.

Mrs. Jeffrey, in prospect of this advent, had expressed a hope that the young people of the village would be polite to Miss Chesterfield. I suppose she knew pretty well that she had little right to expect any particular manifestation of courtesy toward a guest of hers. We all meant, however, to go and see Miss Chesterfield; we are really tolerably good-natured, and then, like country people in general, we take a laudable interest in every body and every thing that comes in our way.

The gentleman guest was Mr. Rivers, a Southerner, a widower, and the father of a delicate three years' old fairy, whose slender frame he hoped a change of climate would invigorate, and whom he had therefore brought North for the summer.

How much more cheerful it looked at Mrs. Jeffrey's now! The front blinds were no longer closely shut, the parlor windows were raised, the hall-door stood open, and there were sounds of life, and a pleasant, stirring aspect about the place, contrasting most agreeably with the gloomy stillness which had so long prevailed there. The bonnie wee maiden, too—shy as a bird—how delicately fair she was! and when she could be induced to lift her eyes and look at you through the golden brown curls, what lovely eyes they were! dark blue, and dewy as violets, but with a sad, questioning look in them, which made you think of the lost mother. In three weeks that child was the village pet: it was inevitable; if Mrs. Jeffrey had been a veritable dragon, it would have happened all the same.

It chanced that the nurse-maid of little Flora had been accidentally disabled, and a substitute provided, a singular one, too. Sally Herkimer was the most shiftless specimen of young womanhood that ever clambered over stump-fences and stone walls. She was always limping from a stone-bruise, or a thorn in her foot, always climbing trees to see how many eggs

or young ones were in the nests; though, to do her justice, she never disturbed the occupants otherwise than to show them her wild, elfin visage, open-mouthed, unbonneted, and crowned with tangled, sun-burned locks, which she was all the while jerking back. Her wearing apparel exhibited a bizarre texture of rents, darns, and patches, the frock usually divested of a considerable portion of the skirt, and fringed around the bottom in fantastic wise.

Not without favoritism and wire-pulling, Sally was promoted to her high station. Mrs. Jeffrey's maid-servant, Abigail White, was own cousin to Sally Herkimer's mother. It was whispered that Mrs. Jeffrey, leviathan though she might be, was tolerably well domineered over by Mrs. Abigail. At all events, when there was talk of a nurse for the little lady, Abigail fitted out Sally with a tidy new calico frock, a whole sun-bonnet, and a pair of leathern shoes. Arrayed in this unaccustomed splendor she was paraded before Mrs. Jeffrey, and with no other testimonial than Abigail White's asseveration of her fitness was forthwith installed. At first she was greatly elated with her good fortune, but before long, drawing about the little willow carriage an hour or two every day became monotonous, and, by way of variety, she used to leave the child with a flower, a pebble, or a bit of moss, while she ran to see if the strawberries were ripe in the adjoining field, if the ground-bird's fledgelings were flown, if she could reach the swallows' nests in the sand-bank, or if the great turtle were still in the pen she had made for him.

We went to see Miss Chesterfield immediately. We quite liked her, a little oldish she seemed, but very good-natured, with a flow of pleasant chat that was infectious; even Mrs. Jeffrey laid aside her loftiness, and was so agreeable that we resolved to let by-gones be by-gones, and to do famously for Miss Chesterfield in the way of walks, rides, in-door and out-of-door tea-parties, and the like. But our purposes were broken off, for the poor lady was attacked by a dreadful toothache, which clung to her relentlessly nearly a month, swelling her face till she could not open her right eye; and then, the pain and swelling being gone at last, her poor visage was so marred, so entirely denuded of skin, that to go about pleasuring was out of the question, and our hospitable intents could not be carried out. It is an ill wind, however, that blows nobody good, and this indisposition of Miss Chesterfield was quite a piece of good fortune to Dr. Amory, the young dentist; for with just the exception of extracting a tooth for old Hetty Lakin, the deaf, humpbacked washerwoman, it was the very first demand on his professional skill since his quite recent establishment among us. Good care he took of Miss Chesterfield! We used to see him daily, sometimes oftener, daintily wending his way to Mrs. Jeffrey's, in white hat, worn jauntily, unexceptionable gloves, glittering patent leather, and cambric kerchief peeping snowily from his breast-pocket. For him, just starting in business, it was a great thing to be in such requisition at altogether the grandest house in the village; but for Miss Chesterfield and ourselves it was too bad! The weather was charming; just warm enough, just cool enough, not too wet, not too dry, the perfection of early summer; flowers were all in bloom, and the stately rows of elms, our especial pride, which stand hand linked in hand all the way down either side of the street, were in their sweet prime of verdure. It was too bad! Consideration for Miss Chesterfield would not allow us to execute on our own behalf plans formed on hers, and it seemed that, after all, we were to have an uncommonly quiet summer. Perhaps the fair lady's affliction influenced Mr. Rivers also; for, to do him justice, he manifested no particular desire to avail himself of the social privileges of the neighborhood. He looked as if he might be a real acquisition too; he was tall, well-looking generally, with a pair of dark, flashing eyes, and a smile of rare sweetness. As for Dr. Amory, with his pink cheeks, small mouth, mild eyes, and light curling locks, we set him down at once as "too pretty."

And when at length Miss Chesterfield was fairly recovered, then set in a rainy fortnight. Day after day the clouds poured down their "garnered fullness" till, midsummer though it was, we began to fear a freshet. At last the gloom broke, vanished, and left the welkin bluer and the earth greener than ever. A few days of fair weather, and now it would do to venture on the long-talked-of excursion to Marlborough pond. Nelly Kent and I went over to Mrs. Jeffrey's to settle it with Miss Chesterfield. At the gate we met Mr. Rivers, who passed us with his usual quiet courtesy, not a whit more, and we went on toward the house. The windows were open, and as we approached we heard music—a piano accompaniment—and the voices of a lady and a gentleman. It was an old Scottish melody, and the two voices were just as still and small as it was possible to be and be at all. Fortunately they were finishing the last stanza, and Nelly and I were not forced to the alternative of eaves-dropping or interruption. We were shown into the parlor, where sat *tête-à-tête* Miss Chesterfield and Dr. Amory. Open on the piano-forte was the very ditty they had been warbling. Truth to tell, they had both of them much the look of children who had been caught in mischief. To set them at ease we entered at once on our errand.

Would Miss Chesterfield accompany us to Marlborough on the morrow? The weather was settled now, we could rely upon that, and that road was never bad; the drive would be charming. We would set off early in the morning, before it was too warm, stay the day in Marlborough, and return in the twilight. Would she go?

Miss Chesterfield blushed, hesitated, regretted. The day after to-morrow she had fixed to leave for home; she could not very well de-

lay, as she had already remained several weeks longer than she had intended. To-morrow she should necessarily be much occupied. Indeed she had a particular engagement for the afternoon. She was very sorry.

So were we. Miss Chesterfield had told us of a long-cherished wish to see in its native element the loveliest of water-plants, the white pond-lily; and nowhere else in our vicinity does that floating, starry beauty grow in such lavish profusion as in the pretty sheet of water, Marlborough pond. We expressed our regret and came away.

The next morning Miss Chesterfield made some farewell visits, and precisely at two o'clock in the afternoon, Dr. Amory, in a glittering rockaway, drove up to Mrs. Jeffrey's front gate, and a few minutes afterward drove away again, rosy and radiant, with Miss Chesterfield by his side.

When that lady had left town the next morning, we were not much surprised to learn that Dr. Amory was gone also. In the afternoon, knowing that Mrs. Jeffrey would feel lonely, I went over to see her and to take her a basket of raspberries of my mother's raising. I found her quite unusually glad to see me. She was in a particularly communicative mood, with no one to talk to. Even the knitting had a respite, while she chatted with a fluency altogether foreign to her usual manner, and presently she imparted to me a secret, averring, however, that it need no longer remain a secret. Dr. Amory and Miss Chesterfield were engaged. She had known it herself only since last evening—with a glance at the clock—since half past eight. She had been so completely astonished that she had lain awake more than an hour after she went to bed. And yet, after all, it was not astonishing in the least. Dr. Amory was such a gentlemanly person! not wealthy, but exceedingly respectable, and a professional gentleman. Miss Chesterfield had fortune enough to enable them to live as they pleased — quite handsomely, in fact. To be sure, Mrs. Jeffrey had really supposed—to confess the truth, she had invited Miss Chesterfield and Mr. Rivers at the same time, fancying that when they became acquainted with each other — and it would have been a charming match though!—Miss Chesterfield would have made such a mother for little Flora, so good-tempered she was, and so patient! Dr. Amory said that he never in all his practice saw a person endure any thing as Miss Chesterfield did that toothache; just as cheerful the whole time! It was quite a lesson. Yes, indeed, it was a loss to Mr. Rivers. And besides, she was not too young. Such a common fault it was with gentlemen marrying a second time, they married too young. How wrapped up Mr. Rivers was in his little daughter! A Miss Roche, of Virginia, her mother was—a fair, fragile young thing, who lived only a year after her marriage, and died when her baby was a fortnight old. Flora had always lived with her maternal grandmother; but she, too, died last winter, and as the child had never been strong, her father hoped a Northern climate would be of service to her. A good, sweet child she was, Mrs. Jeffrey said; tolerably fond of her own way. By good luck the room appropriated to the little one was the farthest in the house from her own, so that she was really very little disturbed. There she was now, pretty, affectionate little creature, just as fond of Sally as could be, and Sally thought all the world of her too. Couldn't I stay to tea? Abigail was going to have muffins. Didn't I like muffins? Couldn't I stay?

Not then, I thanked her, and I came away thinking that Mrs. Jeffrey had grown pleasanter and better for a little more intercourse with her kind.

A favorite haunt of Sally Herkimer's was just beyond the little bridge I have spoken of across the brook at the foot of Grey's Hill, and thither she betook herself this afternoon. A few rods up the hill stood a butternut-tree, then doubly attractive from its fruit, whose progress toward ripening she watched closely, and from the nest which an oriole had suspended from one of the branches. A large weeping birch grew near the edge of the stream, its pendent boughs almost meeting the surface of the water. Into the shade of this tree, close by the brookside, Sally drew her little charge, tossed her for a plaything a twig from a branch overhead, and with many injunctions to sit still, and the promise of a speedy return, set off on a tour up the butternut-tree. Five minutes after, the fairy lost her birchen wand, tried to regain it, leaning far over the side of the frail seat, which swayed, yielded, and the next moment the water flowed over the little form.

But not long. Esther Grey was returning from the village by the path I have indicated, and reached the spot in time to witness the plunge. She sprang to the rescue of the drowning child, and in a little while held her in her arms, and bore her homeward. At the door her mother met her, and comprehended all at a glance. The dripping garments were removed, and every means of restoration employed. The child lay pale as marble, and as motionless. Could she indeed be dead? Surely a quiver passed over the little white lips—another—and then came a breath between a gasp and a sob. "She will do well now," said Mrs. Grey; and Esther, kneeling by the bedside, wept like a child, glad, thankful tears.

Ill news always speeds. In less than an hour an exaggerated report of the circumstances had reached Mr. Rivers, and brought him to the place where his child was lying. Mrs. Grey saw him coming, and went to the gate to meet him. "She is sleeping quietly," said she, "and will, I trust, suffer no harm." He did not speak, only he wrung her hand. She led him to the room where lay the little one; and mother and daughter came away, leaving father and child together.

Three hours little Flora lay in a tranquil and

refreshing sleep. When she awoke, Mr. Rivers had won from Esther a promise that she would forego the misgiving which for a year had prevented her becoming his wife—the misgiving that she was too young and too weak. A fountain was unsealed in her heart holier and sweeter than she had dreamed of, and it gave her courage to venture on the untried path.

Probably Mrs. Jeffrey had never since she lived among us gone out so early as on the day following these events. She took no more consideration of the proprieties of time and place than any of the rest of us would have done. It had been surmised that she had a heart somewhere, and so the event proved. She went directly to Mrs. Grey, whom she greeted in a way as cordially sincere as in herself it was new. I believe, in her genuine gratitude at the preservation of little Flora, she was as happy that Mr. Rivers's choice had fallen on Esther as she would have been had Miss Chesterfield herself been the elect lady. And she expressed her pleasure so earnestly, that Mrs. Grey began to feel compunctious visitings in view of the light in which she had been used to regard her old neighbor. Even had there been any real grounds, which certainly there were not, for their former dissension, all differences would still have been amicably adjusted.

Poor Sally Herkimer! Her disgrace seemed inevitable. Too quick-witted to await disposal, she went directly to her own home, to her little garret bedroom, and took a real woman's solace —a good, hearty cry. Her mother, usually apathetic, but kind-hearted when roused, would fain have comforted her. A little Southern supremacy, however, set all to rights. The diminutive lady so fortunately rescued, on her return to Mrs. Jeffrey's, missed Sally, and lifting up her voice in an unmistakable way, refused to be comforted, to eat, drink, or suffer any human being to lay a finger on her, till the whole household were fain to unearth Sally. Poor Sally! Penitent, remorseful, smiling through her tears, she lavished broken words of tenderness, uncouth caresses, on the pretty, spirited darling who could not be brought to endure her one moment out of sight; and the result was, of course, Sally's prompt reinstatement. So salutary was the effect of the shock which she had received, that her conduct became thenceforth exemplary.

There was a wedding at Mrs. Grey's the next fall, and Mrs. Jeffrey greatly exerted herself to do honor to the occasion. She even begged that the wedding-day might be postponed a week, to give time for the preparation of some superb finery in which it would have been her good pleasure to array the bride. But Mr. Rivers could not remain another week, and really Esther looked quite lovely enough in her pretty plain traveling dress.

Mr. Rivers's affairs require his presence in Baltimore during the winter, but the summer brings them all North, so that we have not quite lost Esther. I fear, however, that we shall henceforth see less of her, for Mrs. Grey has at last promised to go next winter and live with them altogether.

Dr. and Mrs. Amory have taken the house next Mrs. Jeffrey's, greatly to the satisfaction of all concerned.

HANDEL.

GENIUS waits for no favoring times or events, nor is its sacred fire smothered, no matter how inhospitable the welcome accorded to it. No period could have been chosen less propitious for the successful development of a great musical genius than the times upon which Handel was cast. Art and literature had just then no very exalted standards; poetry, although not silenced, was become stiff and formal; social manners and morals were corrupt; men cultivated politeness without veneration, and action without enthusiasm; the only available talent was one for intrigue, and the greatest merit an outward grace united to the least possible amount of elevated principle: the first two Georges were kings of England, and Chesterfield stood at the head of the Court wits. What chance was there for music among such a crew?

"George Frideric Handel," as he signed himself, was born at Halle, in Upper Saxony, on the 24th of February, 1684.

Nature intended him for a musician. His father, a surgeon, sixty-three years of age at the time of young Handel's birth, and evidently a very respectable old fogy, intended the boy for the law. Nature, aided by chance and the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfeldt, fortunately triumphed.

At five years of age the boy Handel practiced secretly upon the keys of a dumb spinet, which, with the connivance of his nurse, he had concealed in the garret of his father's house. At seven he could play with some degree of facility. Happening at this time to be at the Ducal chapel, he stole to the organ, and as the noble congregation was leaving the building began to play. Hearing a remarkably soft and sweet strain—somewhat out of the usual style of the regular organist—the Duke turned to his retinue and asked who was playing.

"It is my little brother George, who is not yet eight years old," answered a page standing near. The trembling boy was brought before the Duke. The father, who had the utmost aversion to his boy's strong predilection, and thought the Divine Muse only fit companion for vagabonds and dissolute characters, was persuaded to place George under the eyes of Zachau, a noted organist of Halle.

At the age of eleven he went to Berlin, where, such was his proficiency, he was regarded as a musical prodigy, and so excited the envy of Bononcini, an Italian composer, that the latter wrote an exceedingly intricate sonnata for the harpsichord, with which he sought to puzzle the boy. But he played it off at sight, and the discomfited Bononcini was obliged to recognize his superior. The father died in 1697. In 1703, Handel proceeded to Hamburg, and there, in

1705, produced his first opera. Shortly after he went to Italy, where he first introduced the French horn. Here, being at a masquerade, he played with such power and sweetness upon the harpsichord that Scarlatti, a celebrated Italian composer, exclaimed, "It is either the devil or that famous Saxon!" and here too he made the friendship of many eminent musicians.

In 1710 Handel journeyed to Hanover, where the Elector George of Brunswick, afterward George I. of England, became his patron. The following year he went to England, where he was received at court, composed an opera, and laid the foundation for his subsequent English career. Walsh, who published Handel's opera, cleared £1500 by the operation, which caused Handel to say to him, "My dear Sir, as it is only right that we should be upon an equal footing, *you* shall compose the next opera, and I will sell it."

Music was not at this time in a very promising condition in England. There was much jealousy of foreign composers, and the chief places about the court were always conferred upon natives of the country. Handel wrote in his peculiar downright manner: "Upon all solemn occasions they were obliged to have recourse to me, though their ordinary services were all composed and performed by blockheads that were natives; they claiming, from several laws, a right hereditary to have the places in their temples supplied by fools of their own country."

At this time Handel made the acquaintance of Thomas Britton—a singular character, who made his living by crying small coal, which he carried about the streets in a sack upon his shoulder, lived in a stable in an obscure part of the town, and gave musical réunions in the garret of this stable, a small space, not high enough to permit people to stand upright, in which réunions were crowded by the *élite* and fashionable of the day. Woolaston the painter, Sir Roger L'Estrange, the Duchess of Queensbury, one of the most celebrated beauties of the court, in fact, all the intelligent and fashionable of London, were weekly entertained gratuitously by this small coal-dealer, in his stable garret, for a long period—from 1678 to 1714—the time of his death. All newly-arrived artists made it a point to appear at Britton's concerts. Britton's portrait is preserved in the British Museum. In it he is represented in a dustman's hat, a blouse, and a neckerchief knotted like a rope. He never lived elsewhere than in his dingy stable, and pursued his humble calling to his death; but so great was the veneration felt for him as a connoisseur, that he was latterly addressed as "Sir," and received attentions from the most prominent persons in the kingdom.

Queen Anne had granted to Handel a pension of £200 per annum. George I. added another £200, thus giving the great composer at once a competency. An appointment as music-master to the Prince of Wales, afterward George II., gave him another £200. He still continued to write operas, and connected himself more or less permanently with the manager of the "Haymarket," James Heidegger, known as the "Swiss Count." This Heidegger was said to be the ugliest man of his time. Chesterfield made a wager upon him—saying that it was impossible to find another so hideous a creature. After diligent search, an old woman was found whose ugliness was allowed to exceed that of Heidegger. But as that worthy was pluming himself upon the victory, Chesterfield requested him to put on the old woman's bonnet. Thus attired, the Swiss Count was pronounced on all hands by far the most hideous; and the politest man of his age won his wager.

With Chesterfield musical people seem not to have been favorites. When it was told him that the famous singer Viscontina said she was only twenty-four — "She means twenty-four stone, I suppose," was his rather ill-natured reply.

During 1718, 1719, and 1720, Handel wrote the well-known Chandos Anthems and *Te Deums*, for the great Duke of Chandos. This nobleman, formerly paymaster of Queen Anne's armies, was possessed of enormous wealth. He built, nine miles from London, a palace which cost him $1,150,000. A chapel near by was fitted up in the manner of the Italian Churches, and hither the Duke came every Sunday, attended by a splendid retinue, to worship. Hither too came great numbers of the *élite* of London to pray with the splendid Duke. And as this personage "made a point of worshiping God with the best of every thing," he soon attached to himself the Saxon Composer, who enjoyed himself very much at the Ducal Palace, in company with such men as Pope, Gay, and others, who were frequent visitors there. These often wrote words for Handel's compositions, while he sometimes set their poetry to music.

The palace, which cost $1,150,000, was, at the Duke's death, sold for $55,000. It fell to ruins, and at present not a vestige of it is left; thus fulfilling Pope's prediction, in his Essay "On the Use of Riches:"

> "Another age shall see the golden ear
> Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre;
> Deep harvests bury all his pride has planned,
> And laughing Ceres reassume the land."

In the crypt of his chapel, which is now in the last stage of dilapidation, is found almost the only remaining memorial of the possessor of so much wealth and splendor—a marble statue erected to his memory, flanked by two smaller statues of his first two wives. His third, and best beloved, has not gained a place by his side. She was of humble origin, and their marriage had something of romance in it. The Duke, being on a journey, and passing an inn, saw a groom beating a young girl with a horsewhip. Attempting in pity to interpose in the girl's favor, he was informed that she was the groom's wife, which, of course, according to the English law, gave the brute a right to administer correction to her. But willing to compromise, the

husband offered to sell his young wife to the Duke, and, in order to save her from further punishment, he bought her. Not knowing what to do with her, he sent her to school; and when, sometime after, his Duchess died, he took it into his head to marry his purchase. So the poor girl, who had been beaten by a groom at the road-side became Duchess of Chandos; and it is said comported herself in her new station with great dignity, winning the love not only of her husband, but of all who knew her. But her family would not permit her remains to be laid in the Ducal tomb.

In 1720 Handel published "Lessons for the Harpsichord." Among the pieces in this collection was "The Harmonious Blacksmith," which has become celebrated from the circumstance which occasioned it. As Handel was one day going to "Cannons," as the Duke of Chandos's palace was called, he was overtaken in a shower, and took shelter in a smithy. The blacksmith proceeded with his work, singing a song meanwhile. By an extraordinary phenomenon the hammer, striking in time, drew from the anvil two harmonious sounds, which, being in accord with the melody, made a sort of continuous bass. Handel was struck by the incident, remembered the air and its queer accompaniment, and returning home composed, from his recollections of it, a piece for the harpsichord.

Hitherto the illustrious composer had lived in tolerable peace. But an opposition party, headed by his old rival, Bononcini, who had come to London under the auspices of the Royal Academy of Music, was becoming clamorous. This opposition numbered among its adherents many of the most influential nobles and wits of the day. It seems singular at this time the violence with which a composer whose greatness all were constrained to acknowledge was pursued. Singers quarreled with and cheated him; musical amateurs tried hard to elevate second-rate men over his head; influential noblemen used their influence to cause the failure of his operas; and divers of the wits of the town amused themselves at the passionate German, whose broken English was a bad pretext for an ill-natured laugh.

Swift, who had no ear for music, and admired nothing but Swift, wrote a well-known epigram upon the quarrel, and this was set "as a cheerful glee for four voices:"

> "Some say that Signor Bononcini,
> Compared to Handel is a ninny;
> Whilst others say that to him Handel
> Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
> Strange that such difference there should be
> 'Twixt Tweedle-*dum* and Tweedle-*dee*."

In 1727 Handel wrote four "Coronation Anthems" for the occasion of George II.'s coronation. The following year Gay's "Beggars' Opera," which was said to have "made the rich *gay*, and the Gay *rich*," had a great run, which no opera by either Handel or Bononcini was able to interrupt. This piece, which still has possession of the minor English stage, although now simply an absurdity, taken as a representation of actual life, was a but very slightly caricatured picture of the social state of a time when the roads near the capital were rendered unsafe by daring highwaymen, many of whom were more than suspected to be young men of family, who took this means to replenish their purses, exhausted at the gambling-table. So formidable were these fellows that compacts were frequently entered into with them for the freedom of the road. The chairmen of Queen Caroline were strongly suspected to be in league with highwaymen; and she would not permit them to be turned away; doubtless having little objection to be safely carried by suspected confederates of robbers.

Handel still persisted in operas, and his managers sometimes lost money, or were forced to ludicrous extremes of economy to save expense. A writer of the time says of stage decorations: "We shall often see a shabby king surrounded by a party of his generals, every one of whom belongs to a ragged regiment. Duncan, king of Scotland, has not had a new habit for this last century; the mighty Julius Cæsar appears as ragged as a colt; and many other monarchs are no better dressed than so many heathen philosophers."

By 1729 Handel had amassed $50,000. He now made arrangements with Heidegger, the ugly Swiss Count, to bring out operas at the Haymarket for three years in partnership. They succeeded poorly. In 1732 was performed, for the first time, an *oratorio*—that of "Esther." This was followed by another, "Acis and Galatea," in which the part of Galatea was sung by Miss Arne, afterward the wife of a brother of Colley Cibber, the Poet-Laureate of George II. She separated from her husband, after a very scandalous lawsuit for adultery, in which one shilling damages was awarded to the husband, causing the wits to ask whether this was the price of Mrs. Theophilus's virtue or her husband's honor. She had a fine voice, and sang so exquisitely in the "Messiah," upon the first presentation of that oratorio in Dublin, that Dr. Delany, the great friend and companion of Swift, exclaimed, as he sat in the boxes, "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven thee!"

At this time Handel's enemies were more numerous than ever. His musical novelties gave offense to the professed connoisseurs, and his peculiarities gave them a chance to ridicule him which was too good to be lost. The choral combinations he effected were said to tear the ears of listeners. Even the King, his steady friend, was seduced into a *bon mot* against the maestro. Being at a concert, while the trumpets were sounding a tremendous storm raged outside, and a stunning clap of thunder broke over the building. "How sublime!" said his Majesty to Lord Pembroke. "What an accompaniment! How this would delight Handel!"

It became the fashion to sneer at the "German Bear." In Fielding's "Tom Jones" this is alluded to: "It was Mr. Western's custom,

every afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpsichord; for he was a great lover of music, and perhaps had he lived in town might have passed for a connoisseur, for he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr. Handel."

The quarrels in the royal family of England at this time excited the attention and disgust of Europe. George II. was obstinate to the last degree. Few could bear up against his rage. Chesterfield, whose *suave* impertinence never failed him, had occasion once to lay before his Majesty, for signature, a patent for the appointment of a man the King detested. "I'd rather give it to the devil!" was the royal exclamation, pushing the paper away from him. "With all my heart, your Majesty," was Chesterfield's ready answer; "but you observe that it is addressed to '*our right trusty and well beloved cousin.*'"

Frederic, Prince of Wales, was as obstinate as his father, and being in disgrace, to spite his Majesty, for some time ranged himself with the opposition to Handel. But he soon returned to the other side; and upon his marriage, in 1736, the great composer wrote a wedding anthem, which was used in the religious ceremony. It is curious to read that, there having been at this time a partial reconciliation of the royal family, "his Majesty did his Royal Highness the honor to put on his shirt; and the bride being in bed in a rich undress, his Majesty came into the room, and the prince following soon after, in a night-gown of silver stuff and cap of the finest lace, the quality were admitted to see the prince and princess sitting up in bed."

On November 20, 1737, Queen Caroline died. The King pretended great sorrow at her loss. Standing by the royal death-bed, he seemed overcome at the idea of being left a widower, and burst into a flood of tears. The Queen renewed her injunctions that after her decease he should take a second wife. He sobbed aloud, but amidst his sobbing suggested an opinion that, rather than take another wife, he would maintain a mistress or two. "Eh, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the dying Caroline, "the one does not prevent the other."

Handel received the royal commands for a funeral anthem, and in ten days it was rehearsed and performed.

Meantime, what with lack of appreciation on the part of the public, and constant persecution from those who aspired to be his rivals, Handel lost all he was worth, and in 1738 was at the end of his means. A concert for his benefit gave him no less a sum than $4000. The proprietors of the Vauxhall Gardens, who had made their fortunes by his music, raised a statue to him; and thus encouraged, he went on with his work. In 1739 "Israel in Egypt" was brought out, and although one of Handel's finest compositions, had a run of only four nights. It seems strange that a public which so largely patronized music should so entirely fail to perceive the gigantic merit of this oratorio. But our surprise is lessened when we read in the papers of those times that "several of the nobility have agreed to erect a monument to the memory of *Mr.* William Shakespear, *the famous English poet*, in Westminster Abbey;" and that, there being a considerable deficiency of funds, "Lord Burley was pleased, *out of his regard for the memory of so great a man*, to give *ten guineas* for himself;" and finally, that a play was advertised as "written originally by Mr. William Shakspear, and revised and adapted to the stage by Mr. Theobald, author of 'Shakspear Restored.'"

Discouraged by his ill success, Handel at one time entertained serious thoughts of returning to Germany. He was, however, persuaded to visit Ireland, and wrote, to take with him, his great oratorio, the "Messiah." On his way to Dublin he was detained by adverse winds at the village of Chester, and here, desiring to lose no time, sought for some man who could read music at sight, to aid him in rehearsing some portions of the just-completed oratorio. A house-painter, named Janson, was pointed out to him as a fit person. But he managed so badly that Handel, always irascible, grew purple with anger, and roared out in his broken English, "You schountrel! tit you not tell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, Sir," replied Janson, good-naturedly, "but not at *first* sight." The absurd reply upset the composer's rage.

The "Messiah" achieved a great success in Dublin. The house was crowded, and the demand for seats was so urgent that the advertisement of each performance entreats the ladies to "lay aside their hoops, as thereby the hall will hold at least one hundred persons more, with full ease." Hoops of enormous dimensions were then worn, and the wits united to ridicule the extravagance, as they do in these days. This calls to mind another notice, given at the first Handelian festival, in 1790: "No ladies will be admitted with *hats*, and they are particularly requested to come without feathers, and very small hoops, if any."

"Samson" was the next oratorio. Handel himself considered it quite equal to the "Messiah." Beard, the famous English tenor, raised himself to the first rank of singers of his day in the part of Samson. This Beard married Lady Henrietta Herbert, only daughter of James, Earl of Waldegrave—a marriage which caused much scandal at the time, and gave Lady Mary Montague occasion for one of her most ill-natured letters. She says: "Lady Gage asked my advice. I told her honestly, that since the lady was capable of such amours, I did not doubt, if this was broke off, she would bestow her person and fortune on some hackney coachman or chairman; and that I really saw no method of saving her from ruin, and her family from dishonor, but by poisoning her. I offered to be at the expense of the arsenic, and even to administer it with my own hands, if she would invite her to drink tea with her that evening." Lady Herbert had applied to a priest to be regularly

married, and for this Lady Montague writes: "Her relatives have certainly no reason to be amazed at her constitution; but are violently surprised at the mixture of devotion that forces her to have recourse to the Church in her necessities."

The Battle of Culloden gave occasion for the oratorio of "Judas Maccabæus," which was first presented in April, 1747. Those were bloody times, and it is difficult to believe that the men and women who displayed so little horror at the cruel events of the day could justly appreciate such music as Handel gave them. The trials of the prisoners occupied and amused the town. George Selwyn, who delighted in horror of all kinds, was especially in his element. Walpole says, "He" (Selwyn) "saw Anne Bethel's sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel lords. He said, 'What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned!'" Selwyn was always poking about among horrors of some kind. Secretary Craggs—he to whom Pope wrote the epistle—had once been a footman. So had his friend Arthur Moore. Getting into a carriage one day together—after their rise in the world—Craggs said to Moore, "Why, Arthur, I am always about to get up behind, are not you?" Walpole telling this story to Selwyn, he replied, that "Arthur Moore had had his coffin chained to that of his mistress. I saw them the other day in a vault in St. Giles's," where he had been to gratify his morbid taste for horrors.

Walpole speaks of Lord Balmerino—one of those who were tried and put to death at this time—as "the most natural, brave old fellow I ever saw." When they were brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go. Old Balmerino cried, "Put it with me." "At the bar he plays with his fingers on the edge of the axe while talking to the gentleman-jailer; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces." The old lord's death-warrant was brought in while he and his wife—his "Pretty Peggy"—were sitting at dinner in his cell in the Tower. She fainted away. He turned round and said, "Lieutenant, with your d——d warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach." At the execution of Lord Kilmarnock, when all was ready, he himself gave the signal to the headsman by dropping a white handkerchief. Selwyn was so tickled by the horrors which he saw that he did every thing, as Walpole says, *à la tranche tête.* Having to get a tooth pulled out, he gave the signal to the dentist by dropping his handkerchief in Lord Kilmarnock's manner.

In 1750 "Theodora," Handel's favorite oratorio, was first performed—and that to empty houses. Like most favorite children, it was also the worst. It was the most glaring failure the great composer ever made; but with accustomed obstinacy, he refused to acknowledge the fact. Instead of withdrawing the oratorio after the first few representations he continued it, but to woefully empty houses. A friend of his being present one evening when the house was very poorly filled, Handel said to him, at the close of the performance: "Will you be here next Friday night? I will play it to *you.*" He was less good-natured another time, when, being informed that if he would repeat "Theodora" a person of note from the city would engage to fill all the boxes, he replied: "He is a fool: the Jews will not come to it as to Judas Maccabæus, because it is a Christian story; and the ladies will not come, because it is a virtuous one."

Handel had now been suffering for some time from *gutta serena.* In February, 1752, he produced "Jephtha," his last work. He had three times submitted to an operation, but vainly. On January 27, 1753, it was announced that "Mr. Handel has at last unhappily quite lost his sight." During this year, at each performance of his oratorios, he played as usual a concerto upon the organ. "Samson," one of his favorite oratorios, was in the programme of the season. The grand old man was seated at the organ. Spite of his usual firmness, he could not listen unmoved to the pathetic air and words of the sightless Hebrew Hercules, giving utterance to a grief so nearly his own. Milton's own words had been adapted to the music:

> "Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!
> All dark amidst the blaze at noon!
> Oh, glorious light! no cheering ray,
> To glad my eyes with welcome day;
> Why thus deprived thy prime decree?
> Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me."

The eyes of the audience were upon him. They saw him grow pale and tremble—he who had faced the popular displeasure so often; and when the assistants led him forward to the front of the stage, the assembly rose in respect to his misfortune, and many eyes were filled with tears.

Handel died on the 13th of April, 1759, at the ripe age of seventy-four years. In person he was stout, massive, possessed of a powerful constitution, great muscular vigor, and a countenance indicative of great wit and intelligence. His repartee was quick, and generally stinging. Once he quarreled with an English singer, named Gordon, who reproached him with accompanying him badly. Said Gordon, "If you persist in accompanying me in that manner, I will jump upon your harpsicord and smash it to pieces." "Oh," replied Handel, "let me know when you will do that and I will advertise it; for I am sure more people will come to see you jump than to hear you sing."

Independence was Handel's most prominent quality. In an age when musicians were ranked with valets and cooks, he made himself respected by even his enemies, and was treated as the equal of those great men whom his genius delighted. Withal he was cool amidst discouraging circumstances. When some one was expressing to him his regret at seeing the house so empty, he replied: "Nevre moind, de music vill sount de petter."

His hasty temper sometimes led him into ludicrous extremes. One of the female singers once declined to sing the part given her. Handel flew at the rebel, saying: "I always knew you were a very devil; but I shall now let you know that I am Beelzebub, the prince of devils;" then seizing her, he ran to the window, and swore that if she did not sing the air he would immediately throw her into the street. She was subdued, and sang without further objection.

It was well known that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments—for which reason this was always done before his arrival at the theatre. A musical wag stole into the orchestra one night, when the Prince of Wales was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal to begin, *con spirito*. The horrible din and discord may be imagined. The enraged maestro started up, overturned a double bass in his way, seized a kettle-drum, and threw it at the leader with such violence that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Then advancing bareheaded to the front of the orchestra, he stood there, literally speechless with rage, staring and stamping, till the Prince came and led him away.

In composition he was exceedingly rapid, and always greatly affected himself at what he wrote. When his servant used to bring him up his chocolate in the morning, he often stood in silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing with the ink with which he penned his notes. When asked what were his feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, Handel said, "I did tink I did see all heaven before me and the great God himself." A friend calling upon him when in the act of setting to music the pathetic words, "He was despised and rejected of men," found him actually sobbing.

In his habits he was simple. To visit exhibitions of paintings seems to have been his favorite amusement. He was never married. Once in Germany, before he achieved greatness, he was ready to be married, but was disgusted by a remark of his intended mother-in-law, that she "would never consent to see her child married to a *fiddler*." He broke off the match. Like most men of genius he worked incessantly. He had a Rucker harpsichord, every key of which, from constant use, was hollowed like the bowl of a spoon.

Such was the most illustrious composer the world has known. If he was not fully appreciated by his own age, it must have been a source of satisfaction to him to recollect that his music had a part in every leading event of the century in which he worked. His compositions were required to celebrate successively the birthday of Queen Anne, the marriage of the Prince of Wales (afterward George II.), and that of the Princess Royal, the coronation of George II., the burial of Queen Caroline, the peace of Utrecht and that of Aix la Chapelle, and the victories of Dettingen and Culloden. And leaving out of consideration the thousands who are delighted each year with his various compositions, there is no great public funeral at which his "Dead March in Saul" is not used.

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

I.

WHETHER what the French call *mariages de convenance*, or what we call love-matches, are most productive of happiness is, like almost all other questions, moral, political, or philosophical, yet to be decided. Much can be said on either side. Climate, character, taste, with other considerations, affect the solution. There are precedents enough to decide the question either way.

If we can conciliate the duties we owe ourselves—which include obligations to parents, society, and position, and the promptings of our hearts, or what we take to be such—we certainly duplicate the chances of happiness. But this seldom happens in life, and when it does, rather from good luck than any sound conduct of our own—an instance of which is illustrated by the following narrative:

The Count de la Mothe, of the old nobility of France, had lost his father by the guillotine, and had only escaped the same fate himself by a precipitate flight. When Napoleon had restored order, and established his power as First Consul, he gave most of the emigrants permission to return to France, with every assurance of safety. Of this privilege the Count de la Mothe was eager to avail himself, and was fortunate enough besides to obtain the removal of the sequestration on a greater portion of his large estates. On the proclamation of the Empire, believing that the throne of Napoleon was secured both from foreign attack and domestic insurrection, and alone promised order and safety to France, he took service under him, and was present at Eylau, Wagram, and the capture of Vienna; on which latter occasion he was promoted for his gallantry and efficient military conduct to a Generalship of Division. He, however, gave in his adhesion to the Bourbons on their first return from exile, remained faithful to his oath during the Hundred Days, and, on their second accession to power, was strong in the favor of the Court. The sickness of his wife compelled him, however, to relinquish his residence in Paris, and take up his abode at a chateau upon the shore of the Mediterranean, between Toulon and Marseilles, where we find him, with his wife and two sons, at the opening of our story.

It was a magnificent day toward the end of April. A warm sun had coaxed the buds of the orange to open, and fill the air with perfume. The gardeners had all hastened to take off from the trees the thatch-covering with which, in Provence, they are protected during the cold season, and every where Spring was celebrating his conclusive victory over Winter.

The family had met at the breakfast-table—the Count, his wife, and two sons, Louis and

Henri. Louis was tall, well-formed, and of elegant manners: Henri, though twenty years old or more, did not seem more than seventeen, so delicate was he in appearance. His features, though regular and handsome, were so deadly pale as to seem cut out of marble. His whole existence might have been said to centre in his eyes, which were dark, lustrous, and, at the same time, filled with an expression of soft reverie. His, indeed, was one of those countenances that attract like an enigma—the longer you gaze the greater your desire to pierce its mystery.

His neglected dress was in strong contrast to the appearance of the others; of which, however, he seemed wholly unconscious.

The Count read the Parisian newspapers; Henri, sitting near the window, ate with a very good appetite, with his eyes always fixed upon the brilliant carpet of the lawn. The Countess exchanged from time to time a few words with Louis, who sat near her, about the contemplated improvements on the estate. As they were on the point of leaving the table, the Countess, looking down the avenue of orange-trees, perceived three persons approaching the chateau. "Here is somebody coming," she says; "look, Louis, and see if you know them. I don't recollect ever having seen them before."

"It is our notary, mother, Mr. Lasere, with his wife and daughter."

"Yes," said the Count, "he was to come on business of mine; but why he has brought his family I don't understand. Does he expect us to be on familiar terms with him?" he asked, with a discontented expression.

Henri, as soon as he heard his mother announcing an arrival, had quitted the breakfast-room.

In the mean time the party had come up to the entrance, and the Countess civilly went forward to meet them.

"Madame Lasere has hastened to pay her compliments to Madame the Countess," said the notary, "and she could not resist the desire of presenting her daughter."

The Countess, though not overpleased with the call, replied with a few polished phrases; and when the Count carried Mr. Lasere away with him she invited the two ladies into the garden.

Madame Lasère was still young, and some would have called her still beautiful. A fullness rather too evident, in taking away her delicacy of form, had yet left her a freshness of complexion quite unusual in the second period of woman's life. A little more of the good taste which she was incessantly speaking of without ever having been able to acquire would have made her an agreeable woman. As it was, her ill-advised pretensions only succeeded in rendering her ridiculous.

Her daughter, Rose, had, neither in dress nor manner, her pretentious affectation. Only but a few days previously released from the convent, where she had been for some time as a pupil, she still preserved its uniform dress, and the embarrassed countenance and retiring manners which recluses generally put on. In spite, however, of her inelegant dress, and *gaucherie*, she was very lovely.

She had just reached sixteen years; her waist was slender, and beautifully rounded; and, what is rare in Provence, she was a blonde. Her golden hair, smooth, glossy, and abundant, fell down her blushing cheeks in magnificent tresses; and her eyes were of such deep blue that they appeared black at night. What no expression could render was the dazzling hue of her complexion, and the most beautiful rose that ever bloomed could not be more fresh and softer than her cheeks.

As Louis studied these features his sympathies were awakened; and, bringing his conversation with her mother to as abrupt a close as civility permitted, he undertook to draw her into conversation; but he could only extort an occasional "Yes" or "No," which, according to French etiquette, is the only conversation a young girl fresh from a provincial convent is allowed to carry on with a gentleman.

"Do you like the country, Miss Rose?" he inquired.

"I do not know—I have never lived in the country."

"You prefer city life, then?"

"I know nothing of city life either, for I have never inhabited a city."

"Why," said Louis, laughingly, "you must have lived in one or the other."

"And yet I never have," replied Rose. "I have just come out of a convent, where I have passed six years, and if you knew as well as I what a convent is, you would call it neither country nor city."

"You are perfectly right," said Louis—"a convent is a place of itself. There are people, it is true, and trees in or near it, and yet they do not make company, still less a landscape."

As the party were walking over the grounds they came suddenly upon Henri, leaning against a wall, with his chin in his hands, seemingly intent upon something on the ground.

"What are you doing there, my son?" inquired the Countess.

Henri turned round, as if taken by surprise, bowed to the ladies, but said nothing.

"What are you looking at," continued his mother, "with so much interest?"

"Perhaps," said Madame Lasere, jestingly, "at those two beetles who are fighting there."

"Yes, madame, and it is more than half an hour that I have been looking at them. It is a glorious sight!"

"My son is yet a boy!" said the Countess.

"Come with us, Henri," said Louis, "we are more attractive than bugs of any kind." Henri quietly followed them, and his presence seemed to put Rose more at her ease, as he made a third; and she ventured even to express her admiration of some flowers they saw,

though still, in her opinion, more of the land ought to be turned to more useful purposes.

"Your father proposes to cultivate all this land, does he not?" she inquired, addressing Louis.

"I sincerely hope not," Henri suddenly exclaimed. "Let them have a kitchen-garden, and leave the rest as it is."

Rose looked at him for the first time with her great limpid eyes—as if she had hardly understood him.

Louis, to make amends for the seeming incivility of Henri's remark, interposed by saying: "We will at least, Mademoiselle Rose, plant many rose-bushes here; so that, when you favor us with calls, you will think yourself among your sisters." This compliment, neither very new nor striking, seemed to please the young girl; she blushed, and thanked Louis with a smile, which showed the dazzling enamel of her teeth.

As the visitors were walking through the avenue homeward, they passed a carriage in which the inquisitive eye of Madame Lasere noticed the black vail of a lady in mourning. The carriage was covered with dust, and, according to appearances, had come from a great distance.

The carriage stopped in front of the terrace of the chateau, and a young girl in deep mourning got out.

Clementine de la Soubise still wore black for her father, who had been dead for more than a year. He had sold, on the eve of his death, this chateau to the present proprietor, and Clementine, after sixteen years of absence, had come to see once more the scenes of her infancy. Her traveling-dress, of dark wool, was cut after the fashion of a riding habit, and displayed the contours of her lovely shape; a white cambric collar surrounded her whiter and delicate neck, and a broad hat, such as the peasants wear, crowned her flowing hair, protecting her head much more effectually from the rays of a vernal sun than her hood of dark silk. Her regular features, her large lustrous eyes, her skin so smooth and white, the wavy folds of her black hair, which hung over and encircled her well-shaped brow, formed, with her subdued countenance and severe costume, a harmonious and touching union. She recalled to the mind's eye the heroines of twenty years.

While waiting the arrival of Madame de la Mothe she remained standing, and surveyed the furniture and decorations of the room with deep emotion. She found herself, after so long an absence, in the room where she had played on a mother's knee, and close by the sofa upon which her father was wont to rest on his return from the hunt. Nothing was changed; each article of furniture was as she had left it; the same mantle-clock marked the hour; the old flower-vases were there, and, indeed, all seemed unchanged. But herself and position how changed! Father and mother both dead, the estate sold, herself a woman grown, entering as a stranger the house where she was born, and where her purest souvenirs clustered—these indeed were changes!

Her recollections, one by one, came out from the hazy mist of the past, and defiled before her as pale and tender phantoms. This saloon called up all she had lost; sadly, but gratefully, visions of olden times fell upon her soul; her heart opened to the fullness of her sensations, and tears, silent and unconscious, glided softly down her beautiful cheeks.

Totally absorbed in her emotions, she had not perceived Henri, who, immovable on the threshold, was contemplating her with deep and unaffected admiration. But the Count and Madame de la Mothe entering at this moment drew him out of his ecstasy, and Clementine from her reverie.

Clementine had such an enchanting voice, and expressed herself so felicitously always, that it was impossible not to be carried away by her tones and manner.

During the conversation that followed Henri did not utter a word. Leaning over the back of the sofa behind his mother, he seemed to absorb every thing that was said, looking all the time at Clementine with an eager and admiring expression which would have embarrassed almost any one but herself. She, however, had been too accustomed to admiration to be surprised at the impression she had produced upon a bashful young man, unaccustomed to society, and so much overcome by her charms as to be incapable of speech.

Louis, as well as his brother, had been much struck with the beauty of their visitor; but his way of expressing his admiration, though as decided as Henri's, was more discreet. Clementine seemed to relish much better his homage, and while the rest conversed on various topics she lent a very complaisant ear to Louis's flattering and lively conversation. He, unapprised of the somewhat melancholy object of her visit, exerted himself to provoke her to smiles, and succeeded many times without too great effort. He knew very well that gayety was an excellent conductor for those little delicacies of expression, half *persiflage* half passion, which our sex is ready to offer, and the other happy to receive. Some men, it is true, on the very first *début* commence in a grave tone. But this method demands superior talent; mere cleverness will not suffice to victory; more is required—an incontestible superiority is absolutely essential. Of the many who make their *début* this way, not one in ten succeeds. The man is laughed at, and ridicule is fatal in love!

Louis was clever; whenever a woman pleased him, he laid it down as an invariable principle that to please her he must amuse her. He said, in order to draw a prize, it was necessary to buy a ticket in the lottery, and that the more tickets you had the greater your chance of success. The quickest way, he said, to make a woman pleased with you is to make her pleased with herself. He acted as he theorized, and pretended he had no reason to complain of his method.

At the time he essayed to make his system of action avail with Clementine he had for aux-

iliaries some decided natural advantages. He had not reached his thirtieth year, and had but just perhaps attained to the full development of his muscular beauty. Strong, tall, and light-complexioned, with superb hair and teeth, he had all the distinctive marks of his Norman origin. He resembled his father as Henri did his mother, who was a Creole of Cuba, and from whom the latter derived his Spanish complexion. The two races uniting in marriage, instead of being confounded in their children, were both reproduced in maintaining their original characters.

In a strict sense, Louis was handsomer than his brother, and as he never neglected any art to display his good looks to the greatest advantage—an art which Henri seemed completely to ignore—there resulted a striking contrast between the two, from which Louis derived all the benefit.

II.

After the visit Clementine often came to the chateau from Toulon, where she was living with an aunt. The gracious manners of Madame de la Môthe pleased, while the significant attentions of the two brothers did not displease her.

She was one of these charming types of women, rare as they are dangerous, which spring from the combined influence of certain chances by which nature and education are made to concur to the same end.

While still a child she had been placed by her father in one of the first boarding-schools of Paris. Rich, beautiful, intelligent, she gratified the self-love of the mistress of the establishment, who endeavored by every means in her power to call out, no matter how precociously, her hidden talents, and exploit them for the benefit of the school. She excited her emulation by flattering her vanity and self-love, till she had made her superior, in superficial attainments at least, to the rest, but self-confident and excessively eager for applause.

Her father, borne down by an incurable chronic affection, saw but little of her at home, as he was unwilling to take her from her lively companions to the solitude of a sick man's abode. When she was in her seventeenth year she was invited to the house of a particular friend of her father's in Paris, who was wealthy, entertained much, and had two daughters who had been at school with her, and with whom she had been on terms of the strictest intimacy. Clementine found at this house opportunities for new triumphs of her self-love. The gay world received, admired, boasted of her—and, thanks to her admirable talent of music, she was, the very first winter, the lioness of the *salons*. She was in the midst of the excitement of her triumph when her father died.

The death of her father affected her with sincere grief. And yet—a melancholy though true confession to make—she mourned him more sincerely in his death than she had loved him living, notwithstanding his devotion to her. His sad presence had often been a rebuke to her gayety, so that thought of him was not unconnected with associations of painful feeling. In the first moments of her sorrow she thought it impossible she could ever be consoled; and perhaps there was mingled with this feeling a sentiment of remorse. She gave a character of austerity to her habits of mourning that gained her great credit in the world. She shut herself up, and persistently refused to receive any one.

Time, however, which conquers every thing, worked decided modifications of this despairing mood; and when she visited the chateau, as we have narrated, her dark vestments, it is true, covered her still, but more than one ray of joyous anticipation had penetrated to her heart. Grief preserved its first vivacity only at intervals, and these intervals became each day less frequent and of shorter duration.

At nineteen years of age Clementine could pass for a perfect being, in the opinion of the world. To an incontestible beauty she joined a lively understanding, gracious and refined manners, and an acquaintance with the requirements of society most unusual in a girl so young. A marvelous discernment of *opportunity* in every circumstance and thing served her better perhaps than all her other advantages, and with all these seducing qualities she only had faults which are palliated or pardoned. Struck with what was brilliant and unique, she had taken good care to avoid all hardihood of opinion or taste which could in the slightest degree provoke censure. Her heart, both good and fickle—a combination not unfrequent in the sex—seemed to think it wrong to venture within the dangerous precincts of enthusiasm and passion.

Incessantly stimulated by culture, Clementine, like a plant of the green-house, wasted all her sap in flowers; Rose, like a plant growing up in the shade, wanting air, attention, and warmth, had vegetated without development.

Such as she was, with her charms of person and mind, Clementine was seducing to a greater or less degree all the inhabitants of the chateau. Madame de la Mothe assiduously cultivated the gay and varied companion whose graces so happily dissipated the calm, so monotonous, of family-life in the country. The old Count, flattered with the attentions by which she surrounded him, always greeted her with pleasure. Louis, finding her so ravishingly delightful, felt his heart sufficiently interested, and devoted himself earnestly to paying his addresses, after his usual fashion. One alone was seriously troubled in his peace of mind, and that was Henri.

Whenever Clementine happened to call on the Countess, Henri came forward without having been informed of her arrival, as if he had been apprised of it by some mysterious revelation. He came into the room with the eager expression of one who expected some great good fortune; sometimes he addressed to Clementine a few embarrassed words, but, generally, he put himself in a corner of the room where he could stare at her at his ease—a contemplation which sometimes lasted whole hours without her seem-

ing to notice it. She had heard many things about him which induced her to maintain an attitude of reserve toward him; and avoided all occasions on which he could display any of that moral infirmity by which she believed him afflicted.

She accorded more attention to Louis; she had seen too much of the world not to comprehend the end to which his thoughts were tending; and without positively encouraging his hopes, she continued to keep them alive. There are certain women who love infinitely to breathe the incense which escapes from a young and burning heart. Clementine found this reminiscence of Parisian life most agreeable in a provincial town, where she so much expected to be bored.

In the mean time Louis began to indulge positive hopes, and, in consequence, to look at the matter seriously. In the few weeks of his acquaintance with her, he had found his repugnance to matrimony gradually disappear, and he now began to sketch dreams of happiness in the frame-work of conjugal life.

One day Clementine had appeared more seductive than ever; she had carried away the hearts of all while executing, with wonderful force and expression of features, the romance of Saul.

The Count perceived the state of Louis's mind, and availed himself of an opportunity for an *éclaircissement*. Father and son had remained alone upon the terrace after Clementine had left for home. Louis was following with his eye the clouds of dust that the rapid wheels of the carriage had raised, and perhaps for the first time in his life his eye was thoughtful.

"Louis," said the Count, placing his hand upon his son's shoulder, "what are you thinking of?"

"I, father!" exclaimed Louis, suddenly starting; "I—I do not know—"

"But I know, my son. Shall I tell you? You were thinking of the beautiful girl who has just left us."

"It is true," said Louis.

"And you love her—"

"That is also true, my father."

"Very well—and what do you propose doing?"

"To ask her to be my wife, unless you object."

"She is a good match, and a lovely girl withal. You are twenty-nine years of age; so marry Clementine as soon as you please."

Louis thanked his father with many expressions of gratitude. Then hastily entering the house, ordered his horse to be saddled forthwith.

"Where are you going?" asked the Count.

"To Toulon, my father."

"What—to-day?"

"Immediately," replied Louis. "Why put off my happiness? Besides, this is a very opportune occasion, for to-morrow Clementine lays aside her mourning. She will see that I have rigorously kept the secret of my passion till the time when, without wounding her susceptibilities, I can ask her to be my wife."

"Go, then, and be fortunate."

The next morning, quite early, he was seen coming up the avenue of olive-trees, all covered with dust like a king's messenger. "What has happened, Louis?" inquired his mother, going out to meet him.

"What we did not foresee, my dear mother."

"What is it, my son?"

"She refuses me."

"Is it possible? Refuse you!" exclaimed the Countess, in a tone which revealed the wound to a mother's pride.

"She refuses me positively, and forever."

"And what can be her motive?"

"She is betrothed to a cousin, the Baron de Mallorme."

"And loves him?"

"Desperately. He is worth a million!" replied Louis, bitterly.

"She was engaged, and concealed it from us!" exclaimed the Countess.

"No matter, my mother," said Louis, recovering his self-possession, "let us talk of her no more, she is a coquette! I shall go to Paris in a fortnight."

It is almost invariably the lover's fault not to know that his love is not reciprocated. We are the dupes more of our own vanity than woman's art—still, there is no harm in calling them coquettes.

III.

If Louis's fancy had been caught by the charms of Clementine, the heart of poor Henri had been wholly overcome. After the interruption of her visits, in consequence of the rejected proposals of Louis, he changed daily in appearance. He did not eat, and from being quiet and mild, he became irritable and sombre. Many times, Louis, who, from a sympathetic feeling, could make out the diagnosis of his complaint, found him in such a profound and absorbing reverie as not to be conscious of his presence.

His father, when Louis reported to him the result of his observations upon this change so apparent to all, and what he considered its cause, was at first incredulous; and when convinced, not seemingly apprehensive of future consequences. "You take the matter too seriously, my son," he said. "Your brother, you think, is in love. Be it so. Perhaps with Clementine; if so, because she is the only girl he has hardly ever seen. He would be in love with any other girl under the same circumstances. Matrimony would be the best thing for him, for that would settle him at once and forever. You do not know any girl in this part of the country that would serve the purpose?"

"I am hardly acquainted with any body in the province; but I was thinking of something. Don't you expect Monsieur Lasere this morning?"

"Yes, I have some papers for him."

"Then make use of his visit to find out the marriageable girls in this vicinity."

"I will do so," replied the Count, "and there is no one more capable of advising me."

A few minutes afterward Lasere was announced, and Louis left him alone with his father.

The physiognomy of M. Lasere betrayed a lively satisfaction. In spite of his efforts to appear unconcerned, his internal rejoicing broke out through his eyes, and suffused his features. Since the evening before he had done nothing but rub his hands every five minutes under the exciting influence of agreeable thoughts.

This was the secret of his great contentment:

The evening before, a wealthy landholder and of noble birth, had demanded the hand of Mademoiselle Rose for his son; an establishment for his daughter far beyond his most sanguine hopes. Hence the great exuberance of his spirits.

"You have a very joyful countenance this morning, Monsieur Lasere," said the Count.

"Ah, well!" said the notary, with a little important smile, "I am in good spirits, Monsieur le Comte, for every thing goes well with me this year."

"I am very glad of it, and I wish you all possible happiness, because you can give me some information which I very much need. I have two sons, as you know."

"Yes, but I am only acquainted with Monsieur Louis, a most agreeable young man in every respect."

"And you might add, an advocate of distinguished rank. He has a future before him, and thinks of devoting himself to public life. I am not concerned about him; it is his brother, who occupies my immediate thoughts. I must give you some particulars, or you will not understand my resolutions in regard to him. He is ten years younger than his brother. There was nothing more remarkable in his infancy than in other boys. His health was always delicate, and his disposition amiable, so that he was petted and spoiled by his mother. To remove him from an influence I thought injurious, I put him, quite young, at college, where his progress in his studies was very rapid. When he was twelve years old I accompanied Madame de la Mothe to Cuba, to attend to her inheritance that had devolved upon her. A lawsuit detained us there five years. During all this time our letters from home gave us very gratifying accounts of the progress of my youngest son, and his mother and myself looked forward with much joyous anticipation to our meeting with so promising a scion of the family. On coming ashore at Brest, we were met with terrible news; Henri, exhausted by his studies and his labors, had been taken down with a fever of the brain! Two days afterward we were at his pillow, but he was unable to recognize us, and we thought we had only arrived to catch his last breath. The physicians told us we could count only upon a miracle. The physician who performed that miracle was youth. The half-opened doors of the sepulchre closed again; but Death, furious at having been robbed of his prey, cruelly avenged himself!"

"He remained an—" M. Lasere was just on the point of saying "idiot," but checked himself in time.

"He remained," continued the Count, "in a frightful atony, in a moral and invincible torpor. The physicians advised country air and violent exercise. We went to a place we had in Lorraine, and carried with us, instead of an intelligent and handsome young man, a morose and sickly being.

"Life in the open air, and riding on horseback, brought back in part the physical strength of my son. The moral torpor still existed; he evinced the greatest disgust for every kind of sensible occupation, and devoted himself to the life which he continues here. He has become taciturn, ridiculous, unpolished, and so indifferent to every thing that my remonstrances have produced no effect upon his habits. The physicians now advise me to leave him to time; but this is merely a confession of their own inability to aid him. Art, indeed, is very insufficient when the soul is affected. Oh, it is frightful!" added the Count, in tones full of despair—"it is frightful to contemplate the bankruptcy of the mind!"

The notary had listened to the Count with great attention, puzzled all the while to divine the motive of the confidence reposed in him.

"His situation is indeed grievous!" he said, finally, to break a silence becoming embarrassing.

"Grievous and insupportable!" replied the Count; "and complicated still more at this very moment by an embarrassment of a most delicate nature."

"How so!" exclaimed the notary. "What embarrassment?"

"For many reasons he should marry, and it is upon this that I seek a service from you. You can point out to me the suitable matches of this vicinity."

"Oh, yes; I know every body within ten leagues. But you must let me know what you require."

"Very little; there will be no trouble in that. I do not demand a noble name, for my son will give his own to his wife; nor fortune, for I shall settle upon my son sufficient. As to age, any where from sixteen to twenty-five; and as to personal appearance, beauty will not be necessary, though the girl must not be so ugly as to disgust him."

"Let me see," said the notary, refreshing his memory. "There is Mademoiselle Vexaint, but then she is not in good health."

"She won't do."

"Mademoiselle Lucharpe; she is pretty—quite so. But she is vain and pretentious, because she has two hundred thousand francs."

"She will refuse."

"Mademoiselle de Lauzun; young, and of noble birth."

"Well, why won't she do?"

"She is squint-eyed and hump-backed."

"Say no more of her!" exclaimed the Count, quickly.

"Well, there is the niece of the curate."

"Well, what of her? Is she pretty?"

"She was not when she was in her teens, and, though that was twenty years ago, she has hardly improved in that respect."

"Think of some one else."

The notary put his head in his hands, and seemed to reflect. "I have it!" he cried.

"Who, then?" asked the Count.

"My daughter!"

"Mademoiselle Rose! I heard she was affianced to a young man of this place."

"There has been some talk of it; but of course I should prefer the honor of your alliance, though he is rich and of noble birth. Unfortunately there is one obstacle—Rose has no dowry."

"Is that all? You can endower her to my full satisfaction without giving her a penny, by securing the election of Louis as Deputy, as you can do."

"Good," said the notary to himself. "This is just what I promised the other pretender to Rose's hand. But here I have to pay no dowry as in the other case, and make besides a far greater match for Rose. You may depend upon me, Monsieur le Comte—my daughter and influence are both yours. But your son has not a bad disposition? for I would not expose my only daughter to the danger of misfortune."

"He has an excellent disposition," replied the Count. "He may occasionally bore his wife, but maltreat her he never will."

The notary's tardy protestation of paternal love closed the conversation.

IV.

When Rose was informed by her father that he had promised her in marriage to Henri de la Mothe, she became as white as a marble statue, and fell back upon her chair without being able to articulate a word.

M. Lasere could not admit the thought of an objection to the marriage. He anticipated from his daughter an exclamation of gratified surprise, but seeing her so overcome, he approached her, and tapping her on the cheek, "Ah, Rose," said he, "will you not feel proud when you can call yourself baroness?"

Rose remained cold and immovable. She believed herself under the influence of a hideous nightmare. But the stupor once overcome, she burst out in tears, and throwing her arms with a desperate embrace around her father's neck, she said, in a voice broken with sobs, "Oh! my dear father, you have not consented to this frightful marriage? It is impossible! Monsieur Henri, you know, is almost an imbecile. What would become of me with such a man! Withdraw your promise, and let me live. You will, for you are good and love your little Rose. Ah, dear father, answer me, reassure me, promise me to cancel this horrible engagement. You do not speak! Oh, promise me!"

M. Lasere, troubled and embarrassed, held his daughter in his arms, and at first, instead of replying, kissed her on the cheek. Then recovering himself, he said:

"It is too late, my child, to retreat. If I had foreseen your repugnance to this marriage, I would have thought twice before committing myself to the Count de la Mothe. You objected to the other match I contemplated for you, and if this should be broken off you might not be married at all."

"Ah, my father, I never wish to marry. I want to live always with you and my mother!"

"Pshaw! nonsense of young girls! They always say this when their fathers propose suitable matches."

M. Lasere loved his daughter, and yet he felt but little compassion for her grief. In his way of thinking, a woman was never to be pitied when she contracted a union which was to secure her a fortune and good social position—an opinion which he had doubtless formed from seeing young girls almost invariably greatly elated when they were on the point of a wealthy marriage, no matter who the suitor.

Rose was one of those simple-minded girls who are educated in absolute subjection to the paternal will, and the thought of disobeying her father did not even enter her mind. There are still in the provinces of France ideas of this kind prevalent, hardly to be comprehended, and surely never to be imitated by the young girls of this country. Whether this submission can be carried to such an extent as to preclude the possibility of happiness to the child, is a question unnecessary to be agitated here.

As for Henri, although he had never in the slightest degree disobeyed or neglected a command of his father, the Count entertained some fears lest, in a matter so important to his future happiness, Henri should be found for once obstinate. However, the attempt was to be made, and the next morning after his interview with the notary, the Count called him into his study. "My son," said he, "though strictly speaking I am not called upon to offer you explanations for my conduct toward you, still I wish to let you know some of the considerations which have motived an important determination on my part in regard to your future happiness."

"What is it, my father?" inquired the young man, in a mild and indifferent tone.

"We have determined to marry you—"

"Indeed! and with whom?" exclaimed Henri, and this time in tones which trembled with anxiety.

"Do not interrupt me," replied the Count. "Listen, and afterward, if you will, reply to me."

Henri nodded assent, leaned on his elbow upon the back of his chair near his father, and

held his eyes upon the ground in the attitude of attention. The Count, finding him so quiet, resumed the thread of his conversation, and went on to explain to Henri the reasons for his marriage with Rose. When he spoke of the candidacy of Louis, a vague and thoughtless smile, like a child's, passed over Henri's countenance; he evidently did not comprehend the connection.

"Family considerations alone would not have decided me," said the Count, on bringing his remarks to a close, "if this alliance, in aiding the future of your brother did not also assure your happiness. I have penetrated, my son, into the depth of your heart, and seen what has passed and is passing there. Your mother, your brother, and myself, have discovered the secret of your late reveries."

"You knew," said Henri, stammering, "you knew—"

"That your heart has nourished an impossible dream—an insensate love, without end and hopeless. For Clementine has refused the hand of your brother, whose position is assured, and whose reputation is already brilliant. His fortune has not seemed sufficient in her eyes. You see, therefore, in every point of view, you are as far as possible from her. Give up, therefore, this absurd hope. Marry Rose, and in a short time you will forget this dream of your solitary youth."

When the Count had finished, Henri walked with slow steps toward the door, without uttering a word.

"Well, Henri," said the Count, "what do you say? Speak now."

Henri advanced toward him, placed his hand, cold and heavy as a statue's, upon his shoulder, and said,

"To-morrow, my father, I will answer you."

"But why not now, my son?"

"No—to-morrow," repeated Henri, and left.

What he did during the whole of the next day no one at the chateau knew. His old servant, as he did not appear at dinner, went to the door of his room about dusk, knocked, and receiving no answer, went to inform the Count.

"Let him alone," said the Count. "He does as he pleases."

At one o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, Henri appeared on the threshold of the door of the *salon*, where all the family were assembled. A secret thrill passed over the heart of each. Louis repressed his impatience, the Count his inquietude, and the mother her emotions.

For a moment, those who had in themselves right, strength, intelligence, all authority and superiority, remained anxious and embarrassed in the presence of this quiet boy, who was generally so little regarded in the house. Was it that they perceived the august visage of Justice elevating itself above these features, and sternly interrogating their purpose?

"My father," said Henri, inclining before the Count, "I am perfectly willing to marry the girl you have selected for me."

These few words, doubtless, exhausted all the resolution the poor boy had been able to master, for after uttering them he fell upon the sofa at his mother's side, and buried his face in his hands.

"It is well, my dear son," replied the Count. "I expected no less from your deference and your respect for my wishes."

Louis, with a face radiant with pleasure, went and pressed his brother's hand.

Madame de la Mothe divined some profound and secret sorrow under this passive obedience; and when the Count and Louis had gone out, she approached Henri, and said,

"Are you speaking sincerely, my son? Have you really no repugnance to this marriage with Mademoiselle Lasere?"

Henri did not reply.

"If it is so—if this union is really repulsive to you, say so. We do not seek your brother's advancement at the expense of your happiness. Answer me, my son. Is it from fear of your father's anger that you consent to marry this young lady?"

"No, mother, it is not through fear." Then he added, after a few moments, "it is from another motive. I have no particular antipathy against this young girl. You all wish that I should be married; and if I refuse to-day, to-morrow you will insist upon some one else. I therefore obey at once. My father wishes me married; I have never disobeyed him. I take the first woman that is offered. What more can be wished?"

V.

The marriage followed hard upon these singular *fiançailles*. Whatever might have been the regrets and agitated thoughts of the two betrothed during the time from the engagement to the marriage, they made no resistance when the day of the wedding was announced by their respective families. From different motives, both were too timid to express any repugnance, especially at the last moment.

Every body during the ceremony remained silent and thoughtful; each member of the two families felt a portion of responsibility in the transaction, and experienced a certain kind of moral uneasiness. Henri and Rose were, probably, both the most sad and collected. They obeyed imposed commands; and this act of obedience, while it lacerated their hearts, alleviated their consciences. Henri appeared pale and serious, but without any remains of that feverish agitation to which for so long a time he had seemed subjected; from an unreserved submission, or reasoned determination, he had made a simple but most appropriate toilet. Those who did not know him had imagined him a very different person, while his relatives looked on in pleased surprise. Rose, notwithstanding her pale features and somewhat swollen eyes, was yet sufficiently collected, and went through the ceremony without any recognized symptom of

reluctance. So that inquisitive malice must have invented the scandal it could not faithfully report.

Henri and Rose were informed, immediately after their marriage, they were to pass the honeymoon at a small country-seat belonging to Mr. Lasere, to which they interposed no objection.

Fifteen days had run on since their union, and these two young people lived together like strangers. Henri still pursued his long rides and excitement of the chase—the only occupations that for a long time had seemed to interest him. Rose either passed the day in her own room or in the *salon*, with embroidery in her hands — rather, however, for appearance' sake than occupation. They met generally at meals, which were short and silent. The first few days Rose attempted to draw her husband into conversation; she asked him some questions about the weather, upon his luck in the chase, or of the places he passed through. He replied with great civility and brevity. These insignificant questions and replies, so frequent and easy among people on ordinary terms of intercourse, assume a strange and glacial character between two persons who ought to live together in the tenderest relations.

One day, as she came down to dinner, Henri entered soon after, and placed his game-pouch, which seemed full, upon the table.

"You have been very lucky to-day, it seems," says Rose, trying to assume a laughing countenance.

"On the contrary," said he, "I have killed nothing."

"How much he must hate to speak to me," thought poor Rose, "since he has recourse to a falsehood to put an end to the conversation!"

After some minutes of silence, Henri said, with a certain kind of embarrassment,

"I propose going to Marseilles to-morrow, to buy some things I want for the chase, and may be absent two or three days."

"You are going to Marseilles, all alone! It seems to me that—it is very far—and if you go alone—"

"Am I, then, not large enough to take care of myself? Do you look upon me as a boy?"

Rose was upon the point of renewing her objections, but she stopped; she did not dare to confess the uneasiness his project caused her, for fear, in explaining herself, she should show her husband too clearly the true cause of her anxiety.

"You, of course, are free to go to Marseilles," she said, after a few moments reflection—"whenever you please. But it seems to me you ought to inform your family of your intentions."

"No! on the contrary," said Henri, quickly, "it is very necessary I should make this little tour without their knowledge."

"But yet they will think it strange—"

"No, matter," interrupted her husband, "say nothing about it; they might oppose the journey, and I *must* go. Rose," he added, in an almost beseeching tone, "say nothing, particularly to my mother—for it is important it should not be known."

Rose smiled sadly on seeing him so much agitated with the fear that his purpose to go himself for the purchase of some indifferent articles should be frustrated; but said, "I will say nothing about it, I promise you." There was in her tone a condescension somewhat ironical.

"Sincerely?" said Henri, looking at her with some distrust.

"Sincerely," replied Rose, more seriously.

"What a mixture of wildness and childishness!" she said as he went out; "he supplicates me as a child its nurse; he treats as a serious affair the purchase of some hunting equipments; he fears his father as if he was not more than ten years old—sometimes the feeble and fantastic child, and at other times the icy and self-willed being who almost frightens me!" As she was looking carelessly around the room in the vacancy of the moment, her eyes fell upon the full game-pouch which her husband had left upon the table. She was seized with a desire to examine the game of which he had denied the existence. She took up the bag, and feeling it rather heavy, expected to find two or three hares. She found two large books. "What!" she says, "here are books! He reads, then, while he is hunting! It is wonderful; and *can* he read?"

She looked at the back of the volumes, and read upon one "Cicero," upon the other "Horace;" two names hardly known to her. She opened the books. She understood them to be in Latin from seeing occasionally a word she had habitually found in her prayer-book. "Good!" she says, laughing, "Latin books! what a fool I should be to think Henri could read them; he must have carried them with him as a kind of make-weight for his snares, and has chosen these because they are so heavy. Poor Henri, he has not even found out the tongue in which they are written. Doubtless they were intended for his father."

Still she was not wholly satisfied. Could it not be possible, she asked herself, that her husband knew Latin, and if he did! She determined at any rate to put the books in the library with the rest. While doing this, she let fall a whole pile of books from one of the shelves where she sought to place these from the game-pouch, and one in falling became opened. She picked it up and examined it. This time it was not written in Latin. She read one page, then turned over to another, sat herself down upon the corner of a box, reading all the time, absorbed, fascinated, by the book. From time to time her bosom swelled under an irrepressible emotion; her eyes sometimes were clouded with tears—but still she read on: nor did she stop till she had finished the chapter.

"Oh! how beautiful this is!" she exclaimed; "who could have written in this manner?"

She looked upon the outside of the book,

and read these two words: "Jocelyn, Lamartine."

She recommenced her reading, and did not quit the book till late at night, when she had finished the last page. She felt a strange sensation; her mind seemed struck with dizziness, the ordinary current of her ideas was radically changed, and sensations of infinite astonishment produced by this harmonious and magnificent language, hitherto unknown to her. She re-read the book during the still hours of the night—at early day she returned to the library; she no longer wished to arrange the books—no, she wished to read, and read Lamartine. She read, and her life seemed concentrated in the book. She read through the day and through part of the night, and the next day and the day after. She ordered the servant to say to every body that she had gone to Marseilles with her husband; and thus sure that she would be left alone, she devoted herself to her reading with the fever of passion.

After Lamartine, she read Corneille, Racine, Shakspeare, Byron, Rousseau—without any regularity, but just as chance threw the volumes in her way. The poet she last read became her favorite—she did not criticise, she only felt.

What new discoveries of thought and sensation she made in this voyage around the world of mind! Her soul, face to face as it were with these brilliant authors, experienced a sensation somewhat akin to what a man might feel, who, brought up in a dark cave, sees the sun for the first time: she was for a while dazzled by rays.

In fifteen days she had devoured the whole library, with the exception of books in languages she could not comprehend. When she had turned the last page of the last book, she tried to reflect, but at first found it impossible. Her brain was wholly confused, agitated, as it were, with deafening surges, which rose and subsided at their own will.

For one whole day she felt the prostration which follows all fevers—then order re-asserted its dominion, and gave her a consciousness of what she had gained in so short a time. She felt a certain pride from her intimate communication with these great geniuses, and looked upon her former life with a feeling of contempt; and though the absence of Henri was prolonged, she was not troubled, but rather rejoiced in her solitude. She could re-read her favorite poets, and find all time too short in their company.

As she was moving a table placed near the library, a small landscape, the work of Louis, came near falling to the floor. She caught it, and was about restoring it to its place when, in turning it round, she perceived on the back the portrait of a beautiful girl. Whose could it be? and why should it be hidden thus? She all at once recollected that Louis had told her one day that he had never been able to design the head of a person. Who, then, had executed this? All this seemed mysterious; and love alone could make a man conceal the portrait of a woman. Could Henri be in love, and with the original of this portrait?

This suspicion, once entertained, left her no rest. She was determined at all hazards to solve her doubts, if possible; and, in furtherance of her resolution, began to search her husband's *secretaire*, which, in default of a key, she had opened with a chisel. She soon found a packet of letters, which she immediately broke open. What was she going to learn?

They were all in the same handwriting, and signed with the name of a man. Rose ran through some of them, and soon found out that they were from a former fellow-collegian of her husband, whose affection was expressed in serious words and advice. These letters first apprised Rose that Henri had been at college, which astonished her not a little, for she had supposed he was imbecile (or nearly so) from his birth. This discovery added fuel to her desire to find out the mystery of the portrait; she put aside the letters, therefore, and continued her investigations. She was quite agitated in discovering, amidst files of paper blackened with ink, another copy of the portrait. This sketch, less finished than the other, represented the same person, covered with a large hat of dark felt; and this fancy gave piquancy and originality to features in themselves irreproachable. At the bottom of the portrait were these words: "12th April, 1837."

Twelfth of April! It was the very day her family had made their first call upon the family of the Count de la Mothe—Rose remembered it well. But why this date upon the portrait?

All at once a flash of memory showed her the carriage which entered the avenue at the moment they were leaving it, and the beautiful girl in the carriage with a hat like this in the portrait. There could be no longer room for doubt; the portrait was Clementine's. And Henri had loved her, and this love had wrought a miracle and endowed him with talents! Rose went from astonishment to stupor. She took up again the letters and read them to the last line; and then she seized a pen and wrote a letter to her husband's correspondent, in which she detailed her marriage and subsequent life with her husband; the suppositions that her family and his own had entertained of the disorder or weakness of his intellect; her discovery of her mistake, partly through her own exertions, but mostly from his letters to her husband; his love for another, and indifference, not to say contempt, for her—and beseeching him to inform her why her husband had sought to impose himself upon them all, even his mother, as a taciturn and morose being of partial intelligence, when she (his wife) had found out from fragments of his poems and other writings, which she had fortuitously discovered, that he had extraordinary talents. "He did not wish," she wrote, "that any one should penetrate into the inner sanctuary of his thoughts and reveries! This I understand now full well. To-day he is discovered, yet not comprehended."

Many days rolled on without a reply—days which Rose passed a prey to conflicting emotions. Sometimes she would thank Heaven that she was the wife of a man of intelligence; sometimes, recalling to mind his treatment, she fell into a profound chagrin, and felt herself humiliated in her dignity of wife even to the shedding of copious tears. "It is because he is so far above other men," she cried, "that he disdains me so much." Finally, one morning she received a letter bearing the post-mark of Paris. She broke it open with a trembling hand, for it appeared to her as decisive of her future fate. It was from her husband's friend, and contained besides one from Henri to him. She eagerly devoured the contents of the latter. It was a *resumé* by Henri of his thoughts and acts for the preceding twelve months or more. He depicted his quiet life at the chateau—his wanderings and reveries by the solitary streams or upon the lonely hillside; an intercourse with genial and healing Nature that had effected his moral and intellectual recovery: he had not dared to reveal his sensations to his antipathetic family, and had been obliged to assign as a pretext for his frequent and protracted absences from home a passionate desire for the chase. "My intellect underwent," he writes, "a complete transformation; the faculties which I had fatigued and exhausted by too unremitting labor did not return after my prostration by sickness; they might be called dried-up fountains from which nought could ever flow again, but at the same time, by an admirable compensation of Providence, unknown forces were accorded me, and my thoughts ran in a different current; a sentiment, confused at first, was followed by a distinct and rapid articulation; one day the form of my language changed, a revelation of the poetic spirit reached me, and I became a poet."

He went on to state how this life of dangerous reverie was suddenly interrupted and confounded by the apparition of Clementine; how passionately, insanely he loved her; how he lived only in her presence, or upon her souvenirs; and how cold, constrained, and even repelling was her manner toward him—so that at times he would fly her companionship and rush into the woods like a wounded wolf.

He then detailed the history of his marriage with Rose, "a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, whom I had hardly seen, and who seemed to me overflowing with common freshness of complexion and untutored innocence." He tells his friend that he would not consent to marry her till his father had granted him a day for deliberation: "I wished to see Clementine to confess every thing to her, and learn my fate from her own mouth." That in the time accorded to him he had gone to Toulon, and, unseen by Clementine, had surprised her in a *tête-à-tête* with her cousin and lover; and had heard her, in the most heartless and mocking terms, ridicule his unbounded attachment for her.

"When I recovered from the shock," he writes, "I overcame myself by a violent and heroic effort. Clementine forever lost to me, nothing remained but to obey my father; my life, henceforward without purpose, might be useful to my brother—why should I refuse it to him? on my return I told my father I was ready to obey him, and fifteen days after married Rose. I went to the altar as other men to the stake, with a calm resolution.".....

"How much," exclaimed poor Rose, after finishing the letter—"how much he loved her! and how contemptuously he speaks of me!"

She remained for some time plunged in these bitter reflections—when perceiving the letter of her husband's friend still upon her knee, she was on the point of throwing it into the drawer without reading it—for nothing need be added, she thought, to the terrible letter of her husband. She changed her intention, however, and read the letter:

"The melancholy revelations that your husband has made to me"—the friend says—"will complete your full comprehension of him, and prove to your mind that he has *never acted the part which has deceived you*, as you have said, with no little bitterness in the simplicity of your sixteen years. The morose, silent, unsociable youth of the chateau actually existed, and the exceptional circumstances in which your marriage took place contributed to your great but not irreparable error."

He concludes: "Most assuredly he is a poet, and a true poet. No one in Paris doubts that now, and it will not be long before every body at the chateau will think so too."

Rose did not undertake to divine the mysterious character of these last words—her emotion was too great for her curiosity. These letters flashed the whole implacable truth upon her soul, extenuating nothing, withholding nothing, but revealing to her at once both the immeasurable value of her husband's heart and the impassable abyss by which she was separated from it. The letter of his friend gave her no assurance—his encouragement to her to hope seemed naught but commonplace sympathy, and she threw the letter away in a sentiment of anger.

This friend, however—a true friend to her husband always—was not content to do one-half the work of a proper understanding between the youthful couple. He wrote Henri at the same time, and urged him with the most strenuous exhortations to return to his wife, whom he had neglected and doubtless misunderstood; with her he would find his duty, forgetfulness of the past, and, as he believed, a calm and radiant future.

VI.

The evening of the next day after Rose had received her letters, she was walking with her mother some distance from their house on the road to Toulon; they both were pensive and silent, arranging the future under the control of their fears or desires. Their preoccupation made them forget the growing lateness of the hour and the distance from home; night and

silence were around them; the moon was rising in the hushed sky, and her rays silvered the sombre foliage of the orange-tree.

Suddenly they started: the gallop of a horse was heard, evidently approaching them. The rider was urging his beast onward, and soon appeared at an angle of the road. By the light of the moon they distinguished the slender form and firm seat of the horseman.

"My God!" exclaimed Rose, hanging tremblingly to her mother's arm, "I believe that—I believe it is Henri!"

It was Henri indeed; and he was about passing without seeing them, when Madame Lasere advanced into the middle of the road. The sudden apparition made the horse leap to one side. Henri controlled him, and looked to see what was the matter.

"Well, son-in-law," said Madame Lasere, "you would prefer to run me over than to see me!"

Henri immediately dismounted and saluted her respectfully. From a sentiment of timidity Rose had hid herself behind her mother.

But Madame Lasere unmasked her all at once. "Rose," she said, "do you not welcome your husband home?"

Rose stammered some words, and Henri, surprised at meeting her so suddenly, remained speechless.

To recover self-possession he offered his arm to the mother, and Rose clung to her other side like a frightened child. The horse, glad to have got rid of the spur, tranquilly followed his master, cropping the brushwood as he went along. For some minutes naught was heard but the sound of their feet upon the stones, and the jaws of the animal as he cropped the young sprouts.

They walked side by side, overcome by the embarrassment which the contrast of position with sentiments always produces. Their respective parts, apparently the most simple in the world, were in reality difficult and delicate. Each was silent, yet full of the desire to speak; and in this way they walked on till they came to a turn in the road, which led to Madame Lasere's residence, and where they found her carriage in waiting for her. Declining Henri's invitation to accompany them to their house, as she thought it much more politic to leave the young people alone, she bade them adieu and drove off.

The two remained all alone. For a long time they walked on, side by side, without even looking at each other, each seeking a way of bringing on a conversation. Their embarrassment was much increased by the departure of Madame Lasere. They felt as if they were near some solemn moment, and underwent that mysterious and indefinable impression which almost invariably precedes the decisive acts of our lives. Cold and common phrases exchanged a month before between them had now become impossible.

On entering the avenue of their residence Rose struck her foot against a stone, and came near falling. Henri caught her, and held her up by the arm.

"Have you hurt yourself, Rose?" he asked.

"No, thank you, Henri," she replied.

They relapsed into silence, only Henri kept his wife's arm within his own; and they continued walking, pensive and mute, each thinking of the other, but neither daring to exchange a common thought.

In the mean time Henri looked at Rose, and found her quite changed from what she had been.

Her whole countenance bore visible traces of the violent sensations by which her life had been shaken. She seemed to have grown quite thin; the magnificent freshness of her complexion, with which he had reproached her, had given way to that soft transparent paleness so charming in blondes.

Her hair, instead of being done up in flowing tresses, as she ordinarily wore it, was gathered up in short bands and negligently twisted behind her head. A slight swelling of the tracery of the blue veins running over the temples revealed a suppressed emotion. She walked slowly, with her eyes bent down, and with a languishing gait indicative of suffering. Seen thus, under the soft and sad rays of the moon, she resembled one of those beautiful angels of Andrea del Sarta descending against her will upon this world of misery and sorrow.

Henri was struck with a physiognomy so new to him; he believed he had never really seen Rose, and could not forbear looking at her, though unconscious of the great pleasure he took in the contemplation.

Rose, absorbed in her thoughts, did not perceive the attention of which she was the object; and while her husband was still looking at her, a tear, descending the whole length of her pale cheek, fell upon a spear of grass, where it shone for a moment like a rose-drop.

This mute tear moved the young poet's heart.

"You weep, Rose," he said. "What is it that can trouble you? Is it my presence?"

Her bosom rose as she heard his voice, but she remained silent.

"Answer me, dear Rose," he continued. "What is the matter? I am anxious to know the cause of your sorrow."

"There is nothing the matter with me, and I am most happy to see you," Rose at last said, raising her large, dewy eyes to his face; and to demonstrate her satisfaction in seeing him again, she pressed, though slightly, the arm upon which hers rested; then, as if ashamed of too bold an act, she became suddenly red, and for a moment her old color returned to her countenance.

Something so touching vibrated in her voice as she pronounced these few words—her look, her gesture were impressed with a grace so sweet, with a sentiment at the same time so timid and profound, that Henri felt troubled in his inmost soul.

"Why, then, do you weep?" he asked, affectionately.

"Oh! I can never tell you."

"You are wrong, Rose. You should tell me every thing; for am I not your protector, your adviser, and your best friend? It is my right to console you if you suffer. Tell me, then, what you can have to afflict you, unless it be my presence?"

These questions, put in almost a tender tone, encouraged Rose. "You have never before," she said, "spoken to me in this manner, and yet I have wept a great deal this last month."

"Indeed!" replied Henri; "and how could I be ignorant of it?"

"I do not know. You have never perceived it, that's all. How happens it that you are no longer the same?"

"Ah! yes, you are right," replied Henri, with a sigh, "many changes have taken place in me since that time, and I am no longer the same, as you say. I wish to make you forget the indifferent and sullen being whom you once knew. Is that possible?"

Rose went on from one surprise to another, on seeing her husband take the very direction to which she had feared all the time she would be unable to lead him. Her heart expanded under a ray of hope, and she was too full of emotion to reply. Henri continued:

"Is it possible, I ask you, Rose, if you can pardon the ridiculous being of a month ago—pardon his wrongs to you, his rudeness, his coldness, his injustice? Oh, my dear Rose, child as you are, you can not know what has passed in me! Believe me, my sufferings should be my apologies!

"If you knew!" he repeated, concentrating in one single thought all his mournful history. He stopped short. This recall of the past reopened wounds hardly yet cicatrized; his emotions mastered him; he hid his face in his hands, and convulsive sobs broke from his bosom.

Seeing him so overcome, Rose was seized with one of those passionate and generous movements which noble-minded woman can never resist.

She placed her little hand upon her husband's arm, and gently uncovered his face.

"Henri," she said, with a kind of sweet solemnity; "Henri, I know every thing—yes, every thing," she repeated; "and I forgive you."

"What! you know!" cried Henri; "you, Rose! oh! no, it is impossible—who could have told you?"

"You, yourself;" she replied, taking from her bosom his letter to his friend, and handing it to him. He remained a moment stupefied—then took the letter with a trembling hand.

"What! you know then my sad hallucinations? You know—and you do not hate me! Oh, then, Rose, you must be an angel indeed!"

"I am your wife, and I wish to love you," replied she, in a tone of tender reproach.

"Dearest Rose," he said, "we have now entered our house; come and sit near me, and let me show you all of a heart which no person till this day looked into. When you have heard me—when you have known every thing—you shall decide upon my future lot!"

Rose went and sat near her husband without reply. He took her hands, held them in his own, and placed at his ease by his wife's knowledge of a portion of his history, he commenced speaking to her with the most unreserved frankness. He dazzled Rose—who thought she knew him—by the rich treasures of his mind; and for this girl of sixteen summers, born only a few days since to the life of the heart, he had one attraction superior to all others, of which he never thought. In his speech she recognized and appreciated the language of his age; his natural and spontaneous words, simple and forcible at once, possessed the irresistible grace of youth. In spite of every thing—even when he revealed his saddest deceptions—the fresh and sparkling poetry of his almost boyish age broke forth from his heart, and shone in his features. He had that inimitable charm, so quickly lost and never replaced—the youth of the heart and soul joined to the youth of beauty.

Many hours flew rapidly by in this most intimate and mutual outpouring of the heart; for after Henri had got through his confessions, Rose gave all the little story of her life, so barren of incident for sixteen years, but so full the previous three months. Thus, during these happy hours, in the meditation and silence of a lovely summer's night, under a heaven thickset with stars, the youthful pair first became acquainted. Nature had been kinder to them than parents. They had imposed one upon the other, ignorant or careless of their capacities for each other's happiness; but Nature, like a compensating angel, came and struck in the heart of each a sympathetic chord, which discoursed sweet music through all the vicissitudes of after-life.

Louis was elected Deputy through the influence of Henri's father-in-law; but Henri himself had been previously decorated with the Legion of Honor for a poem of remarkable originality and force. It was the secret that his friend had hinted at in the letter to Rose, but which he had considerately left for the husband to communicate.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

THE duel, as a judicial trial, prevailed from an early period among the Germans, Danes, and Franks. Louis le Débonnaire was the first French monarch who permitted to litigants the trial by arms. The same custom was introduced into England, with other Norman customs, by William the Conqueror. By the laws, none were exempt from trial by battle but females, the sick and maimed, and persons under fifteen and over sixty years of age. Ecclesiastics were permitted to produce champions to fight in their stead.

The belief was that Providence would pre-

serve the right; and the defeat in regular trial by battle of one accused of crime, was taken as positive proof of his guilt. Numerous instances must have occurred where the ends of justice were plainly defeated by the superior skill of a guilty combatant. But such accidental triumphs of guilt over innocence did little to shake the popular belief in the watchfulness of "The God of Battles;" and if an innocent person did suffer, why, there was the happy thought that the road from earth to heaven was a short and pleasant one to a good soul.

What was the meaning of the word "honor" in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England and France, then the two most enlightened nations of the earth, will be best shown by a few remarkable examples.

One of the most noted of judicial combats was that between the French Counts Jarnac and De la Chasteneraye, in the time of Henry II. of France.

La Chasteneraye accused Jarnac to Francis the First of improper conduct with his own mother-in-law. The King, who was much attached to Jarnac, repeated this accusation to him, willing to give him the power of refuting it; for La Chasteneraye not only maintained his assertion, but swore that Jarnac himself had confessed the fact to him a dozen times and more. Jarnac denied the whole charge with much vehemence, entreating the King's permission to try the truth by single combat. Francis at first consented to this; but afterward withdrew his consent, and in a short time he died. As soon as his successor, Henry the Second, came to the throne, Jarnac renewed his petition for a single combat; which at last Henry granted—he being on La Chasteneraye's side, as Francis had been on Jarnac's; and, on the tenth of June, fifteen hundred and forty-seven, the King, the constable, the admiral, and the marshals of France, together with the court and nobility, assembled at St. Germain-en-Laye to witness this judicial combat. Jarnac, who had just recovered from a sickness, was modest, calm, and humble; La Chasteneraye was still somewhat weak in his sword-arm from a wound lately received, but was arrogant and insolent. They attacked each other savagely, and were soon both wounded. While La Chasteneraye was making a furious lunge, Jarnac gave him that fatal coup which cut the ham of La Chasteneraye's left leg, and, presently redoubling his stroke, cut also the ham on the right. La Chasteneraye fell; and Jarnac offered him his life if he would confess that he had lied, and restore him his honor: the wounded man was silent. Jarnac then turned to the King and besought him to accept the other's life for God's sake and love's; but the King refused. Poor Jarnac, who did not wish to have the blood of his enemy on his soul, and had only fought to restore to himself his lost repute, again entreated La Chasteneraye to confess his error; but, for all answer, he raised himself as well as he could and cut at his generous adversary. At last, after further painful entreaties, Henry condescended to accept the boon of a favorite's life; but it was too late now; the wretch bled to death before he could be removed from the field. Jarnac refused his right of triumphal procession, saying that he had gained all he fought for, namely, the re-establishment of his honor; whereupon Henry exclaimed, "that he fought like Cæsar, and spoke like Aristotle:" though for all that his kingly love and affection lay with the dead man. La Chasteneraye was only twenty-eight years old; but he was the most expert swordsman in France, the best wrestler, and the cleverest fencer; so skilled, indeed, in all these exercises that no one would believe he could be conquered, and several fatal duels were fought between those who knew and those who would not credit the result of the encounter.

The renowned Bayard had a fatal affair with the Spaniard Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor; whereby he got an infinitude of praise, because he delivered up the dead body to the seconds, and would not use it in any way of ignominy and scoff. His magnanimity was wonderfully belauded; such savage, ruthless, uncivilized fellows were even the heroes and nobles of those dark and sanguinary times! But manners grew more humane as time went on; and Charles the Ninth was the last king of France who allowed or was present at a duel: the first also who, by an ordinance dated fifteen hundred and sixty-six, prohibited the practice. A strange instance of humanity in the Saint Bartholomew murderer. But some remarkable duels took place meanwhile, chiefly in the reign of Henry the Second. One was between Châteauneuf, a minor, and his guardian Lachesnaye, an old man of eighty, concerning a lawsuit touching the lad's property. As might be expected, Châteauneuf soon dispatched his feeble old antagonist, who accused him, by-the-by, of being secretly defended by a cuirass. A short time after this, another youth, Saint André, quarreled and fought with Matas, an aged man, who disarmed, lectured, and forgave him, when, bidding him pick up his fallen sword and behave more rationally for the future, he was remounting his horse to ride away, when Saint André plunged his sword into his back, and left him dead on the forest sward. The youth was not even rebuked at court for the murder; he had powerful friends; but Matas was blamed for having provoked a fiery spirit by his reproof: *Car Dieu s'en attriste* (God is grieved), said one, when the aged rebuke the generous young.

Duprat, Baron de Vitaux, was one of the most noted duelists, or, more properly speaking, murderers of his time. He began his social life by killing his friend, Baron Soupez, who had previously broken his hot pate by flinging a candlestick at him. For this, Vitaux waylaid and murdered him; then escaped, disguised as a woman. A gentleman, named Goumelieu, killed Vitaux's brother, a lad of fifteen: Vitaux, accompanied by Boucicaut, a young no-

bleman, followed Goumelieu, overtook him near Saint Denis, and murdered him. For this he was obliged to fly again: this time into Italy; as Goumelieu was a favorite with the King, and his death would have been avenged. But he soon returned to fight—or rather to assassinate—Baron de Mittaud, who had killed another of his brothers; though he, Mittaud, was a near relation to the Vitaux family. Accompanied by Boucicaut, and Boucicaut's brother, Vitaux, disguised as a lawyer, waited in Paris for Mittaud, and not in vain. One day these three worthies met the baron and murdered him; but one of the Boucicauts was wounded in the struggle. Unable to escape with his companions, and tracked by his blood, he was taken by the archers and sent to the Bastile. Interest was made for him at court, and he was pardoned; reappearing at the King's balls and levees with as much gayety and unconcern as if his neck had never been in peril. Encouraged by this example, Vitaux also returned openly to Paris, this time with seven or eight companions. Beginning his metropolitan career by murdering Guart, the King's favorite, who had opposed his pardon, but protected by the Duc d'Alençon, he was held harmless, though his was one of the foulest and most cold-blooded crimes on record. However, not long after this, the Baron de Mittaud, brother to the one previously assassinated, met, fought, and killed Vitaux—the paragon, as he was called, of France.

Quélus and D'Entragues, two unworthy minions of Henry the Third, fought near the Porte Saint Antoine. Riberac and Schomberg—a German—were the seconds to D'Entragues; Maugerin and Livaret to Quélus. When the two principals were engaged Riberac went up to Maugerin, proposing that a reconciliation should be effected.

"Sir!" said Maugerin, angrily, "I came here to fight, not to string beads."

"Fight! with whom?" asked Riberac.

"With you," said Maugerin.

"In that case let us then pray," answered Riberac, calmly, drawing his sword and dagger and placing their hilts cross-wise. But his prayers were so long that Maugerin grew impatient and interrupted him; whereupon they set to work, and soon both fell dead. Schomberg, animated by such a virtuous example, proposed the like pastime to Livaret; Livaret accepted, and the German laid his cheek open at the first cut. In revenge, Livaret pierced him through the heart, and stretched him lifeless at his feet. D'Entragues was severely wounded, but escaped, and Quélus died the next day. Henry was disconsolate at his loss, and had him buried by the side of another ill-fated minion, Saint Megrin, assassinated by the Duc de Guise at the gate of the Louvre. Two years after this bloody fight, Livaret was killed in a duel with the Marquis de Pienne; when his servant seeing him fall, stabbed De Pienne on the field.

Bussy d'Amboise was another of the royal favorites and celebrated cut-throats of the day. In the Bartholomew massacres he assassinated Antoine de Clermont, a near relation with whom he was at law; afterward he fought Saint Phal, because Saint Phal had the letter X embroidered on his clothes, and Bussy maintained it was a Y. Then he attacked Crillon in the Rue St. Honoré, Crillon crying, "This is the hour of thy death!" as he defended himself; but they were separated. Finally he was killed by hired bravos in the service of the Count de Montsoreau, who met him at the place of assignation instead of the Countess, to whom he had written, and with whom he had an intrigue.

Henry the Fourth tried to prevent the practice of dueling, but in vain. From fifteen hundred and eighty-nine, when he ascended the throne, to sixteen hundred and seven, it was calculated that four thousand gentlemen had lost their lives in duels. One of the most celebrated was that between Devèze and Soeilles. The latter having seduced the former's wife, they met; but though Devèze had planned an assassination rather than a duel, Soeilles escaped with a wound in the back. Again they met: this time Devèze simply fired a pistol at his rival, then ran away; for which act of cowardice he was dismissed the army, and Soeilles received permission to attack him whenever he found him, and to seize on his property how and where he would. A reconciliation was patched up after this, and Soeilles was betrothed to Devèze's sister; but he meant revenge not marriage, and the poor girl was made the instrument of his revenge. He betrayed and ruined her, then refused to marry. Devèze waylaid, and this time positively murdered him; but he himself was murdered soon after by one D'Aubignac, hired for the deed by a relative of Soeilles.

Lagarde Valois and Bazanez were two famous swordsmen of that time. Bazanez, eager to fight Lagarde, sent him a hat trimmed with feathers, daring him to wear it. Lagarde put on the hat, of course, and went to seek Bazanez. They fought at once, Legarde wounding the other in the head at the first blow, but bending his sword at the same time. However he ran him through immediately after, saying:

"This is for the hat!" (again the same stroke) "this is for the feathers!" (again) "this is for the loop." All the while complimenting him on the elegant fit of the hat and its perfect taste. Bazanez, streaming with blood and furious with rage, rushed on him desperately, broke through his guard, and stabbed him no fewer than fourteen times, Lagarde shrieking for mercy, while Bazanez yelled, "No! no! no!" at every thrust. Lagarde, prostrate and dying, yet found sufficient strength to bite off a bit of his opponent's chin and to break his head with the pommel of his sword. While this revolting butchery was going on between these two scoundrels, the seconds were fighting in

another part of the field, and one was soon laid dead.

One bright example was afforded in the midst of all this criminal madness, by young De Reuly, the brave and noble anti-duelist, whom no one could suspect of cowardice, but who would not fight: no, not even when pressed and insulted. Once, a man, who for no quarrel, but for mere brutal curiosity wished to make him fight, waylaid him with a friend—De Reuly riding alone and simply accompanied by a servant. They set on him, but the young officer, one of the expertest swordsmen of his regiment, disarmed and wounded them both; then took them home to his quarters, had their wounds dressed, gave them some wine, and dismissed them. Nor did he ever speak of the transaction afterward, even to the servant who was with him. No one insulted De Reuly again.

In Louis the Thirteenth's reign, duels became even more sanguinary and brutal, though still the laws were against them. Two men fought with knives in a tub, and two held each other by the left hand, and hacked away with daggers in the right. The Chevalier de Guise, a man in the prime of life, riding down the Rue St. Honoré, met the old Baron de Luz, with whom he had a slight difference. The chevalier challenged him on the spot, dismounted, and murdered him; then coolly rode off, while the poor old man staggered into a shoemaker's shop to die. This was in sixteen hundred and thirteen. De Luz had a son of the same age as the chevalier. He challenged his father's murderer; De Guise accepted. The duel took place on horseback, and young De Luz was killed.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the English embassador to the French court at that time, was strongly infected with the prevalent disease. A very Quixote in the matter of ladies' favors and ribbons, he was also jealous, in a rougher way, of the reputation of all renowned duelists. He challenged many of them, notably Balaguy, but he could not get them to the point; and for all his Quixotic chivalry, was well laughed at by both squire and dame, while the more celebrated swordsmen did not care to meet one whose discomfiture would add nothing to their honor. It was in this same reign, and in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-seven, that De Botteville fought De Beuvron in the Palais Royal. Montmorency le Comte de Botteville was the acknowledged master of the art in Paris. His house was the rendezvous of all the fencers and swordsmen of the day, and he himself had slain some half-score of men in duels more or less iniquitous; the chief of which were with Le Comte de Pontgibaud, whom he forced away from mass on Easter Sunday, and slew on the spot, the Marquis de Portes, and Le Comte de Thorigny. He had always obtained his pardon, not with much trouble; but at last the King intimated to him that the royal clemency was exhausted, and that he would be forgiven no more

In spite of this he fought La Frète between Poissy and Saint Germain, when, as his second was killed by La Frète's second, an order for his arrest was made out, and he was forced to fly to Flanders. After a short time the Archduchess applied to Louis for his pardon; but without success. Irritated at this, De Botteville swore that he would return to Paris and fight in the Palais Royal, in the very teeth of the King and law. And he kept his word. He wrote to De Beuvron, Thorigny's friend, anxious to be his avenger; and after some preliminary epistles a meeting was agreed on in the Palais Royal, at two o'clock one certain afternoon. After fighting with swords and daggers, neither getting the better of the other, they began to wrestle and struggle, when both asked for quarter. The game was a drawn one. De Botteville's second, De Bussy, a celebrated swordsman, was mortally wounded in the throat, and La Berthe, another of the seconds, was wounded also. Botteville and De Beuvron went quietly to lunch at a barber's shop close by, while La Berthe had his wounds dressed, and poor De Bussy confessed to a friar and died. De Botteville fled again, but, recognized by a sister of De Bussy, was brought back to Paris, tried for murder, and beheaded, sorely troubled about his mustaches, the finest in France. A few years later the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Beaufort—brothers-in-law—with four seconds apiece, met to decide a quarrel with pistols and swords. De Nemours was shot dead, and, of De Beaufort's seconds, D'Henricourt was shot by the Marquis de Villars, and De Ris by the Duc d'Uzerches. This was in sixteen hundred and fifty-two, after the accession of Louis the Fourteenth.

Le Comte de Coligny, one day, leaving the apartment of his lady love Madame de Longueville, Condé's sister, dropped a woman's letter, which, among more pleasant and tender things, contained various malicious words against Madame de Montbazon, mother-in-law to Madame de Chevreuse, between whom and De Longueville there was open war. The letter was found, and ascribed to Madame de Longueville. She, wishing to deny the charge, insisted that Coligny, her lover, should challenge De Guise, the lover of Madame de Montbazon, which accordingly was done. The two men met in the Place Royale, and Coligny was mortally wounded; the seconds, D'Estrade and De Bridieu, fought at the same time—all in open day—and Bridieu was severely hurt. It is singular that, just seventy years before, the grandfather of this Coligny, the noble Admiral and Huguenot, had been murdered in the Bartholomew massacres by order of the grandfather of the De Guise who now killed the descendant.

One day le Comte Rochefort drank himself mad with le Comte d'Harcourt and a large party. It was proposed that they should all go on the Pont Neuf and rob, an amusement introduced by the Duc d'Orléans. Rochefort and the Chevalier de Rieux, not wishing to join in

that questionable sport, climbed up on the neck of the large bronze horse of Henry the Fourth, thence to look down on their companions robbing the passers-by of their purses and cloaks. Suddenly a party of archers appeared in sight, and the titled highwaymen took to their heels; but De Rieux, in trying to get down, hung too heavily on to the bronze bridle of the statue, broke it, and fell to the ground. He was captured, and both he and Rochefort were sent to the Châtelet. De Rieux threw all the blame on Rochefort, who, when they were liberated, challenged him; but the Chevalier would not fight, though the Count struck him with the flat of his sword to stir him up. However, Rochefort was determined to fight some one; so, failing De Rieux, he turned to Harcourt, but Harcourt declined on account of his rank. In revenge Rochefort and one of his creatures cut down all the finest trees on his estate, destroyed his preserves, and committed all sorts of depredations, until a relative of the Count, one Breaute, a professed desperado, called out, disarmed, and wounded Rochefort. The Cardinal Mazarin, whose friend and tool Rochefort was, sent him a purse of five hundred crowns and his own surgeon; so little did even the Church in those days uphold order or repudiate crime. When recovered from his wound Rochefort, joined this time by Des Planches, set out to further harry M. le Comte d'Harcourt, but, quarreling by the way, they fell to fisticuffs with each other, and Des Planches amused himself by peppering Rochefort as he poached on Harcourt's preserves, excusing himself by saying that he thought it was the Count and his gamekeepers.

In sixteen hundred and sixty-three La Frète and De Chalais were leaving a ball-room together. They had long been on bad terms, and La Frète pushed against Chalais rudely. A meeting was agreed on, of three against three, which, coming to the King's ears, he sent Saint Aignau with a message to La Frète, telling him that if he went out he should have his throat cut. Saint Aignau, who was a relation to La Frète, delivered his message, but, as a corollary, staid behind to fight against the Marquis d'Autin, who was hunted up for the occasion, so as to make a grander party of four against four. Louis was excessively angry at this gross act of disobedience, and the noble duelists had all to fly the country. Dueling brought no sense of sin or shame with it under any circumstances. It was a legal offense, being against the royal ordinances; but it carried no moral obloquy along with its legal penalties. When the Marquis de Donza was on the eve of execution for the murder of his brother-in-law, his only reply to his confessor, who exhorted him to repent of his crime, was, "Sandis! do you call one of the cleverest thrusts in Gascony a crime?"

It was only after many generations that the anti-dueling society, founded by the priest of Saint Sulpice, M. Olier, and enrolling as its first member the brave and virtuous Marquis de Fénélon, made any way with the public. As yet duels were honorable, necessary, and a title to distinction in the minds of all. Sometimes, however, they had a ludicrous side. Madaillan sent a challenge to the Marquis de Rivard, who had lost a leg at the siege of Puy Cerda. The Marquis accepted, but sent with his answer a case of surgical instruments, insisting that Madaillan should first lose his leg, so as to place them on an equal footing together. The joke hindered the duel. La Fontaine, too, was forced by a friend into fighting a duel with a certain young officer, whose attentions to Madame were more expressive than becoming. The good peaceful old philosopher grumbled sorely at having to get up early in the morning to march out to fight a man he liked, for a purpose he did not understand, and with a weapon to which he was unaccustomed. Arrived at the place of meeting he apologized to the officer, complaining of the necessity he was under, and assuring him of his good-will. The young man bowed, smiled, and, before La Fontaine had well fumbled at his first guard, whipped the sword out of his hand; then expressing his extreme regret at the circumstance, he lectured the philosopher on his folly, and expressed his intention of never entering his house again, since his visits were so misunderstood. La Fontaine was in despair. He embraced his dear friend again and again, and swore that he would fight him on the spot if he did not return home with him then, and visit him as usual. The officer consented, and Madame la Fontaine's reward was what it had been before. Sometimes honor prevented the giving of satisfaction; and a general character, of what we would call blackguardism, held a man harmless, inasmuch as gentlemen would not meet him. One of this sort complained to a marshal of France that he had been slapped in the face, and asked what he should do? "Go and wash it off," said the marshal, turning on his heel. Another, who had been thrown out of a window up stairs for cheating at cards, was counseled by Talleyrand "never to play at cards again, excepting on the ground floor." Brisseuil refused to fight with a detected sharper, but eventually was forced into the quarrel, and severely wounded. D'Aydie, an abbé, and the lover of the Duchess de Berri, fought in a figurante's house with a provincial clerk called Bouton, and wounded him. The Duchess deprived D'Aydie of his preferment, and forced him to become a Knight of Malta, for having fought with one so far beneath him. But the pugnacious Bouton pursued and fought the abbé four times, and then the Duchess brought the affair before the Court of Honor, under the presidency of the Marshal de Chamilly. The Court and the Marshal were disgusted at "this fellow Bouton, who dared to call them my lords," and they ordered D'Aydie to be imprisoned for degrading himself so far as to fight with such a low-born clown; as for him, he was discharged, as being beneath their notice. But the Duchess got him hanged, to

the horror of all Paris. This was in the Regent's time, before the majority of Louis the Fifteenth—the same regent who, though he "thought dueling had gone too much out of fashion," lectured two officers who fought about an Angola cat, saying, "they should have fought with claws, not swords." The celebrated Law of Lauriston fought and killed his man.

Before Louis the Fifteenth's majority the Duc de Richelieu began his notable courses as a youth of only twenty, by attacking and wounding Le Comte de Gacé under a street lamp. A short time after this, having a pique against Le Comte de Bavière, he followed him on a journey, insulted, and obstructed him. They began to fight, and were only separated by the Chevalier D'Auvray, who took De Richelieu into custody as the aggressor. Taken before the Court of Honor, where all the noble youth of France were assembled bareheaded, he was forced to apologize to De Bavière, but they were none the better friends.

A few years, full of diverse scampishness, rolled on, and then Albani, nephew to Pope Clement the Eleventh, applied to him for ways and means to circumvent Madame Créqui-Blanchefort, who, to the wonder of the world, and the exception of her age, was a woman of unblemished virtue. A plan was formed between these two worthies; and Albani, disguised as a servant, and furnished with strong letters of recommendation from Richelieu, entered Madame Créqui-Blanchefort's service, but, before long, betrayed himself, and was kicked out of the house for his pains. Richelieu was locked up in the Bastile for his share in the matter. When liberated, the young Marquis d'Aumont, a lad of sixteen, fought and wounded him in the hip, so that it was expected he would be lame for life. D'Aumont was a kinsman of Madame Blanchefort. In seventeen hundred and thirty-four Richelieu killed his kinsman, the Prince de Lixen, who himself had killed the Marquis de Ligneville, uncle to Richelieu's wife, the quarrel arising from De Lixen taunting Richelieu with being hot, "wondering that he should appear in such a state as this, after he had been purified by admission into their family;" for the De Lixen blood was older than the Richelieu, and the Prince had the sting of truth in his taunt. They met in the trenches that night; they were both serving together at the siege of Philipsberg.

Du Vighan of Saintonga, was the Don Juan of that time. Hackney-coachmen and tradesmen's wives, calling to present their bills, took them back unpaid, and left him good wishes and money instead. He bewitched every one, and the Archbishop of Paris said of him that he was "the serpent of the terrestrial paradise." Of course he was always in trouble of some sort, and was once nearly killed in a duel with Le Comte de Meulan. When recovered, he fell in love with Mademoiselle de Soissons, who loved him with that singular passion always the lot of Don Juans to receive. She was severely lectured by her aunt, and shut up in the convent of Montmartre; Du Vighan understood the use of rope-ladders, and Montmartre had walls which might be scaled. He and his princess met in her cloister as they had before met in her hotel, and matters went on swimmingly till the rope-ladder was found, and Baron d'Ugeon, De Soissons' cousin, demanded satisfaction. They met, and Du Vighan received three severe wounds in his side. Nothing daunted, however, he scaled the walls of Montmartre that very night, but to no purpose; the princess was under the safe keeping of warders and bolts, and poor Du Vighan had to remain in the cold cloisters all night alone. His wounds broke out into a fearful hemorrhage; and, when the morning came, the nuns found the hapless youth lying dead on the stone pavement.

"La botte de Saint Evremont," was a pass invented by that most noted duelist. He and Saint Foix were rivals in fame, and both were witty, insolent, good-natured, and capricious. Saint Foix had a duel with a gentleman, whom he saw at the Café Procope, eating a bavaroise. "A confounded bad dinner for a gentleman," said Saint Foix. The stranger called him out, and wounded him. "Sir," said Saint Foix, bandaging his wound, "if you had killed me I should still have said that a bavaroise is a confounded bad dinner for a gentleman."

In seventeen hundred and seventy-eight the Comte d'Artois (afterward Charles the Ninth) fought with the Prince de Condé (Duc de Bourbon), for having struck Madame la Duchesse de Bourbonne, who, at a masked ball, annoyed Madame de Carillac, the chère amie of D'Artois—formerly holding the same position with the Duc de Bourbon—the duchess being also in love with the future monarch. It was a bloodless duel, where, after a vast deal of parade, the offended parties embraced. The Chevalier d'Eon lived, too, at this period—that strange mythic being, the expert swordsman, the clever diplomatist, the man in woman's clothes, or the woman in man's clothes—no one rightly knew which. Certain it is that D'Eon was made to wear woman's clothes, whatever the reason may have been—whether De Guerchy's honor, whom he had insulted, or because of D'Aiguillon's spite, or for state reasons, or, haply, for natural ones—whatever may have been the cause, it is historically true that the Chevalier d'Eon dressed as a woman, or that a woman assumed the name, and habits, and costume of a man. D'Eon's noted affair was with the Comte de Guerchy, whom he struck in the face—the Comte being the embassador in London, to whose embassade D'Eon was attached. There was no duel, but the young Comte de Guerchy, after his father's death, sought to meet D'Eon; whereon his mother, dreading a meeting with the mature duelist for her inexperienced son, petitioned for a renewal of the order for the Chevalier to wear female apparel again; and once more D'Eon was plunged into petticoats and head-dresses.

The Marquis de Tenteniac once challenged the whole pit of a theatre; and Ney would have fought again, as many times before, the public battles of his regiment, had not the colonel seized him by his coat-tails, and dragged him thus, backward, to the black-hole. However, he met his antagonist afterward—the fencing-master of a chasseur regiment—and wounded him in the sword-arm, crippling him for life. When Ney's fortunes rose, he sought him out and pensioned him. A young officer insulted a colonel of the French Guards, who declared himself against dueling; calling him a coward, and striking him on the face. The colonel met him the next day, with a large piece of court-plaster on the cheek which had been struck. They fought, and the young man was wounded in the sword-arm. The colonel bowed, put up his weapon, took off the plaster, and cut off one side of it. When the wound was healed the colonel called him out again, and again wounded him, cutting off another piece of his plaster. Again, and again, and again, this happened, the colonel always wounding the poor youth, and always cutting off a piece of his plaster, until it was reduced to the size of a shilling. And then they met for the last time—the colonel ran him through, and laid him dead at his feet, coolly taking off all that was left of the plaster, and laying it on the ground beside the dead body.

In seventeen hundred and eighty-five the Comte de Gersdorff challenged M. le Favre by the public prints, using strong language, and offering him a hundred louis d'or for his traveling expenses if he would but go and meet him. Le Favre accepted the challenge, but not the louis d'or, and the field was set. They stood at twenty-five paces, and fired once—wide of the mark on both sides. Their seconds then came forward and complimented them on their courage; the principals embraced, forgave, and were reconciled. There was another and a later French duel, to the full as ridiculous as this. In eighteen hundred and twenty-six the Marquis de Livron and M. du Trone met in the forest of Senart, near the chateau of Madame de Cayla. Du Trone, a young advocate, came dressed in the costume of a modern Greek, and the duel took place on horseback; the weapons —sabres; the seconds—three a side. At the first onset the Marquis was dismounted, and both were slightly wounded; but the gendarmes came and put a stop to the mock heroics of these two simpletons before any real damage was done; and the romantic youths were marched off from the gaze of the one hundred and fifty spectators whom the folly of their raree-show had drawn together. The *fiasco* of that honorable encounter was sublime—almost as sublime as the duels between women which flutter through the sterner records crowding the French annals.

And now duels come so thick and fast that we can not even enumerate them. Literary men, artists, friends, strangers, and enemies, all seem to spend their lives—and lose them—in fighting duels for every conceivable and inconceivable cause. Fayau killed Saint Marcellin, his former friend, for a mere literary discussion; Saint Aulaire was killed because of a paragraph in his oration on the Duke de Feltre; Ségur was wounded by General Gourgaud on account of his Campaign in Russia; Hépé—but he was a Neapolitan—wounded an author on Italy, because he did not like his book; two romance writers fought for the honor of classic and romantic literature; Garnarey, the artist, shot Captain Raynouard of the Caravanne; later, Armand Carrel, editor of the *National*, and Roux Laborie, another editor, fought and wounded each other—later still Carrel was killed by Emile de Girardin; Barthélémy, editor of the *Peuple Souverain*, killed David, editor of the *Garde National*, and Alexandre Dumas fought Gaillardet, his co-creator of "La Tour de Nesle," fortunately without damage on either side; Trobriant shot Pélicier, of the Home Department, on account of a popular song; and General Bugeaud shot Dulong, a lawyer, after the latter had made a written apology: while duels on account of wives and sisters were almost as numerous as there were fair women in France.

Monsieur Manuel, a Pole, a married man of middle age, had, for his friend, Monsieur Beaumont, some ten or fifteen years his junior. Both were stock-brokers. By anonymous letters Monsieur Manuel was informed that Beaumont and his wife were on terms scarcely consistent with his honor and her duties. He did not trust only to these letters, but discovered for himself that the charge was true; whereupon he left Paris, his wife remaining behind with her lover. Some time after he returned on business, and encountered Beaumont on the exchange. They quarreled, and Manuel challenged him; the next day they met, and Manuel was shot dead. The authorities refused to allow him to be buried in consecrated ground because he had fallen in a duel, but popular clamor forced the point; then the priest would not read the burial-service over him until a fresh outbreak forced that as well; and, when even that concession was gained, he would not read the service in his robes. But after a long and noisy dispute, the people gained the day, and poor Manuel was buried with the full rites of the Church. Beaumont was obliged to fly; but what became of Madame Manuel no one knew.

The ordeal by battle introduced into England by the Norman conqueror died out of general usage in Queen Elizabeth's time. It, however, remained the law of the land until the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, when it was repealed in consequence of a resort to it by one Thornton. He had deceived and murdered a beautiful girl named Ashford, and claiming his right to wager of battel, the Court of Queen's Bench was obliged to allow it; the girl's brother, whom he challenged, refusing to fight, the murderer was discharged.

The duel between Sir Walter Blount and the Earl of Essex—because young Blount had re-

ceived from Elizabeth, as a reward for his fine tilting the day before, a chess-queen of enameled gold—was one of the modern as compared with the ancient sort. Gathering up his cloak as he passed through the privy chamber, that all the world might see his sovereign's gift fastened to his arm by crimson ribbons, it is likely enough that the new favorite flaunted his success with more pride than prudence, and that Essex, whose scanty patience never held out long against the smallest assault of jealousy, felt himself fully justified in his wrath. "Now I perceive," he said, scornfully, to Fulk Greville, "that every fool must have his favor." Which uncivil speech ripened into a challenge and a duel, wherein the Earl was wounded in the thigh; a circumstance that caused the mighty and most wrathful Queen to say, "God's death! it is fit that some one should take him down, and teach him better manners; else there will be no rule with him!" The Crowned Vestal was weary of the elder favorite's temper and disrespect, and Blount, the younger and latest darling, was as yet impeccable.

A more terrible drama even than this occurred in the same reign, between the Duke of B. and Lord B., concerning a certain beautiful Countess of E. The duke challenged the lord, and, contrary to usage, gave him the choice of weapons, the challenger's privilege. They met the next morning—a cold, rainy, miserable morning; time, five o'clock; place, the first tree behind the lodge in Hyde Park. They stripped off their fine scarlet coats trimmed with gold and silver lace—the Duke excessively indignant that they should examine his vest, so as to be certain there was no unlawful protection underneath, but the lord, more accustomed to the formalities, submitting to the search coolly enough—and then they took their pistols, before taking to their swords; according to the fashion of the times. At the first fire the Duke missed, but Lord B. hit his grace near the thumb; at the second fire the duke hit the lord. They then drew their swords and rushed on each other. After the first or second thrust Lord B. entangled his foot in a tuft of grass, and fell; but, supporting himself with his sword-hand he sprung back, and thus avoided a thrust made at his heart. The seconds then interfered, and attempted to bring about a reconciliation; but the Duke—who seems to have been the most fiery throughout—angrily ordered them back, threatening to stab the first who again interfered. After much good play and fine parrying they came to a "close lock, which nothing but the key of the body could open." Thus they stood, unable to strike a blow, each afraid to give the other the smallest advantage, yet each struggling to free himself from his entanglement. At last, by one wrench stronger than the others, they tore themselves away; and at the same time both their swords sprang out of their hands—Lord B.'s six or seven yards in the air. This accident, however, did not retard them long; they seized their weapons again and fought on. The lord was then wounded in the sword-arm; but bearing back, and before the duke had quite recovered from his lunge, he ran him through the body. The blow left the lord unguarded; and with the sword through him, the duke cut and thrust at his antagonist, who had only his naked hand wherewith to guard himself. After his hand had been fearfully mangled with putting aside his enemy's sword, the lord was in his turn run through—one rib below the heart. Again the seconds interfered; again without success; when the lord, faint from loss of blood, fell backward, and in falling, drew his sword out of the duke's wound. "Recovering himself a little before he was quite down, he faltered forward, and falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in the midst." The duke then took his own sword, broke it, and sinking on the dead body of his antagonist, sighed deeply, turned once, and died: the cold, drizzling rain falling chill on the stiffening bodies and the dank grass.

The spirit of violence and lawlessness that belonged to dueling, even in its least dishonorable days, more surely than any love of honor or necessity of self-defense, was allied sometimes in a manifest way to treachery and murder. This is a story told in Aubrey's Miscellanies:

"Anno 1647, the Lord Mohun's son and heir (a gallant gentleman, valiant, and a great master of fencing and horsemanship), had a quarrel with Prince Griffin; there was a challenge, and they were to fight on horseback in Chelsea fields in the morning: Mr. Mohun went accordingly to meet him, but about Ebury Farm he was met by some who quarreled with him and pistoled him, it was believed, by order of Prince Griffin; for he was sure that Mr. Mohun, being so much the better horseman, etc., would have killed him had they fought.

"In James Street, in Covent Garden, did then lodge a gentlewoman, a handsome woman, who was Mr. Mohun's sweet-heart. Mr. Mohun was murdered about ten o'clock in the morning; and at that very time, his mistress being in bed, saw Mr. Mohun come to her bedside, draw the curtain, look upon her and go away; she called after him, but no answer: she knocked for her maid, asked her for Mr. Mohun; she said she did not see him, and had the key of her chamber door in her pocket. This account my friend aforesaid had from the gentlewoman's own mouth, and her maid's."

One of the most foolish, yet melancholy, duels on record, is that between two dear friends—Sir H. Bellases and Tom Porter, as told by gossip Pepys. They had no quarrel together, and were only talking somewhat loudly, when a by-stander asked if they were quarreling?

"No!" said Bellases. "I would have you know that I never quarrel, but I strike; take that as a rule of mine!"

"How!" said Tom Porter, "strike? I would I could see the man in England that durst give *me* a blow." Whereupon his friend boxed his

ears, and the two would have fought on the spot, had they not been hindered. However, Tom Porter waited for his friend as he went by in his coach, and bade him come out and draw. Sir H. Bellases obeyed; and, after a few passes called out to his friend to fly, for that he was mortally wounded. "Finding himself severely wounded," says Pepys, "he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself, 'for,' says he, 'Tom thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand on my legs till thou may'st withdraw, and the world not take notice of thee; for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done.'" But Tom was wounded too, though not mortally. In a few days Sir H. Bellases died; "a couple of fools that killed one another out of love," concludes Mr. Pepys. The fight took place in Covent Garden.

Not long after, the Duke of Buckingham fought at Barnes Elms with the Earl of Shrewsbury; for having been "nearer than kind" to my lady the Countess. The only one killed on the occasion was the Duke's unhappy second, Sir J. Jenkins; and he was slain on the spot. Sir John Talbot, one of Lord Shrewsbury's seconds—they had two each, and all four fought—was severely wounded: and the Earl himself was run through the body, but not killed. Buckingham escaped with only a few skin scratches. Lady Shrewsbury, disguised as a page, waited in a neighboring thicket, holding Buckingham's horse, and retired with him, he still wearing the shirt dyed red with her husband's blood. The merry monarch pardoned all concerned in the death of Sir J. Jenkins: "but only for this once;" no future offender was to be forgiven, and dueling was to be put down.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a duel was fought between Sir Chomley Dering and a Mr. Thornhill. Swift describes it in his Journal to Stella, under date of the ninth of May, seventeen hundred and eleven. "They fought at sword and pistol this morning in Tuttle Fields: their pistols so near that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady."

This duel was avenged; for, three months after, Swift journalizes thus: "Thornhill, who killed Sir Chomley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham Green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember Sir Chomley Dering. They had quarreled at Hampton Court, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. I went myself through Turnham Green the same night, which was yesterday."

The most famous duel of this reign was fought a year after in Hyde Park, by the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. The Duke wounded Lord Mohun mortally; but, while he hung over him, Mohun, shortening his sword, stabbed him through the shoulder to his heart. He was carried to the lake-house, and there laid on the grass, where he died. Mohun, one of the vilest characters of the period, had given the affront; yet, contrary to usage, had also sent the challenge, which the Duke, a most worthy and amiable man, was obliged to accept. The duel was long and desperate: the Duke received four severe wounds, Lord Mohun three, before the final death-blow was given. It was said afterward, that Mohun's second, Major-General Macartney, had stabbed the Duke. A large reward was offered for his apprehension, and the public were so eager to have him caught that, one night, a gentleman being attacked by highwaymen had the presence of mind to tell them that he was General Macartney, and that if they would take him before a justice of the peace they would get the reward. They did so; found they were deceived, and were themselves safely lodged in jail. Meanwhile, Macartney escaped to Holland; but, returning, was tried, and found guilty of manslaughter.

The dueling disease infected even the learned professions; the very Church was militant, and fought with swords and pistols. Fulwood, a lawyer, being pushed against by the renowned Beau Fielding in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, in seventeen hundred and twenty, challenged the beau on the spot, disarmed and wounded him. Flushed with his victory, he left for Lincoln's Inn Fields' theatre, and there purposely sought a quarrel with Captain Cusack. They went out into the fields to fight; and Captain Cusack left the lawyer dead, beneath the moonlight.

Doctors Woodward and Mead fought under the very gate of Gresham College. Dr. Woodward's foot slipped and he fell.

"Take your life!" cried Æsculapian Mead, loftily, putting up his sword.

"Any thing but your physic!" retorted Woodward.

The clubs of those times were the great nurseries of duels. Large parties used to assemble, and a regular battle would take place, wherein many lives would be lost. Ladies were insulted, watchmen beaten and killed, and often it required a considerable force of mounted soldiery, before the "Mohawks," "Bold bucks," or "Hell fires" would disperse. "Our Mohawks," says Swift, "go on still, and cut people's faces every night; but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is." These clubs were dissolved by royal proclamation, after the murder, in seventeen hundred and twenty-six, of Mr. Gower by Major Oneby; and the town had a little peace. Oneby was sentenced to death for murder, the duel having taken place without witnesses and under apparently unfair conditions; he being covered with a cloak, and having given the provocation throughout;—but he committed suicide, and so escaped the hangman. The duel

between the ancestor of Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, in seventeen hundred and sixty-five, was also one without seconds or witnesses. That Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth had had a very slight dispute about Sir Charles Sedley's manors, and the amount of game he preserved. It was a mere nothing; what would pass now without more than a momentary feeling of irritation; but then, it was matter worthy of death. They fought in a room, alone; and Mr. Chaworth deposed, that, when he turned round from shutting the door, he saw Lord Byron coming close upon him, his sword drawn. "I knew him," said the dying man, significantly; and he drew at once. Byron shortening his sword gave him his mortal wound, the poor gentleman living just long enough to give his evidence. Lord Byron was tried by the House of Lords, and found guilty of manslaughter. He claimed his privilege as a peer, under the statute of Edward the Sixth, paid his fees, and was discharged. But private vengeance did not always wait for legal retribution.

In the reign of George the Third, in which this latter duel happened, one hundred and seventy-two duels were fought, three hundred and forty-four people having been engaged in them. Yet the painful details of that terrible national lunacy were enlivened by such duels as that between George Garrick—brother to David—and Mr. Baddeley the actor; but these were not many. It was reported that George Garrick had induced Mrs. Baddeley to forget one of her essential duties to her husband, to which Mr. Baddeley naturally objected. They fought; Baddeley so nervous that he could hardly hold his pistol, George cool and débonnaire, and when his turn came for firing, firing in the air, like a prince. In the midst of the comedy a hackney-coach drew up, and out rushed Mrs. Baddeley, all beauty and disheveled hair. She flung herself between the pair, crying, "Save him! save him!" to each in turn; taking care at the same time to fall in a bewitching attitude. The combatants were melted; they rushed into each other's arms, embraced, and the tableau was complete. They then all went home together in Mrs. Baddeley's coach. How the husband and the reputed lover arranged matters for the future there is no record left to tell.

Sometimes even serious duels had a better ending than by wounds or death. Sheridan won his wife, the beautiful Miss Linley, by fighting twice on her account, with Mr. Matthews, of Bath; and Captain Stoney married Lady Strathmore the same week in which he had fought for her sake with Mr. Butt, editor of the *Morning Post*—the cause of duel in both instances being certain malicious and slanderous words which both these gentlemen had published, or caused to be published, against the ladies in question. But, in those days, every one fought, reason or none.

On April the fifteenth, seventeen hundred and ninety, Sir George Ramsey's servant kept a chair for him at the door of the Edinburgh Theatre. Captain Macrea ordered him to take it away; the man refused; the captain beat him severely, and the next day, meeting Sir George, insisted on his instant dismissal. This time Sir George refused, and Captain Macrea challenged him. They fought on Musselburgh Links. Sir George's fire was without effect, but Captain Macrae lodged his ball near his adversary's heart. Sir George lingered for a few days in great agony, then died. Macrea fled, and was outlawed. When the servant heard of his master's fate and the cause of the quarrel, he fell into strong convulsions, and, in a few hours, died.

This was not the only quarrel about a servant. Ensign Sawyer, of O'Farrell's regiment in Kinsale, beat Captain Wrey's servant for giving, as he said, a slighting answer to his wife. The servant took out a warrant of assault, and the ensign challenged the captain for allowing him to do so. Captain Wrey remonstrated with the lad, and endeavored to cool his hot young blood; carrying him off far from the town, so as to have a better and longer talk. He thought he was doing some good and bringing the boy to reason, when suddenly he drew, and there was now no help for it. The captain threw himself on the defensive, and, in endeavoring to disarm the ensign, ran him through. He died in two hours, kissing the captain, and owning himself the aggressor.

Even for more trifling things than these were duels fought and lives lost. Mr. Stephenson was killed at Margate by Mr. Anderson, in a quarrel about opening or shutting a window; Captain Macnamara shot Colonel Montgomery through the heart because their dogs fought in Hyde Park; Lord Camelford and Mr. Best, bosom friends, fought about a worthless woman's transparent lie, in which affray Lord Camelford was fortunately shot, as he deserved to be; Baron Hompesch was called out by Mr. Richardson, because the Baron, being very short-sighted, ran against two ladies in the street—Richardson was killed; young Julius, a lawyer's clerk, was killed by Mr. Graham, also a lawyer, for a difference of religious opinion; Clark shot Mr. Frizell dead, because Frizell refused to drink any more—they were both law students. Political duels—duels arising out of a mere difference of political view—were without number. The saddest of these was that between Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough, great friends and associates. They quarreled at Alcock's election-time, went out and fought, and Colclough was shot through the heart. Mr. Alcock never recovered the horror of that moment. Tried and acquitted of the murder, he yet could not acquit himself; and in a short time he sank into a state of melancholy that was nearer to insanity than sorrow. His sister, Miss Alcock, who had long known and loved Mr. Colclough, went mad.

The most atrocious duel of modern times is one that took place, near New Orleans, between two Frenchmen—Hippolyte Throuet and Paulin Prué. They were placed back to back, at five

paces; at a certain signal they turned and fired —to no effect. They then took their second pistols, but Prué grasped his so convulsively that it went off in the air. Throuet paused, covering him with his pistol, the by-standers crying, "Don't fire! For God's sake don't fire!" Prué stood, bravely and quietly, fronting his enemy. After a lapse of several minutes, during which every one present had been wrought up to a pitch of nervous frenzy, Throuet, advancing slowly, with a diabolical laugh, pulled the trigger, and his ball passed through Prué's heart.

We will close this subject of madness and wickedness with a retributive story of a duel between an Englishman and a Frenchman. A certain English gentleman, who was a regular frequenter of the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre in the days of Lord Byron's committee, and who always stood quietly on the hearth-rug there, with his back to the fire, was in his usual place one night when a narrative was related by another gentleman, newly returned from the continent, of a barrier-duel that had taken place in Paris. A young Englishman—a mere boy—had been despoiled in a gaming-house in the Palais Royal, had charged a certain gaming Count with cheating him, had gone out with the Count, had wasted his fire, and had been slain by the Count under the frightful circumstances of the Count's walking up to him, laying his hand on his heart, saying, "You are a brave fellow—have you a mother?" and on his replying in the affirmative, remarking, coolly, "I am sorry for her," and blowing his victim's brains out. The gentleman on the hearth-rug paused in taking a pinch of snuff to hear this story, and observed, with great placidity, "I am afraid I must kill that rascal." A few nights elapsed, during which the green-room hearth-rug was without him, and then he reappeared precisely as before, and only incidentally mentioned, in the course of the evening, "Gentlemen, I killed that rascal!" He had gone over to Paris on purpose, had tracked the Count to the same gaming-house, had thrown a glass of wine in his face in the presence of all the company assembled there, had told him that he was come to avenge his young compatriot—and had done it by putting the Count out of this world, coming back to the hearth-rug as if nothing had happened.

ARE WE A POLITE PEOPLE?

OUR LADIES.

THE admired of all the world—the prettiest women in it, as our American ladies undoubtedly are—it seems almost like sacrilege to approach such objects of universal worship with other offerings than hearts of devotion and words of praise. If, unprovided at home with household deities, we were heathen enough to fall down before images, and wanted a nice little idol to install in the vacant niche of a private chapel of Fashion, in order to keep us in daily practice of genuflexion, we don't know where we could supply ourselves so satisfactorily as among the artificial divinities of our own land. If religion consisted only of the devotion of the worshiper to wood and paint, we would bow the head and bend the knee to the senseless image, without a doubt of its divinity and our own piety. If love and social sympathy only asked for a pretty face and a handsome figure in woman, we should take off our hats at once in unquestioned reverence to our American ladies. We have too great a regard, however, for our countrywomen to ask so little of them, and shall now demand without reserve what more we want.

We are not going to plunge in the unknown depths of woman's heart, and lose ourselves in those dark places where no man has yet been able to find his way. We shall venture to tread only those pleasant paths, lightened by smiles and adorned with graces, which tempt the wanderer to the enjoyment of female companionship. It is not in search of sweet-heart or wife that we cast our eyes upon the dazzling beauties which cluster like endless stars about this dull firmament. We seek a companion for the hour, and not for all time; we ask only for a passing smile and a gracious word; and we are not going to offer hand and heart, or either. We do not propose, then, to talk of love or conjugal duty—of what our women should feel under the inspiration of the one, or do under the imposition of the other. We have something to say, however, in regard to their obligations, and how far they fulfill them, in their relations, not with this impatient lover, or that patient husband, but with all of us. Without desiring to interfere with vested rights, whether of love or matrimony, we claim that society generally has a right to more than it gets from our American women, and especially on the score of courtesy.

The female sex with us is so conscious of its external charms—of its prettiness of face and grace of person—that it seems to think that it has only to show the one and display the other to secure universal regard. To be seen of all men is the highest ambition of our beauties, and they take care to spread their plumage before every eye. That they succeed admirably in their purpose no one can deny; and, go where we will, we shall be puzzled to find a more visible and attractive display of external charms. The Boulevards of Paris and Regent Street of London show no such brilliant array as our Broadways; and the stranger confesses to the enjoyment of a public feast of beauty in American cities such as never before was spread before his hungry eyes. If woman was made merely to be looked upon, and studied, and criticised for her contour, her lines of beauty, the sculpture of her limbs, and the neat cutting of her hands and feet, we might rest satisfied with cultivating a connoisseurship among our native female models, and ask no more of them than that they should pose in the most becoming attitudes, and turn their charms to the brightest light. Woman, however, was made for better things; and

not only to please the eye, but to soothe with her graces and cheer with her sympathy the heart of man.

Our women, cunning as they may be in most arts, want the art of pleasing. They not only have it not, but seem unwilling to acquire it. They are content to dazzle, and do not care to warm; and if they catch admiration, they are willing to forego friendship. This shows itself, even in their chance intercourse with strangers, in a characteristic deficiency of graciousness of manner—that small return which every American gentleman has a right to expect for the gallantry he is so ready to proffer. Our women seem to think that a sight of them is a sufficient return for every courtesy or kindness. It is astonishing how universal that chivalrous devotion to woman, for which our countrymen have been so greatly and deservedly praised, continues to be. It is every where with its hand of courtesy and heart of sympathy, to do a politeness and supply a kindness; and yet, where will you find women who get so much and give so little as in our own country? It is always *place aux dames*, whether it be in the street or in the omnibus, in the rail-car or in the hotel; and our ladies, whenever they come, whether first or last, are always first served. They have the highest place at the table, the easiest seat in the coach, the better part of the cushion in church, and all the space in the street, to the manifest discomfort of the opposite sex, whose daily gallantry courts a daily sacrifice. We admire the disinterestedness of our gallant and suffering brethren, and we are not disposed to bate a jot of their devotion to woman, for if it does the recipient no good, it tells, undoubtedly, greatly to the benefit of the giver. We are afraid, however, that this chivalry, if it is not already on the decline, may die out in the course of time, for want of encouragement on the part of those who are its objects. Men will begin by-and-by to compare the cost with the smallness of the return, and, with their usual utilitarian views of life, finding that it don't pay, will cease their prodigality of politeness. "Courtesy on one side never lasts long," is an old proverb, and as true as it is old. We pray you then, fair ladies, to be generous as you are handsome, and give a smile of acknowledgment, or utter a simple thank you, for the thousand favors you are daily receiving from your gallant countrymen. The best seat and the first place, the courteous attention and the gentle act of kindness, are cheaply purchased with a bow and a word; and it is hardly fair that you should begrudge them when they are so honestly earned. If what Livy says of women be true—that she is more amiable abroad than at home—we should fear that American husbands have not a very pleasant time of it at their own firesides.

This want of gracious acknowledgment of favors received in the ordinary intercourse of out-door life, can not be excused on the score of modest reserve; for where does woman carry a bolder air in public than with us? Where does she flaunt her charms so freely? Where does her eye look with a steadier gaze on man? Where does her voice sound louder, and her laugh ring more sonorously? There is nothing, in fact, which our women are so deficient in as reserve. There is a publicity of bearing about them which reminds one more of the hotel than of home. You see that they are veterans in courage, however young in years, and can stand steadily the fire of a hundred eyes. Where a more timid bashfulness would not dare to show its face, they are as unmoved as bronze. If courage to face an enemy was all that was required, there would be no difficulty, we should think, in recruiting an army of bold-eyed Amazons among our beauties, ready to return look for look with the most formidable gallants that were ever marshaled for mischief.

The characteristic daring of our women, which we are willing to put down to their consciousness of robustness of virtue, has not always the most pleasing effect upon their manners. There is an eye bearing steadily the gaze of man, and having a conscious look of experience that by right belongs only to the wife, but which by some means or other has got into the heads of our most youthful vestals. There is a certain self-assurance, justified by little less than forty years of life and a considerable addition to the census, which is habitual with many of our belles long before their fingers glisten with the diamond of matrimonial engagement. There is a prominence of manner which catches eagerly at notice, and takes the lead in conversation with the opposite sex, that even in a Madame de Staël frightened the great Napoleon, and with which our female juveniles do not fear daily to startle us timid and respectable citizens.

Whatever may be the cause—whether it is that American girls, like their brothers, are too soon cut adrift from the apron-strings of their mothers; whether it is that they are brought up rather to dazzle society than to cheer and add to the comfort of home; whether it is that they are too often in the parlor and too seldom in the study or the kitchen; whether it is that they always go out to be seen, and never for purposes of health and enjoyment; whether it is that being so much in public they forget that their proper place is at the fireside—whatever may be the cause, there is no doubt of the fact that our female youth are more in the public eye, have a bolder face, a looser tongue, and a freer air, than used to be considered consistent with the character of a young gentlewoman.

Long before a girl in England or France dares to raise her eyes to the face of a newly-made male acquaintance, in America so rapid is her progress that she probably will have secured him as an acknowledged lover. With easy female manners, and no preliminary "Ask mamma!" to check youthful ardor, it is astonishing with what facility the course of love, or the ripple of coquetry, is made to run in this free coun-

try. If you want to make and continue the acquaintance of a man's daughter in those old lands of parental tyranny, you require an introduction to papa or mamma. Here, there is many a ripening beauty of sweet sixteen, or less, who can be reached without the fear of a snarl, a bark, or a bite, from any domestic Cerberus. There are no walls of household exclusion to be scaled; no desperate attempts at a third story to be made; no terror of darkness, with the glimmer of a policeman's cigar at the corner, and the shadow of a paternal night-cap in the window, to frighten the nerves; no duenna to be bribed and coachman to be double-paid; no untimely shrieks of penitence or hysterics of excitement to thwart the designs or try the courage of the impatient suitor. All is free and open, if not to the heart, at least to the presence of the desired object. The youthful Jones who may have polked a night with the youthful Araminta Brown, or been introduced in the street by the youthful Anabella Smith, rings at the paternal mansion, inquires for Miss Araminta, is ushered into the drawing-room, and is received with open arms by the blooming daughter of the house, while the old gentleman is absorbed in his cigar and the old lady is asleep over the evening paper, and both are as unconscious of the juvenile gentleman who is being so satisfactorily entertained in the next room as of the man in the moon. We have nothing to say just now about the possible risks to virtue of such freedom of will on the part of our young ladies. We may state, however, that the experience of the Old World is against its safety; and it is only in our own country where a girl is allowed to form intimacies with a score of ardent beaux who are not even speaking acquaintances with her parents. It is only in our own country where a young girl is allowed to flirt and coquette at home with beaux unwatched by parental solicitude. It is only in our own country where she can meet and promenade with them in the streets, without a word or a rebuke from those who have the right, and whose duty it is to look after her. It is only in our own country where she can go to or return from the opera, or theatre, or ball, without her father or mother, or some discreet and matronly substitute. It is only in our own country where she can take her ice-cream, and sip her sherry-cobbler, in the exclusive company of her male admirers of the hour. It is true our country is a free one, but no one has yet been bold enough, we believe, to advance the theory—whatever may be the practice—that our Constitution establishes independence of domestic control. Dangerous it may not be to morals, this youthful freedom, but injurious it certainly is to female manners. It emboldens the front, it opens wide the eye, it raises loud the voice, and gives an air of reckless daring to our youthful beauties, in whom every man—not excepting the rake—who has taste enough to admire the semblance even if he care not for the reality of virtue, would wish to find the blush, the gentle look, the soft speech, and the retired bearing of modesty. A goddess of Liberty in the shape of a loose female in a loose dress, with bared bust, naked arms, and easy attitude, may pass current on our coin from the intrinsic value of the metal; but it is not desirable that the daughters of our republic should model themselves according to any such standard of outward appearance and manners, whatever may be their basis of virtue. We not only want good morals, but good manners; for we know that the latter are the outworks and fortifications necessary for the protection of the former. We pray you then, young ladies, to retreat behind the entrenchments, and not expose yourselves so recklessly. Don't provoke the enemy by sallying out so boldly and flaunting your colors in their face.

We have said, while rendering homage to the beauty of our women, that they were not only deficient in the art of pleasing, but seemed unwilling to acquire it. They are satisfied with the appeal to the eye, and if they fill a great space in the public vision, they care not how small a corner may be left for them in the public esteem. What is society with us, for the most part, but a show place for the external charms of woman? What do you find there but pretty female faces and fine dresses, set off by a contrast with insipid beaux in sombre suits? Who thinks of going to a place where our women congregate, with any other purpose than literally to *see* them? Who expects any other delight but the delight of the eye? You go and are dazzled with the glittering array of bright charms and gorgeous apparel, and you come back with a vision fatigued and confused, until relieved by a welcome darkness. Whose fault is it that society is thus a mere show place? How is it that there is nothing to cultivate the taste, to warm the heart, or inform the head? How is it that Miss A. has so much to say about what Miss B. said of Miss C., and not a word on her own account? How is it that Miss X. can tell you how many dresses Miss Y. has had this season, and how many scores of breadths Miss Z. wears, and is mum about every thing else? How is it that you hear nothing but gossip and the commonplaces of female fashion? Why, in a word, are you bored to death? We hold our women responsible for the meagreness of our social banquets, for it is there that they are absolute mistresses. It is in their power to spread a more substantial feast of reason, and pour out a freer flow of soul. We hungry mortals are not to be satisfied with the mere butterfly food with which female vanity bloats itself. Like Sancho Panza crying out for the flesh-pots, the nature in us will demand something more than a feast for the eye. We would not have our women—Heaven forbid!—less beautiful, and hardly less brilliantly arrayed, but we would have them more disposed to study the wants of social companionship and provide for them. If they will strive not only to catch the eye, but to please by cultivating a graciousness of manner, by studying the art of conversation and encouraging the heart of man with

sympathy in his interests and daily life, we do not fear to venture the promise that American women will not only continue to be the prettiest but will become the most irresistible of their sex.

There are some old grumblers with whom we are not anxious to number ourselves, especially on the score of age, who have been heard to denounce our ladies for the want of a courteous regard to male comfort in some minor details of their public conduct. A querulous old gentleman with loose waistcoat and hungry appetite, being a great stickler for punctuality, will present himself precisely at the sound of the gong at the great dining-table of some great hotel, seize knife and fork with hurried avidity, and after a glance at the bill of fare, with the peremptory announcement at the top, "Dinner punctually at five o'clock," demand of white apron behind him the preliminary soup. "Soup, waiter, soup!" is the importunate order. "The ladies, Sir—*must* wait for the ladies, Sir!" is the gallant response of the chivalrous Hibernian. Five minutes pass—ten perhaps—old gentleman becomes impatient, looks nervously at his watch, and again ventures upon the demand, "Soup, waiter, soup!" "The ladies, Sir—must wait for the ladies, Sir." Old gentleman now becomes indignant, and with knife in hand looks menacingly at waiter, and utters, with an emphasis beyond the power of italics, "*Ladies*, Sir, *ladies!* Do you call those *ladies* who have kept me waiting so long, and driven me to the verge of starvation?" But they are unquestionably ladies, and very stylish-looking ones too, who now come rustling in under full crinoline, at least half an hour after the sound of the gong, and if they have kept the venerable gentleman, old enough to be their grandfather, waiting for his dinner, they have the satisfaction of showing off to the admiration of the young ones. So let age wait, eat its mutton cold, and mumble out its complaints, so long as beauty has its hour and a gay time of it.

The same old gentleman, very unreasonably, and very ill-naturedly no doubt, grumbles, too, because fine ladies will insist upon stopping and getting into the omnibus and car when they know they are full, under the presumption that the proverbial gallantry of their countrymen will secure them seats, at any sacrifice of male comfort. The same old gentleman will grumble too, because fine ladies who, putting on—weather permitting—their new hats to go to church, and, of course, not wishing to go too soon to be seen, take care to be late enough to disturb the prayers and divert the thoughts of the people from the contemplation of heaven to a view of the last fashion. Old gentleman don't like to be turned out of his pew and have his temper spoiled by the intrusion of a procrastinating crinoline. He thinks, probably, the influence upon his own mind unfavorable for the due effect of that absolution of sins which is only promised on a full repentance of them. These are trifling matters, and are hardly worth the notice of our young ladies, unless they care to be admired by all for their good breeding, as they are for their beauty.

We would, in conclusion, remind our flaunting beauties, that female charms are wonderfully increased by avoiding too free a revelation, and trusting somewhat to the imagination of man, which always exaggerates a hundred-fold that which can not be too easily reached and investigated by his senses. The *vailed* Venus, recollect, was the most worshiped of all the deities of old, and the greater the mystery, and the more close the retirement, the more earnest was the devotion. It would be politic, perhaps, if our female divinities desire to keep their hold upon the homage of the male sex, for them to enshrine themselves in a darker temple, take their stand on a less prominent pedestal, and occasionally drop the vail over their attractions. All that would be lost to the glare, by greater reserve and a less defiant publicity, would increase more than a hundred-fold, the charms of beauty, by the softening effect of shade and distance.

A good authority has said: "Call a woman wicked, ill-tempered, odd, stupid, and any thing but ugly, and you need not despair of forgiveness." We have presumed upon the dictum of an experienced gallant; and as we have taken care to admire the brilliancy of the beauty of our fair countrywomen, we have hopes of pardon for any misgivings we may have expressed about the occasional taste of its setting.

MR. SEEDY.

WHEN I took up my abode at Mrs. Jones's first-class up-town boarding-house, my attention was particularly attracted by Mr. Seedy, who sat directly opposite me at table.

His threadbare coat buttoned over invisible linen, attenuate "continuations," and superannuated boots, all originally of the best material and fashionable make; his untrimmed hair and beard; his woe-begone though youthful and rather handsome countenance; in short, the pervading evidences in one so young of gentility gone to seed, together with the strange appropriateness of his patronymic, strongly impressed me.

Mr. Seedy would rarely look up at, or address others. He would come in quietly to meals, where he was endured by the boarders, condescended to by the servants, and snubbed by Mrs. Jones in a manner that unmistakably indicated that he was in arrears for his board. Having hastily finished his repast, with the air of one who was swallowing misfortune by the mouthful, he would as quietly leave the room and be seen no more until the gong sounded again.

Feeling all the interest of an antiquarian in the pedigree and antecedents of the Seedy family, after seeking in vain for information respecting them at the Astor Library and the New York "Heraldry Office," I was led to make overtures for Mr. Seedy's acquaintance. My efforts were crowned with partial success.

One evening, a few weeks after I had come to Mrs. Jones's, I went up to his room—a "fifth story back" attic, to pay him a visit. As I approached his door I overheard Mrs. Jones's cracked-bell-like voice within, pronouncing, "I won't be swindled by you any longer, Mr. Seedy. It's outrageous! you must pay up or quit right off. Do you understand, Sir? Pay up or be off, I say." With that, Mrs. Jones brushed out of the room.

I would have retreated, but it was too late. Mr. Seedy welcomed me courteously and even cordially. His apartment contained a fractured-legged table on which were two or three old books, a bed, two broken-backed chairs, a crippled wash-stand, and an *antique* engraving of Washington. In the open closet hung a more threadbare suit than adorned Mr. Seedy's person.

He made no allusion to Mrs. Jones's recent visit, and of course I did not. He held in his hand an old magazine. "I have been reading a very interesting article, Mr. Podhammer," he said, as soon as I was seated. "It is a statement of the sensations of persons who have been saved from drowning, or cut down from hanging when the spark of life was nearly extinct. They all agree that they experienced no pain, but, on the contrary, saw such beautiful colors, or heard such sweet music, that their first sensation on being restored to consciousness was one of regret. They make the King of Terrors seem a very amiable, and even attractive personage."

"Eminent physicians have said," I replied, "that the last moments of life are rarely attended with much pain or dread."

Mr. Seedy sat some moments in silence. "Isn't it surprising," said he at length, "that suicide is not of more frequent occurrence? How many are there in this city, think you, who lead dreary lives in such apartments as—mine for instance, who can't afford to go to the theatre, and are so shabby that they avoid Broadway, who would 'jump' at the chance of witnessing, free of cost, hues more dazzling than the gleam of gems and gold, the frescoes of a Fifth Avenue palace, or a fashionable lady's dress? What a delightful transition would it be from hearing Brown's everlasting cracked fiddle in the next room, or the shrill tones of our amiable Mrs. Jones, to have the soul wafted away on a cloud of music more entrancing than was ever produced by Thalberg in the concert-room, or by an *encored prima donna* at the Academy of Music!"

There was an unwonted animation in Mr. Seedy's manner, and a wildness in his eye as he said this, that impressed me unfavorably.

"I believe," said I, "that it is the fear of the Unknown after death that prevents the greater frequency of suicide."

"But," said he, "the evils of the Hereafter, are at least *different* from those of the present. A change of sufferings is sometimes a relief, you know. I think none of Judge Edmonds's mediums ever mentioned board-bills and exacting landladies in the Spirit-land, or that spiritual garments become threadbare by wear, or that thriftless and penniless spirits lose caste and are in danger of starvation."

I endeavored, unsuccessfully, to change the subject of conversation. I made several efforts to elicit from Mr. Seedy the historical information I desired, but in vain. After each diversion he would return to the same subject, and pursue a similar train of remark.

Becoming discouraged at length, I took my leave and returned to my room, where I soon became absorbed in reading the evening paper. Toward ten o'clock there came a knock at my door, and opening it, I saw Mr. Seedy standing without, with portmanteau in hand. His countenance was more ghastly, and his eye wilder than before.

"I am going to leave this boarding-house," he said. "We shall not meet again. I could not go without thanking you for your politeness to me. You are the only one from whom I have received it for months. Be assured of my gratitude. Good-by."

"But, Mr. Seedy," said I, "your departure is abrupt. Whither do you go at this late hour?"

At this question Mr. Seedy gave a sort of shudder, and replied, with pale lips, "I shall leave this—city. Good-by, Mr. Podhammer."

And Mr. Seedy was gone.

I felt that Mr. Seedy was harboring some terrible purpose. Obeying an irresistible impulse, I put on my hat, and followed him at such a distance as not to be observed.

He turned the corner, and walked at a rapid pace in the direction of the North River. It was evident that he intended to precipitate himself, threadbare suit, portmanteau and all, into the river. With him would perish my hope of obtaining the desired data respecting the Seedy family.

I resolved to prevent it.

But when he had arrived within a block or two of the river, he paused and stood for some minutes as if irresolute. He then turned and continued his rapid gait down-town-ward.

I judged that he had shrunk from the near prospect of suicide, and feared that he had decided to commit a burglary or highway robbery instead.

I dogged his steps a weary distance, until he turned again and came out on Broadway. He stopped at the entrance to a stairway, and proceeded to ascend the stairs.

In a moment the terrible reality flashed across my mind. Up those stairs were the head-quarters of the Walker Relief Committee. Mr. Seedy was about to join the filibusters!

Had I seen him attempt self-destruction, I should have endeavored to prevent it. Had I seen him commit a highway robbery, I should have deemed the act perilous, and a sad evidence of "moral insanity." But *this* made my blood run cold.

I dashed up the stairs and seized him by the arm. "Infatuated man!" I exclaimed, "is it possible that you are going to—"

"Yes, I am going to—" he replied. "I desire only to end my miserable existence, and have chosen, rather than drown as a suicide, to be shot or hanged or starved as a hero."

"It must not be, Mr. Seedy!" I exclaimed. "Come with me. I must raise your spirits." Drawing his arm within mine, in spite of his remonstrances, I hurried him away to Delmonico's.

When we were seated I ordered hot punch, and, filling our glasses, commanded him to drink. He obediently emptied his glass.

"Have you, then, no attachment to life, Mr. Seedy?" I inquired.

"I have no reason to have any," he responded.

"What a pity that you are not in love!" I exclaimed.

Had I touched his flesh with a red-hot iron he could not have started more violently, or groaned more lustily, than he did.

Then I knew that he had been in love.

Feeling encouraged, I poured him out more punch, which he drank. The punch produced a very perceptible effect.

He shed tears, and began to pour forth, in a gushing tide of confidence, the tale of his past life. It was an old story.

His father had risen from penury (the usual condition of the Seedy family) to affluence, by a series of economies and speculations. The younger Seedy had, accordingly, been bred a "gentleman," and educated to the sole profession of money-spending. His father inopportunely dying in the midst of a hazardous California speculation, he had been left destitute. He had proved to be too much of a "gentleman" for several situations in business which had been procured for him. He had found his profession of money-spending of little practical use when his pockets were empty. Thus his affairs had gone on from bad to worse, until he was now, as he said, without a cent of money, a respectable suit of clothes, a home, or, except myself, a friend.

Before his father's death he had fallen violently in love with Miss Emily Tubbs, only daughter of Tubbs the stock-broker, and had been engaged to be married to her; but after his misfortunes he had been civilly dismissed by the mother of his lady-love. He had foolishly ventured to remonstrate, and had been shown to the door by her father, with some general and suggestive observations on "shiftlessness" and "shabbiness."

"Oh, she was beautiful as an angel!" groaned Mr. Seedy. "And she always dressed so charmingly! But the moon is not farther out of my reach than she. A shabby man like me needn't aspire to the daughter of a rich stock-broker. Oh, that I were dead!"

I ordered more punch, and proceeded to consider what could be done.

"Have you no friends at all, Mr. Seedy?"

"Why, my most intimate friends, the companions of my boyhood, have 'cut' me since I became so shabby."

"But you ought to get some employment. You can certainly support yourself respectably. There are plenty of opportunities."

"My dear Sir, I've done nothing for the past two months but look for situations. But I find nobody wants so shabby a man."

"But can't you get credit somewhere, enough at least to replenish your wardrobe?"

"As if any body would trust a shabby man! Why, Pressboard and Twist, who have pocketed thousands of dollars from our family, refused to let me have a coat on credit the other day."

Quite at a loss what to suggest, I poured Mr. Seedy a glass of punch. The beverage speedily produced its climacteric effect. He became noisy and maudlin, and would alternately chant the praises of Emily Tubbs, and assert his unalterable determination to die a filibuster. Finally, he sank back in his chair and became drowsy. Then I conducted him to the Astor House, and had him taken to bed by two waiters, whom he confidentially informed that he was a most wretched individual, and was about to terminate his miserable existence.

I started for Mrs. Jones's, confident that Mr. Seedy would neither do any desperate deed that night, nor wake in time for the next morning's steamer for Nicaragua. I was delighted with my success, and elated at the good deed I had done. I experienced all the emotions of a benefactor of the human race. In addition to the commendation of conscience, I felt that I had the approbation of all external nature. Even the street-lamps winked at me, and did obeisance to me as I walked along. Indeed, in their eagerness to do so, they would now and then get in my way. As I contemplated the end of my cigar, luminous in the dimly-lighted street, I soliloquized: "So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

A headache, and sundry engagements the next day, delayed my intended visit to Mr. Seedy until a late hour. On arriving at the hotel I was informed that he had gone away a few hours before, in company with an unknown person. As to whither he had gone I could obtain no clew. The next day, and the next to that, failed to solve the mystery. I gradually yielded to the conviction that he had carried into execution some plan of self-destruction, and that that branch of the Seedy family had become extinct.

Months rolled away. In the interest attending some fresh genealogical researches and the distracting whirl of city life, I might quite have forgotten Mr. Seedy, had not his name been mentioned almost daily by Mrs. Jones, with the expletives "swindler," "villain," "vagabond," and the like.

One evening as I was approaching my boarding-house an elegant carriage drove up to the door just before me, and a richly habited gentleman got out, and, seeing me, extended his

hand to me in silence. I took it mechanically, but had stared at him in half-recognition several seconds before I ejaculated in astonishment, "*Mr. Seedy!*"

While we were shaking hands, Mr. Seedy accounted for the phenomena of his disappearance and reappearance, by the following brief statement:

"When I arose the next morning after you left me at the Astor House, I unexpectedly encountered an old friend and assignee of my father's in the bar-room. He informed me that a valuable property which my father had purchased in California, but which, from a defect in the title, he had despaired of retaining, might yet be secured to the estate. The lawsuit would be decided soon, and he insisted on my going on to attend to it. As he was interested in the result, he paid my expenses there, and sent by me sundry valuable presents to the judges. In order to reach the steamer, I had to leave in such haste that I hadn't time even to leave a message for you. My success has been such that it seems like a dream, and I'm constantly haunted by the fear of awaking to my old realities. The court decided in my favor, and I have disposed of the property so as to pay my father's debts and have a snug fortune remaining.

"For all this I am indebted to you, Mr. Podhammer. But for you, I should ere this have died the most miserable of deaths!" Here the tears came into Mr. Seedy's eyes, and, in a transport of grateful emotion, he threw his arms around my neck, calling me his "benefactor, deliverer, and guardian angel." At this unusual manifestation a crowd of street-urchins collected around us, and a newspaper itemizer rushed from the nearest oyster-saloon and stood by in an attitude of attention, with pencil and tablets in hand.

Mr. Seedy and I entered the parlor, from the window of which his arrival had been watched by the astonished Mrs. Jones.

"Ah, Mr. Seedy, and looking so well! You don't know how we have all missed you, Mr. Seedy. Hope you have come to stay with us, Mr. Seedy. There's a nice suit of rooms vacant, that will just suit you. *So* glad to see you, Mr. Seedy!" And Mrs. Jones's puckered face was wreathed with smiles.

"Here is the amount of my board-bill, Mrs. Jones," said Mr. Seedy.

"Oh! never mind that trifle, Mr. Seedy. Really, I had quite forgotten it," said Mrs. Jones, who had not failed to speak of it any day since his departure.

A few days after, I called upon Mr. Seedy at his rooms in the St. Nicholas. He had established himself in princely style. Whatever were his deficiencies, he did credit to his education in the profession of money-spending. He was "got up" in the extreme of fashion, his generosity was lavish, his blood horses were among the finest in Broadway or on the Bloomingdale road. His arrival had been chronicled in the papers. He had been stared at by promenaders in Broadway, and talked about by dowagers in Fifth Avenue.

I found him seated in his room, looking over a pile of letters. After a cordial welcome and repeated professions of eternal gratitude, he remarked: "I have received a number of letters which are very amusing to me, as they exhibit so clearly the disinterested material of which New York friendships and credit are made. Here, for instance, is a note from those impudent tailors, Pressboard and Twist, who, a few months ago, wouldn't trust me for a twenty-five-dollar coat. Now they say, 'As we have formerly enjoyed the patronage of several members of your distinguished family, we take the liberty of calling your attention to our extensive assortment, and of respectfully soliciting that you will do us the honor to open an account with us. We should be proud to serve a gentleman of such justly celebrated taste and fashion. We beg leave to subscribe ourselves, etc.'

"As if that were not the height of impudence, here are some affectionate notes, full of affecting recollections of auld langsyne, and protestations of attachment, from some early friends of mine who, six months ago, would hardly recognize me when we met in the street.

"Here is a disinterested note from my father's old friend, Hogge, president of the Pork and Sausage Bank, who once refused me the position of third teller, on the ground that my 'appearance was against me.' He writes, prompted purely by motives of personal friendship for me, to advise me to do his house the honor of keeping my bank account with them.

"Here's a kind invitation to dinner from my *quondam* acquaintance, Mrs. Waxwell of Fifth Avenue, who has two marriageable daughters. The last two times I called upon her she was not at home to me, although I saw her in the parlor window as I approached the house.

"There are plenty more of the same sort," added Mr. Seedy, as he threw them aside with a sigh which sounded to me like that of a disconsolate lover.

At that moment a servant came to the door and brought Mr. Seedy a card, announcing that its proprietor was waiting below to see him. Mr. Seedy's face turned red and then pale, as he ejaculated, "Her father!" and ordered the servant to show him up.

As I heard the heavy tread of Mr. Tubbs approaching the door I rose to take my leave. "Be kind enough to wait below until he is gone," said Mr. Seedy. "I shall soon bluff him off." I accordingly seated myself below, in view of the stairs, and waited to see the bluffed Mr. Tubbs descend. But I had sat at least an hour before he made his appearance, and then he was escorted by Mr. Seedy, who was conversing with him in a manner that led me to conclude that the "bluffing" had been indefinitely postponed.

I suggested as much to Mr. Seedy, when he rejoined me, after having taken leave of his

visitor with an affectionate pressure of the hand. He blushed, and sat down beside me. He then rubbed his eyes violently, then nearly pulled out a lock of hair, and then pinched his left leg with such ferocity that his countenance was distorted with a grimace of pain.

I stared at him in astonishment.

"I am trying to convince myself, once for all," said he, "that this is not all a dream. I begin to find the game of life really interesting. Formerly the trumps were all in Tubbs's hands, now the winning cards seem to be in mine. The fact is, that in a recent row among the bovine and ursine quadrupeds in Wall Street, he has been so seriously damaged that it is doubtful whether he will be able to hold out. He hasn't been able to raise all the money he needs, and, as a forlorn hope, has come to try to effect a reconciliation with me. He would condescend to accept a loan of fifty thousand or so from me, and, I presume, would even consent to give me Emily as security."

"Which security I presume you have no idea of accepting," said I, suggestively.

Mr. Seedy blushed again. "Poor Emily! He assures me that, since our separation, she has really pined away, refused to go out or see company, quite lost her health and spirits, and is in a very bad way, dear girl!"

I did not deem it necessary to tell Mr. Seedy that I had seen Miss Tubbs at the opera only the night before, looking the very personification of blooming health. I only uttered the monosyllabic interrogatory, "Well?"

"I must go and see Emily. I should be delighted to be the means of her restoration to health and spirits."

"And with that object you will smother your resentment against her parents?"

"Tubbs has proved to me conclusively that I have no ground for resentment. They only acted as any sensible parents in New York would have done. Sensible Parents regard marriage purely as a pecuniary transaction. It is the ambition of Sensible Parents to wed their daughters to a large fortune. If there's a desirable man attached to this fortune, it is indeed all the better bargain, but that's a secondary consideration with Sensible Parents. Sensible Parents require just the same qualifications in a son-in-law as in a signer or indorser of a note. They inquire, 'Is he good?' and, 'For how much?' In this, Sensible Parents are simply actuated by the natural desire to save their children from a life of poverty, which, as things go, is no life at all, and, consequently, as bad as death and much more vulgar. In the light of Tubbs's practical philosophy I can only commend him as a Sensible Parent."

A few months after, Mr. Seedy and Miss Tubbs were duly united in the silk-and-golden bond of wedlock in Grace Church. Mr. Tubbs has continued uninterruptedly to carry on his large and lucrative business, but I am unable to state the exact sum which he received for his daughter.

I dined last evening at my friend's elegant up-town residence. As we sat together over a post-prandial bottle of wine, he assured me that I would be an object of the eternal gratitude, not only of the present generation of Seedys, but also, as he *hoped*, of "generations yet unborn." Of which generations we drank the health.

THE TAKING OF THE BÉLEN GATE.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1847.

[The Tacubaya causeway, three-quarters of a mile in length, was the direct road from Chapultepec to the city of Mexico. It was fringed with trees, and on each side were marshy grounds and deep ditches. Along the centre of the causeway ran an aqueduct, raised on massive stone arches, conveying water from the hill of Chapultepec. The Garita Bélen was an immense gate, defended on one side by a parapet and ditches, and on the other by a zigzag redan. It was also commanded by guns from the Paseo, the Citadel, and a battery at the entrance of a street. On the causeway, to the left, was posted a battery of four guns, and beyond this, on the right, was the fortified village of Romita. All these works swarmed with troops. General Quitman, who was posted here on the 13th of September, 1847, had received discretionary orders to advance upon the city by this route after the taking of Chapultepec, and it was known that there would be hot work where he commanded. The order was passed, "Quitman's division to the city!" and down the slope of the hill, out of the smoke and dust of Chapultepec, his troops poured on. Their advance was fiercely resisted. The trees on each side were shivered with balls; huge pieces of stone, broken from the angles of the masonry, were dashed down upon the advancing columns. The arches of the aqueduct afforded the only shelter from the fiery hail. By keeping under cover of these arches, and springing from one to the other, the assailants, aided by Drum's howitzer, succeeded in silencing the intermediate battery, over which poured the column, headed by Smith's Rifles and the Palmetto Regiment. Now all the batteries open fire at once, sweeping down whole ranks, while a sharp flank fire from Romita proclaims that the storm has shifted, and is bursting forth from a new direction. The assailing column, sorely thinned, wavers. The crisis of the day is approaching, when the rumbling of Drum's Artillery is heard. A few rapid discharges send the Mexicans flying from their guns, and the Americans stand before the Bélen Gate. With a shout and a mighty rush the line dashes on. The different commands are mixed together in inextricable confusion. The foremost ranks leap the ditch, following their General. One final volley is given; the gleam of steel shines through the smoke; then a short, sharp, hand-to-hand struggle; and the next moment a figure rises through the dense cloud. It is Quitman waving a handkerchief as a signal that the Bélen Gate is won.]

IT is an aged soldier,
  All seamed with ghastly scars—
A wreck cast up on the beach of peace
  From the foaming surge of wars.
He is resting, in the noontide,
  Beneath a beechen-tree,
And the village school-boys gather 'round
  Or clamber on his knee;
For they love the good old soldier
  With his tales of the long ago,
Of the battles won and the high deeds done
  On the plains of Mexico.

"They tell me, boys, the moments
  With doubt and fear are rife,
And patriot-virtues can not thrive
  In the air of civil strife.

But it matters not; when danger
Assails our native land,
Mark then how quickly faction flies,
And brave souls take their stand.
A freeman's hardy courage
Needs but a foreign foe;
And so we proved before the world
In the war with Mexico.
They were martyrs, those who perished
For their country's trust and fame;
And glorious in the after years
Shall be each sainted name.
They were strong to toil and suffer,
They were strong to dare and bleed,
They were hearts sent forth from the hand of God,
To meet the time of need!"

The eldest of the children
Is a noble, fair-haired boy,
And he drinks the words with a willing ear
And a kindling smile of joy;
And his little eyes are widened,
As at a trumpet's call:
"Now tell us of the hottest fight,
And the bravest deed of all."

"Ah!" cries the old man, grimly,
"We had enough to do;
For ne'er unstained with native gore
The starry banner flew;
But we owed the most to valor,
And the least to favoring fate,
At the taking of the Bélen Pass,
And the storming of the Gate.

"We had gone through fire and labor
For many a night and day,
From Palo Alto's mournful field
To the heights of Monterey.
We paused at Buena Vista,
Contreras felt our blow,
And at last we saw the distant spires
In the Vale of Mexico.

"Chapultepec is taken!
Upon her ruined walls
A huge and smoky canopy,
Like a shroud of honor, falls.
The bee-like swarms that clustered,
For life and home to strive,
Are routed from their broken halls
Or burned within their hive.
The guns that woke the morning
Are dumb beneath our tread,
As on we march, in serried files,
Through a desert of the dead!

"All faintly in the distance
Are heard the foe's alarms;
And hot, and grimed with blood and dust,
We are resting on our arms.
On every war-worn visage,
Stern grief with triumph blends;
For each has sought among the ranks
And missed his kin or friends.
The voices that were dearest,
We ne'er shall hear them more;
Our butchered comrades lie behind,
And Vengeance stalks before.

"Well may we halt our column,
On the steep so dearly won;
Much has been dared, and much is gained,
But more must yet be done.
Well may we halt our column,
To catch a moment's breath;
For the road in front is leading o'er
To the very jaws of Death.

"It is a narrow causeway
Across that dark morass,
With heavy arches frowning down
Upon the fearful pass;
And at the giant portal
The City takes her stand,
Hurling defiance back upon
The invaders of the land.
Like a grim and surly watch-dog
Stares forth each deep-mouthed gun;
And plumes, and helms, and burnished steel
Are gleaming in the sun.
We have chased the wounded tigress
To the entrance of her lair;
And, mad to battle for her young,
She turns upon us there.
And loudly rings the war-cry,
And wide the flags are cast,
And Mexico will make this hour
Her proudest, or her last;
For all of savage valor,
And all of burning hate,
That have outlived the shocks of war,
Are at the Bélen Gate.

"He comes, our mighty leader,
Along the wasted van;
There is no heart in all the ranks
That does not love that man!
He passes 'mid the columns;
And it is a glorious sight
To see him form them for the fray,
But his brow is dark as night.
He is thinking of his brave ones,
Who sleep the eternal sleep,
Among the slaughtered enemy,
On yonder bloody steep.
He is thinking of the succors,
That should have come ere now;
Such thoughts may dim the brightest eye,
And cloud the fairest brow.
But he gazes o'er the causeway,
And he hears the foeman's cry;
And the old stern look is on his face,
And the fire is in his eye.

"'Forward!' and at the signal,
Beneath the General's glance,
With dauntless mien and measured tread
The lengthened lines advance.

"There comes a blaze of lightning

From gate, and wall, and spire,
As though the city had put on
A girdle all of fire!
There comes a burst of thunder,
As though the teeming earth
Were laboring with volcanic throes,
O'er some sulphureous birth!
There comes a pattering shower
Of iron down the pass,
'Neath which the solid masonry
Is chipped like broken glass!
It was as though the Demons
Had risen 'gainst our plan,
And brought the guns of hell to bear
Upon the march of man!

"But where the invading army,
That stood so proudly there?
Has it *all* so soon been swept away?
Has it melted into air?
No: far beneath the arches,
At the signal of command,
Protected by the friendly stone,
Behold each little band.
But onward, ever onward!
No time to pause or doubt!
The glancing shot that skip within
Bespeak the storm without.
We are near upon our foemen,
We can count their fierce array,
The bayonet now must do its part,
And end the fearful fray.

"'Charge!' and we break from cover,
With the panther's spring and yell!
Cannon and musket from the gate
Peal back the challenge well.
And now a bullet strikes me,
And I stagger to my knee;
While past me rush, in headlong race,
The champions of the free.
I rise and totter forward,
Although with failing breath;
For who would follow such a chase
So far, and miss the death?
The smoke has covered all things
In its darkest battle-shroud,
Save where yon living line of fire
Lights up the murky cloud;
And there our gallant fellows
Are raging in the strife,
Before that stern and dangerous Gate,
Whose toll is human life!
They are chafing like the billows
Upon a midnight shore,
With a tempest driving on behind,
And a wall of rock before!

"I see our gallant chieftain
In the hottest of the fire;
I see our soldiers gather near,
Like children 'round their sire;
I see him at the portal,
Still calling on his men:
And now the hot blood from my wound
Has blinded me again.

"I hear our fellows cheering,
As though to rend the skies;
And hastily I wipe away
The blood-gouts from my eyes.
And I, too, stand uncovered,
And shout with joy elate;
For the Stars and Stripes are waving high
Above the Bélen Gate!"

A SUMMER CRUISE IN SEARCH OF AN APPETITE.

TO go fishing, I was advised, would be an excellent way to recover my vigor of mind and body, my wonted healthy color, and, better yet, my appetite.

"Not down the Bay," urged my adviser; "nor down by Long Island's sea-girt shore; nor off Newport; nor along the Jersey shore, my dear fellow! That would be taking the medicine homeopathically, and in your case it won't work so. You want to take a real unmistakable nauseating allopathic dose."

"Having made out your prescription, Sir," I returned, "will you be pleased to point out the druggist who will fill it up nicely?"

Whereupon Jack opened Volume I. of Mr. Colton's Folio Atlas, turned to Map No. 12, and pointed out to me there a long narrow neck of land, labeled "Cape Cod." Running his finger past the outside, or more properly the eastern side of this land, he permitted it to rest at a little dot.

"All this," said he, very gravely, "is called the south shore. Each of these 'dots' I take to be immense drug stores, fitted up with medicines precisely suited to dyspeptics, and others worn-out by the routine and bustle of city life. This dot on which I have my finger is called Harwich. There you will find, if you go with my prescription, the ready means to fill it. The cure is sure; the time required short; the medicine, although nauseous at first, not altogether disagreeable. In short, you had better go."

And, accordingly, I went.

I ought to mention that, besides the prescription (which read simply "bearer is advised to take one cruise in a mackerel catcher"), Master Jack furnished me with a note of introduction to a gentleman who would—so my worthy friend assured me—be but too happy to administer the dose.

So one hot day, last month, I dropped down on the Cape, and walked down upon a fish wharf with a new-found friend, to talk over my projected curative trip.

"Well," said this worthy, surveying somewhat quizzically my pale face, delicate hands, and general unseaman-like appearance, "Well"—it was spoken with the rising inflection—"you *don't* look a good deal like a fisherman; that's a fact."

"Don't criticise my looks, but help me to make out a list of such articles as I need, to give me at least the appearance of a mackerel catcher," was the reply.

So we sat down upon two fish-barrels, I with

memorandum book and pencil in hand, he with a bait-knife and a piece of soft pine. And by the time the pine was whittled into shavings, the following items were written in my book:

"*Imprimis*" (which means 'first and foremost,' said I, explanatorily to my friend, who looked jealously over my shoulder to see that naught of his suggestions was omitted)—"*Imprimis*, then, a complete suit of waterproof oiled clothing, consisting of sou'wester, jacket, and trowsers.

"Two blue flannel shirts.

"Two pairs of thick woolen trowsers.

"One pea-jacket, of approved shortness in tail and sleeves.

"One pair of *fish-boots*.

"One sheepskin skull-cap (wool inside). And an indefinite number of woolen socks, mittens, comfortables, undervests, and other comforters of the outer man.

"Next, three double mackerel lines (equal to six lines); a quantity of hooks of various sizes; a file to sharpen hooks; a pair of 'gibbing' mittens; some pewter for 'jigs;' and a round box, in which to preserve such of these articles as were not for immediate use."

"There," said he, who had officiated as Solomon extraordinary on this occasion, "if you procure that outfit you need fear neither storm, cold, nor wet, and if you work yourself smartly will no doubt catch a share of mackerel."

So with an unbounded faith in my friend and my oil-clothes, I ventured to face for a week or two the discomforts incident to life on board a schooner of 70 tons, cruising along the American coast during the first month in summer.

Fancy me on board: my "things" bestowed in a berth in the dog-hole called by courtesy the forecastle, myself in woolens, working manfully at the windlass.

We were shortly under weigh. And here commences my journal of the trip, with the following entry: "Sitting upon the heel of the bowsprit, out of reach of the horrible smells with which the little vessel is infested, trying to reason myself into the belief that I am entering upon a very romantic adventure, a heavy shower of spray came over the bow, completely drenching me; to the intense amusement of sundry villainous boys, and my own unmitigated disgust—the last not much relieved by the captain's comforting assurance that 'it is all clean water.'"

The *Happy-go-lucky* was "off Chatham" by three P.M., and at ten o'clock was hove-to off the Highland light, Cape Cod. My journal, indited, I flatter myself, in strictly nautical phrase, says: "Fresh breezes from the eastward during the night, with a tolerably heavy sea. At five A.M., luffed to. After holding the lines over the side till our fingers were numb, without feeling the longed-for twitch, got under way, and steered for Provincetown to make a harbor, as an easterly gale seemed impending. When nearly abreast of Wood End spoke a mackerel catcher from Provincetown bound over to Cape Ann. We immediately hauled about, and followed suit. The wind blew heavily from east-southeast. A heavy sea rolled in from the Atlantic. Dense clouds swept rapidly to the westward. A thick fog, with occasional spirts of rain, added materially to the discomfort of the day. After a four hours' run we were glad enough to get in behind East Point light."

I have to chronicle the fact that up to this time I was *not* sea-sick. We did not, however, reach our harbor any too soon. I was laboring under the premonitory symptoms ere we got into smooth water, and the captain declared, with a grin, that I "looked rather blue about the gills"—a figurative expression, by which is to be understood that my countenance rather faithfully mirrored the commotion of my "innards."

Ere we were safely anchored it was blowing a whole gale outside, and the consequent heavy sea in the bay produced no little swell even in the snug nook where we were moored. Has the reader ever slept in a country garret while the rain was pouring in torrents on the roof above his head? Has he ever, when attired in his "Sunday-go-to-meeting" suit, run for dear life from an approaching shower, and, with a huge gulping laugh of joy, jumped into the open door-way, just as the great premonitory drops began to splash upon the grass? Has he ever lounged upon a dry and sunny spot, on a porch looking south, during a general thaw, when "nature" seemed a compound of ice-water and mud? If so, he can form some faint idea of the feelings with which this writer, snugly stowed away in a berth six feet by two and a half, in a cuddy-hole about big enough for a good sized Newfoundland dog, but accommodating (?) four full-sized fishermen and their boots, listened to the gale which roared overhead all night.

At six o'clock the following morning it was raining and blowing more persistently than ever. The forecastle, which was in form a triangle having a base of five feet, with six feet sides, contained, besides four berths, part of the foremast, a table, seats, lockers, and a medium-sized cooking stove, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging. In this stove the cook built up a roaring fire about half past four A.M. The heat at first added to the comfort of us sleepers; then caused us to throw off coverings; then to divest ourselves of shirts and trowsers (the fisherman retires to rest fully accoutred for the next day's operations); and, finally, to jump out of bed, convinced that the deck was the only place of refuge from the cook's persecutions.

"Turning out" in a dark forecastle is not the easiest matter in the world. It was not till I had stepped successively into the slop-bucket, into a water puddle, and, finally, into an empty butter keg, that I at last landed safely on the dry deck. Boots are the first necessity on emerging from the bed-clothes. It is usual, I believe, to pull these on before getting out of

the berth. But I had used mine for a pillow, and could not reach them while in bed, the limited space of my bed-place not permitting of any motion save getting out and in.

Arrayed in boots, oil-clothes, and sou'wester, I at length made my way up the fore-ladder, looking like a fisherman, and feeling like a mummy of my former self. Scarce had I reached the deck when a gust of rain completely drenched my face. This first rough welcome over, I stumped valiantly about, bidding a laughing defiance to the weather, which had done its worst already.

"Hurrah, boys, we've seen the worst of this gale!" says the weatherwise skipper, poking his head up the companion hatch, but quickly subsiding again into his berth.

About seven o'clock there comes a lull. Shortly a small speck of blue appears in the eastern heavens—bright promise of better weather. The rain still spits spitefully at us, but the breeze has evidently done its worst. There is yet a struggle between good weather and bad; between blue sky and leaden. But the blue prevails, and spreads mightily. The rain ceases; the wind veers gradually to the westward; the sun shines out—dubiously at first, as though not sure of his predominance—and weather-beaten nature puts on a damp sea-sick smile. The wind, which has veered half a dozen times around the horizon within the last fifteen minutes, blows at last firmly from the west, the sky is presently cleared of clouds, and the weather question is settled for the day.

"Guess we'll get under weigh, our folks," says the captain, "after breakfast." It seems like folly to go out in the face of such a sea as last night's gale has raised. But "there are mackerel Down East, and the fleet may be catching of 'em while we lie here," remarks Uncle Veny Baker.

So we sail seaward. Our little vessel is tossed about at a rate which seems likely to tear every thing to pieces. Now she stands almost perpendicularly upon her stern; and again she buries her bow beneath an enormous wave, rising from the plunge staggeringly, and dripping like a half-drowned Newfoundland. Now she rolls over upon one side, then upon the other, dipping water over the bulwarks at every roll. Standing upon deck is almost an impossibility, even to the old fishermen, who, suiting themselves to circumstances, contentedly lie down upon the quarter-deck, vowing that "there's quite a swell on this morning."

As for me, I bestow myself as nearly as possible to the vessel's centre of gravity—that is to say, upon the main-hatch—and await the approach of the inevitable ail of green-horns. It is not long ere that lethargic feeling creeps over me, which is the premonitory symptom of sea-sickness. I bury my face in my coat-collar, and sink into a not unpleasant stupor, rolled about unresistingly in the vessel's unceasing gyrations. Now ensues a general loss of appetite. The unwelcome thought of some before relished morsel makes you shudder; and you recall, with a sort of inward astonishment, your past dinner-table transgressions. Your mouth is full of water. You become dizzy and irritable. The captain's best joke—told, too, for your especial benefit—seems immeasurably stupid. You wonder how any one can laugh; and faintly debate with yourself as to the possibility of ever again indulging in unseemly levity. Presently the smell of fish and potatoes, being cooked for dinner, assails your olfactories, causing you to groan dolorously with disgust. You begin to entertain a vehement desire for vast quantities of soda water, pepper vinegar, tomato catsup, Worcestershire sauce, and whatever else there may be, tonic, strengthening and invigorating to the inner man. A boy walking past you chewing a piece of raw salted cod, you pronounce him at once a disgusting brute. The captain suggests brandy, but upon producing the flask a smell at its contents nearly finishes you. Your bowels yearn to be relieved of their responsibility.

Thus far *I* got. There are but two stages beyond, in sea-sickness; first, the actual casting up of accounts; and lastly, the wretched debility following thereon. These I escaped.

So we tossed, and jumped, and tumbled along; passed Thatcher's Island, Portsmouth, the Isles of Shoals, and in view of the blue hills of Agumenticus, steering between Boone Island and the main land; and about one o'clock A.M. came to anchor in Portland Bay. As the sea did *not* "go down," I passed the day upon the main-hatch, wrapped in a stay-sail, shivering in the genial sunshine, doing nothing, thinking nothing, wishing, caring, hoping nothing; as near a nonentity as a reasonable man can be. Happy he who on such an occasion has pleasant thoughts and a natural and easily-developed talent for idleness to cheer him on his rolling way.

"Save me from my friends!" should be my motto, had I life to live over. "If you are wise, you will make the cook your friend," was the parting advice of him who acted as my chief counselor in projecting this fishing cruise. Wretched mortal! Pleased with the thought of so easily proving my wisdom, I laid in a supply of cigars and tobacco, with which to propitiate the tyrant of the galley. My little venture was productive of a friendship so active and tireless as to nearly put an end to me, its unfortunate object. There is an old proverb concerning the origin of cooks. I venture here to express my firm belief in its truth. Our cook was undoubtedly a direct emissary of Satan, sent to cause poor hungry mortals to peril their souls by diverse profanities. I am not a saint; in fact, I will own that in my time I have been a great sinner. Whether, with truly devilish penetration, the cook saw in me a more than usually impressible subject, or whether his Master moved him to seize so favorable an opportunity as this of my prostrate helplessness to make sure of his prey—whatever may have been the motive, *I* was the unfortunate object of most

persistent persecution on his part. Ever since the first dinner on board—which, by-the-way, passed me by untasted—he had been torturing his mind for devices by which to tempt my appetite. No remonstrance however touching, no look however appealing, availed to soften his determination to make me swallow—to say *eat* would be to use profanely a word hallowed by many pleasures. At every temptation, whether of codfish swimming in pork fat, of bread solid and heavy enough to be lead, of tea or coffee tasting like an infusion of oak leaves and senna, my stomach only groaned more dolefully. I could neither eat nor drink. Water tasting horribly of the pine barrels wherein it was kept, potatoes tainted and sticky with the fish in company of which they had been boiled, salt beef and pork salter than Lot's wife of old—what but disgust could these excite in the mind and stomach of a Christian man? Thank fortune! after three days of persistent endeavor the cook owned himself *nearly* at his wit's end. He "did not know what to cook for me"—and my heart bounded with delight at his ignorance.

Having entered Portland at one A.M., we got under weigh again at five. I had partaken of no food since our departure from Cape Ann, and by dint of early rising, and reasonable exertions during the operations of getting up the anchor and hoisting the sails, was the possessor of a tolerable appetite for breakfast by the time that meal was announced. I descended to the breakfast-table, therefore, with a determination to astonish the cook by my gormandizing powers. Alas for the frailty of all human calculations! At sight of the unctuous table-cloth, whose shining surface was innocent of the purifying touch of water these many months; of the knives covered with rust; of the butter, redolent of fish and onions; of the bread—well, that at least was untouched by any fingers save the cook's, which might be supposed clean. So I breakfasted on two rolls and a cup of water, declining, to the cook's profound surprise, my modicum of the molasses-sweetened abomination called coffee.

"The breeze freshening after we got clear of the harbor, the fleet, about sixty vessels, stood along shore, toward Townshend Harbor. Wind fresh from the south'ard, a heavy sea, and no fish. No sea-sickness this day." So reads my journal.

This day witnessed the cook's entire and final defeat. Chagrined at his repeated repulses, he devoted the entire forenoon to the study of a new preparation for dinner. Hot water flew about, and tin pans rattled ominously, as, in the dim recesses of his galley, he prepared himself for the contest. Not content to rely upon his own resources, he took into his counsel several of the older fishermen, who sat about the cooking-stove, smoking short pipes, and uttering opinions worthy of oracular Jack Bunsby himself.

Dinner was kept back till half-past one, to give cook time for the execution of this his master-effort. Expectation was on tiptoe, especially with the boys, who augured great things of the meal which required so much time for preparation. At last "Seat ye!" yelled up the forecastle-hatch, proclaims that all is ready, and calls our some-time-hungry crew to the longed-for repast.

"*Flummadiddle*" was the name of the mess on which my worthy enemy had laid himself out on this occasion. Flummadiddle is a compound mixture (one could guess as much from the name), the component parts of which are stale bread, pork fat, molasses, water, cinnamon, allspice, and cloves. It is a kind of *mush*, baked in the oven, and placed upon the table hot and brown. It is a holiday mess for fishermen, who lick their chops at the very mention of its uneuphonious name. I should call it a pudding, whereto hunger is the best and only sauce. Poor cook was doomed to disappointment. My pampered stomach rebelled against Flummadiddle. My portion was passed back almost untasted.

Said Uncle Veny, with a disparaging shrug of his bent shoulders, "A man that can't relish such good grub as that has no taste—that's all;" an opinion in which I made haste most heartily to concur.

After dinner we ran into Townshend Harbor. We found there anchored a collection of fishermen to the number of nearly a hundred—the fleet—so said our skipper. They had got no mackerel lately; but, as usual, told great yarns of fish caught "away Down East, off Mount-Desert Rock," by the real, genuine, original fleet. Mackerel-catchers like company. "The fleet" is the aim of every vessel on starting from home; and in its movements this fleet is as united as though all were under command of one man. If half a dozen of the foremost vessels—that is to say, the fastest vessels and smartest fishermen—stand in toward a harbor—presto! all the rest follow suit. And after the subsidence of a gale the first click of a windlass is the signal to several thousand men to "turn out and get under weigh."

Townshend Harbor is a safe anchorage. We lay in smooth water, behind a little island at the head of the Bay, where we were protected even from the long, steady swell which prevailed farther down. As usual in such snug harbors, the vessels lay moored in tiers, half a dozen lashed side to side, and perhaps hanging by one anchor.

After a run ashore, during which I astonished a female Mainite by my inordinate capacity for sweet milk and pumpkin-pie (you see I had pretty well come to my appetite after all), I got out on the bowsprit for a contemplative smoke. Just ahead of us was anchored a Lynn boat, a beautiful little vessel, of about sixty tons, but—so perfectly symmetrical was her build—looking not more than half that size. She was a thing of beauty—not a faulty line nor an imperfect curve or sweep about her. Sharp of bow, broad of beam, gracefully curving astern, till the beau-

teous lines were lost in each other—she sat the waters with an ease, grace, and *abandon*, which said at once to the veriest landlubber that no gale could heave *her* down—no sea overwhelm her.

"Ain't she a beauty, though?" said our skipper, after looking at her for a long time in silence. And then he told me how these craft would live in any weather; how they go along "drier" than a big ship—that is to say, taking less water on deck; how they are sent out storm or calm, winter as well as summer; and how they outsail any other vessel that can be brought in competition with them—"*by* the wind, or before it, or any way you have a mind to take it."

I tried to note the points of difference between this boat and some of the "sharp-shooters" and clippers which surrounded her. There was about the same remote likeness which we find to exist between a beautiful and perfectly-dressed lady and a dowdy, ill-made-up Irish servant girl, who has been studying the shape of her mistress's boddice, the trail of her shawl, and the incomparable rake of her bonnet, to just enough purpose to make her imitation grossly evident.

The night was made hideous by the shouts of fishermen, and the dolorous merriment of diverse fishermen's fiddles, to tunes played on which many crews danced "till daylight did appear," and it was time to get under weigh. A good conscience and a hearty supper are two sleep-inducers which it is hard to resist; and so I lost all knowledge of dancing, music, or other discord, at an early hour, and was wakened up (at an early hour, too) by a cry of "Get under weigh there, boys!"

Now, looking up the hatchway, as I could from my berth, I saw plainly that the stars afforded as yet all the light there was on deck. I *felt* that it was calm, and abominably cold.

"It is an imposition on one's good-nature to be called up at such an unheard-of hour, captain," this writer ventured mildly to remonstrate.

"It's the early bird that catches the worm, you know," was that worthy's answer.

And thinking to myself that it served the worm right for stirring out at unchristian hours, I turned out, and dragged my weary limbs on deck. It was a dead calm. In all parts of the harbor the vessels were weighing, and the sharp, metallic click of hundreds of windlasses sounded drearily over the water. As each mainsail was swayed, creaking, to the masthead, oars were put out at the sides, or boats shot ahead to tow out to the harbor's mouth, where, at sunrise, a breeze was expected. It was a tedious, uncomfortable pull, and would have been an unmitigated bore, had not a glorious sunrise made abundant amends for preauroral discomforts. Such dark, black, and slate-colored clouds as streaked the eastern and western horizon; such bands of brightest gold as bound and lined them; such flushes of auroral red as lit up the azure sky, encroaching gradually on the persistent darkness, and one by one putting out the stars which, for some mortal hours, had shone down so coldly upon us! And then, while I am yet gazing in rapturous silence at the actual "roseate hues of dawn" (how seldom is the city-man vouchsafed such a sight!), there comes a breeze from the southwest, at whose light breath the white sails of 150 vessels gleam gayly in the fairy morning light.

The cook has coffee for breakfast, and asks, "Will I have milk in my coffee, or coffee in my milk." I prefer the last. It is singular what an appetite rising before dawn will give one. I finished a quantity of eggs, biscuit, salt pork, and potatoes, and actually rejoiced the cook by asking for a second installment of biscuit.

It was ten o'clock ere we were upon fish ground. "Luff to" brought all the idlers on deck; each eager to catch the first fish. Need I say with what care I had filed and refiled my hooks; with what nicety I had put on the most delicate baits in the world; how I had pounded them, and spit on them "for good luck;" had coiled and recoiled my lines; and was now, the vessel being duly brought to, the first man at the rail?

There is a long pause. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapse. We look about us, each tightly holding his lines, in eager expectation of that bite. There, some one forward jerks back! There, by the great horn spoon! ('tis a sailors' oath) my line is hauled through my fingers. I haul back, in pride of heart, and take in—a pollock. Bah! a pollock is a good fish in his place—that is, when you want him—but now—

There, I knew it! They are hauling in mackerel, genuine bloaters, as fast as they can; and this cursed fish has swallowed my hook and bit off my baits, and badly chafed my line; and the end of the matter is, that my neighbors have a dozen or more mackerel before I feel a bite. Oh, the agony of that hope deferred; when you see a man whose elbows touch yours, and whose hooks rest not ten inches from yours in the water, taking fish after fish, while not a nibble comes to your bait. How you think, "Now—*now*—NOW, *surely* I'll have a bite." How at every fresh success of your neighbor you bite afresh into your lip. With what a sickly smile you look into his flushed face, and his fast-filling strike-barrel. I don't believe there is any thing so much envied as a talent for catching fish. Nor will any thing so quickly and utterly cast down the most sanguine as bad luck with the hook. I got eight mackerel, while the rest caught a quarter of a barrel each.

"Better luck next time!" said the skipper, as he peeped at my scant return of killed.

One good effect the morning's sport had upon me: I was seized with an appetite before which any thing that even *our* cook could set before me quickly disappeared. I pitched into the remains of yesterday's dinner—cold flummadiddle—and thought it a most savory mess. I ex-

perienced a consciousness that, henceforth, no delicate memories of past dinners would restrain me from a savage onslaught on whatever of fish, flesh, or salt pork and potatoes, the cook might set before us. All which, of course, tended to pacify that worthy, whom I had hitherto led a very uneasy sort of life.

Well, in the afternoon there was another *spirt;* in which this writer got more mackerel than one of the best fishermen; and had, moreover, the satisfaction of hauling in a dozen fish before his once lucky right-hand neighbor felt a bite. What jealous eyes were cast into my barrel as I thus hauled them in! How they looked at me—those old fishermen—first, as though it was all a very good joke, then as though it was time for the joke to stop, and finally, with a look which *swore* as plainly as any language could. It was a (short-lived) triumph for me.

Of course I had a fresh mackerel for dinner. Also a fresh mackerel for supper. Also a fresh mackerel for breakfast next morning. Besides which I ate a fresh mackerel during the night—not raw, but nicely broiled and set away cold.

And next day being a grand fish day, I may as well mention here that I had the choice parts of two fresh mackerel for dinner, and another (fresh) for supper; and so went on, fresh mackereling indefinitely, or rather till the end of the cruise.

I said next day was a fish day. The sun rose (at least half an hour after I did) gloriously. The wind was blowing gently from the northward. The sea was smooth. The sky was covered with white fleeces, which, gathering at the horizon, and there rolling about like Brobdignagian cotton-blooms, portended (so said Uncle Veny) stiff breezes from the eastward. The air was just sharp enough to make rest uncomfortable, and exertion delightful. We hoisted the mainsail leisurely enough. I recollect that two of us had to "grind lazy-bait"—a punishment decreed to those who, oversleeping themselves, do not reach the deck till after the mainsail is hoisted.

I was grinding my half-bushel of this "lazy-bait," when suddenly the captain shouted, "Here they are, boys!" and with the word landed a real bloater. There they were, sure enough, big, fat, and hungry! How savagely Uncle Veny pitched into the hold after a strike-barrel! How Uncle Shubael stumbled up, with his great laugh of joy, and, launching his jig over the rail, straightway began to haul in the very biggest mackerel in the school! How I, striving to imitate him, shared the fate of all imitators, blundered, got my lines foul, gritted my teeth, nearly bit my tongue in two, jerked a hook into one of my fingers, used large quantities of what a friend of mine calls the "unmitigated Anglo-Saxon;" and, finally, after a lapse of time far too long (it seemed to me) to be measured in the usual way, got my lines over and began to haul in fish—*just as fast as I could!*

I stopped just where the dash occurs above, to consider how I might best express to the "gentle reader" the rapidity with which I hauled in fish. I don't know that I could make it plainer than by the phrase which follows the dash. I used two lines. Each line was for this occasion about six feet long. After a dozen mackerel were caught, there was no longer any bait upon my hooks. It was no matter. Throw over your hook. Haul in upon the other. Two pulls—then slat off your mackerel over the rim of the strike-barrel; over with the hook in the same motion, and in with the other. On such an occasion as this the man that can go through this series of motions most expeditiously, will, of course, soonest fill his barrel. Some of our *quick* men had their first barrel filled in twenty-five minutes. Instances are on record of men having caught a barrelful in fifteen minutes.

In this way we fished for two hours and a half. It was glorious sport; but it lasted too long. Long before the fish ceased biting, my arms were stiff and aching, swollen with the continual jerk, jerk, jerk; my back-bone felt as though movable only at one particular joint, and just ready to break off there; my hands were bleeding, and my fingers cut at every joint.

"Thank fortune, they're gone!" ejaculated I, with much fervency, therefore, when they struck off; whereupon we got our breakfasts. I am both afraid and ashamed to state what quantities of fresh mackerel, salt pork, potatoes, bread, molasses, and gingerbread, disappeared down my capacious gullet that morning. I certainly never before this had a just conception of my own capacity.

Hardly had the last biscuit disappeared from the dirtiest table-cloth in the world, when there was a loud cry of "Here they are again, boys!" which was of course followed by a simultaneous rush up the narrow hatchway, wherein I had the happiness (being nearest to that small opening) to be propelled deck-ward, or rather skyward, by the remaining breakfasters, almost like a rock hurled from an ancient catapult.

It was a school of dog-fish. Hateful brutes! I caught as many of these as all the rest put together. A dog-fish is a smaller species of shark. He frequents the coast, and dearly loves to get into a school of mackerel; where he will roll stupidly about, with his dull eyes and white belly turned up, swallowing all the bait, and of course taking in also every jig which crosses his path. You can't slat him off. You have to handle him tenderly, under pain of having your line severed by his sharp teeth. You haul him in as softly as though you had hooked an uncle from whom you expected a legacy. You land him carefully, and fiercely plant your starboard fish-boot upon his slimy tail. The larboard boot-heel is then placed upon his neck, and when he opens his mouth, a mittened hand and a fish-knife perform the operation necessary for extracting the hook. If now you throw him overboard to leeward, he will straightway go beneath the vessel's bottom, come up alongside,

and incontinently re-swallow your hook, rolling up his disgusting eyes in just the same dog-fishy way as before. So you don't throw him overboard, but sling him to leeward (taking care, meanwhile, not to get his *spur* into your hand). His brother shares the same fate, and so his cousin; and when at the end of half an hour's dog-fishing you glance beneath the main-boom, you are tempted to think that the entire race of dogs, from the one that Adam named down to the very latest puppy, has been duly hooked, and are all squirming among the barrels on the lee side of the deck.

When we got that far along, every one was commissioned to launch his *dogs* (as the fish are familiarly called); and thereupon began the great work of "dressing and salting" our fish. The breeze being by this time a little more than fresh, we steered toward port, and, carrying sail merrily, reached old Townshend Harbor before night; having caught that day (ten men) over forty barrels of mackerel.

When a man is cured he ceases to take medicine; that is to say, unless he is an old granny, which I am not. On our return to Townshend Harbor, therefore, I divided my boots and other fixings among the *quondam* companions of my toils, and took boat for Bath, the nearest point of departure for the regions of civilization and dyspepsia.

If any one reading this should, during some future "heated term," be troubled with symptoms of systematic giving-out, I can recommend a cruise in a mackerel-catcher as a certain and not altogether unpleasant cure. And I should judge the cure to be complete when the patient finds himself swallowing flummadiddle with a relish.

ALICE MAUDE.

THERE'S a willow near my casement,
Very old and gray;
Branches gnarled in crank enlacement,
Bark half peeled away;
And this mournful willow, whether
In the summer still,
Or when roaring wintry weather
Buffets the brown hill,
At my window taps incessant
With its fingers white,
Ever, ever unquiescent
Through the night.

'Tis, I swear, no idle fancy
That this ghostly tree
By some sylvan necromancy
Seeks to speak with me.
All the impulses that stir it
I can well translate,
While I sit in this old turret
Grim and desolate.
Ah, it knows the tearful history
Of the long ago—
Ah, it knows the canker mystery
Of my woe!

In this ancient house lived Alice
(This her very room)—
'Twas an old colonial palace
Ere that brazen boom
Thundered Freedom from the State House
Through the thrilling land.
In those days it was a great house—
Spacious, feudal, grand—
And a haughty English owner
Held it from the King.
Little then thought Squire or donor
How bells ring!

Well, 'twas taken from the royal
George that reigned abroad,
And bestowed on brave, disloyal,
Haughty Colonel Maude;
Maude, who at the Cowpens scurried
Tarleton's troops to wreck;
Maude, who left his right arm buried
Underneath Quebec!
He obtained this house manorial,
And, when all was peace,
Held there sway gubernatorial
With his niece.

Ah, his niece, the brown-haired Alice,
Young, and wild, and free!
Oh, with all her maiden malice,
She was dear to me.
Dear when first I saw her nestled
In the new-mown swale,
Dear when last I saw her tresseled,
And so pale!

I came of a race of farmers
Poor but beyond price.
I had no ancestral armors,
Motto or device.
A reaping-hook on field of stubble
Might I well have borne—
Oft my brawny arms worked double
Reaping of the corn.
How could I then dare to pester
Her of haughty grade—
She who boasted an ancestor
In crusade?

Yet she loved me, never caring
For my birth and wealth—
Love knows no armorial bearing
Save good faith and health—
Loved me with an honest passion,
No romantic whine,
But in old straight-forward fashion
Pledged her hand in mine.
Oh! the Colonel must not know it!
He, the fearful man,
Sure would lay us, did we show it,
Under ban.

Every night with footsteps eager
I the garden sought,
That old chateau to beleaguer—
Danger was as naught.
Up the willow's trunk ascended
To the stalwart branch
That down to her casement trended;
Thence, an easy launch
To the room that held my treasure—
There she waited me.
Oh! what hours I owe of pleasure
To that tree!

Ne'er was love more sacred surely
Than that love of ours,
And our young lips met as purely
As two kissing flowers.
Oh! what plans we then created
Of the happier life
We would lead when we were mated
As true man and wife.
But our thoughts were all so selfish
That our eyes were blind
To the fiend that, black and elfish,
Lurked behind.

One night in the summer twilight
As we sat embraced,
And I gazed upon the shy light
That her blue eyes graced,
Came a huge wide shadow creeping
Down the wall of gray,
Like the hawk's black shadow sweeping
On his dazzled prey;
I looked up; the Colonel's figure
Seemed to fill the place—
Set his lips, and white with rigor
Was his face.

You would think he had not seen us
He stood so very still,
Looking stonily between us
Like a marble will—
'Till, as if some fiend inspired it,
He a pistol drew,
Took long aim at me and fired it;
Then before I knew
What had happ'd, 'mid such confusing,
I heard one low shriek
And she fell—the hot blood oozing
O'er her cheek!

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Two graves in the church-yard lying
Hers and his beside.
One heart in the old house sighing
For a murdered bride.
Sighing! cursing this undying
Human pride!

SEEING THE WORLD.

THE hall reverberated with plaudits. The *improvisatore* surpassed himself. Scarcely was a subject given to him by the spectators than grand ideas, profound sentiments, clad in majestic verse, rolled from his lips, as if evoked by some magic. The artist did not reflect for an instant. In the twinkling of an eye his newly-born thoughts ran through all the phases of growth, and appeared clothed in the most exact expression. Ingenuity of form, splendor of imagery, harmony of rhythm, all were exhibited at the same moment. But this was a trifle. People gave him two or three subjects at the same time. The *improvisatore* dictated a poem on one, wrote a second, and improvised a third; and each production was, in its way, perfect. The first excited enthusiasm; the second called the tears into the eyes of the listeners; and the third was so humorous that none could restrain their laughter. In the midst of this the *improvisatore* did not seem to be in the least preoccupied with his subject. He talked and laughed with his neighbors. All the elements of poetical composition seemed to be at his disposal, as the pieces on a chess-board, which he used when he needed them, with the most superb indifference.

At last the attention and admiration of the spectators were exhausted. They were more wearied than the *improvisatore*. He was calm and cold. One could not trace on his countenance the slightest of fatigue; his features, in place of expressing the lofty joy of the poet content with his labor, displayed only the vulgar satisfaction of the conjuror who astonishes a stupid crowd. He listened to the laughter, and watched the tears tremble on the cheeks, with a sort of disdain; he alone neither laughed nor wept; he alone had no belief in his utterances. In the moments of divinest inspiration he had the air of a faithless priest, whom long habit has familiarized with the mysteries of the temple. The last of the audience had scarcely issued from the apartment when the *improvisatore* flung himself upon the pile of money received at the door, and commenced counting it with the avidity of Harpagon. The sum was large. He had never received so large a one in a single evening, and he was enchanted.

His joy was very pardonable. From his infancy upward poverty, cold and hard, had crushed him in its stony arms. He had not been born amidst songs, but amidst the dolorous sighs of his mother. When his intellect began to awaken, he beheld no rose-gardens in life; his young imagination encountered every where the icy smile of indigence. Nature was a little more generous to him than Fate. She gave him the creative faculty, but she condemned him to seek with the sweat of his brow the expression of his poetical conceptions. The editors and publishers paid him for his poetry prices that would have enabled him to live in comfort, if he was not obliged to spend an eternity of time on the composition of the smallest

verse. It sometimes occurred, but very rarely, that in a moment of inspiration his intellect—always vailed in clouds—shone out with clearness; but if, on such occasions, this nebulous star showed itself clear and brilliant, it was only for an instant, and the poor poet had to make superhuman efforts to profit by the fleeting light.

Here again the labor recommenced: the expression fled before the words; the words would not come, or, if they did, were the wrong ones; the metre was rebellious; hideous prepositions came at the end of each line, interminable verbs became entangled in a web of substantives, and the rhymes—the accursed rhymes—always appeared in the shape of some barbarous and discordant words. Every verse cost the unhappy poet broken pens, finger-nails bitten to the quick, and locks of hair torn from his head in moments of agony. All his efforts were impotent. A thousand times he vowed to abandon poesy, and adopt some honest profession. But without having all the gifts, he had all the faults of a poet—the innate passion for independence, the incorrigible aversion to manual labor, the habit of awaiting inspiration, the radical want of punctuality. Add to this, the irritability which always accompanies poetic natures, an instinctive tendency to luxury, and an aristocratic craving for distinction. He could neither translate nor work by the page or column; and while his brother authors made considerable sums by compositions that were frequently insignificant, he saw himself universally neglected by editors and publishers. The little that he did receive for works that often cost him years of labor, went to pay usurious interest on money borrowed of the Jews, and poor Cipriano—as the poet was named—found his necessitous condition as hard and cheerless as ever.

In the town in which Cipriano resided lived also a physician named Segelius. Thirty years previously he had earned the reputation of being a skillful and learned practitioner; but he was poor, and had so small a practice, that he resolved to abandon medicine and take to commerce. After remaining a long time in India he returned to his native country with ingots of gold, and an immense quantity of precious stones. He built a magnificent mansion surrounded by a vast park, and hired numberless servants. His old acquaintances remarked with astonishment that neither the years he had spent, nor the long voyages he had made in tropical countries, had produced the slightest change in him. On the contrary, he appeared more young, more elastic, more sprightly than before. Not less surprising was the fact that the plants of every country in the world grew and prospered in his park, without any care being bestowed on them. Beyond this Segelius had nothing extraordinary about him. He was a man of good figure and excellent manners, with black mustaches. His clothes were simple, but elegant. He received the best society, but himself scarcely ever went beyond his huge park. He lent money to young men without interest; had a capital cook, the best wines, and liked to remain a long time at table. He went to bed early, and rose late. In fact, he led a superbly aristocratic existence.

Segelius had not entirely abandoned his practice as a physician, yet followed it but seldom, and then with a sort of repugnance, as if he did not wish to be troubled with it. But when he did practice he performed miracles. However grave the disease or the wound, and although the invalid was yielding up his last sigh, Segelius took no pains whatever, and would not even go to see him. After putting two or three questions to the relatives, more as a matter of form than any thing else, he took a small bottle from a box, and ordered them to give it to the patient, who, without fail, was as well as ever next morning. Segelius took no pay for these services. His disinterestedness, added to his marvelous good-nature, would have drawn patients to him from every corner of the earth, if he had not imposed on the invalids the most singular and fantastic conditions. For instance, to throw a certain sum of money into the sea; to perform some very disagreeable task; to burn one's house, etc. Rumor increased the singularity of these actions, and prevented even the most despairing invalids from coming to him. It was remarked that since a certain time no one had come to consult him; and it was further noticed, that if any of his patients did not comply with the conditions of his prescriptions, they infallibly died. The same happened, people said, to those who went to law with him, spoke evil of him, or displeased him.

It was natural after this that Segelius should have a great number of enemies. The physicians and apothecaries were, of course, his bitterest foes, and denied his right to make use of secret remedies; the most natural deaths were attributed to his poisons. They did not stop even there. They hinted suspiciously at the origin of his great fortune, and accused him of all species of crime. These public clamors obliged the police to visit his house, and institute a rigorous search. His servants were taken aside and interrogated. Segelius favored the inquisition, left the field free to his inquisitors, whom he scarcely honored with a glance, and retired smiling disdainfully at their attempts.

Their search was, indeed, vain. Nothing was discovered in the house but vases of gold, pipes ornamented with diamonds, delightfully luxurious beds and lounges, exquisite tables, and secret boudoirs fitted up with perfumed furniture, and concealing harmonious instruments. In short, the doctor's house inclosed all the comforts and luxuries of life, but nothing more; nothing that could awaken the suspicions of justice. His correspondence revealed naught beyond his many relations with the bankers and chief merchants in every quarter of the globe. Some Arabian manuscripts, and packets of papers covered with writing in cipher excited at first some suspicion, but on examination they proved to be nothing more than commercial letters, as the doctor had

before stated. Finally, this inquiry justified the doctor on every point, and recoiled upon the heads of his enemies, every one of whom met shortly after with some misfortune.

It was to this man, strange and mysterious, that Cipriano, in a paroxysm of despair, came one day to solicit aid.

"Doctor," said he, casting himself on his knees, "relieve the most unfortunate man in the world. Nature has given me the passion for poesy, but refused me the boon of words and the faculty of expressing my thoughts. I think deeply, but when I wish to speak words fail me. If I wish to write, it is still worse. My sufferings are more horrible, I swear to you, than any you have ever alleviated. O God, can it be that it is you who have cast a spell over me, and condemned me to this eternal pain?"

"Son of Adam," said the doctor—this was his phrase in his gayer moments—"Son of Adam, behold the privilege of thy race! Thou canst obtain nothing but by the sweat of thy brow! It is destiny. Nevertheless," he added, after a moment's pause, "I can give thee a remedy for thy fate; but on one condition."

"I will consent to all that you wish, doctor, rather than die a thousand deaths every day."

"What they say of me, then, in the town does not frighten you?"

"No, doctor, because I can be in no worse plight than that in which you see me."

The doctor smiled.

"I will be frank with you," continued Cipriano. "It is not alone the love of poesy, nor the love of glory that has brought me to you. I nurse another sentiment more tender than either. Could I be but assured of facility of composition, I would be able to earn a living, and Charlotte would be mine. You understand me, doctor."

"That's what I like," cried Segelius; "I love nothing better than frankness. Evil lights alone on those who play a double game. You are, I see, a man free and open, and you merit a reward. I consent willingly to grant your prayer, and give you the faculty of producing without labor; but my first condition is, that the gift shall always remain with you."

"You mock me, Doctor Segelius."

"Not at all. I am also a frank man, and conceal nothing from those who have confidence in me. Listen, and take good heed of what I say. The faculty I give you will become a part of yourself; will grow, live, and die with you. You consent?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"Very good. My second condition is, that you will see every thing, know every thing, and comprehend every thing. Do you accept?"

"You certainly jest, doctor. I know not how to thank you. In place of one faculty, you give me four. Why should I not accept?"

"But understand me well. *You will see, you will know, and you will comprehend every thing.*"

"You are the most generous of men, Doctor Segelius."

"You accept then?"

"Certainly. Do you want a written engagement?"

"It is not needed. Your word suffices. A promise can not be torn like a piece of paper. Know that in this world nothing is lost, nothing perishes."

At these words Segelius placed his hand on the head of the poet, and another on his heart, and pronounced the following words in a solemn voice:

"Receive from the mysterious spheres the gift of knowing all things, of reading every thing in the world, of speaking and writing nobly, in a gay or serious vein, in verse or prose, for heat or for cold, in sleeping and waking, on wood and on sand, in joy as in pain, and in every language of the earth."

Segelius then put a manuscript in the poet's hand and dismissed him.

When Cipriano was gone, the doctor burst into a fit of laughter, and cried,

"Pepe! my cloak of frieze!"

And, as in *Freyschutz*, all the panels of the library replied by a diabolical echo, "Ahou! Ahou!"

Cipriano imagined these words to be an order given by Segelius to his *valet de chambre*, and was astonished that so elegant a man as the doctor would wear so common a garment. He peeped through the keyhole of the door and beheld a singular occurrence.

All the books in the library were in motion. From one of the manuscripts the figure 8 came out, from another the letter *aleph*, from a third the Greek Δ, and so through all. At last the room was filled with animated figures and letters, that bowed and straightened themselves, and again closed themselves convulsively; dancing, leaping on their deformed feet, and falling on the floor. The commas, the periods, the marks of accentuation, glided through the midst of the band, like the infusoria seen through a solar microscope; and an old Chaldean volume beat time to the infernal dance with such vigor that the window-panes trembled with fear. Cipriano fled.

When he was somewhat more calm, he opened the manuscript which Segelius had given him. It was a huge roll covered with unknown characters. But scarcely had Cipriano cast his eyes, illumined with superior light, upon the paper than he understood the mysterious writing. There all the forces of nature were enumerated—the systematic life of the crystal, the fantastic will of the poet, the magnetic oscillations of the globe, the passions of the infusoria, the nervous laws of language, the capricious wanderings of rivers. Every thing appeared to him arranged in mathematical progression—things of the mind as those of the heart. Cipriano beheld creation naked, and the lofty mystery of the conception and birth of thoughts seemed to him commonplace and easy. There

existed for him a miraculous bridge, cast across the abyss that separates thought from expression —he spoke in verse.

We have seen at the commencement of this narrative the prodigious success which Cipriano enjoyed in his *rôle* of *improvisatore*. The first time that he tested this astonishing faculty he returned home with a full purse and a gay heart, but a little fatigued. Having taken a glass of water to appease his thirst, he suddenly started while he was carrying it to his lips. He looked at it. The tumbler did not contain water, but was full of something horrible and revolting. Two gases in a perpetual struggle were filled with myriads of microscopic insects that swam in them. Cipriano emptied his glass and filled another. There was the same odious mixture. He ran to the stream from which the water had been brought. Afar off he beheld its waves pure and silvery, rolling calmly; but when he drew near, there was the same frightful fluid, full of busy animalcules. The unhappy *improvisatore* shivered, and his blood seemed to freeze. In his despair he flung himself on the grass, and sought to forget his sufferings in sleep. Scarcely had he lain down when he heard grinding noises, blows, hisses, as if thousands of hammers were striking on an anvil, as if iron hoofs trampled upon a stone pavement, as if steel files were tearing some hard and polished surface. He rose and looked around him. The moon lit the garden. The shadow of the railings fell in dark bands across the foliage of the shrubs. All was calm and silent. He lay down again, and the noise recommenced. He could not sleep, and passed the night without closing his eyes. In the morning Cipriano ran to Charlotte's house, to confide to her his joy and grief, and to find repose by her side. Charlotte, who had heard of his success, awaited him with impatience. She was elegantly dressed, with bows of red ribbon in her beautiful fair hair, and from time to time she admired herself in her mirror, with innocent coquetry. Cipriano entered, ran toward Charlotte, holding out his hand smilingly, but suddenly he stopped and gazed at her with eyes of terror.

He beheld—what? Through the garments and the flesh he saw the triangular artery called the heart beating in the young girl's bosom. He saw the blood coursing up to the roots of the hair, and forming the delicate blush upon the cheeks that he had loved so much. Wretched man! In those eyes so beautiful and full of love he found nothing more than a species of *camera obscura*, made of a reticulated membrane and a drop of liquid. In that graceful walk, he saw only the play of ingenious mechanism. Alas! Charlotte was no longer an angel upon earth for him, and the object of his purest hopes. She was nothing more in his eyes than an anatomical preparation. Cipriano fled with terror.

Not far from this was a portrait of the Madonna to which Cipriano had often had recourse in his hours of suffering and despair, and whose radiant face had always ravished and soothed him. He fell on his knees before the holy picture and prayed. Scarcely had he lifted his eyes in adoration than all disappeared. There was no longer a picture before the penetrating eyes of the *improvisatore*, but a piece of canvas and a blotch of colors; the work of the artist seemed nothing more than a chemical amalgam.

Who can tell how Cipriano suffered? Sight, taste, smell, hearing—all the senses had acquired in him a frightful acuteness. An insect, a grain of dust, that did not exist to the rest of mankind, was to him a cause of anguish and suffering. The flapping of the wing of a butterfly almost deafened him. *He saw every thing—comprehended every thing.* But between him and mankind there was an abyss always. Nothing in the world of nature harmonized with him.

When he wished to seek forgetfulness in the perusal of some great poetical work, or in burying himself in historical studies, or in employing his intellect in the subtleties of some system of philosophy, all was in vain. His tongue babbled the words, but his mind saw other things.

Beneath the varnish of poetical expression he discovered all the artifices of the poet. In the consoling truths, in the eternal progress that history deduces from events, he saw nothing but an arbitrary arrangement of facts. The invention of a system of philosophy was nothing in his eyes but the desire of saying something new. For him there was no more music; the majestic harmonies of Haydn and Mozart struck him as only physical phenomena, as peculiar vibrations of the molecules of air. When he was among his relatives and intimate friends he read the evil thoughts in their hearts, and the criminal designs that each nourished against the other.

Cipriano went mad. He left his country, and sought to fly from himself, traveling through distant lands, but always, as of old, *seeing every thing—knowing every thing.*

He still retained the fatal gift of poesy. If the cruel faculty of seeing and knowing all slumbered for an instant, the passion for verse replaced it, and the stanzas rolled from his lips like water from a fountain. With what bitter regret he recalled that time of sweet suffering, when inspiration came to him seldom, or objects appeared to him under a doubtful form, waveringly and in slow succession. To-day he sees all —all simultaneously in a melancholy nudity. Then, from another world, a buzzing swarm of poetic inspirations descends incessantly on his head.

For many years Cipriano wandered from country to country, and necessity obliged him often to have recourse to the fatal gift of Segelius. This procured him all the luxuries of life—all the material enjoyments. But each one of those joys contained a poison the sting of which was more acute after each success. At last he resolved to use this accursed faculty no more; to stifle it, to crush it, even if it were at the price of starvation and death. But it was too late. In this savage struggle against himself Cipriano

gave way. His reason trembled. The delicate links that united the mysterious elements of thought and sentiment were broken. Sentiment remained to him no longer, nor ideas; only vertigos of sensibility, fragments of thoughts, that he clad still in confused words that he himself did not understand. Misery and hunger had crushed his frame. He wandered for a long time, living on public charity, and not knowing himself whither he went.

I saw him once, when, in my capacity of American engineer on a Russian railroad, I traveled through the Steppes. He was living in the house of a Russian gentleman of small means, where he played the part of the old court fool. He wore a caftan of thick cloth, belted round the waist with a band of red leather. He babbled verses incessantly, in an incomprehensible language composed of all the idioms of the earth. He related his story to me himself, and complained bitterly of his poverty; but above all, his sorest affliction was that of not being comprehended, and being beaten every time that he, in one of his poetic inspirations, not having any paper, wrote his verses on the walls and tables. That, however, which pained him more than all was the fact that the family and servants laughed at the only happy memory which the fatal gifts of Segelius had not destroyed—his first verses to Charlotte.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OF general political intelligence the past month furnishes little demanding permanent record. Negotiations are in progress with New Granada, and it is hoped that the difficulties growing out of the Panama massacre will be satisfactorily adjusted.——Some of the principal diplomatic appointments have been made by the Administration: Hon. Joseph A. Wright, of Indiana, goes to Berlin; Henry C. Murphy, of New York, to the Hague; Richard K. Meade, of Virginia, to Brazil; Benjamin F. Angel, of New York, to Sweden; Mirabeau B. Lamar, of Texas, to the Argentine Republic. ——Mr. Cumming, the newly-appointed Governor of Utah, has received his official instructions; he is to see that the laws of the United States are strictly enforced; in case the civil power is inadequate, military force is to be used; no man is to be called in question on account of his religious or political opinions, while all are to be held responsible for their actual conduct.—Mormon accounts from Utah present a very different aspect of affairs from those derived from other sources. They represent the Territory to be eminently peaceable and prosperous, and contain severe accusations against the United States officers who have left the Territory. ——A Convention for forming a State Constitution for Minnesota assembled at St. Paul, July 13. A majority of the persons holding credentials were Republicans, but it was claimed by the Democrats that a number of these were not legally elected. Both parties organized, each claiming to be the legal Convention, and refusing to acknowledge the other. At the latest dates both bodies were in session, engaged in drafting a Constitution for the new State.——The citizens of Lawrence, Kansas, framed a city charter, in which the existence of the Territorial Government was wholly ignored, and under this charter municipal officers were elected, Mr. J. Blood being chosen Mayor. Governor Walker thereupon issued a proclamation, declaring this to be a direct contravention of the law, warning the inhabitants of Lawrence that they stood upon the verge of treason, and summoning them to recede from their position. He proceeded to the neighborhood of the town, accompanied by a military force, in order to prevent the new charter from being carried into effect. From the tenor of the first telegraphic dispatches a renewal of the disturbances in the Territory was apprehended; but further accounts render this wholly improbable; and the military forces destined for Utah, which had been temporarily detained in Kansas, received orders to proceed.——The Democratic party have elected a large majority of the delegates to the Convention for forming a State Constitution for Oregon.——The United States frigate *Roanoke* arrived at New York August 4, bringing 204 of the Nicaragua filibusters. They suffered much in the two hundred miles' march overland from Rivas, and when received on board were in circumstances of great destitution and distress. About a year since the news of the failure of the crops at the Cape de Verde Islands, and the consequent distress of the inhabitants, excited great sympathy in the United States. Large quantities of provisions were purchased for gratuitous distribution, which were shipped, by the Portuguese Consul, on board a brigantine, the *N. Hand*. It now appears that, after having landed these provisions at the Islands, the vessel proceeded to the coast of Africa on a slaving voyage, and is said to have actually taken off a cargo of 200 slaves.——The gold snuff-box presented to General Jackson by the Corporation of the city of New York, which by his will was to be given to the citizen of the State of New York who should be adjudged to have been most valiant in defense of the rights of the country in the Mexican war, has been presented to Lieutenant-Colonel Garrett W. Dyckman, of the New York Volunteers, by a Committee of the Common Council appointed to make the necessary inquiries.

The confusion still continues in the municipal affairs of the city of New York. The Police Commissioners, as appointed by the bill, consisted of five members, of whom four were Republicans and one American, besides the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, both Democrats, who are *ex-officio* members. Mr. Draper, one of the Commissioners, resigned his post, and the vacancy thus occasioned was to be filled by the remaining members. The two Mayors, who had heretofore declined to act, now took their seats, and repeated attempts were made to elect a person to fill the vacant office. But as each persisted in voting for candidates of his own party, and as neither party had a clear majority, no choice has as yet been made. In the mean while the police arrangements remain incomplete, and the number of aggravated crimes is greatly increased.——During the night of July 21, a shoe-store at the corner of Grand and Centre Streets, was entered by a burglar. The noise

which he made aroused the occupants of the basement, who gave the alarm; the burglar rushed out, and attempted to escape. Eugene Anderson, a policeman, attempted to arrest the desperado, who discharged a pistol, inflicting a wound which was almost instantly fatal, and then fled, closely pursued by a young man named Willoughby and officer Underhill. They overtook him just as he had gained his own residence, and arrested him. He proved to be an Italian bookbinder named Cancemi. An immense amount of valuable goods was found in his possession, together with a singular garment, so arranged that the pockets would contain a half bushel of goods. He was evidently a professional burglar. As he was conveyed to the station-house he was followed by a large crowd, and great difficulty was experienced in preventing them from taking summary vengeance upon him. The funeral of officer Anderson, who was a universal favorite, was celebrated with unusual solemnity on the following Sunday.—A few days later Mr. Van Liew was found murdered in the public streets, evidently by robbers, who had rifled his pockets. These, and other crimes of the same class, aroused a deep feeling through the city, and led to suggestions that a Vigilance Committee, after the model of that in San Francisco, should be organized, on the ground that the present police organization is altogether inadequate to secure the public safety.——In a portion of the Seventeenth Ward, inhabited mainly by Germans, there has for some time been a deep-seated feeling of hostility toward the new police. On the 12th of July the police attempted to arrest some persons who were making a disturbance in the street; a desperate fight ensued, in which the police were assailed with brickbats and other missiles, and were finally driven off. Shots were fired by both parties, one of which occasioned the death of a German named John Müller, who appears to have taken no part in the fight. For two or three days there was a great excitement among the inhabitants of the district, and the military were kept under arms to preserve the peace. But no further serious results followed.——A singular development has occurred in *cause celèbre* of Mrs. Cunningham, who was recently acquitted of the charge of murdering Dr. Burdell. She had instituted proceedings to establish the fact of her marriage with the deceased, in favor of which testimony was adduced which seemed to render a decision in her favor probable. Still further to strengthen her case, and to secure in her own hands the whole of Burdell's large estate, she announced that she was *enciente* by him, and her appearance corroborated her assertion. As the proper time approached, she requested Doctor Uhl, who had acted as her medical adviser, to procure for her a new-born child, to be passed off as her own. After consultation with the District-Attorney, Doctor Uhl fell in with her proposition, and an infant was procured from the Hospital, and having been properly marked, so as to be identified, was taken to the residence of Mrs. Cunningham. She immediately feigned herself in labor-pangs, and soon the child was produced as hers. The police, who had been on the watch, entered at this moment, and arrested her, together with a number of persons whom she had engaged as her assistants, among whom was a Doctor Catlin, who was apparently acting as *accoucheur*. The infant was taken away and given to its own mother, Mrs. Cunningham persisting in claiming it as her own lawful child.

Hon. J. C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, under the administration of President Pierce, died at Fayetteville, North Carolina, on the 4th of August.—Professor Mitchell, State Geologist of Tennessee, lost his life in exploring the region of the Black Mountains. He had set out alone to cross the mountains, and not making his appearance at the anticipated time, a search was instituted, which resulted in the discovery of his body at the foot of a precipice, down which he had fallen.—Commodore Newton, one of the most distinguished officers of our navy, died suddenly at Washington, July 29. He was apparently in his usual health a few moments before his decease.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In the *West India Islands* the subject of providing laborers, either by "coolie" emigration from Asia or from Africa, is eagerly discussed. In *British Guiana* the experiment of coolie emigration does not seem to succeed, the mortality attending their introduction being fully equal to that of the "middle passage." In *Jamaica* the public feeling is in favor of negro emigration. In *Demarara* an appropriation has been made by the authorities for the promotion of emigration from Madeira. Both negroes and coolies are largely introduced into *Cuba*, although the Governor-General has issued a decree against the slave-trade, the non-suppressal of which he declares to be "hurtful to the slavery of the island, which is the basis and foundation of its wealth and prosperity." All Governors and Lieutenant-Governors are directed to remove all persons whom they may consider implicated in the landing of slaves to some other place.——The Emperor of *Haiti* has raised his own salary from 150,000 to 200,000 dollars a year; the dollars, however, are those of Haiti, which are only six cents of our currency.

From *Mexico* we receive our usual monthly installment of revolutionary and insurrectionary news. The leading insurgent now appears to be one Juan Vicario, who has just plundered the city of Yguala, putting to death some sixty of the inhabitants, who had taken refuge in the church.—The Government and the Church are no nearer to a reconciliation.

The States of *Central America* make little progress in putting the affairs of Nicaragua upon a satisfactory footing.—More than a hundred of the deserters from Walker's army, now in Costa Rica, have put their names to a manifesto expressive of their gratitude for the kind treatment they have received.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Oaths Bill, so modified as to allow Jews to sit in Parliament, which passed the Commons, has been rejected by the Peers. Mr. Rothschild thereupon resigned his seat, and a new election was ordered, at which of course he will be again chosen. Lord John Russell, after an animated debate, obtained leave to bring in a new bill admitting Jews to sit, by the simple action of the Commons; alluding to which, in the Peers, Lord Campbell gave it as his opinion that if the Commons, acting independently of the Lords, made the requisite change in the form of the oath, a revolution would result.——The subject of "free emigration" of negroes from Africa, is exciting much attention, especially in connection with the recent action of the French Government. In reply to an address upon this subject, the Queen gave assurance of an earnest desire to discourage all schemes for the emigration of

negroes, that are calculated to promote slavery.—As the time for the laying of the Submarine Telegraph Cable draws nigh, grave apprehensions of the success of the enterprise are suggested. The newspapers point out many alleged defects in the arrangements and machinery to be made use of for this purpose. The original plan was for the two vessels containing the cable to proceed together to the middle point of the distance, when, the cable being joined, one was to steer for the American and the other for the European terminus. It has now been determined to lay down the wire in a continuous line from Valentia Bay to Newfoundland, the *Niagara* taking the first half to the middle of the Atlantic, and the cable from the *Agamemnon* being joined on, that vessel is to lay the remainder. All the four vessels belonging to the expedition will thus remain together during the entire operation.—Mr. Thackeray, who had been proposed as a member of Parliament for Oxford, has been defeated by a small majority.—A memorial has been erected in the church of Boston, Lincolnshire, to John Cotton, who, having been vicar of that place, removed to New England, where he was instrumental in founding the city of Boston.—An Order in Council has been issued granting to Prince Albert the title of Prince Consort during the joint lives of himself and the Queen. Heretofore the Prince has had no English title.—The Queen desired Mr. Dickens and his company of amateurs to represent at Windsor Castle the play of The Frozen Deep, which they have performed for the benefit of the widow of Mr. Jerrold. Mr. Dickens, in the name of the company, refused unless they were to be received as guests.—A screw steam schooner, the *Fox*, has been dispatched by Lady Franklin upon the forlorn hope of discovering traces of the missing Arctic explorers. She carries supplies for an absence of two years. ——A formidable mutiny has broken out among the native troops in India. A feeling of discontent has been observed for some time, growing apparently out of apprehension that the Government intended to force them to become Christians. The cartridges supplied to them, the ends of which they must bite off, were said to be greased with the fat of unclean animals. Early in May, the regiments at Lucknow, in the newly-acquired province of Oude, refused to receive these cartridges; they were disarmed, and shut up in their cantonments. About the same time, the native cavalry and artillery at Meerut, in like manner refused to receive the cartridges, and were arrested and placed in confinement. On the 10th, the entire body of native troops broke out into open mutiny, and although there were at Meerut 2200 European troops, before they could be assembled the station was in flames, and a large number of women and children were barbarously murdered. The mutineers then set out for Delhi, summoning their comrades to join them in resisting the attempt at conversion. The appeal met with a prompt response, and an immediate onslaught was made upon the few European residents, many of whom were killed. The arsenal was blown up by Lieutenant Willoughby to prevent its falling into the hands of the insurgents, of whom it is said 1500 lost their lives by the explosion. A king was proclaimed in the person of the son of a former Mogul emperor. That the mutiny has spread widely is certain, how widely can not yet be known; but not less than thirty-two regiments have revolted, and bands of mutineers were scattering themselves all over the country. At the lowest estimate, the loss by mutiny, desertion, and disbandment, is 30,000 men. The Governor-General issued a proclamation, declaring that nothing had been, or would be done by the Government to affect the free exercise of religion or caste by every class of the people. In the mean time troops were concentrated as rapidly as possible in the neighborhood of Delhi, which city was at the latest date closely invested, and its capture was hourly anticipated. General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, while on his way to Delhi, died of cholera on the 27th of May. The Government at home have taken prompt measures to meet this great emergency. Sir Colin Campbell received the appointment of Commander-in-Chief, and set out for India at twenty-four hours' notice. Preparations were made to send out 20,000 men, in steamers and sailing-vessels. These vessels are to forfeit £30 a day for every day beyond seventy occupied in the passage to Calcutta, and to receive a premium of £60 for each day saved from that time.

FRANCE.

The elections for members of the Legislative Assembly have been held. In Paris the Opposition succeeded in electing six members, MM. Carnot, Goudchaux, Cavaignac, Ollivier, and Darimon. In the provinces, all the Government candidates, with but four exceptions, were chosen. The entire number of votes cast was 6,136,664, of which the Opposition had only 571,850, and the Government 6,471,888, there being 92,917 votes lost and null. The Government majority is greater than upon any previous occasion, and the *Moniteur* says that this result "must satisfy the friends of public peace, and all who feel how important it is for the glory and prosperity of France to have a strong and popular government. During the course of eight years, the number of dissentients, instead of increasing, has diminished; France has now judged them five times, and has not changed her opinion."—A conspiracy, described as the most serious that has ever been entered into against the life of the Emperor, has been brought to light. It appears to have been connected with the rising in Italy, which we note below. A chosen band of ten or twelve persons was deputed to take the life of Napoleon, whereupon a provisional government was to be proclaimed, and revolution was to be announced in every part of Southern Europe. The ramifications of the plot extended to Spain, as well as to Italy. The authorities profess to have abundant proof of the existence of the plot, and of the complicity of the persons arrested. Among the proofs are said to be a portion of the papers of Mazzini, containing lists of the conspirators. The *Moniteur* announces that three of the intended assassins have been arrested and await their trial. Four others, among whom are Mazzini and Ledru Rollin, are safe in England.—Several newspapers have received "warnings," in consequence of articles commenting too freely upon the elections.—It is affirmed that the French Government have entered into a contract with a mercantile house at Marseilles, to transport into the French colonies a large number of free negroes from the African coast, and that the first vessel has actually been dispatched for this purpose.—The army in Algeria has had successful engagements with the insurgent Arabs.—Béranger, the famous song-writer, died at Paris, July 16, at the age of 77 years. The Government took charge of his funeral obsequies,

quite as much, however, to forestall any popular demonstration as to do honor to the poet. As a mark of respect to his memory, the name of the street where he lived is to be changed from Rue Vendôme to Rue Béranger.

ITALY.

There has been an abortive attempt at a general revolution throughout Italy. At Leghorn an attack was made upon the principal guard-house, which was repulsed with considerable loss. The Genoese steamer *Cagliari*, on its voyage from Turin to Genoa, was seized by the insurgents, who made a descent upon the Neapolitan island of Ponsa, where they landed arms and ammunition, and liberated the political prisoners confined there. A frigate made its appearance, captured the steamer, and sent troops in pursuit of the insurgents, who had made their escape. These, with the liberated prisoners, attacked the gendarmes in the Neapolitan province of Salerno, but were defeated and dispersed. The authorities in Genoa had received information of the proposed rising in that city, and were in readiness to meet it; the troops were ordered to patrol the streets, and made numerous arrests, besides seizing large quantities of arms and ammunition. This wide-spread plot thus failed at every point. The French papers affirm that the Italian *émeute* was only a portion of a much more extended scheme framed by Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, and other revolutionists, and that it embraced, among other things, an attempt upon the life of Louis Napoleon.—A convention is to be signed between the sovereigns of the Italian States, with the exception of the King of Sardinia, guaranteeing to aid each other in case of insurrection.

SPAIN.

A revolutionary movement which broke out in *Spain* was suppressed with little difficulty, but numerous arrests were made in Madrid, Seville, Malaga, and other towns. In Madrid the number of arrests is stated to have exceeded 1500. At Seville great severity was exercised; the prisoners were carried in carts to the place of execution, and drawn up in a line, and fired upon by a company of soldiers; more than a hundred were executed.—It is now said that the Spanish government, after some hesitation, has decided to accept the offer of mediation on the Mexican question, urged upon it by the French and English embassadors.

THE EAST.

Nothing of special importance has been done in the Chinese war beyond fitting out an expedition to destroy the fleets of junks lying in the creeks opening into Canton River. In Canton a severe famine prevails. No active operations were anticipated until late in the autumn, and these might be suspended in case it should be found necessary to detain in India the troops destined for China.

In *Java* some resistance had been offered to the Dutch authorities. A fight occurred on the 15th of April between the troops and a large body of insurgents, in which a number of the former lost their lives.—Some excitement had arisen among the Dutch in consequence of a report that the English had taken possession of the Cocos Islands near Java for a coaling station.

Literary Notices.

Married or Single, by the Author of "Hope Leslie," etc. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A new generation of readers has come upon the stage since the publication of "Hope Leslie" and "Redwood" won an enviable rank for the author of these volumes among the most honored writers of fiction in English literature. Upon her first appearance in print she was welcomed with genial enthusiasm, and from that time to the present her position in the field of letters of which Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen were such brilliant ornaments, has scarcely been called in question, even by the most fastidious criticism. Her fame has been as solid in duration as it was rapid in acquisition. She was distinguished from the first by the depth and wisdom of her views of life, the natural kindliness of her sympathies, her keen perception of the most evanescent lights and shades of society, and the graceful ease and vigor of her descriptions. Her shrewd insight into character was never quickened by malice or the love of satire. She always sought for some touch of mercy, some redeeming trait, even in those creations of her pen which betray the most repulsive sides of human nature. But the peculiar charm of Miss Sedgewick's novels was their wonderful truthfulness. She was always in earnest with her readers, and though using the vehicle of fiction for the communication of lofty and pure sentiments, was as intent on accuracy of thought and delineation as if she had been preparing a scientific work. Since her name has become so prominent in the literature of her country, a cloud of other writers has arisen in the same department, but none of them has eclipsed the brightness of her fame. Many novels of more ambitious pretensions, from time to time, have captivated the public ear; some compare favorably with her own in the quiet, domestic sphere, where she is peculiarly at home, but no one has received the stamp of superiority from the verdict of intelligent readers, in point of naturalness, fidelity to truth, and vigorous effect with simplicity of expression. The present work is of a similar character to that of her previous stories. The plot is free from complicated details, though rich in impressive situations. It is marked throughout by the fine discrimination of personal traits, which is a never-failing feature of her productions. The scene is laid in no far distant period, and presents a living picture of the prevailing manners and humors of fashionable life at this moment. She paints in real colors the weaknesses of the day, mingled with the characteristic virtues which are never entirely lost even in the most frivolous and the most corrupt times. Her pen has lost none of its elasticity with the lapse of years; her eye sends as keen a glance as ever into the recesses of the human heart; her feelings are as fresh and youthful as when she first depicted the experience of young lovers; and her latest work exhibits all the vitality, shrewdness of observation, delicacy of moral tone, warmth of affection, and sweet religious wisdom which marked the promise of her prime.

A Child's History of Greece, by JOHN BONNER (published by Harper and Brothers), forms an appropriate sequel to the "Child's Histories of the United States and Rome," by the same author. The work is constructed on a similar plan to those

popular juveniles, presenting the salient events of the Grecian annals in a simple and almost colloquial style, enlivened by the liberal use of striking illustrations. Mr. Bonner draws a sharp line between the legendary age of Greece and the period of authentic history, although he relates the wonderful traditions of the primeval times in a pleasant narrative. Nor is the interest of his volumes limited to youthful readers. They furnish an excellent introduction to the study of Grecian history, and may tempt those who are not already familiar with the subject to the perusal of the elaborate works of Thirlwall and Grote.

Chile Con Carne; or, the Camp and the Field, by S. Compton Smith, M.D. (Published by Miller and Curtis.) Dr. Compton Smith was attached to General Taylor's division in Mexico, in the capacity of surgeon, and has composed this volume from materials gathered in the experience of his campaigns. He unites the qualities of an intelligent observer and an agreeable narrator. The title of his book signifies "red pepper and meat," and, in accordance with its meaning, he has served up a substantial dish, somewhat highly seasoned. On first joining the "Texas Rifles" the author found himself in strange company. The volunteers consisted of persons from every class of society, from conspicuous statesmen and rhetorical politicians to jolly representatives of the "finest pisantry," wealthy planters and professional men, students, clerks, backwoodsmen, Indian fighters, and every variety of the genus universal of adventurers. Among this motley group the facile doctor soon establishes his position, and becomes as merry a roysterer as the rest of them. In the composition of his work he has drawn largely upon the recital of odd incidents made during the idleness of the camp by his respectable confrères, combining with their fluent episodes an account of several of the important military operations of which he was a witness. He has thrown fresh light upon numerous scenes in the Mexican war, and given a lively exhibition of the character and manners of the native population.

The Northwest Coast; or, Three Years' Residence in Washington Territory, by James G. Swan. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Every personal narrative of a residence in the comparatively unsettled portions of our vast Western territory, if drawn up with tolerable fairness and intelligence, is a positive addition to our fund of geographical information, and usually forms a singularly attractive species of reading. The present work possesses both of the qualities alluded to in an eminent degree. The region which it describes, lying between the Straits of Fuca and the Columbia River, has never been thoroughly explored by travelers on the Northwest Coast since the times of Meares and Vancouver, and hence we have only meagre and unsatisfactory reports of its character and resources. Shoal-water Bay, which was the centre of Mr. Swan's operations during the period of which his volume treats, is situated on the north of Columbia River, at about the forty-second degree of north latitude. It was first discovered by Lieutenant Meares, commanding the English ship *Felice*, July 5, 1788. Since that time it has received little attention from navigators until 1852, when it was surveyed by Lieutenant Alden, in the United States steamer *Active*. It was in the same year that the author arrived at the Bay, where he found scarcely more than a dozen white inhabitants. The Bay is a broad sheet of water, abounding in shoals, as its name indicates, but worn into deep channels by the rivers which run into it, and affording good anchorage and a plenty of water. The shoals are covered with shell-fish, especially oysters, which form the principal article of export. Clams, crabs of large size and delicious flavor, shrimps, muscles, and a small species of sand-lobster, are among the marine delicacies with which the waters abound. Salmon and sturgeon of a superior quality are taken in great numbers by the Indians, and form the chief item in the stock of provisions which they lay by for their winter use. The rivers and mountain streams abound with trout. The shores of the Bay are mostly composed of high banks of sandy clay, interspersed with strata of shells and remains of forest trees that have been buried for ages. Several small rivers, running through rich prairie land, empty into the Bay. The prairies have a luxuriant covering of grass, which makes excellent hay, as well as fine grazing for cattle. Elk, deer, and antelope are numerous, and find plenty to eat at all seasons of the year. Besides these wild animals, there are black bears, wolves, lynxes, panthers, and otters and beavers in the streams. Raccoons, foxes, rabbits, skunks, squirrels, minks, and martins, are also found in abundance, together with a singular species of rat, of a very mischievous nature, called the "bush-tailed rat." Of birds there is a remarkable variety. The air is clouded with flocks of black and white swans, white geese, Canada geese, brant, sheldrake, cormorants, loon, mallard ducks, canvas-backs, teal, curlew, snipe, plover, pheasant, quail, pigeons, and robins. Fat, oily pelicans abound in the summer months, affording a luscious banquet to the Indians, who devour their coarse flesh with the unction of epicures.

The climate of this region is singularly mild, and never so cold as in the same parallel of latitude on the Atlantic coast. This is in accordance with the theory of Mr. Lorin Blodget, in his recent great work on American Climatology, and is accounted for by the author from the fact that the wind blows almost invariably from the ocean. During the winter months the wind is generally from the south to the southeast, veering at times to the southwest. The only severe cold is felt when the wind blows from the northeast, and then the effects are precisely the same as the northwest winds in the Atlantic States; but excessive cold seldom continues longer than twelve or fourteen days, when the wind returns to the south, and a warm rain brings on a thaw. It is a remarkable fact that although Washington Territory is in the same latitude as Nova Scotia, yet the climate is as mild in winter as Pennsylvania, nor is the heat of summer so oppressive as in the same parallel east of the Rocky Mountains.

The description given by the author of the Indians in the region of the Columbia River is filled with curious details, and is in a high degree instructive. The general conclusions which he derives from his observations are not without significance. The Indian is so essentially different from the white man in his habits, feelings, and passions, that little hope can be entertained of his civilization. He has no wish to adopt either the white man's style of living, or his language, or his religion. His whole nature must be changed before he can even approach the standard of civilization. The Indian has an innate aversion to every species

of regular labor. Agriculture especially is repugnant to his taste. If paid, he will indeed work for the whites, but never like a white man. Every thing he does is by fits and starts. If put in a field, he will exert himself heroically for ten or fifteen minutes, and then must sit down for an hour to rest. He prefers work which will to some extent tax his ingenuity. He will spend whole days in fashioning a paddle or a spear, or in taking the lock of his gun to pieces, merely for the amusement of cleaning it and putting it together again. He is fond of using tools, and readily learns the use of the axe, the saw, and the plane; he likes to forge knives and daggers from files and rasps, and can easily do many simple kinds of blacksmith's work. One peculiarity is noticed by the author. The Indian always draws his knife toward him, holding a stick as we do a quill to make a pen; or when the wood is too large to hold in that manner, he works with the knife as we should with a drawshave. The Indian is more willing to work for the white than for himself. He does not appreciate the advantage of a division of labor. Each one works by himself, and for himself.—Mr. Swan is evidently a practical man, and more at home on the deck of a ship than at a writing-desk. But, apart from the copious and valuable information contained in his volume, it is not destitute of literary merit in its clearness and accuracy of statement, and the unpretending and vigorous simplicity of its style.

Thoughts, Feelings, and Fancies, by C. Nestell Bovee. (Published by Wiley and Halsted.) Complete success in the composition of a work of this character is so rare an achievement, that even freedom from failure must be regarded as a merit. It is a collection of aphorisms suggested by the experience of the author, who, judging from his book, is not only a man of affairs, but one of studious habits and cultivated tastes. They are more remarkable for their good sense than for their brilliancy or point, and although their perusal may produce no intense excitement, it must exercise a pure and wholesome influence.

Chief of the Pilgrims; or, the Life and Time of William Brewster, by the Rev. Ashbel Steele. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.) For the first time, the venerable ruling elder of the primitive Plymouth Church finds a full and authentic biography in this volume. The author, who is connected by intimate family ties with the worthies of the Old Colony, has used an exemplary diligence in exploring the sources of information in ancient records and traditions, and has woven them together in a lucid and instructive narrative. His manner has few of the graces of historical composition, but the thorough, and even exhaustive method in which he has treated the subject, will give his monograph a permanent authority.

A History of Rome, by Henry G. Liddell, D.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The peculiar features of this version of the ever-memorable Roman history consist in its clearness of arrangement, its popular method of treatment, and the simple beauty of its style. Dr. Liddell lays no claim to original discoveries nor profound analysis, but he has condensed the most valuable fruits of modern historical research into an uncommonly luminous and agreeable narrative.

Pronouncing Reading Book of the French Language, by E. Arnoult. (Published by Hickling, Swan, and Brewer.) Students who are in earnest in the attempt to master the principles of French pronunciation, and are not content with a parrot-like imitation of the so-called Parisian accent, will find a valuable aid to their endeavors in this ingenious and able volume. It presents a curious system of phonetics applied to French orthoepy, which can not indeed be comprehended at a glance, but which will well reward the labor of investigation. Without being competent to speak with much authority on the subject, in our opinion the system is not complete—some of the sounds are represented by doubtful symbols—and in one or two instances the same symbol is appropriated to different sounds (a grave defect in phonetics), or else no distinction is recognized between sounds that are always distinguished by an accurate ear. For instance, the sounds of the letter *a* in the words *patte* and *la* are represented by precisely the same phonetic symbol—so also are the sounds of *o* in *ecole* and *homme*—which, we submit, is "confounding the substance." Still, we regard Professor Arnoult's work as a great advance on the Pronouncing Dictionaries commonly in vogue, and incomparably superior to the usual method of catching the French pronunciation merely by the ear, without a nice comparison with the elementary English sounds in all cases where such comparison is possible. The Professor's introductory remarks and explanations are expressed with great pungency, and give one a high idea both of his sense and his enthusiasm.

The Rose of Ashurst is a new novel, by Mrs. Marsh, illustrative of modern English society, and characterized by the insight into human nature and happy touches of description for which that popular writer is remarkable. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Mormonism, its Leaders and Designs, by John Hyde, Jun. (Published by W. P. Fetridge and Co.) The revelations of Mormon life presented in this volume are absolutely startling, although they contain intrinsic evidence of credibility. The author was formerly one of the leaders of the community in Utah, and writes from personal knowledge of the interior condition which he describes. His pictures of the mental perversion and moral degradation of the Mormons, though often to the last degree disgusting, open an instructive chapter in the history of human absurdity.

Wild Northern Scenes, by S. H. Hammond. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) Another record of a summer's recreation among the mountains, by an author whose spirited delineations of natural scenery and sporting adventure have heretofore furnished a fund of amusement to numerous readers. His narrative is diversified by naïve personal confessions, stories originally related around the hunter's fire, reminiscences of odd incidents by flood and field, and is always lively and agreeable.

Adventures and Missionary Labors in the Interior of Africa, by T. J. Bowen. (Published by Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.) With great modesty of statement, Mr. Bowen, an energetic and intelligent missionary of the Baptist Board, here contributes his quota to our rapidly-increasing stock of African knowledge. He describes, for the first time, several important places in the interior, and presents ample details with regard to the religion, language, and social customs of the natives. His book furnishes a trustworthy authority, and is of undoubted value to the ethnological student.

Editor's Table.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.—One of the most prominent characteristics which strike an observer of human life, is the sulky, sleepy, common-sense which shapes, guides, and limits its affairs; a common-sense fruitful of definite opinions, creative of stable works, solid, persevering, consistent, intolerant of innovation, contemptuous of abstract truth and ideal right, and most sublimely content with itself. This common intelligence, the democracy of reason, the wits love to stigmatize as stupidity, because it rigorously resists all substitution of smart sayings for commodious institutions, and is insensible to the value of all thoughts which will not hitch on to things. It believes in bread, beef, houses, laws, trade, talent, the prices-current, the regular course of events, and, perhaps, in the spirituality of table-knockings; it disbelieves in total abstinence, woman's rights, transcendentalism, perfectability, and to the humane interrogation "Am I not a man and a brother?" it stoutly answers, "No, you are not!" The great merit of this common-sense consists in its representing the average intellect and conscience of the civilized world—of that portion of intelligence, morality, and Christianity which has been practically embodied in life and active power. It destroys pretense and quackery, and tests genius and heroism. It changes with the progress of society; persecutes in one age what it adopts in the next; its martyrs of the sixteenth century are its precedents and exponents of the nineteenth; and a good part of the common-sense of an elder day is the common nonsense of our own. It would decay and die out were it not continually nourished by the new and freshening life poured into it by the creative thinkers whom it denounces as unpractical visionaries. It always yields in the end to every person who represents a higher intellectual, moral, or spiritual energy than its own, and the grandest achievement of individual power is the conception of a new thought of such indestructible and victorious vitality, that it breaks through all the obstacles which obstruct the passage of heresies into truisms, and converts private opinion into common-sense.

It would seem to be a good law of life that men should be thus associated in mental recognition of common principles of intelligence, level to their ordinary actions; and thus present a solid bulwark of sound character, on which pretension should try its tricks and nonsense spend its fury in vain, but which genuine intellectual or moral energy might upset or overleap. The great office of common-sense is to set up the general wisdom and the general will against the caprices of individual opinion and the excesses of self-will. Its maxims and proverbs constitute a kind of intellectual currency, issued, apparently, on the authority of human nature, and based on the experience of sixty centuries. The deviations from its established order, whether the deviations of whim or the deviations of genius, it calls Eccentricity. The essential characteristic of this order consists in its disposing things according to their mutual relations—the natural relations they would assume in practical life, provided they received no twists from individual vanity, or conceit, or passion. Eccentricity is the disturbance of the relations enjoined by common-sense, and a habit of looking at things, not in their relations to each other, but in their relations to the dominant willfulness of the individual. Its most ordinary form is the rebellion of mediocrity against the laws of its own order. When this proceeds on any grounds of original disposition, it soon exalts caprice into a principle and organizes crotchets into character. Men of this stamp, in whose huddled minds disorder is welded together by a kind of crazy force of individuality, commonly pass for more than they are worth. Their self-will, the parent of boundless impudence and furious self-assertion, gives audacity to intellectual littleness, raciness to intellectual anarchy, and a certain flash and sparkle to meanness and malice. The little brain they have, thus galvanized by constant contact with the personal pronoun, presents a grand exhibition of mediocrity in convulsions, of spite in spasms, of impulses in insurrection animating thoughts in heaps. Commonplaces are made to look like novelties by being shot forth in hysteric bursts. Startling paradoxes are created out of inverted truisms. The delirium of impatient sensations is put forward as the rapture of heaven-scaling imaginations. Yet through all the jar, and discord, and fussy miscreativeness of such chaotic minds there runs an unmistakable individuality, by which you can discriminate one crazy head from another, and refer the excesses of each to their roots in character.

It is only, however, when eccentricity connects itself with genius that we have its raciest and most riotous disregard of the restraints of custom and the maxims of experience. Sane and healthy genius, it is true, is often at war with recognized principles without being eccentric. If it violates the conventional order, and disturbs the practical relations of things, it is because it discerns a higher order, and discovers relations more essential. Eccentricity views things in relation to its own crotchet; genius in relation to a new idea. There is a world-wide difference between the eccentric fanaticism of John of Munster and the religious genius of Martin Luther, though both assailed the established order. But genius itself sometimes falls under the dominion of willfulness and whim, and then creates magnificent crotchets of its own. Let us now survey this two-fold eccentricity of ordinary and extraordinary minds, as it appears in social life, in the arena of politics and government, in religion, and, in its more refined expression, in literature and art.

In regard to the eccentricities of character developed in social life, the most prominent relate to the freaks of impulse and passion. In most old communities there is a common-sense even in sensuality. Vice itself gets gradually digested into a system, is amenable to certain laws of conventional propriety and honor, has for its object simply the gratification of its appetites, and frowns with quite a conservative air on all new inventions, all untried experiments in iniquity. There is often, for instance, in gluttony, a solid and stolid respectability, a calm and grand devotion of the whole man to the gastronomic ecstasy, which evinces that appetite has been organized into faith and life. Thus Doctor Johnson, at a Lord Mayor's dinner, committed the scandalous impropriety of talking wit and wisdom to an alderman by his side, who

desired to concentrate his whole energies on the turtle. "Sir," said the alderman, in a tone and with a look of awful rebuke, "in attempting to listen to your long sentences, and give you a short answer, I have swallowed two pieces of green fat, without tasting the flavor. I beg you to let me enjoy my present happiness in peace." Examples might be multiplied of the gravity and sobriety which vices assume when they are institutions as well as appetites.

But the spoiled children of wealth, rank, and fashion, soon profess themselves bored with this time-honored, instituted, and decorous dissoluteness, and demand something more stimulating and *piquant*, something which will tickle vanity and plume will. A certain crazy vehemence of individual life, in which impatience with restraint is combined with a desire to startle, leads them to attempt to scale the eminences of immorality by originalities in lawlessness and discoveries in diabolism. Despising the timid science of the old fogies of sensuality, these bright young fellows let loose all the reins of restraint, flame out in all the volatilities of sin and vagaries of vice, and aim to realize a festivity dashed with insanity and spiced with satanic pride. They desire not merely wine but the "devil's wine;" something which will give a zest, a sharp, tingling, fearful, wicked relish to excess. They have a kind of "hunger and thirst after unrighteousness;" and, poets in dissipation, pursue a constantly receding ideal of frantic delight. Their deity of pleasure is the bewitching daughter of sin and death, who streams mockingly before their inward vision with flushed cheeks, crazy, sparkling eyes, and mad, disheveled tresses. Such were Buckingham, Rochester, Wharton, Queensbury—noble *roués*, high in the peerage of debauch, whose brilliant rascality illustrates the annals of eccentric libertinism; who devoted their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor to the rights of reprobates, and raised infamy itself to a kind of fame—men who had a sublime ambition to become heroes in sensuality, and seem to have taken for their model that Dionysius of Sicily whom Plutarch commemorates as having prolonged a drunken feast through ninety days. Rochester, when he fell into the hands of Bishop Burnet, could hardly recollect the time when he had been sober, and might, with the amiable simplicity recorded of another inebriate, have staggered into an intelligence office, to know where he had been for the last ten years. Wharton, bragging to Swift of his drunken frolics, was advised by that cynical satirist to vary his caprices a little, and take a frolic to be virtuous. Indeed, in these men, the "wet damnation" of drunkenness seems to have filtered through their senses into their souls, so as to make reason reel, and conscience stagger, and the whole man to decline from an immoral into an unmoral being. Yet this suicide of soul and body is, by these disciples and martyrs of pleasure, ludicrously misnamed "life." Its philosophy is concentrated in a remark made by George Selwyn, as he surveyed himself in the glass, the day after a heroic debauch: "I look and feel villainously bad," he said; "but, hang it, it is life—it is life."

These devotees and fanatics of pleasure represent that form of eccentricity in which the head seems too small for the passions of the individual to move about in, and they accordingly appear to craze and rend the brain in the desperate effort to escape from their prison. But there are other eccentrics in whom we observe the opposite process, persons whose thoughts and feelings are all turned inward, and group or huddle round some conceit of their willfulness, some hobby of their intellect, or some master disposition of their selfishness. These are the men who gradually become insane on some one darling peculiarity of character, which is exaggerated into huge size by assiduous training. It is, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, "an acorn in their young brows which grows to an oak in their old heads." Conceit, for instance, often ends in making a man mentally and morally deaf and blind. He hears nothing but the whispers of vanity, he sees nothing but what is reflected in the mirror of self-esteem, though society all the while may be on the broad grin or in a civil titter at his pompous nothingness. He will doubt every thing before he doubts his own importance; and his folly, being based on a solid foundation of self-delusion, steals out of him in the most unconscious and innocent way in the world. Thus the proud Duke of Somerset, whose conceit was in his rank and his long line of forefathers, once declared that he sincerely pitied Adam because he had no ancestors. The Earl of Buchan, a poor aristocrat, was accustomed to brood in his Edinburgh garret over the deeds and splendors of his ancestors, until he identified himself with them, and would startle his acquaintances with the remark, "When I was in Palestine with Richard of the Lion heart," or, "As I was going to see the execution of Charles the First," such and such things occurred. His greater brother, Erskine, the glory of Westminster Hall, was an egotist of genius, and was such a spendthrift of the personal pronoun, that Cobbett, who was once printing one of his speeches, stopped in the middle, giving as his reason, that at this point the "I's" in his fount of type gave out, and he could not proceed. This egotism, which in Erskine was mingled with genius and good-nature, often frets itself into a morbid unreasonableness which is satire-proof. Thus we heard but the other day of an eccentric German who prosecuted an author who had anticipated him in the publication of an invention, on the ground that the idea had been abstracted from his own head through a process of animal magnetism. But the most sovereign and malignant of these eccentric egotists was undoubtedly Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who, while she lived, was the most terrible creature in Great Britain. She bullied Queen Anne, and she henpecked the Great Duke himself, who, serene as a summer morning in a tempest of bullets, cowered in his own palace before her imperious will. She defied every thing, death included. Indeed death, like every body else, seemed to be afraid of her. In her old age she became as ugly and as spiteful a crone as ever was ducked or burned for witchcraft. She took a malicious delight in living, because, though life gave her no pleasure, it gave others pain. At one time it was thought she must go. She lay for a great while speechless and senseless. The physician said, "She must be blistered or she will die." This touched her, and she screamed out, "*I won't be blistered, and I won't die!*" and she kept her word.

But the mirth of society changes to wailing when this conceit developes itself into a hobby, and takes men by the button to pester them with the *rationale* of its bit of absurdity. The hobby-monger is the only perfect and consummated bore, and eccentricity in him becomes a very dismal

joke. Self-convinced of the value of his original deeply cogitated piece of nonsense, he is determined to devote his life, and your money, to the task of converting his great thought into a great fact, and to make incapacity itself a source of income. The thing is a new mode of levying black-mail, for the cheapest way to escape from the teasing persecution of his tongue is to deliver up your purse. His success generates a whole brood of blockheads, who install hobbyism into an institution, and flood the country with hobby patriotism, hobby science, hobby medicine, hobby philanthropy, hobby theology, hobby morality, and hobby immorality. Dunces, who never had but one thought in their lives, and that a foolish one, they cling to that with the tenacity of instinct, and set up, on the strength of it, as Galileos, or Arkwrights, or Clarksons, or Luthers, transmuting sneers, gibes, invectives, blows, into a sweet, celestial ichor to slake the thirst of their conceit. They are, to be sure, very candid gentlemen. Their cry is, "Examine before you condemn." Ah! examine; but since the lamented decease of Methusaleh human life has been unfortunately contracted and human knowledge unfortunately enlarged, and it is really the coolest impertinence imaginable to expect that a man will spend his short existence in inspecting and exploding humbugs, and end at fourscore in establishing a principle which he ought to have taken on trust in his teens. It is better to ride a hobby of one's own than to give one's whole attention to discovering the futility of the hobbies of others; and better still, as these gentlemen are determined that society shall support them, to save time by submitting to assessment. In our country the hobby-mongers are fairly in the ascendent, and the right to mind one's own business must be purchased of these idle dunces portentously developed into voluble bores. Whatever may be their plan, and however deep may be their self-deception, their principle of action is identical with that of Punch's music-grinder, who contemptuously refuses the penny you toss at him to silence his soul-stabbing melodies, and clamorously demands a shilling as the price of his "moving on." "Don't you suppose," he inquires, "that I know the vally of peace and quietness as well as you?"

But the conceit of one's self and the conceit of one's hobby are hardly more prolific of eccentricity than the conceit of one's money. Avarice, the most hateful and wolfish of all the hard, cool, callous dispositions of selfishness, has its own peculiar caprices and crotchets. The ingenuities of its meanness defy all the calculations of reason, and reach the miraculous in subtilty. Foote, in endeavoring to express the microscopic niggardliness of a miser of his acquaintance, expressed a belief that he would be willing to take the *beam* out of his own eye if he knew he could sell the timber. Doubtless one source of the eccentric miser's insane covetousness and parsimony is the tormenting fear of dying a beggar—that "fine horror of poverty," according to Lamb, "by which he is not content to keep want from the door, or at arm's length, but he places it, by heaping wealth upon wealth, *at a sublime distance*." Well, after saving, and pinching, and scraping, and stealing, and freezing, and starving, Curmudgeon, the skeleton, comes face to face with another skeleton, Death, and that fleshless form, with an ironic grin, huddles him away—and he is remembered only by those he has cheated. But his perverse sharpness does not desert him even in his last hours. Scrooge is reported to be dying. It is said that in his will he has left something to a charitable society, and the secretary thereof "happens in," to console him. "You think," says Scrooge, with a malicious sparkle in his closing eyes, "that I am going, but the doctor says the attack is not fatal. If you will take that bequest now, at a deduction of ten per cent., I'll pay it." "Done!" says the secretary. "Done!" says Scrooge, and dies—dies consistent and triumphant, with a discount on his lips instead of a prayer.

It is, however, in politics and public affairs that the strange antics of eccentricity produce the smartest shocks of surprise. Here every thing is done in the eyes of men, and disordered minds parade their caprices to a laughing or cursing world. In this sphere of action and passion it is impossible to group or define. The representation tends to become as wild and whirling as the vagaries, volatilities, and inconsistencies it describes. It requires more than ordinary steadiness of character for a statesman to escape from the eccentricities produced by ambition, and the eccentricities produced by reaching the object of ambition—power. The strife of politics tends to unsettle the calmest understanding, and ulcerate the most benevolent heart. There are no bigotries or absurdities too gross for parties to create or adopt under the stimulus of political passions. The path of all great statesmen lies between two opposing insanities, and we can never appreciate the superb serenity of such men as Washington, Hamilton, Jay, Jefferson, Madison, until we realize the atmosphere of madness, rancor, and folly they were compelled to breathe. There, for instance, among other causes or occasions of political eccentricity, is the love of innovation in itself, and the hatred of innovation in itself—both productive of eccentric partisans, in whose struggles common-sense is suspended by mutual consent. By the eccentric reformer, institutions are denounced as confining liberty in strait-waistcoats; by the eccentric conservative, Liberty is denounced as putting fire-brands into the hands of madmen. Thus many of our disgusted American conservatives applauded Louis Napoleon's usurpation on the ground that he would restore old abuses, and saw France, with delight, leap back thousands of years to the old Egyptian monarchy of kings, priests, and soldiers. Gibbon, though the most subtle of religious skeptics, had a morbid hatred of political change, and, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, joined the bishops of the Established Church in assailing it. He could not help, however, indulging an ironical fling at the new political friends who were his old theological enemies, and blandly reminded them that if, in his history, he had been a little hard on the primitive church, it was from the best of principles and the best of motives, for that church was an *innovation* on the old Pagan establishment. But the greatest conservative of this sort was Lord Chancellor Thurlow. A deputation of Presbyterians having waited on him to request his aid in obtaining certain statutes disqualifying their body from holding civil offices repealed, Thurlow thus bluffly answered: "Gentlemen, I will be perfectly frank with you. Gentlemen, I am against you, and for the Established Church, by ——! Not that I like the Established Church a bit better than any other church, but because it *is* established. And whenever you can get your —— religion

established I'll be for that too. Good-morning to you!"

In the eccentricity of politicians the two most striking qualities are levity and malignity—sometimes existing apart, and sometimes coexisting in one mind. The most magnificent instance of levity, combined with genius and eloquence, is found, perhaps, in Charles Townsend, the chancellor of the exchequer, who revived the scheme of American taxation, and who carried into the councils of Great Britain a brain large enough for the weightiest affairs, but intoxicated with impudence, conceit, and Champagne. The conceptions of a statesman and the courage of a hero were strangely blended in him with a spirit as volatile, sparkling, and unscrupulous as ever animated the rake of the old comedy. It was as if Sir Harry Wildair's tricksiness and mercurial temperament had got into the head of Camden or Chatham. In the majority of cases, however, the ambition or possession of power develops malignity in disordered minds. In John Randolph it took the shape of a fretful spite which poisoned all it touched—even his own fine faculties. In Lord Brougham, whose hatred of Melbourne at one time took the place of political principle, this spite came out in astounding levities. *Punch* once represented him as tossing up a penny, when he went into the House of Lords, to decide which way he should vote. This mingled levity and malignity, however, are never seen in their full absurdities and terrors, unless power be absolute, and caprice ranges over a kingdom or an empire unrestrained by opinion or law. From the old Oriental despots to that thing of blood and mud that now sits throned in Naples, the history of eccentric despots presents such a spectacle of monkey-like mischievousness, combined with demon-like malice, that we can hardly recognize human nature in a form of such diabolical caricature. In Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Commodus, Heliogabalus, Paul of Russia, we observe that peculiar perversity which does wrong things *because* they are wrong; and also that last resource of little minds, the desire to startle by the commission of unnatural crimes, evincing the feebleness and barrenness of talent so apt to be associated with such monstrous brutality of disposition. Nero, for example, finds that the luxury of murder palls on his jaded sense, and the poor creature can hit upon no stimulant likely to keep alive his relish for that form of ferocity short of murdering his wife and mother; and at the end—for under such governments there is a decline so deep in the character of the virtues that treachery becomes justice, and assassination becomes patriotism—he dies as thoroughly *blasé* as a London coxcomb, and as abjectly timid as a girl who has seen a ghost.

This eccentric malignity is also often developed in men whose minds are unsettled by their being lifted, in the tempests of faction, to a power they are unfit to exercise. They are Pucks raised to the seat of Jove. Thus Robespierre, who before he became a politician resigned a judicial office because he was opposed to capital punishment, seemed to have been marked out by nature for an opinionated philanthropist, sour and willful withal, but well-meaning, honest, self-sacrificing, narrow in mind, and obstinate in purpose. When he came to be the head of that prolonged mob, the government of France during the Reign of Terror, the poverty of his talents compelled him to meet the crisis of affairs by the exploded maxims of the old tyrants. Like all incompetent men who are cursed with power, he tried to make violence do the work of insight and foresight. He slew because he could not think. He ended in being fiendish because he started in being foolish. The little thought he had took the shape of an inexorable but bad logic. He tried to solve a political problem, which might have tasked the genius, energy, and experience of the greatest statesman, with a little syllogism, of which the Rights of Man and the chopping off the heads of aristocrats constituted the premises, and peace, happiness, equality, and fraternity the logical conclusion. The more he chopped, however, the more complicated became his difficulties. New and more puzzling problems sprung up from the soil he watered with blood. The time came when mere perversity and presumption could carry it no longer. His adherents informed him at night that he was to be denounced and slain in the convention on the morrow, and offered him the means of crushing his enemies. He leaned that barren head of his up against a pillar, and for two hours tried to frame some plan by which to carry on the government in case he triumphed. But the poor fellow's invention had been exhausted in the production of his little syllogism, which had miserably failed of success. He could do nothing, he saw, but to go on murdering and murdering, and he had got somewhat tired of that. The thought that would open a path through the entanglements of his situation would not come into that unfertile brain. So, in mere despair, he told his adherents to let things take their course, went to the convention, uttered his usual declamation, was denounced, set upon, and slain; and thus a capital leader of a debating-club, like many a clever man before and since, was ruined by the misfortune of being placed at the head of a nation.

It is both impossible to avoid, and dangerous to touch, in an essay like this, the subject of religious eccentricity, though the deviations here from the line of admitted truths and duties are innumerable in amount and variety. There is, first, the eccentricity which proceeds from observing the proprieties of piety while practicing the precepts of atheism — the linen decencies of behavior contrasting strangely with the coarse vices of conduct. Thus Madame de Montespan, who found it for her interest and vanity to live in habitual violation of the Seventh Commandment, was so rigorous in her devotions that she weighed her bread in Lent. Cardinal Bernis, the most worthless of abbés, owed his advancement in the Church to Madame de Pompadour, the most worthless of women, and then refused "to communicate in the dignity of the purple with a woman of so unsanctimonious a character." Next, there is the perverted ingenuity by which creeds are spangled all over with crotchets, and the Bible made the basis for conceits as subtle as Cowley's, and as ridiculous as Sprat's. Who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope? Vasca de Gama, you will answer. "No," replies Vieyra, a priest of Portugal; "one man passed it before he did." "Who?" "Jonah in the whale's belly!" The whale, it seems, from the account of this all-knowing geographer, "went out of the Mediterranean, because he had no other course; kept the coast of Africa on the left, scoured along Ethiopia, on the shores of Nineveh, and making his tongue serve as a paddle, landed the Prophet there." Next there is the capricious suspension of the damnatory clauses of a creed, out of respect to eminent indi-

viduals, who can give benefices if they can not practice duties. Kings have immensely profited by this ecclesiastical urbanity, having been allowed to pass sweetly from riot and rapine in this world to rest and reward in the next. "Louis the well-beloved," said the priest who announced the death of Louis the Fifteenth, "sleeps in the Lord." "If such a mass of laziness and lust," growls Carlyle, in reply, "sleep in the Lord, who, think you, sleeps elsewhere?"

But the most ordinary source of the impious piety and irreverent veneration of eccentric religionists is the substitution of an idolatry of self for the worship of God—the individual projecting his own opinions and passions into the texts of Scripture and the government of the universe, and thus making a Supreme Being out of the colossal exaggerations of self-will. Under the impulse of a ravenous egoism, Nature and the Bible are converted into an immense magnifying-glass of his own personality, and the Deity with him is but an infinite reflection of himself. Such is ever the tendency and process of fanaticism, and therefore it is that so many gods are often worshiped in one Church. We often smile at the last excess of pagan despotism, the demand of tyrants that divine honors shall be paid to them; but the same claim is now often urged by little tyrants, who, having divinized their stupidity, inhumanity, or malignity, strut about in quite a furious fashion at their divinity being disallowed, flinging the fussy thunder-bolts of their impotent wrath with the air of Joves and the strength of pigmies! What, think you, would these gentlemen do were they possessed of arbitrary power? If the imagination breaks down in the attempt to conceive their possible enormities, the history of religious persecution will be of essential aid in filling up the gaps and enlarging the scope of the most fertile and wide-wandering fancy. The cant of our day, which resents all attempts to analyze bad opinions down to their roots in bad dispositions, is prone to dismiss the great theological criminals of history with the smooth remark that they were sincere in their Satanic inhumanities. They used the rack and the hot iron—they maimed, tormented, gibbeted, burned, beheaded, crucified, it is true; but then they practiced these little *diablerie* from a sincere sense of duty. Sincere, indeed! To be sure they were sincere. They acted honestly and directly from their characters. Their thoughts, feelings, deeds—all were of a piece. But out of what interior hell must such devil's notions of duty and Deity have sprung? How much better it would be to strike at the heart of the matter, and acknowledge at once, in the sharp, incisive sarcasm of Bishop Warburton, that these men acted thus because "they made God after man's image, and took the worst possible models at that—themselves."

If human life, in so many departments of thought and action, thus sparkles or glares with eccentric characters, it is evident that they must occupy a large space in the world's representative literature. Indeed, from Aristophanes down to Thackeray, genius, though often itself bristling with eccentricities, has been quick to discern, and cunning to embody, the eccentricities of others. The representation has been scornful or genial according as wit or humor has predominated in the observing mind. In a majority of cases, however, the whims, caprices, crotchets, ruling passions, intrusive egotisms, which make their possessors butts or bores to common-sense, are by the man of mirthful genius so brightened, interpretated, softened, and humanized, and made to glide into such ludicrous forms of grotesque character, that they are converted into attractive boon companions in the festivities of mind. Two great writers in English literature, Shakspeare and Scott, have been pre-eminently successful in this embodiment of eccentric character, Shakspeare individualizing its various kinds, Scott imitating its individual specimens. Lower in the scale, and widely differing in their manner, are Ben Jonson, Vanbrugh, Fielding, Smollett, Miss Burney, Thackeray, Dickens. The author of "Tristram Shandy" occupies in literature a delicious and original little world of his own, answering to the quaint craze in the fine creative genius of Laurence Sterne. Addison, another original, has made oddities the objects of affection by insinuating into them the shy humanities of his beneficent humor; and in Sir Roger de Coverly, has clothed eccentricity with innocence and sanctified it with love, while he has made it touch and unseal those fountains of merriment which sleep in the innermost recesses of the heart. Our own Irving, who felt the attraction of Addison's beautiful reserve while in the act of rushing off himself into caricature, commenced his career by welcoming the broader outlines of eccentricity with riotous, roaring laughter, and ended with surveying its finer shades with a demure smile. Goldsmith, again, half-lovingly, half-laughingly, pictures forth foibles of vanity, and caprices of benevolence, and amiable little crotchets of understanding, which he discerns peeping slyly out from corners and crevices of his own busy brain. You can almost hear and see these wits and humorists through the expressive movement of their respective styles. Steele titters as he delineates. Dryden chuckles, Swift scowls, Pope hisses, as in wit which is to provoke the mirth of millions they endow some dunce with the immortality of contempt. And then the more genial and subtle of the humorists have such an art in allowing character to develop itself. The folly, or erratic disposition, or queer twist of mind or morals, seems to leak out unwittingly, to escape unawares. The man is self-exposed without being himself conscious of exposure, and goes on claiming your interest or pity in words which excite your mirth or scorn. It is like Captain Rook's attempt to rouse the sympathy of his fashionable friends for his losses at the gaming-table. "I lost," he says, "four thousand pounds last night, and the worst of it is five pounds were in cash."

In these writers, however, eccentricity is viewed more or less didactically or dramatically. There are others whose eccentricities are personal, and shape and color all they see and describe. Such are Fuller, Burton, and Sir Thomas Browne. But perhaps the most delightful and popular of this class is Charles Lamb—a man cosily domesticated by the heart's fireside of his readers. Such wit, such humor, such imagination, such intelligence, such sentiment, such kindliness, such heroism, all so quaintly mixed and mingled, and stuttering out in so freakish a fashion, and all blending so finely in that exquisite eccentric something which we call the character of Charles Lamb, make him the most lovable of writers and men. His essays, the gossip of creative genius, are of a piece with the records of his life and conversation. Whether saluting his copy of Chapman's "Homer" with a kiss—or saying a grace before reading Milton—or go-

ing to the theatre to see his own farce acted, and joining in the hisses of the pit when it fails—or sagely wondering if the Ogles of Somerset were not descendants of King Lear—or telling Barry Cornwall not to invite a lugubrious gentleman to dinner because his face would cast a damp over a funeral—or giving as a reason why he did not leave off smoking, the difficulty of finding an equivalent *vice*—or striking into a hot controversy between Coleridge and Holcroft, as to whether man as he is, or man as he is to be, is preferable, and settling the dispute by saying, "Give me man as he is *not* to be"—or doing some deed of kindness and love with tears in his eyes and a pun on his lips—he is always the same dear, strange, delightful companion and friend. He is never—the rogue—without a scrap of logic to astound common-sense. "Mr. Lamb," says the head clerk at the India House, "you come down very late in the morning?" "Yes, Sir," Mr. Lamb replies, "but then you know I go home very early in the afternoon." And then with what humorous extravagance he expresses his peevishness at being confined to such work—with curious ingenuity running his malediction on commerce along all its lines of influence. "Confusion blast all mercantile transactions, all traffic, exchange of commodities, intercourse between nations, all the consequent civilization, and wealth, and amity, and link of society, and getting rid of prejudices, and knowledge of the face of the globe; and rot all the firs of the forest, that look so romantic alive, and die into desks." It is impossible to cheat this frolicsome humorist with any pretense, any exaggerated sentiment, any of the *do-me-goodisms* of well-meaning moral feebleness. A lady sends him "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," for his perusal and guidance. He returns it with this quatrain written on a fly-leaf, expressing the slight disagreement between his views of matrimony and those entertained by Miss Hannah Moore:

"If ever I marry a wife,
I'll marry a landlord's daughter,
And sit in the bar all day,
And drink cold brandy and water."

If he thus slips out of controversy by making the broadest absurdities the vehicles of the finest insight, his sense and enjoyment of absurdities in others rises to rapture. The nonsensical ingenuity of the pamphlet in which his friend Capel Lofft took the ground that Napoleon, while in the hands of the English, might sue out a writ of habeas corpus, threw him into ecstasies. And not only has he quips and quirks and twisted words for all he sees and feels, but he has the pleasantest art of making his very maladies interesting by transmuting them into jests. Out of the darkest depths of the "dismals" fly some of his happiest conceits. "My bedfellows," he writes to Wordsworth, "are cough and cramp. We sleep three in a bed." "How is it," he says, "that I can not get rid of this cold? It can't be from a lack of care. I have studiously been out all these rainy nights until twelve o'clock, have had my feet wet constantly, drank copiously of brandy to allay inflammation, and done every thing else to cure it, and yet it won't depart"—a sage decision, worthy of that illustrious physician who told his patient that if he had no serious drawbacks he would probably be worse in a week. To crown all, and to make the character perfect in its winning contradictions, there beats beneath the fantastic covering and incalculable caprices of the humorist the best heart in the world, capable of courtesy, of friendship, of love, of heroic self-devotion and unostentatious self-sacrifice.

In this desultory survey of some of the expressions of eccentric character in social life, in politics, in religion, in literature, we have aimed to exhibit eccentricity in its principles as far as so slippery, elastic, and elusive a quality will consent to submit itself to the limits of definition. We have endeavored to show that it is a deviation from reason and common-sense for the gratification of self-will, or the indulgence of some original craze in the faculties, and that this deviation tends to levity or malignity according as the nature is sweet or savage. We have seen that, airy, innocent, and sportive as it may be in the whims of beautiful natures, it has often led to follies so gross, and crimes so enormous, that their actors seemed to have escaped from their humanity into brutes or demons. In this slight view of the morbid phenomena of human nature we can not fail to see how important is that pressure on the individual of institutions and other minds to keep his caprices in check, and educate and discipline him into reason and usefulness, and what a poor, mad creature a man is likely to become when this pressure is removed. Freedom no less than order is the product of inward or outward restraint; and that large and liberal discourse of intelligence which thinks into the meaning of institutions, and enters into communion with other minds—which is glad to believe that the reason of the race through sixty centuries of gradual development carries with it more authority than some wild freak or flash of its own conceit—this it is which emancipates man from egotism, passion, and folly; which puts into his will the fine instinct of wisdom; which makes him tolerant as well as earnest, and merciful as well as just; which connects his thoughts with things, and opens a passage for them into the common consciousness of men; and which, chaining impulse to liberate intelligence, and rounding in eccentricity with the restraints of reason, enlarges his intellect only to inform his conscience, doubles his power by giving it a right direction, and purifies his nature from vanity and self-will, to bind him, in the beneficent bonds of a common sympathy and a common-sense, to the rights, interests, and advancement of a common humanity.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE dated our summer from the Fourth of July. The days which went before were too sadly chilled with reminiscences of the vernal, or premonitions of the autumnal equinox, to give us full assurance that the season of heated terms and long vacations was actually upon us; and it was not until the day which we always did and always will celebrate forced a holiday upon the public that any body felt impelled to the summer resorts. Thus in the midst of these August heats, and on the tropical verge of the dog-days, a patriotic sentiment is blended with our intensely personal experience while we look back to the glorious Fourth as the festal day which inaugurated the long-deferred summer—the key which solved the riddle of the season, and answered the question whether we were really ever going to have that warm weather which we have ever since been doing our best to dispose of.

But we revert to the Fourth of July even from

the threshold of September, and its autumnal associations and days of renewed toil and duty, not alone because from that returning Jubilee the sun seemed to rekindle its wasted fires and visit with new warmth and life the drenched earth and the drooping crops. Our thoughts go back to the national holiday as a day of shadow and not of sunlight; and as we greet from the Easy Chair the friendly countenances which gather around it,

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa,"

for our September chat, we pause a moment to revive, even after so long an interval, the notes of sadness which overtook its strains of joy, and blended with them the echoes of a nation's grief.

Disaster, in some form or other, is an expected attendant upon the celebration of our great anniversary. We look for shattered arms and legs, blown-off fingers, and the loss of other miscellaneous features which make up the "gross assemblage" of a man, as essential elements of its due observance. The eminent city physician who meditates a visit to his favorite watering-place, postpones his departure until after the Fourth, in view of this feature of its celebration, fearful lest he should be disturbed by a worse than midnight summons to the scion of some wealthy patient suffering under the sudden and severe consequences of a revolver or a rocket; while the young surgeon who walks the hospital wards counts upon an addition to his experience almost equal to that which would have been afforded by a day in the Crimea. When, therefore, the returning wave of absenteeism strikes upon either side of the metropolis after the holiday is ended, the homeward-bound citizen expects to encounter, not only the all-pervading smell of powder, but the familiar column of casualties, by which each succeeding generation of Americans seems to be reminded that the independence it unites in celebrating was, at its fountain-head, so deeply dyed with blood that even its distant and most exultant waves, as they roll on through the future, must of necessity reflect back the same dark hue.

Citizens Brown and Rogers, carpet-bagged and duster-clad, as they set foot once more, on the morning of the Sixth, upon the solid pavement which they forsook on the evening of the Third weighed down with projecting-wheels, blue-lights, Roman-candles, and concealed cartridges stuffed with torpedoes, and to which they return with emotions of the purest gratitude that the Fourth of July, like other periods of festivity, only comes once a year, were pleased to learn that the day had gone off quietly, that the Chinese war had made fire-crackers an expensive luxury, and that the aggregate of disaster from these and other explosive demonstrations of patriotic feeling was unusually small —hardly sufficient to attest the reality of the celebration. At the same time Brown and Rogers were shocked at the staring capitals which announced bloodshed and loss of life as the result of lawless riot, marking the day with a deeper stain than any list of killed or wounded from accident or fatal chance.

It was even so. Blood had been shed and life had been lost. Strong, active men had been shot down. They were bold, daring fellows, perhaps brave men; if they had been dubbed Imperial Guards or Light Dragoons instead of Dead Rabbits, and the scene of their last fight had been Waterloo or Balaklava instead of Cow Bay, they might have been heroes. Perhaps there was in them the stuff out of which, under the pressure of better influences, good citizens are made, but they threw away life in a frenzy worse than savage, and were huddled away to their graves without the least reaction of sympathy from the wholesome disgust of the community at their brutal outbreak.

Why, then, do we revive the memory of their disgraceful exit? Patience a moment, and you shall see.

It was only a few hours before, on this same holiday, that an old man, upon whose brow threescore and ten was plainly written, and whose form bent under the weight of many long years of mental toil and heavy public trust, walked slowly through the street of a quiet country village, entered the door of his inn, and mounted to his solitary chamber. As he passed along every man and woman recognized him, and turned to look at the large, loosely-clothed figure, the strong, unhandsome face, the shrewd, half-humorous, half-cynical smile which lurked in its expression, and followed him with their eyes and thought, and spoke of him as the great man upon whose shoulders more than any other's had rested for years the peace, and dignity, and honor of the Republic. We will follow him too. He reaches his room, and, in slippered feet, and with weary gestures, throws himself upon a couch for an hour's repose. He is worn-out in body, but his mind refuses a complete surrender even to this needed interval of rest. A volume of "Bacon's Essays" lies within reach, and to the familiar pages of the great moralist—

"Wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"—

he turns his eyes before closing them in sleep. Suddenly the hand that holds the volume relaxes its grasp, and falls heavily by his side; the printed page swims before the dim and lustreless gaze; the book drops upon his breast, and the heart beneath stops beating.

There he lies, speechless, motionless, dead. It is a secret for hours. At last it is discovered, and the tragical news flies on the telegraphic wires across the Continent, and shocks the nation. The departed statesman was not so dear to the popular affection—he was not so much a favorite with the masses as were others who have held before the same posts of public honor, but he was one of the few survivors of a strong, sturdy race of statesmen, and the people felt that he had been a wise, faithful, and honest servant of his country, and they stood still amidst the rejoicings of the hour to mourn his loss with a sincere and profound regret.

And yet, after all, this was but a single life, and that of an aged man, whose sands were almost run, whose days of service were spent, and from whom we expected nothing more of public duty.

Surely it needs not the pulpit nor the chair of the moralist to teach us the lesson we are so slow to learn, that character is a grander idea than existence, that Duty is a nobler name than Life. Every day's experience, the judgment of every man upon the events which are woven into the web of common life in its dullest routine, attest the truth, but in such a contrast as that which we have sought to draw from the recollections of one signal day, it stands out in sharper outline and with bolder relief. The accepted creed of that day perpetuates the absolute equality of all men; and yet of what value, when weighed in the scale of Virtue and Truth, were a thousand such lives as those which were lost in the riot of the Five Points (we speak

of the guilty parties) compared to that one life which breathed itself away in the solitary chamber at Ballston? And this question points the moral which we would carry away from the newly-closed grave of the honored dead. It speaks of the emptiness of all human glory and distinction; it speaks also of the higher value than life itself wrapped up in the gift of life, and should rouse to useful and unselfish effort, either in the path of public or of private duty, every man who has lived too long, as if existence were his only heritage in Time.

Monsieur Vol-au-vent, the most intrepid of aeronauts and inventors, who knows the tides and currents of the upper atmosphere as seamen know the sea, presented his compliments and himself to the Easy Chair on one of the warmest mornings of the season, and, after a few preliminaries of politeness, proposed an aerial excursion, or trial trip, in his new patent antiphlogistic balloon, around the great circle of the summer solstice, of which Sharon, Saratoga, and Newport are the fixed and prominent points. The programme was perfect. He guaranteed against dust and delays. We could choose our time and point of departure. We should descend upon the summits of Sharon in a manner that would at once render us objects of admiration and envy to all the gazers from the piazzas of the Pavilion. At our discretion we could re-embark, and create the sensation of the season by our appearance in the quadrangle of the United States, or on the brink of the Congress Spring. Another day's flight would bring us into the midst of the bathers at Newport. All which, observes Monsieur Vol-au-vent, has only to be attempted to become an accomplished fact and the grandest of successes. And hereupon, as a supplement to the main text of his discourse, he produces the prospectus of the Imperial, International, Antiphlogistic, Self-propulsive Balloon Company, to be incorporated with a capital of ten millions of francs, with perpetual privileges and immunities of atmospheric navigation, and proposes to demonstrate that its plan is fully as practicable as that of the Submarine Telegraph, for the plain reason that both are experiments, and that neither has yet succeeded. One thing, says the inventor, is common to both projects—they must have the co-operation and encouragement of the Easy Chair.

We admit, by not denying, the entire practicability of the Vol-au-vent system and the agreeable features which the trial trip will present, but decline the civility on the ground that the Easy Chair has no intention, during the present season, of visiting either of the great centres of attraction toward which our antiphlogistic friend proposes to direct his course.

To this the responsive shrug is so incredulous and prolonged that we are compelled to assure Vol-au-vent, upon our honor, that it is quite possible for a philosophic Easy Chair to exist during the hottest of summers without either Sharon, Saratoga, or Newport.

"Very possible," is the elegant rejoinder of Monsieur; "but is it equally certain that Newport, Saratoga, and Sharon can exist without the Easy Chair?"

"It is an experiment they must hazard at all events," we reply, softened, and half-inclined to hazard the risks of compound fracture involved in the invitation to whirl through the boundless upper spaces, guided by such a considerate chaperon. Fortunately, however, our tendencies are so completely of the earth, earthy, that we are not to be taken off our legs even by the politeness of a Vol-au-vent; so we dismiss him gracefully to the daily press in quest of adventurous reporters or desperate editors who may be disposed to exchange the daily contact of the tenter hooks for the unknown experience of the grappling-hooks.

This invitation disposed of, we turn to others less romantic, but more tempting to our solid terrestrial mood and mould. They cover our table, and afford most pleasing and self-complacent suggestions touching the high esteem which a large portion of the rural districts entertain toward their recipient, and the versatility which has been displayed in devising the ways and means for his recreation. All points of the compass, every conceivable division of time, and every imaginable conveyance are laid under contribution for our special benefit. Trains at 7.20, 10.40, 3.35, and other disjointed fractions of the hours, are to land us at stations and dépôts near and remote, where ponies, family coaches, or public stages are to receive and convey us somewhere in time for late breakfasts or early dinners; steamboats from every pier, on either side of the city, await us as if by special charter; several famous yachts ride at their anchors in expectation of our sailing-orders; and a whole company of deer-stalkers and trout-fishers have paused on the brink of the Adirondack wilderness, to afford opportunity for the Easy Chair to push for the John Brown tract, armed and equipped as that lawless region requires.

We perceive that these communications are mainly based upon two great fallacies; first, that every body is out of town; and second, that every body who is not out of town is miserable. Some of them assert one or the other of these propositions as undeniable. Now we are not out of town, and we are not miserable. We survey ourselves in our panoply of white duck, fresh from unstinted ablutions of Croton, we repose undiminished confidence in our refrigerator before, and in the unfailing southerly breeze after, nightfall, and we repeat that we are not miserable. But this assurance answers only for ourselves, and will not answer for our country friends. To many of them we feel constrained to say that neither chills and fever, nor mosquitoes, nor feather-beds, nor that fearful abyss of dyspepsia, known as "country fare," have power to tempt us from this wicked, man-made city of shaded pavements, and ice-carts, and bathing-tubs. To others we can only say how happy we could be with you either by hill-side or sea-side, listening to the roar of the breakers or to the sighing of the wind through the primeval forests—in the real presence of nature and her consoling beauty—instead of sighing over the fancied flutter of leaf and blossom as our pen travels across this rustling sheet.

We did, notwithstanding ice-carts and bathing-tubs, find ourselves, one bright afternoon not long ago, on an actual 3.35 train, and in due time behind veritable ponies of no unworthy pedigree, whirling from the banks of the river which is the hereditary boast of every true New Yorker, far out of reach of city sounds or the iron realities of the railroad. A quiet country-house, neither Gothic, nor Grecian, nor grotesque—a plain and substantial homestead, adapted to all seasons, and in all equally the abode of comfort and hospitality—receives us, weary of

brick and mortar, and pleased as a child at the novelties of stream, and meadow, and woodland. Here, as we sit in the cool after sunset hours, looking down the green valley beyond the lawn, we watch the deepening shadows of the hills, and forget that there is any world beyond them. We are three in all: our host and our hostess, and the Easy Chair planted lovingly between them. The transition from the jar of city life to such a scene acts upon the strained nerves and the overworked brain like the first return of sleep to the fever-stricken frame. It assures the senses of their capacity for repose, and the assurance is of itself a sort of rapture. We rejoice at being in the country, not cooped in the cells of some mammoth shanty at a watering-place, nor imprisoned in the upholstered grandeur of the guest chamber of a suburban villa, but purely and simply in the country among the milk-pails and the currant-bushes.

"And yet," says a voice at our elbow, "I have seen more than one man of business seat himself in this porch and confess, by look and gesture if not by word, that he thought the country, pure and simple, a great bore. The first sober sleep after the delirium of town life is refreshing, no doubt, but when the fatigue which drove you to the country is slept off, you feel cured both of the mischief and of your mistrust of the city, and you long to be again under its whip and spur. Let no man fancy that he can round off a business career in South Street or Front Street with an Arcadian retirement, unless he cultivates, every day of his life, among ledgers and invoices, the spirit and temper in which alone he can find in it rest and satisfaction, and not mere rust and vegetation. Even we who fancy ourselves acclimated to the unmixed inland atmosphere must needs have at times a wider horizon than this hill-girt valley for our view, and must quicken and brace our vital energies by a plunge into the maelstrom of city life. After all, we are more dependent on you than you are upon us."

"Forsworn!" says a sweeter voice at our other elbow. "Would you believe that this is the same swain who wrote for me, not long ago, a string of verses which he declared embodied a pure picture of happiness, drawn from unmixed rural traits and images. Shall I sing it, and shame him back to his allegiance to Nature?"

"Let us have it, by all means," demands the Easy Chair, "and give to the tired laborer of the city at least the pleasing delusion that this dream of happiness, which only August brings him, is not all a delusion."

So the lady sings, our host meanwhile silenced into consent, and hardly hiding, under the honeysuckle which shades his face, the pleasure that the poet feels when even his simplest lines are sung by the lips he loves best:

I WOOED HER IN THE SUMMER MONTHS.

I wooed her in the summer months,
When all the world was gay,
And on the hillside, in the sun,
The yellow harvest lay,
And late, across the level lawns,
The twilight met the day.

Together, in the garden-walks,
At early morn we went;
Together, in the deep green groves,
The drowsy noontide spent;
And in the evening watched how well
The sunset glories blent.

The flowers I knew that first she chose,
I planted in the spring;
The birds that most she loved I lured
Around my roof to sing;
And when the harvest moon was full
I bought the wedding-ring.

Oh happy morn! The trysting-oak
Hung o'er the orchard gate,
I waited for her in the shade—
I had not long to wait;
And by the altar soon we spoke
The simple words of fate.

Here in the vale we learn to live,
We seek no higher art;
For us life's winter shall not want
The sunshine of the heart;
Nor yonder, where the cypress waves,
Shall we be far apart.

THIS business-like letter, with the Washington post-mark, self-sealed, self-important, semi-official, must at last be opened. We had pushed it aside, covered it with newspapers and manuscript, edged it toward the waste basket—hoping faintly that the law of gravitation might seize it with irresistible downward grasp, and engulf it in that capacious outlet to oblivion. But it was hoping against hope, and against destiny. The letter comes persistently uppermost, and demands a hearing. We confess to the thought, fathered by a decided wish to the same effect, as we reluctantly break the yellow continuity of envelope, that it would have been much better if, instead of taking its departure from the immediate vicinity of the Dead-letter Office, it had ended its career as mailable matter in that limbo of lost epistles—that chaos of misdirections and bad spelling. But why? Simply and solely because we have a healthy horror of all Washington correspondence. We had rather have a correspondent in Cathay. We are content to accept the great movements at the capital—executive, legislative, or judicial—at the end of the telegraph wires, without reference to the wire-pulling which went before and assisted them into shape. When General Bouncer actually gets the mission to St. Petersburg, and "realizes" the outfit, we are willing to rest satisfied in the calm assurance that we are not to be left unrepresented at the court of the Czar, and to wish our departing envoy the safest of journeys and the most successful round of dinners and diplomacy. But if Bouncer does not get the mission, we can afford to dispense with the solution of the problem why he does not; and we are absolutely indifferent as to the great question of veracity between the President and Bouncer which is involved in his failure, and which is to affect the destinies of generations yet unborn. So, to, if—in the terse and epigrammatic dispatches to the Associated Press—we get a graphic, as well as telegraphic, summary, such as Cæsar might have telegraphed from Gaul or the Rubicon, announcing the grand result of the last bedroom skirmish between the representatives of the rival factions of the fierce Democracy, we add it to our memories of the heroic achievements of our countrymen, and so blend its incidents with the traditions of Chippewa, Cerro Gordo, Buena Vista, and their kindred fields of fame, that our mental capacity is exhausted, and we absolutely skip over the cards of the high contending parties in the next day's newspapers attesting their own prowess, and have no eye for the columns of conflicting correspondence which claim the victory for their respective champions. If we are to change the seat of government let us have it here, where we shall be delivered from the Washington letter-writer, the *chiffonier* of the press.

To be sure he does the best he can, and we are not casting any aspersion upon him; but we like to have his basket emptied somewhere else than within range of our immediate organism. The little whiffs of corruption over the wires give a sufficient scent of the national scandals. Until we seek to probe them with some patriotic motive, and for some public benefit, we prefer no nearer acquaintance, and regard the whole system of Washington correspondence very much as we do the National Hotel epidemic—its sources are enveloped in mystery, but its effects are plainly poisonous.

Thus moralizing—the open letter suspended, meanwhile, in our reluctant hand—we forget the text of our discourse until our peroration brings us back suddenly to the starting-point. The sheet unfolds before our eyes, and we discover that we are threatened with the epidemic in its mildest form. Our correspondent belongs to no corps, and is attached to no organ of public opinion. He is a private, and not a public writer of letters, and his communication is of the most confidential character:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR AND FATHER-CONFESSOR,—I acknowledge it, with my pen in my hand, and with tears in my eyes! It is true, and I will not add denial to disgrace. I have been an OFFICE-SEEKER. I came here for an office, and here have I waited from the fourth day of March until this day, an office-seeker still, and nothing else, until—and here, believe me, that I find in this avowal a lower deep of degradation—I have become an OFFICE-HOLDER. Let me confess. You know my tendencies as a politician. I was always one, from that first leader in the *Bogville Trumpet*, in the campaign of 1840—in which I established beyond controversy that Colonel Johnson did actually kill Tecumseh, and that General Harrison was not present at the Battle of Tippecanoe—down through every succeeding contest, local or national, to the last. I never asked for nor wanted a place for myself, and when I went into the canvass, and stumped my native State for Buchanan, I did it, I will not say out of pure patriotism, but as a matter of course, and without a thought beyond the success of my party. You are probably aware that we did succeed—and what then? My evil genius tempted me in the form of a Collectorship. It was vacant, for the incumbent died just about the time of the election. It was moderately lucrative, and was just the place for me. My friends said I ought to have it. Stripe, the editor of the *Trumpet*, and our leading man in the party, never says much, but he has a wink which we all look up to and respect; and when I broached the subject to him, he winked in the most encouraging and satisfactory manner. Now, Easy Chair, I am not going to tire you out by going through a description of the process by which this coveted office gradually grew to be the desire of my heart, inseparably linked with those visions in which, in common, I suppose, with all young men, I too indulged, and which in my particular case may be specified as the Future, Fame, and Fanny. Suffice it to say that when I went up to the Inauguration in company with Stripe, I was fairly in training as a competitor for this prize, and, as soon as the Cabinet was organized, I went to the Secretary of the Exterior, on whom I had some claims on the score of family connexion, stated my case and my claims, and asked his influence. The Secretary charmed me by his manners. He took a deep interest in the state of crops in our part of the country, and made several inquiries as to the number of inhabitants in Bogville, and other matters of local interest there, which inspired me with a profound sense of the comprehensive grasp of his mind. He promised to aid me, and took a prodigious pinch of snuff. This emboldened me to seek an interview with the President, who, by a remarkable coincidence, made very much the same inquiries as the Secretary respecting the state of our crops and population, a circumstance which led me to infer that the affairs of Bogville were occupying no small share of the attention of the Executive, and that I could not be overlooked in the scrutiny. I went to the hotel and reported progress to Stripe. He winked for several seconds with his left eye, indicative of assured confidence and a calm conviction of success. So I went to bed happy, and dreamed that I was planting corn around the Bogville Custom-house, and taking the census of its inhabitants arm in arm with Fanny.

"The next day I expected my commission, but it did not arrive. I waited a week, a fortnight, and then consulted Stripe. He was on the eve of departure, having been mysteriously occupied with the delegation from our Congressional District, and had but a moment to spare, but there was encouragement, and I may say certainty, in his wink, and he left by the next train.

"About noon of the following day I began to feel that I was an office-seeker. It had never occurred to me before. The sensation came over me like the first chilling premonition of an ague fit. I was requested to settle my bill to date—the tone of the request revealed its motive—and as I pulled out my purse and paid the clerk, I felt that with the fifty dollars which he called for I parted with all my self-respect. Every man in the house knew my errand; every eye was upon me, morning, noon, and night; every other office-seeker recognized me as his fellow, and hated me for my pretensions; and even in the tipping of the whips of the hackney-coachmen, as I stepped from the hotel-door to the sidewalk, there was something that looked as if they were pointing me out as an object of derision.

"I fled from the place? No. I could not fly; I was chained to it by a fascination which I can not fathom or describe. The expected office held me as its victim, and would not let me go. Day after day wore away, and I began to hold up my head again. I made acquaintances with my companions in the hope of patronage; and, miserable tidewaiters that we were, we sat together and watched for the moving of the waters, and counted our chances and made wagers as to our prospects. I felt my manhood wasting away under this wretched probation; but my vision had become so intently fixed on the single point of my desire, that every other object was obscured, and my whole existence turned on this single point.

"I was summoned at last to the Department of the Exterior. The Secretary was as affable as ever, and held out his hand and his snuff-box in the most fraternizing manner.

"'There was a batch of appointments put through at the Cabinet meeting this morning,' said the Secretary, 'and yours among them.'

"The news did not thrill me. I took it as quietly as if he had asked about the crops again. I had lost even the capacity of satisfaction at my own success. Three months before, and this announcement would have brought my heart to my

mouth, and to my imagination the whole Future, every thing of Fame, the *tout ensemble* of Fanny. I was alarmed at my own apathy.

"'To be sure,' he went on to say, after a liberal pinch, 'it isn't exactly what you asked for—in fact, quite a different sort of affair. But I suppose it is all one to you; we have to do the best thing we can, and, bless me! to a young man like you, a Consulship is a hundred per cent. better than a Collectorship at Bogville.'

"'A Consulship! Do you mean to say, Judge—?'

"'I mean to say, my dear North, that the place you asked for was promised by the President, six weeks ago, to somebody else, and filled yesterday, and there is a prejudice, you know, against putting two men in the same office at once. They do such things in New York, but we manage it differently here. Besides, nobody ever gets the place he asks for; and this is the first lesson in these matters, which the veteran beggars (no offense to you, North) understand so perfectly, that they make a point of applying for some office they do not want, in the hope of getting some office that they do want. Because a man does not get a seat in the Cabinet, it does not follow that he may not be sent to Kansas as Governor and Dictator. In your case, by way of compensation and special favor, you are appointed Consul at the port of Girgenti.'

"The Furies! This was a blow which at once annihilated me, or rather the counterfeit office-seeking substitute for myself which had usurped the place of my better nature, and the shock brought back my stray senses.

"My punishment was just, and I accepted it. I swallowed the disappointment without a wry face, and took my destiny as if it had been a joke. The indignation with which at first I intended to reject the proffered office was lulled into silence by the thought which flashed across my mind, Why not carry out the joke, and avail myself of this grand excuse to see the world? If I can not be a Collector to please myself, why not be a Consul to please—nobody?

"'Only, my dear Judge, can you give me the faintest idea where Girgenti is?'

"Here followed a pinch which might have suited the nose of Slawkenbergius.

"'Upon my word—why really, it is in Portugal, or Spain, or Italy, is it not? Certainly it is somewhere. You ought to know, if any body, as you are Consul there. Go into the next office and consult the encyclopedias, there are two of them—and North, by the way, have you got any tobacco about you—fine cut?'

"'I am sorry to say that I have not,' I replied, 'but I have got a small box of blue pills, capital correctives. Will they do just as well?'

"The secretary did not take; he rarely takes any jokes except his own; so we shook hands and parted. I got to the bottom of the stairs before it occurred to me that I had not asked him the name of my successful rival. I went back, but it was too late. The statesman was deep in dispatches relating to the great case of reprisals for the capture of two lobster cars on the coast of Cape Cod by the crew of the British smack *Luncheon*, and 'No admittance' stood out as if in letters of white chalk on the countenance of the grave gentleman of color who kept guard at the door. I must ascertain at once who is Collector of Bogville. What grieves me most of all in the matter is the disappointment which I know my old friend Stripe will feel, and my utter loss of confidence in his winks. This is a severe blow. I have followed Stripe's wink as my guiding star. It has been a beacon in my darkest hours. And now it is no more than the wink of any body else. It would only twitch to bewilder, and twitter to blind. I can not even submit to him the question which perplexes me—Shall I go and see the world under cover of this proffered parchment? What do you advise, most sagacious Easy Chair? To hear is to obey.

"And do you know where Girgenti is?

"Yours, penitently and inquisitively,

"WESTERN NORTH.

"P.S.—I have discovered all; treason has done its worst. It is *Stripe himself who has been appointed Collector of Bogville.* Who could have believed it! My eyes are opened, my trunk is packed, and my mind is made up. I will demand satisfaction for every wink—no, for that final and most perfidious one with which he left me to my fate and went off with the Presidential promise in his own favor. I will practice with hair-triggers at eyelids, and if I can get a side-shot at the Collector, and take his off close under the eyebrows, I shall feel that I have done the State some service. Again I ask, do you know where Girgenti is? W. N."

Do we know where Girgenti is? Do we know the land, not of the myrtle and orange, but of the cactus and the palm, where from beneath the shadow of Etna roll the wide valleys studded with olive and asphodel, past the central peaks which thrust their wild and jagged fronts against the warm sky, to the broad slopes which meet the Southern sea; the land which, in all its circle of beauty shows no brighter gem than the clustered temples of Agrigentum? There, on the extreme verge of Sicily, the Greeks built their city, how grand and how beautiful, the relics, which two thousand years have spared, still attest, and fortunate is he whom the chances of travel may have led to rest under their sculptured shade on some Sabbath noontide, flooded with the Southern sunlight, to gaze from the dark background of the modern city with its crowded roofs and towers, across the rolling verdure which skirts its ancient walls, to the white line of sand and the whiter line of breakers, marking with foam and spray, and with the ceaseless roar of ocean, the limit of the shore fading away into the blue waves of the African sea, and then to the silent and stately forms with which the hand of Grecian art has crowned the intervening slopes, and which, in all their long widowhood of decay and solitude, have never lost their early dower of beauty.

We advise you to accept the consulate by all means. It will be worth about thirty-five dollars and fifty cents a year, but in the mean time the Consul will enjoy himself there and elsewhere in the Old World. You had better give the benefit of the doubt to the commission, which will serve as a convenient passport abroad. The Future can be postponed; Fame blows no bubbles brighter or more golden-hued than does fortune for the adventurous traveler; if Fanny is worth having, she is worth waiting for, and all the intervening waves of the broad Atlantic will not lessen her constancy. We dispatch you, therefore, to Girgenti with the best wishes of an Easy Chair, counseling you to moderate your wrath against the faithless Stripe and reserve your musings upon the ingratitude of Republics for the quiet and seclusion of those ancient shrines, and hoping that we may hear from

you occasionally from the midst of that Sicilian atmosphere, more congenial to the tastes of the Easy Chair and its surrounding listeners than any odors wafted from Willard's or the National.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Was it on our way to Dole that we parted company last month? Well, it shall be at Dole that we take up again the thread of our summer ramblings. We find our portmanteau waiting us at the *Hôtel de France*. Nobody tarries at Dole; Switzerland and the Juras are too near. So we restock our knapsack, ticket our portmanteau for Geneva, and set off up the hillsides, from whose tops we shall see, one way, the Juras, and the other, the wide-stretching Burgundian vineyards.

Poplars fringe the canals we see; men, women, and horses are tugging at overladen barges; cattle are grazing on soft meadow country; and the air is as quiet as our sweetest June days at home.

We lunch at a little town—no matter where—on deal table, and we have Gruyère cheese; coarse, but sweet bread; and such a *flaçon* of Burgundy as none of your city restaurants can boast of. A short, stout old woman, in wooden shoes, clatters about to do our waiting; and wishes us a hearty *bon voyage*, as we set off, with knapsack, to accomplish the four leagues of road which lie between us and dinner and rest, at the hill-town of Mont Sur Vaudry.

From time to time some traveling Mr. Popkins and Mrs. Popkins, and a whole family of little Popkinses, dash past us in a post-coach; or some train of *roulage* wagons bear us company, and we chat with the stout drivers, in their blue smock-shirts; and always the green, smiling meadows are there behind us, and always the blue hills rising before us.

But—more definitely—what do we see? What aspect have those French farm-houses we pass? They are substantially built of stone, and perhaps stuccoed; they are convenient in interior arrangements; but rarely does our eye fall upon the prettily-thatched roofs, the embowering vines, the rich shade-trees, the encircling bit of turf, the scattered flowers, or the latticed windows, which belong to an English farm-house.

Add to this the unattractiveness of the situation—upon the middle of some broad plain, in place of those quiet nooks or pleasant knolls which belong to English landscape, and the contrast is even stronger.

Again, the French farmery, in most situations, has few or no hedges. Its offices are all thrown together, within one common inclosure of high walls. From the road you enter by a large gateway into a slattern court, about which carts are dropped here and there, and poultry scratching in the accumulated dirt; and swine, perhaps, nosing the edges of a stagnant, slimy pool in the middle. On one side of the farm-court we see the doors and windows of the tenant's home; its walls white, where not befouled with dirt; its roof of heavy red tiles, and its chimneys squat, stiff, and cumbrous.

There is, perhaps, a straggling grape-vine fastened above the door, bearing promise of a few clusters of golden chasselas; but no violets, no rose-trees, no morning-glory. The sun shines hotly on the red roof, on the white walls, and on the pool in the middle of the court.

Sheds of timber, covered with tiles, stretch around another side of the quadrangle for the cattle, and the best-constructed implements. A barn and granary, of similar material and architectural features, form another side of the court; and the entrance-gate, with its flanking walls, makes up the fourth. In more pretending establishments the farm-house stands at a short remove from the farm-court, and connects with it by a little wing thrown back upon the offices. The garden adjoins the inclosure, with its skirt of fruit trees stragglingly disposed, except in the orchard provinces of France (as Normandy and Brittany), where their disposition is neat and beautiful.

Fences, in the plain country we have come over, are exceedingly rare—neither hedge, ditch, nor wall; and the border lines of farms or estates are designated by stiff rows of poplars, or mere ridges of turf.

As for the villages we have come upon and passed, they are no way like American villages; no white-painted houses with green blinds, and cherry-trees before the door. We have been walking along a straight macadamized thoroughfare, very broad, very hard, and—if there has been no recent rain—very dusty, perhaps. We have been looking out over waving fields of grain, or the fluttering leaves of vineyards—listening, maybe, to a merry laugh or a merry song coming from the vineyard-workers, when we see before us, between the lines of poplars, the belfry of a church, and we know a village is at hand.

Shortly after, when the belfry has come and gone among the trees, and come again, we reach a little white, low-walled cottage, standing a dozen feet back from the road, with a slovenly yard before it, in which, perhaps, are two or three scrubby plum-trees, or possibly a St. Michael pear. In the garden at its side are two or three more. A rough-made spade or plow will very likely be lying at the gate; a child or two will look over the fence at you, and a short woman in stout *sabots* will clump to the door, and look curiously after you, shading her eyes with her hand.

The road now becomes paved with square blocks of limestone, and a paling, or a hedge of wild, uneven growth, skirts the village wayside until you come to other cottages, similar in general features to that already described.

If the village be large, the inn—which is only a more considerable cottage—will be flanked by a huge white stable, with an announcement over its door, in staring capitals, of the number of horses which can be kept there. Great piles of manure will be smoking about the entrance-gates, in the sun; and none of those economic expedients for saving and securing fertilizing material can be observed which prevail throughout Belgium and Holland.

The inn, as well as the houses around it, which make up the central portion of the village, will be immediately upon the street. The shops of such clumsy working artisans as belong to the parish are either within their houses or closely united to them, and their handicraft will make so lazy and lifeless a show that it adds but little to the bustle of the village.

There is no temptation to linger in such a place; we dot down its name; perhaps have a word with a parish priest as he saunters under the shadow of the church; perhaps taste a bit of the good woman's wine, who presides over "stabling for twenty horses," and push on, and out into the broad, open country.

And what sharpened appetite we have after the four leagues are gone over, and the firs of the hills, which were blue at noon-time, in the hazy distance, have become green, and rustle in our hearing. What dainty supper it seems, of steaming mutton and crisp salad, wetted with ruby wine!

Nor even there, on the first lift of the hills, which to-morrow will stretch under our feet into the rounded slopes of the Jura mountains, are we out of all hearing of the world. For the post-rider has left a copy of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper with our landlady, and through its columns we take the quick bustle of Paris again to our thought. There they are—those gay, streaming Boulevards, from which no summer heat can drive the crowd; they are talking round yonder *café* table of the election of Cavaignac, and of what voice the bronzed General, so long silent, will bring into the assemblage of Napoleon's law-makers. Will he take the oath? Will he abandon the ground assumed by Lamartine and the rest? Or, if the oath be taken, will he turn orator, and make speeches that smoke of treasonable freedom?

What strange gaps the French epochs open in a man's life! How silence succeeds to fame, and place grows upon silence, and then—perhaps oblivion or splendor! How Lamartine has run through the gamut of French change—quiet, brilliant, growing, atop of all; then subsiding, flashing again, going out, gone utterly, as would seem now, until death and a great funeral shall revive his splendor and remake the poet, the orator, and the hero.

So, in a lesser sense, with Cavaignac—one of the brilliant illustrations of the first Afric wars, with a great reputation as a general before the Orleans dynasty had fallen; coming into position under the Republic of 1848, by reason of his fame—wafted by *bourgeois* instinct (mingled fear and admiration) to the highest place; keeping there grandly a while; too calmly honest to bolster himself in power by the mere advantages of position; yielding all very gravely and quietly; burying himself in domestic life (with the pretty daughter of a wealthy banker); virtually removed from all military associations; his old fame as a strategist never once coming to discussion during the Crimean war; overslaughed by his juniors, the Pelissiers and Canroberts; known only as a quiet *bourgeois* gentleman, enjoying his rents and his box at the opera; and now suddenly come to light again as the representative of moderate democratic opinions. It is hard to foretell a man's destiny in France.

Who could have fancied, in the days of the first Algerine campaign, that a certain Pelissier, who burned people in a cavern, as one would smoke rats out of a hole, and who was vilified wherever the story traveled, should come to be a Duke, and wear honors from an English Queen on his bosom, and become the marital mark for a score of heiresses!

Another piece of gossip we find this night in the mountains is about the Prince Napoleon, wandering into Germany (they say) for a bride—patching up good feeling between France and Prussia by marrying a daughter of a small potentate of Germany who is in the Prussian interests. Will he marry her, or will he not? The papers bruit it variously. The older a man grows, the more capricious he is in the matter of a bride. From Germany he returns for a new run to the Art Exhibition of Manchester; and the rumor is that he is preparing a magnificent record of his northern voyage of last summer, and will give new illustration to his somewhat vagabond life by appearing in the character of a *savant*.

Another journal item worth the noting is the successful trial of a new steam-plow in the neighborhood of Paris. If only the half that is told be true, it will be worth more than a score of M'Cormick's to your prairie lands. The novelty of the invention lies in this—that the steam power is stationary, or nearly so, upon one side of the field, and the motive power is applied by means of wire ropes attached to a gang of plows, and traversing a pulley, at the far end of the field. By an ingenious application of capstans, two separate gangs of plows work at the same time in opposite directions, so that what is technically called a "land" of eight or twelve furrows in width, is finished at a *coup*. In less than ten years your Illinois corn-lands will be plowed by steam; whether this French machine (of English invention, however) is to be the successful one is quite another question.

From corn-lands we jump to India and the Brahmins; the journals we read do the same. And with what tame and quiet regrets these French gentlemen regard the British troubles in the East! There seems a glow of satisfaction underlying all their sympathy. 'Tis again an unfortunate army management. Mr. Bull has counted too much on his administrative capacity; he has too large a team, and too restive a one, for ribands of red tape. There is flouncing in the harness; somebody must get down from the box and take the cattle by the head, and *keep there*. It certainly does seem as if the French journals took a special delight in enumerating all the atrocities of the mutinous Sepoys, and in dilating upon the vast extent of country over which the disaffection has spread.

They are talking of Delhi at the concert *cafés* of the Champs Elysées, and in the Sunday groups at the Pré Catalan.

Our good landlady at Mont Sur Vaudry knows nothing of it all. We ask her what she thinks of the Sepoys?

She says, "*Plait-il?*"

We say they are murdering the British people by hundreds—butchering women and children.

"*Mon Dieu!* what devils they must be! And is that in London, Monsieur?"

"No, not in London, but India."

"Ah, *aux Indes, vraiment! Sacre bleu!* They make shawls there, Monsieur. *N'est ce pas? Beaux, superbes!*"

'Tis all the good woman knows of India.

Presently her sabots go clattering out, and we mount the stone stair-way to our chamber; and with platoons of Sepoys marshaled rank upon rank in our thoughts, we drop asleep.

Sunrise in the city—sunrise at Newport or Saratoga even—is a mythical epoch; but in the country, with Burgundian grain-fields lying like a sheet of mist behind us, and the sharp teeth of fir forests biting into the blue sky before us, it is real and gorgeous. What exhilaration! What a bounding of the pulse! How bravely we battle with the dews! What a feather of a knapsack!

The man who walks in Switzerland without preparing his foot and his eye by a traverse of the Juras loses a third. Between Poligny and Geneva lies the vestibule of the temple. You grow reverent as you thread the edges of the precipices of Le Blet; you give a mountain teaching to your foot.

Remember that we are out of reach now of that

spreading grain-land and of those vineyard slopes where we saw the compact French farmeries, and rambled through French villages. The balconies of Switzerland have begun to appear before we have crossed the frontier even; and unpainted fir-wood, browned with rains, has given place to stone and stucco. We see little patches of hemp, or maize, or oats, and emerald meadows far below us in hollows of the hills, where the peasants cut three crops of grass in the year. Through the fir-boughs that skirt the road we can see them raking five hundred feet below us; and so near to the foot of the limestone rock upon whose crest the road is trailing, that we could roll a boulder upon them.

Not once only, but over and over again, do we traverse such hanging pathway, and look down upon such Arcadian quietude in the valleys.

You have been at our Springs of Sharon (in Schoharie County), and wondered and enjoyed in scanning the hill masses, and the valley distances, and river mist-clouds that swell, and simmer, and float before you. Well—here, where we walk this summer's day, we look down upon such hills as those of Sharon; they seem valleys to us; their rounded slopes are fringed with forests, and brooks that talk like rivers rattle past their hems, and shine, far away, like silver cables binding up a vast motley of rock and green.

And as we trail, lo, between a cleft curtained to the right and to the left with pine-trees, we catch glimpses of the coming country of snows—a spot of blue, which is a lake; a misty foreground of green, which is a pastoral; a jagged, ghostly line of horizon, which is an epic—Mont Blanc its Achilles, Geneva its Troy.

Editor's Drawer.

"A COMIC paper is what we have not, and yet we need it greatly," said a gentleman sitting near us, to his friend in the car. "I like a good laugh now and then, and am willing to pay for it."

"I, too," replied his friend; "and I'll tell you where I always find it, with nothing to offend good morals or manners. I read the Drawer, in *Harper's Magazine;* and just such a department in *Harper's Weekly*, called 'Things Wise and Otherwise.' The matter is rich and racy, the humor always delicate, and I never find any thing to raise a blush on the cheek of the purest, or to hurt the feelings of the most fastidious."

"True; and there is quite as much in them as you could expect in a *comic* paper, while they are free from the coarseness and vulgarity that render most of these 'funny' papers unfit to be taken into the family circle."

"It is a good rule never to have a paper or a magazine in the house that you can not read aloud, every word of it, in the midst of the social group; being sure that no innuendo, no indelicate or profane word, will ever soil the innocence of childhood or make maiden modesty drop its eyelid."

We were sitting near while this conversation was going on, and made a note of it. The reader of *Harper* had caught the spirit and aim of the Drawer. Out of its repository we bring things new and old, genial and pleasant. It is good to be merry and wise. We are fond of good things, and there are millions of other people fond of the same, and for them we are willing to gather up the unconsidered trifles, light as air, that float along the stream of life, that sparkle on the bosom of society, flash at the dinner-table, and amuse the convivial hour of those who enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." But we would not soil these pages with a quip or turn that virtue would not love to hear, or crack a joke at which innocence would not clap its hands.

The Drawer draws largely on its friends abroad for its supplies, and is always, like Oliver, asking for more. A gem of verse, a *bon mot* that wins a smile on the brow of care or smooths a wrinkle on the face of age, will find its way to more readers in these pages than through the medium of any other magazine in the wide world. The Drawer, therefore, always welcomes its friends, and gives them a good seat at table. The one who tells the best story is the most welcome.

We are sorry to hear that our friend Lossing, author of the "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," whose Histories have been so widely popular, has fallen under the displeasure of a School Committee out West. A correspondent writes that the Board of Education in one of the towns in Hamilton County, Ohio, had the subject of school-books before them, and, among others, the sub-committee reported in favor of adopting Lossing's "Pictorial History of the United States."

The Board was almost unanimously Democratic in politics, and one of the members of that party opposed the report of the committee, saying:

"Gentlemen, I have examined this book clean through, and I find it unfit to be placed in the hands of the youth of this rapidly-growing, fast-improving, A No. 1 township; for, Mr. Chairman, this history is decidedly one-sided in politics, and agin the Democrats. Here, you see, is a picter of Colonel Frémont, and there ain't so much as a shadow of a picter of the great Buchanan, the President of these United States! Gentlemen of this School Board, can you adopt, for your children to study every day, a book which has the injustice to omit the portrait of Old Buck? Gentlemen, I move that the book be thrown under the table."

Other members of the committee protested that they knew Mr. Lossing to be a good Democrat; they even offered to write to him, and have a portrait of the illustrious President Buchanan inserted in a new edition of the History; but the motion prevailed, and the Democrats voted a good book, by one of their own party, out of the school, by a large majority. By-the-way, it was an ancient edition this sensitive gentleman got hold of. The later editions have Old Buck as natural as life.

Colonel Williams, a gallant officer from New Orleans, tells the following capital story of himself, and a friend who heard it sends it to the Drawer:

The Colonel was on a visit to the North, and at a large dinner-party in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He was almost a stranger to the company, both ladies and gentlemen, but his agreeable manners secured him a home reception, and he was quite at ease among his new acquaintance. "At dinner," says the Colonel, "I was seated opposite to a young and very accomplished lady, who remarked, in the course of conversation:

"'Surely, Sir, you can not have resided very long at the South, your complexion is so very fair?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I am a creole of Louisiana.'

"Instantly every one around me was startled, conversation flagged, and all eyes were turned

upon poor me, utterly unconscious of having said or done any thing to attract so much attention. I knew not what to make of it, till the lady remarked again, with a long breath:

"'Well, Sir, I declare—I beg your pardon, Sir—but I would certainly have taken you for a white man!'

"My face burned like fire, and for a while I was silent in my confusion; but recovering myself, I asked the young lady what she supposed the word *creole* meant?

"'Why, black, or yellow, Sir, I don't know which; and it don't make much difference.'

"I then explained to her and the company, greatly to their relief, that *creole* means *native*, and has no reference to color or race; that creole horses and creole cows are as commonly spoken of as creole men; and that I was white 'to the manner born.'"

"The following beautiful poem, of only three verses, was written by a gentleman of Lancaster County, Virginia, who was born blind, and never had the advantages of education. Is it worthy of a place in the Drawer?"

Certainly; and a gem it is.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Deep in a wood's sequestered shade,
A weary wood-nymph slept one day;
It chanced a wild bird thither strayed,
And o'er her warbled forth his lay.

"Sweet bird!" the waking maiden said,
"One gift on thee will I bestow;"
Then sung the warbler, "O'er me shed
Some newer strain than e'er before."

The wood-nymph paused—"Go, sing thy choice;
No strain to thee shall be denied!"—
And now that mimic bird hath voice
To imitate all birds beside.

Our wife, a few days since, observed that Bridget—the lately-arrived young lady who boards with us and assists in housework—was cleaning the mouth-piece of the speaking-tube, and being pleased to see her attentive to such a matter without being told, praised her for so doing. To these kind observations Bridget replied, "Oh, yes, ma'am, and now you can spake a *clane* word, ma'am!"

"Nothing to Wear." That capital hit at the feminine follies of the times, since it made its appearance in *Harper's Weekly*, has been published in various places and forms, and has already taken its place in the successful and living literature of the age. The *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, in speaking of it, says:

"It is well known to those who are in turn well known to Stewart, and who stand on his books rated A No. 1, for the length of their bills, that the fitting out a young lady nowadays, for a winter season in town or a summer season at a watering-place, assimilates more nearly to preparing a vessel for a voyage around the world than any other analogous undertaking. It even exceeds in importance the latter enterprise; for, to ride the severest gale, in every variety of clime, the most prudent navigator requires but two or three sets of sails, while the reader probably knows, in his own limited circle, a score of fair dames who never launch their frail barks on the summer sea without at least two score of dresses, with laces and crinoline to match. It was a delightful trait in the character of Alfred Jingle (in the 'Pickwick Papers'), that while he had forty coats of his own in packing-cases coming around by sea, he condescended to travel with his personal luggage in a brown paper parcel, and when happening upon an unexpected merry-making, with 'nothing to wear,' he adapted himself to circumstances, and borrowed another man's coat. Miss Flora M'Flimsey was made of sterner stuff, and incapable of so monstrous a breach of the conventionalities of society."

Brown does this good story into verse for the Boston *Post:*

A gay young spark, who long had sighed
To take an heiress for his bride,
Though not in vain he had essayed
To win the favor of the maid,
Yet fearing, from his humble station,
To meet her father's cold negation,
Made up his mind, without delay,
To take the girl and run away!
A pretty plan—what could be finer?—
But as the maid was yet a minor,
There still remained this slight obstruction:
He might be punished for "abduction!"
Accordingly, he thought it wise
To see the 'squire and take advice—
A cunning knave who loved a trick
As well as fees, and skilled to pick,
As lawyers can, some latent flaw
To help a client cheat the law.
Before him straight the case was laid,
Who, when the proper fee was paid,
Conceived at once a happy plan,
And thus the counselor began:
"Young man, no doubt your wisest course
Is this: to-night you get a horse,
And let your lady love get on;
As soon as ever that is done,
You get on too—but, hark ye! mind
She rides before; *you* ride *behind;*
And thus, you see, you make it true,
The lady runs away with you!"
That very night he got the horse,
And put the lawyer's plan in force;
Who found next day—no laughing matter—
The truant lady was his daughter.

MORAL.

When lawyers counsel craft and guile,
It may, sometimes, be worth the while,
If they'd avoid the deepest shames,
To ascertain the parties' names.

You can't buy nothing in New Orleans, or most Southern and Western cities, for less than a "picayune," or six-and-a-quarter cents. I was amused at a little incident which I saw on board one of the Western boats. A man from the North tried to pass ten coppers upon a "sucker," a native of Illinois, for a dime.

"What be they?" inquired the sucker, in unfeigned ignorance.

"I calculate they are cents," replied the Northerner; "can't you read?"

"I reckon not," said the other; "and what's more, old boss, I allow I don't want to. What is cents, mister?"

"I vow to the judges," said the Northerner, "you are worse than the heathen! Cents is money, 'sartin! Ten of them are worth one dime. Can't you see? it says 'E Pluribus Unum'—that's the Latin for 'Hail Columbia'—and here, it's inscribed 'one cent.'"

"Look here," responded the sucker, putting the thumb of his hand into his ear, and inclining his fingers forward, "you may run a saw on a Hoosier

or a Wolverine, but I'm blamed if you Yankee me with that contusive stuff!"

The Rev. Dr. Patton, of our city, has a way of his own in saying smart things, sparing neither friends nor foes, and sometimes hitting hard enough to leave a broad mark.

Some years since, when he was in England, he rode on the mail-coach from Oxford up to London. His fellow-travelers were a Fellow of the University, and the Rev. Dr. Shepherd, of Blackheath, and one more, a stranger. The Fellow soon perceived from Dr. P.'s conversation with Dr. S. that the former was from America, and then entered upon a course of inquiry, on this wise:

Fellow. "As I have never met with so intelligent an American before, I should be happy to ask you a few questions about your country."

Dr. P. "In my country I pass for only about a third or fourth-rate man; but I shall be most happy to answer your inquiries to the best of my abilities."

The Fellow then made extended queries relative to climate, rivers, roads, canals, commerce, manufactures, etc., which were answered to his satisfaction; and then he added, "There is one question more which I should like to ask, but I fear it may not fall in with your own predilections."

Dr. P. "Out with it, Sir; it will harm no one, I presume."

Fellow. "The inquiry is this: Do you think your present form of government will stand, or that your people will not soon require a King?"

Dr. P. "Well, Sir, that is indeed a question that does not fall in with my predilections, for I am a thorough Republican. Still, I have no objections to answer your question frankly. It is my opinion, to which I have come after much reflection, that we shall eventually have a King."

Fellow. "I am sure of it—I am sure of it! but I never yet have seen an American who was willing to admit it. Will you favor me with the reasons on which you found your opinion, for I have no doubt they are good ones?"

Dr. P. "I think they are good ones, and I will frankly state them to you. They are these: I read in the Bible that when Israel was a virtuous people, God governed them generally with judges of their own choosing; but when they became a corrupt and degraded people, *God in wrath gave them a King!* As we are rapidly importing European manners and corrupt customs into the United States, I greatly fear that we shall degenerate until God will treat us as he has the degraded nations of Europe, and give us a King!"

The Fellow grew suddenly red in the face, and would have made fight, but the laugh of his neighbors was so hearty that he had to join in it, and soon he managed to say, "Well, you have taught me one lesson to-day that I shall never forget."

Dr. P. "And, pray, what may that be? for it is very rare an Englishman will admit that he learns any thing from an American."

Fellow. "I have learned to let the Yankees alone, and not to meddle with their peculiar matters."

Dr. P. "Thank you, Sir. But allow me to say that you are rather slow scholars, for we certainly taught you that lesson at Bunker Hill."

Fellow. "I see that you are incorrigible."

Dr. P. "And that's the way of our people."

On another visit to England Dr. P. was invited to meet a number of clerical gentlemen at dinner at the house of a wealthy layman in London. Some twenty persons were present. The dinner was luxurious and the wines abundant; but Dr. P., being a strict temperance man, declined drinking any of them. This brought on a *spirited* discussion. In the course of it some bottles of Hock were brought on, when a tall clergyman—the high priest he was sometimes called—with a long red nose and a ruby face, arose, and seizing a bottle, said,

"Dr. P., look here—this is *Hock*. You can not decline it, I am sure, Sir."

"That I can," replied Dr. P. "I learned to do so when I was a boy at the grammar-school—*Hic, Hæc, Hoc*."

Then lifting up a glass of cold water, he said:

"To your special health. I pledge you in the wine of Eden; we read that it was *well* watered."

A general laugh sustained the Doctor, and the dinner went on. New wines were brought, and toward the close of the feast, when they had all well drunk, the same man with a red nose, now somewhat redder, seizing a bottle of very peculiarly red wine, exclaimed:

"Dr. P., Dr. P., can not I tempt you with this?"

"Hark, brethren!" said Dr. P., "what language is this? *Tempt* me! I hope this brother is not a lineal descendant of a celebrated personage who entered the Garden of Eden to *tempt*. Pardon me if I am admonished by Adam's example not to yield to the temptation!"

The Rev. Dr. Backus, of Bethlehem, Connecticut, was a man of power as well as of eccentricity. He had a habit of dropping the thread of his discourse, and delivering himself of any thought that suddenly struck him. Thus, throwing up his spectacles, and leaning his elbows on the Bible and his chin on his hands, he would break out:

"Scandal! I'll tell you what scandal is! Brother Smith has heard something about Brother Jones, but it was told to him under a pledge of great secrecy; and he finds it so hard to keep it all alone that he tries to find some one to help him, and he imparts it to neighbor Jennings, and it proves too weighty for their united capacities to bear, and they soon manage to share it with Brother Fraser; and so it spreads from one to another till at last Polly Downs hears of it, and then, whew! away it goes, and every body knows it. And that's scandal."

Dr. Backus was afterward President of Hamilton College, New York. While taking an evening stroll he saw a student out of the grounds, and describing curiously circular figures in his unsuccessful attempts to navigate on dry land. The boy was drunk. The president opened the gate, and coming upon the student, who, in his haste, had measured his length upon the grass, the doctor laid hold of him, and swinging him over his shoulder, marched off in triumph with his burden. The youngster was sobered by the fright, and knowing full well into whose hands he had fallen, roared out piteously,

"Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui plenum?"—"Oh, Bacchus, whither dost thou bear me full of thee?"

The President humored the joke, and let him off gently.

Coleridge was admiring a water-fall in England when he overheard a well-dressed stranger

saying to his companion, "*It is a majestic* waterfall!" The poet was so delighted with the epithet he could not resist turning round and saying, "Yes, Sir, it *is* majestic; you have hit the expression; it is better than fine, sublime, or beautiful." The unknown critic, flattered by the compliment, pursued his strain of admiration on this wise: "Yes, I really think it is the *majestickest, pertiest thing of the kind* I ever saw!"

"Susan," said the man of the house to his maid-servant, "why do your church-people have such noisy times in your meetings? It seems to me not very becoming in a Christian assembly."

"Why, Sir, the Bible bids us to."

"The Bible!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where?"

"Why the prophet says, 'Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet,' which means that we should holler in meeting, if I know the Bible."

"H-e-m! Yes, Susan, that passage has not happened to occur to my mind in that light. Thank you for the idea. But to change the subject, Susan—I want you, the next time you go to meeting, to take a dose of ipecac."

"Me take a dose of ipecac!"

"Yes, that's what I say."

"Ipecac, Sir? I'm not sick."

"Perhaps not, but you ought to take it."

"But why so, Sir?"

"Because the Bible says you should, Susan."

"The Bible says I should take ipecac!"

"Why not exactly, Susan, but it says that you ought to take an emetic of some kind: I merely mention ipecac because it is the mildest and safest."

"What *do* you mean, Sir?"

"I'll tell you, Susan. The same prophet whom you quoted just now as enjoining upon God's people the duty of halloaing in meeting, says also, 'Cast ye up! Cast ye up!'"

"So he does, Sir."

"And that means 'take an emetic,' don't it?"

"Oh, Sir, how can you talk so?"

"I can't, Susan! But why shouldn't I, when you say that the command you just quoted makes halloaing, and screaming, and shouting in religious meetings a duty?"

"Dear me, Sir, there's the baby crying; I *must* go, this minute."

On the bank of the Hudson River, in one of the villages that dot its shores, a lot of idlers were standing, seeing which could throw stones the farthest into the stream. A tall, raw-boned, slab-sided Yankee, and no mistake, came up and looked on. For a while he said nothing till a fellow in a green jacket, the leader of the party, a conceited broth of a boy, began to try his wit on Jonathan.

"*You can't come that*," said he, as he hurled a stone away out into the river.

"Maybe not," said Jonathan; "but up in our country we've a purty big river, considerin', and t'other day I hove a man clear across it, and he came down fair and square on the other side."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his auditors.

"Wal, naow, yew may laff, but I can do it again."

"Do what?" said the green jacket, quickly.

"I can take and heave you across that river yonder, just like open and shet."

"Bet you ten dollars of it."

"Done," said the Yankee; and drawing forth an X (upon a broken down-east bank), he covered the bragger's shinplaster.

"Kin you swim, feller?"

"Like a duck," said green jacket; and without further parley the Vermonter seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the basement of his pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort dashed the bully heels over head from the bank, some ten yards into the Hudson.

A terrible shout ran through the crowd as he floundered into the water, and amidst the jeers and screams of his companions the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

"I'll take that ten spot, if you please," said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stakeholders. "You took us for greenhorns, eh? We'll show you how to do things down here in York;" and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

"Wal, I reck'n yeou wunt take no ten spots jis' yit, captin'."

"Why? You've lost the bet."

"Not edzactly. I didn't calkilate on deuin it the first time; but I tell you I kin deu it," and in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he seized him by the scruff and the seat of his overalls, and pitched him three yards further into the river than upon the first trial!

Again the bully returned amidst the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.

"Third time never fails," said the Yankee, stripping off his coat; "I kin deu it, I tell ye."

"Hold on!" said the almost petrified victim.

"And I will deu it, if I try till to-morrow mornin'."

"I give it up!" shouted the sufferer between his teeth, which now clattered like a mad badger's; "take the money."

The Vermonter very coolly pocketed the ten spot, and as he turned away remarked:

"We ain't much acquainted with your smart folks daoun here in York, but we sometimes take the starch aout of 'em up our way; and p'raps yeou wunt try it ontu strangers agin. I reck'n yeou wunt," he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good-humor, he left the company to their reflections.

To extract amusement from such a scene of horrors as the Indian War in Oregon has revealed would seem to be a hopeless task, yet, even in the midst of alarm and bloqd, there are incidents that serve to enliven the spirits, and to make fun for the soldier in the dismals of camp and border life. A soldier's pen indites the following sketch for the Drawer:

"When the Indian stampede was at its height, the most distant white settlers along the Columbia River moved into 'Columbia City,' that they might be near and under the protection of the garrison at Fort Vancouver. In the city, which was about half a mile from the military post, a company of volunteers was enrolled, and a guard mounted daily for better protection of the citizens and their families against any sudden attack.

"One old couple who came in from their 'claim' were forced, from the scarcity of lodgings, to live in a small log-hut just without the chain of senti-

nels. While the old man was sound asleep one night, the wife, who was the better man of the two, was listening with all her ears for the sound of a coming foe. She became very fidgety toward midnight, and at last was sure that she heard somebody prowling about the premises. Then she poked the old man in the ribs, who sprang up as if an Indian's arrow had pricked him, and demanded, 'What's the matter?' To this very sensible question the old lady replied, 'That she heerd an Injun;' and the old man thereupon rose and said he would run over to the post and give them warning.

"The night was dark. The old man had seen the day when he could run better. Now he was soon out of breath; but on he pulled till, suddenly, he was challenged by the sentinel. Between his fright and his exhaustion he could not speak. The sentinel imagined him to be an enemy, fired upon him, and sent a ball through his cheek, and carried away two or three of his teeth in double-quick time. Following up this attack with a blow from his musket, he knocked the old fellow down, and called for help to secure his prisoner. The old man all this time believed himself at the mercy of an Indian, and roared for help. His anxious spouse heard the report of the gun, and now the cries of her husband, and, with the spirit of Mrs. Micawber, who would never desert her lord, she rushed out in her robes of the night, and, armed with such weapon as came handiest, hastened to the conflict. With the fury of a witch and the love of a woman, she bore down on the sentinel, whom she took for a savage murdering her husband, and dealt him such terrible blows that he was ready to yield the advantage he had already gained. Happily for his honor as a soldier, help arrived from the neighboring sentries, and the aged couple were secured, but greatly to the amusement of the company at the post, who laughed heartily over the adventure when it came to be told the next day. The good old folks were brought within the lines, and were not allowed to sleep out in so exposed a position afterward."

When S. S. Prentiss was in his glory, in the State of Mississippi, during a season of high political excitement, there was a Convention at Hernando. Mr. Prentiss was there, and set every thing ablaze with his burning eloquence and inimitable wit. As was usual, hundreds of ladies crowded the ground to hear him, and when he had concluded the welkin rang with shouts of applause. Now there was present one Dedimus Brief, Esq., an opponent, who, like the gnat in the fable, never suffered to pass unimproved an opportunity to inflict his bite on the ox's legs. He arose to reply to some of Mr. Prentiss's arguments. When Dedimus had gone through his "piece," and had given it the last finishing touch of gesticulation, peculiarly his own, he sat down, apparently exhausted. Mr. Prentiss, meanwhile, sat looking on, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, enjoying the thing hugely. At the conclusion he slowly arose, advanced to the front of the stand, intending, no doubt, to drop an admonitory hint to such thick-headed zealots, when at that moment a neighboring jackass quartered hard by "opened his mouth and spoke" long and loud. Mr. Prentiss turned his eyes in the direction of the new assailant, fairly gaped with astonishment without uttering a word for a moment, and then, ere the reverberating tones of the ass had died away, he turned to the audience, and throwing up his hand deprecatingly to his first opponent, exclaimed, "Ah! ladies and gentlemen, *another* competitor! I can't stand it!" and sat down amidst the deafening shouts of the multitude. Dedimus Brief, Esq., became thoroughly disgusted with the "vulgar Whig meeting," and withdrew.

A grave, if not reverend, correspondent writes:

"Dear Drawer,—Like your Methodist preacher who leads off in the May number, I always read the Drawer first, and now I beg to contribute an item. Many years ago, when the beautiful town of Ann Arbor, in Michigan, was but a settlement among the rich oak openings of Washtenaw, and, in the language of one of its inhabitants, 'the Huron was but a little brook,' a huge black bear startled the quiet of the place by taking his course through the settlement, and passing down into the valley of the Huron. Off started the people in pursuit, and foremost among the crowd was a fiery youth, with ruddy face and flaxen hair, who was then the *doctor* of the community, and is now a dignified professor in the State University. He seized upon a horse which was standing without saddle, and mounting in hot haste, he plunged down hill like 'Old Put;' and as the furious rider reached the banks of the river he found two boys, of whom he inquired, anxiously,

"'Have you seen the bear?'

"'Yes; he jist now swum over the river.'

"The excited doctor was so provoked at the escape that, forgetting himself for the moment, he cried, 'Why the dickens didn't you stop him?'

"The idea of stopping a bear was too much for the boys, and they roared after the doctor as he turned his horse and abandoned the pursuit."

"Don't stay long, husband!" said a young wife, tenderly, in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told all the whole vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming, in disappointed tones, "Not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I again thought I could see the young wife rocking nervously in the great arm-chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

Oh, you that have wives to say, "Don't stay long!" when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems seldom replaced. You can not find amidst the pleasures of the world the peace and joy that a quiet home blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's look seemed to say—for here in your own sweet home is a loving heart, whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips

unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon.

And wife, young wife, if you would have your husband stay when he comes, and love to come when he must be away, give him those lips to kiss, and that breast to rest his weary head upon. Because you are cold and indifferent to his caresses, and often wish that he would leave you, he turns away, and seeks his pleasures in other scenes. Young wife, you have him in your keeping. Keep him, and he will be kept.

Professor Darby, who heard the following with his own ears, contributes them to the Drawer:

The town of Wilson (Niagara County, New York), is one of the most pleasant little villages on Lake Ontario. Among other notabilities, it contains a very worthy pious Baptist minister, or elder, as he is commonly called. Not long ago he edified his charge with a course of lectures on the Prodigal Son. Representing the return of the profligate, he remarked:

"He was tattered and weary, worn-out and sore, and, for *his* part, he had no doubt his voice was *husky*, for he had been eating *husks!*"

In the midst of the rejoicing over the newly-found, the elder brother comes home. Our worthy clergyman pictured him as coming in from the corn-field and stopping to look in at the calf-pen.

"With surprise and grief he exclaims, 'They've stole my calf! That calf I've watched over and fed *these many years!*'"

A calf that had been fed for many years would probably have grown into something worthy of another name.

In looking over the tombstones in an old cemetery in the village of P——, in Northern New York, one of the many curious specimens of taste there displayed struck me as being at least original:

Here lies G—— S——,
Son of C—— S—— and H—— S——.
Died May 1st, 1852.
Aged 2 Years.

"He tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up;
He turned his little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died."

Now we may smile at this conceit, but there is something very sweet and very true in it for all that. "Whom the gods love die young," was a pagan thought; but the blessed founder of the Christian religion said, "Of *such* is the kingdom of heaven."

Porter's *Spirit of the Times* tells this story:

"Dan Rice, the well-known clown, remitted, in settlement of an account, to the publisher of a paper in the West, a three-dollar bill, which was returned with the brief remark: 'This note is counterfeit, please send another.' It was two months before he heard from Dan again, when he apologized for the delay, saying that he had been unable till now to find *another counterfeit three-dollar bill*, but he hoped the one now inclosed would suit, professing, at the same time, his inability to discover what the objection was to the other, which he thought as good a counterfeit as he ever saw. It must be admitted that Dan swept the board."

Just before Louis Napoleon was elected *President* of the French nation, two eminent statesmen, M. Molé and M. Thiers, invited the Prince to visit them at the house of M. Thiers, in order that they might make known to him the elements and tendencies of modern society in France. "The fundamental principle of modern society," said M. Thiers, "is the civil power. The military spirit is dead, and can not be revived. You appear to have a chance of being nominated President of the Republic, and it seems desirable to us that you should prepare yourself for that eminent post by—*cutting off your mustachios!* If M. Molé or myself were to be nominated President, neither of us would wear mustachios. It, therefore, seems to us necessary that you should shave off yours!"

The Prince declined, and the result is known to the world.

A boy from the Ragged Mountains (Virginia), met Professor B——, and presented his basket with the following explanation:

"Yer don't want any chesnuts, does yer?"

"How do you know I do not want any, my little man?" inquired the Professor.

"I nary say yer don't, I ax yer—does yer?" was the positive answer.

This was more polite than the Quaker's reply to one who said to him,

"You don't want to buy any wood, do you?"

"Friend, thee first tellest a lie, and then thee askest a question."

An old negro preacher in Alabama, of the Methodist persuasion, had cherished the bitterest dislike for Mississippi ever since it repudiated its debts. On one bright Sabbath morning, when addressing a large ebony audience in Alabama, he showed, by the following exhortation, that, in spite of his devotional appearance, he was subject to the influence of worldly passions. Having under consideration that portion of Scripture promising that the Gospel shall be preached to all the nations of the earth, he said: "My beluved bruthrin, now is the excepted time! The day of judgment is near at hand when all the people of the earth done heard the Word of the Lord preached. The ministers ob de Gospil hab done dere work in Ashur and in Africa, and in all dem far-off countries; de Gospil hab bin preached in Texis and Californy; *and so soon dey git dat railroad dat run from Mobile up in Massippi, dey gwine preach de Gospil up dere;* den all de words ob de Lord will be fulfilled, and Gabriel will sound his trumpit fur de judgment-day!"

A Tennessee correspondent says: "I send an exact transcript of a warrant submitted to me, the applicant desiring advice in the premises. The mare undoubtedly received very rude and shockingly-ungallant treatment, for which the perpetrators richly deserve punishment; but the legal questions presented by the document are—1st, Does the warrant charge a civil or criminal offense? 2d, What is the executing officer to do? 3d, Is the mare or her mistress the damaged party?

"'State of Tennessee, } "'To the Sheriff or enny
Marion Co. } constable of sd. county. Sarah L—— having made information to me on oath that J—— W—— and J—— P—— did unlawfully make an assault upon the body of sd. L——'s mare in the case of beating and croping the tail off sd. mare on the 24 or 25 of this instant to her damage fifty dollars this 27 June 1857.'"

This is very well for a Tennessee Justice, but

here comes one from Indiana, a live Hoosier. He makes up the record upon his docket with a commendable regard to particulars, and writes as follows:

"And now appears the constable, having in custody the defendant in this action; whereupon the plaintiff, being seized with sudden fright, disappears; in consequence whereof I rendered judgment against the constable for costs, and dismissed the suit."

A LAWYER writes: "I am one of the many readers of your Drawer, and having received a letter a few days ago which I deem 'too good to keep,' I herewith inclose it to you. It is necessary to premise that, being a hater of small litigations, I was called on by a wealthy neighbor of Mr. Maynard, and was requested to prosecute him, to recover a small sum as damages arising upon breach of warranty in the sale of some property. I advised against any prosecution, chiefly on the ground of the small amount in controversy. My client, however, insisted that I should write Mr. M. a letter, which I did, calling his attention to my client's claim, advising its settlement, and closing with the remark, 'Small lawsuits ought always to be avoided.' The profound impression which a lawyer's letter was expected by my client to produce on Mr. M. is in ludicrous contrast with the answer I inclose. I insist that, for coolness and wit, the letter is only second to that other customer who said of his note, as the boy said about the molasses, 'Let her run.'

"LIMERICK, *June* 29.

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 26th inst. came duly to hand, and I can say 'Amen' to your proposition that '*small* lawsuits should be avoided,' provided it be possible to avoid them. But men of 'small' means must have 'small' suits, if any; and it seems to me to be contrary to the genius of a *Democratic* government that a man should be deprived of the *luxuries* of a lawsuit because of his poverty.

"Now, if your friend really wants a lawsuit, I will endeavor to make it as interesting as possible; and to this end, I propose to put up a pretty good mare against $100, the winner to 'take the pile.' And I also farther propose to submit the question of 'warranty,' or no warranty, upon the statements of your client; and I would name yourself as arbiter, with this condition only, that you shall hear a speech from me of not *more* than *four hours* in length.

"But, seriously, your friend has suffered no wrong at my hands. In his zeal to do *something* he has, however, charged my pistol; so, with due deference to your legal knowledge, I can only say 'Pop away!' Yours truly,

"ED. MAYNARD."

THE following inscription is taken from the tomb-stone of a blacksmith named David Godfrey, who died in 1765, and was buried in the church-yard of Chilwall Abbey, near Liverpool, England:

"My sledge and hammer's both declined,
My bellows they have lost their wind;
My fire's extinguished, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My coals are spent, my tongs are gone;
My nails are drove—my work is done."

A FRIEND of ours from Pennsylvania visited Goodhue County, Minnesota, last fall, in search of a schoolmaster's berth. After traveling on foot for several days, without seeing a single schoolhouse or even being able to scare up a school trustee, he one afternoon approached a log-cabin and a large pile of pumpkins, near which was an "intelligent-looking farmer" engaged in fashioning an ox-yoke. His appearance indicated that he might possibly be a man having authority in the educational transactions of his neighborhood. Under this pleasant impression the following conversation took place, which conveys an idea of the manner in which educational matters are "done up" in some of the corners of our American "backwoods:"

"Good-afternoon, Sir."

"How-de-do?"

"I have been traveling through your country for the purpose of securing, if possible, a situation as school-teacher. Can you inform me where the president of your school board resides?"

"A schoolmaster you be! Don't know where our president's shanty is—don't know whether he's got one."

"What wages do your people pay school-teachers?"

"What wages? Really, young man, I can't say. Have you made a 'claim' yet?"

"No, Sir; I don't think I shall make one. Do you think I could get a school in your district if I should make application?"

"Really, don't know. Reckon not, though. Kin you drive oxen?"

"No, Sir; never did any farming or teaming. Educated myself for a school-teacher in Conemaugh township, Somerset County, Pennsylvania."

"Yaas. Kin you maul rails? Great chances for sich bizness over in the Norwegian settlement."

"No, Sir; am not accustomed to perform such severe manual labor. Perhaps you can tell me where I will find your school-district superintendent? He could inform me whether your district needs more teachers?"

"No, young man, I can't. To be p'inted about the matter, we don't have no schoolmaster in these parts, nor no school trustees, nor no district superintender, as you call him. All the settlers is busy with their claims, and don't have no time for sich onimportant consarns. An' let me recommend you, if you don't know nothing else than to keep school, and don't keer about making a claim, an' can't drive oxen or maul rails, to go back to Somerset County, an' stay there. People come to Minnesoty to git land an' make money, 'cause they see it's a great country. Book-larnin's no good, and we don't want no schools. We want enterprisin' *men!*"

"Yes, I see," replied our exasperated friend. "This *is* a great country, and you might have added, in the words of General Ogle, of Somerset County, 'It isn't all fenced in yet.'"

"Yaas."

And there the colloquy ended. Our friend, in high dudgeon, left the "intelligent-looking farmer" and the Territory, strongly impressed with the conviction that Minnesota is "no great shakes" after all.

THE Boston *Post* is furnishing a series of old English descriptions—first rate. For example:

"*Parte XII.—Ye Loveyer.*

"Ever syghing lyke vnto a Furnace, as sayeth ye Play-vvright Shakespeare, ys ye Loveyer. Sonnetts & stanzas vvythovt number vvill he indyte—all yn prayse of hys mystress—vvho semeth all ye vvorld to hym. Ye Loveyer ys generallie considered to be a Lunatic—a verie Madman, vvhen

ye fit be vpon hym. He, att svch tymes & seasons vvill essaie to act verie straynge & vnseemlie. Sometimes he will fast for manie Daies; then vvill he not close his eyelids yn slepe, but strole forthe yn ye lighte of ye pale Moone—

'VVhen all ye Fovvles are vvarmlie housed,
Save Batts & Ovvles,'

talkynge strangelie to Hymself in Rhapsodical Ryme & chants, alle tovching his Ladye-love.

"The onlie sure cvre for thys Maladye that I vvot me of, ys Matrimony; albeit, nevertheless, I vvolde not alvvays recommend yt, for oft-tyme ye Remedye maye prove to be mvch vvorse yan ye Dysease.

"I vvolde here enjoyne all Loveyers to forbear indyting of Epistles to their ladye-loves, ye vvhyles he is yn ye extaticks fitt; for yn after tymes, he vvill, shovlde ever his effusions come to lyght, be mvch ashamed of hys foolish vvhyms & Fancies."

In the June number of the Drawer, you give one of the gastronomic feats of Ex-Governor M'Nutt of Mississippi, which I have no doubt is strictly true, for he was a huge gormandizer. To him belongs the honor of originating the following remark. A set of jolly fellows were discussing the merits of various dishes, when one happened to express a preference for roast turkey.

"Yes," said M'Nutt, "roast turkey is good; but it is certainly a very inconvenient bird—it is a little too much for one man, and not quite enough for two."

Mr. Biddle was a wit as well as a financier, writes a correspondent of the Drawer. During the session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania in the year 184–, a bill was up appropriating a large sum for continuing the State improvements. Mr. H., of Berks, an honest German member, was very hostile to the bill, and in fact opposed to all State improvements, as they involved such an expenditure of money. He knew the wishes of his constituents, but his general knowledge was rather limited. While the bill was under consideration, Mr. Biddle of the city moved an amendment, appropriating $10,000 for the improvement of the *Alimentary Canal*. The member from Berks was instantly upon his feet, declaring his purpose to oppose any appropriation for the Alimentary or any other canal—declaring the appropriation to be unnecessary and against the wishes of the people. The amendment was instantly withdrawn, amidst the general mirth of the members at the expense of the honest member from Berks.

A far-away correspondent says: "Out in Elizabethtown, in this State, there is, and has been for many years, a respectable Baptist church which has the honor of numbering among its leading members "Old Uncle Johnny More" and Jas. S. Shellwood. As they have no choir in the congregation, any one who considers himself qualified has authority to *hist* the hymns. A short time since, when the church was crowded to overflowing, the minister read the hymn and waited for some brother to start it. Whereupon "Uncle Johnny" made one or two attempts, but having signally failed, he called on Brother Shellwood. Brother Shellwood, full of confidence, pitched into it, and had reached the middle of the second line, when Uncle Johnny, raising his tall form to its full height and stretching out his long, bony arm, exclaimed, "Stop, Brother *Jeems!* stop right *thar!* That singing ain't worth shucks!" Brother Jeems stopped.

About five miles west of Baltimore, writes a learned friend, on the great Frederick turnpike, lies a village yet in its infancy, but destined to become important and populous. It is graced by the name of *Paradise*, which designation it derived from a public-house recently established for summer boarders from the city. The origin of the name, as applied to the hotel, was, perhaps, as little known by those who selected it as by the world generally. The fact is that the farm embracing this tract in its undivided state was anciently known as *Purgatory*. In process of time portions of it fell into the hands of those not likely to be pleased with this title, nor the associations connected with it. One very agreeable family, pleasantly living upon a fraction of this property, were long undecided as to a name by which to designate their much-loved home. *Purgatory* was decidedly inappropriate to a place where agreeable and accomplished young ladies were dominant. In 1848, during the season of vacation at the neighboring college, the well-known St. Thomas Hall, an evening entertainment was giving enjoyment to many fair ladies and bachelor Professors. At supper toasts were drunk in honor of various fair guests and neighbors. The subject of an appellation for the great unnamed was introduced, and one of the genial party then first learned what had been the dreadful designation of the place in question.

"Purgatory!" said Mr. G——; "horrible! what a name! Besides, I have no faith in the doctrine that could conceive such an appellation. There are no signs, at least, of a Purgatory *here*. I believe in *Paradise*, but have no faith in *Purgatory*."

Thereupon Mr. A——, with his accustomed gallantry, proposed "a bumper to the fair ones, who had thus by their attractions converted *Purgatory* into *Paradise*."

The hint, accidental as it was, was seized upon with avidity. By general consent a *name* was at once adopted, and henceforth no other designation was heard of for the once nameless spot save *Paradise*. This property, though it has since then passed through various hands, has ever retained its name, and the present estimable proprietor has adopted it, probably little dreaming of the modernness of its origin, or the pleasing bursts of genial humor that attended its introduction.

If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

The *North American Review*, that stately and venerable quarterly, laughs at Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," and says that the old proverb, "A short horse is soon curried," if Tupperized, would read, "The abbreviated pony, diminutive offspring of cold Canada, rejoices in a right speedy discharge from the brisk manipulations of the hired hostler." This is very well; but the same *Review*, two pages farther on, having occasion to quote the still older proverb, "Money makes the mare go," and wishing to be elegant in its phraseology, writes of the power of gold to "accelerate the spavined Rosinante." That is Tupperer than Tupper!

If five and a half yards make a perch, how many will make a trout?

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXIX.—OCTOBER, 1857.—Vol. XV.



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

IN March, 1853, Congress appropriated thirty thousand dollars, to be expended under the direction of the War Department, "in the importation of camels and dromedaries, to be employed for military purposes;" and also to test their adaptation to the climate and country of Texas and our southwestern frontier, as beasts of burden or of rapid passage, for the transportation of troops and baggage, or the expeditious transmission of intelligence. Accordingly, to Major Henry C. Wayne of the army, and Lieu-

tenant David D. Porter of the navy, was assigned the special duty of procuring in the East a sufficient number of the finest animals to conduct the experiment to conclusive results; the storeship *Supply* was fitted up by Lieutenant Porter to receive and safely transport the camels to Texas, his arrangements to that effect being most admirable. In two expeditions, camels and dromedaries of choice breeds were purchased in Egypt, Tunis, and Asia Minor, and with remarkable success landed at Indianola in Texas; in much better condition, indeed, than mules or horses could be expected to present in like circumstances.

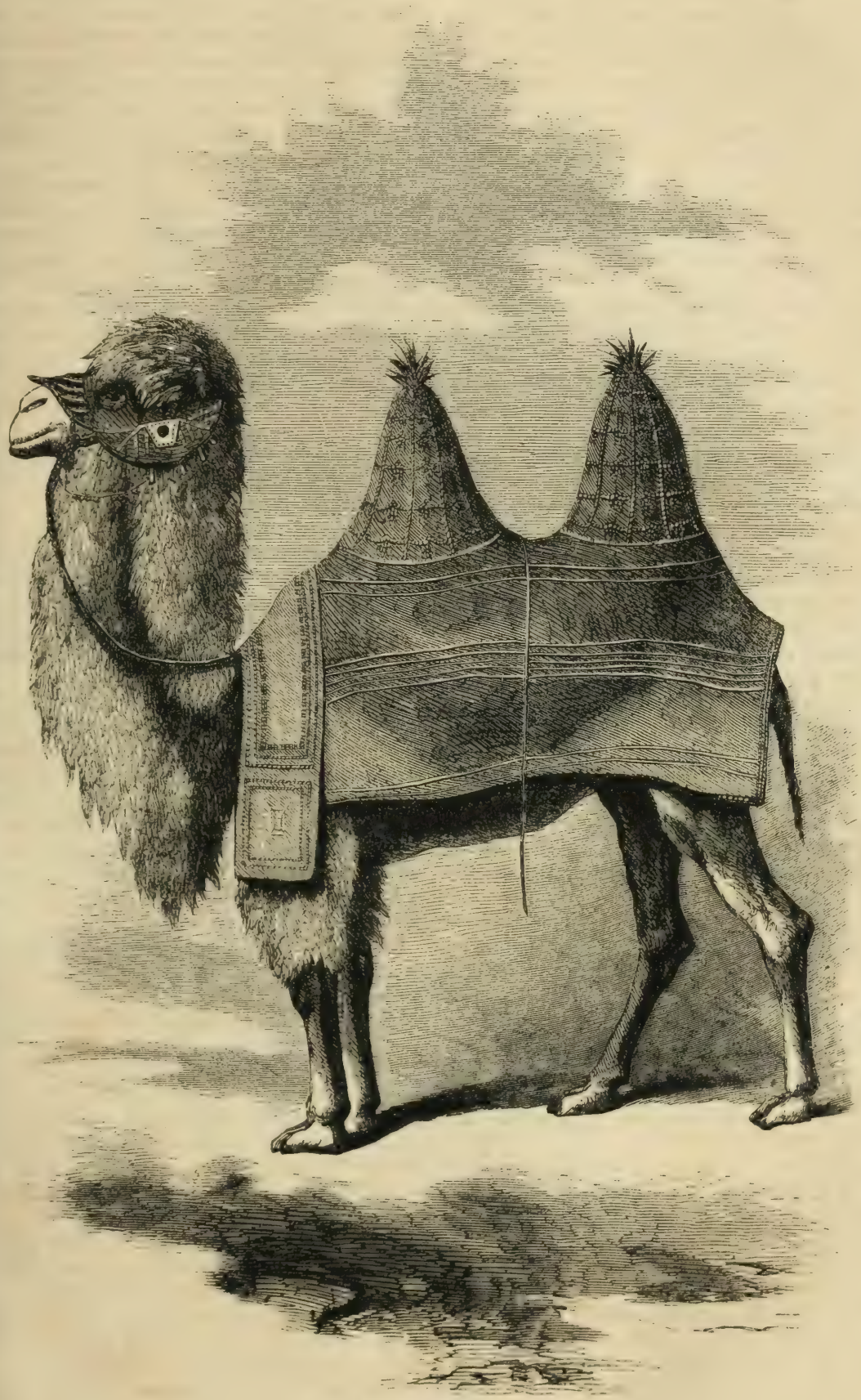
After a sufficient interval allowed for recruiting, a series of experiments was instituted by the sagacious and zealous conductors of the expedition, which, so far as they have gone, abundantly prove the adaptability of the camel to military and "express" purposes in the waste and scantily-watered regions of the Southwest; that they can be transported on long voyages with safety; that the atmospheric changes of Texas are even less unfavorable to them than those to which they are often exposed at home; that they find in Texas abundant subsistence; that they can be reared and trained there, as easily and as well as in Arabia or Egypt; that they can bear even greater burdens in Texas, because better fed and more intelligently tended; and, finally, that a knowledge of their management is not more difficult to Americans than to Orientals.

At least, these are the conclusions at which those who have participated in this novel enterprise, or who have watched its progress with impartial and instructed interest from the first, have clearly arrived. The complete success of the experiment, and the acknowledged establishment of the practicability of rearing and working the camel in the United States, so as to procure to the fullest extent the advantages of its docility, strength, endurance, powers of abstinence, patience, speed, and, of course, economy, are, they think, only a question of time. To realize these expectations, five or six years of practical investigation will be required.

Four months since, Major Wayne wrote to the Secretary of War: "So far the results of the experiment, within the limits time has permitted it to be carried, have fully sustained the views we entertained in regard to the usefulness of the camel, and which induced us [Major Wayne and Lieutenant Porter], in our respective spheres of action, to press it upon the attention of Congress. In conducting the experiment I have endeavored to act with great caution, and rather to err on the side of excessive care than to jeopard success by any effort at display. I know what the animal is capable of doing, and does, in Asia and Africa, and I am firmly convinced that it can do as much in America. The prejudices, fears, and objections of all classes are to be met only by successful demonstration." And of this, Major Wayne relates an amusing example:

"At Indianola, and within the first month after 'the outlandish brutes' were landed, some hay being needed at the camel-yard one day, a man was sent to the quarter-master's forage-house, with a camel, to bring up four bales. When the submissive brute was made to kneel, and two bales, weighing together 613 pounds, were packed upon him, doubts were expressed by several by-standers as to the camel's ability to rise under them. When two bales more were added, making the gross weight of the load 1256 pounds, the gaping crowd gave noisy expression to their astonishment and indignation, and gentlemen who had never been to Camel-land were 'willing to bet considerable that the critter couldn't git up under the heft o' that.' But when the camel arose, without a strain, and quietly walked away with his four bales, as one who felt himself master of the situation, there was a sudden change of public sentiment, most flattering to the outlandish brute and encouraging to his military sponsors. A Texan poet chronicled the event in verse, and 'A Node' in honor of the occasion was given to the world in the columns of the *Indianola Bulletin*."

The brusque, eccentric Waterton, with his characteristic irreverence and truculence, wrote Buffon down an ass; and Captain Mayne Reid pronounces him a "parlor naturalist," because he speaks of the lion, not "as he found him," but as he read of him. Certainly, if we were inclined chivalrously to defend that oracle of menagerie-men against his brace of scoffers, we would desire some better footing than we find in his account of the camel; for he tells us the "camel" is the two-humped species, and distinguishes the one-humped by the term "dromedary," as a scientific classification. Now Johnson, in his "Physical Atlas," defines the limits of Camel-land as extending from the fifteenth to the fifty-second degree of north latitude, and from the fifteenth degree of longitude west of Greenwich to the hundred and twentieth east, and embracing the Canaries, Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, the Great Desert, and Egypt, in Africa; Arabia, Turkey in Asia, Persia, Cabool, Beloochistan, Hindostan, Birmah, Thibet, Mongolia, a small portion of the southern part of Siberia, and Independent Tartary, in Asia; the Crimea, and a not extensive tract around Constantinople, in Europe; to which may be added Tuscany, where the camel has existed for two hundred years—not in general use, but on the private estates of the Grand Duke, at Pisa. "Adopting this definition," says Linant Bellefonds (Linant Bey, engineer-in-chief of dykes and bridges to the Viceroy of Egypt), "the camel would not be known any where on the African continent, and only in a small part of Tartary, in Asia. Yet throughout Camel-land the one-humped animal is universally known as 'gimel,' 'djimel,' or 'gamel,' and the word 'dromedary,' or any thing like it, is never heard." Moreover, the term "dromedary," derived from the Greek, δρομέυς (*runner, racer,*



MALE BACTRIAN, BLANKETED.

courser), is really applicable to but one variety of camel—that used for riding purposes, as distinguished from the camel of burden. The natives of Camel-land, and the Europeans residing there, recognize only the generic term "gimel," or "djimel," and instead of "dromedary," employ the terms *delool* and *hedjin* to denote the camel for riding purposes, whether of the fine or common blood.

According, then, to the nomenclature of Camel-land, the gimel is either single or double-humped — the dromedary being necessarily a

camel, though the camel may not be a dromedary. The two-humped camel is said to have come originally from Bactria, and the single-humped from Arabia; therefore the two varieties are most accurately described as "Bactrian" and "Arabian." The scientific classification adopted by Buffon appears the more absurd when we consider that the Bactrian is utterly unknown in Africa; where, as Major Wayne declares, it would be as remarkable a curiosity as with us in the United States—as it was, for instance, to the citizens of Indianola when landed there from the *Supply*.

The Bactrian is found only on the southern border of Siberia, in a portion of Tartary, and in the Crimea; and is a much more heavily-built animal than the Arabian—of stouter limbs, and stronger. It is not nearly so well adapted for burdens as the Arabian; its peculiar conformation unfitting it to receive the proper pack-saddle, it can not be laden to the measure of its strength: moreover, it is extremely slow. It is, therefore, principally esteemed as a breeder. Major Wayne and Lieutenant Porter saw but few Bactrians in the Crimea, and those had been cruelly abused; in fact, when discarded at last, to be replaced by Arabian camels, horses, and mules, they were turned adrift, in all the terrible rigor of a Crimean winter, to get a living as they could. The Arabian camel was in much request, in the beginning of the war, to carry heavy burdens, to which horses were not equal; and when we recall the story of the bitter weather to which the allied army before Sebastopol was exposed in 1855–'56, we wonder at the ignorance confessed in the popular notion that the camel is unfitted to an American climate, because sensitive to cold. We have but to recur to Johnson, and trace the boundaries of Camel-land, to learn that it is rather to the north temperate than the torrid zone to which the "ship of the desert" belongs. In descending from the table-lands of Central Asia Minor to the shores of the Black and Mediterranean seas, the camel-drivers carry wooden shovels, to make stepping-places for their animals in the snow, and axes to break or roughen ice that they may not slip.

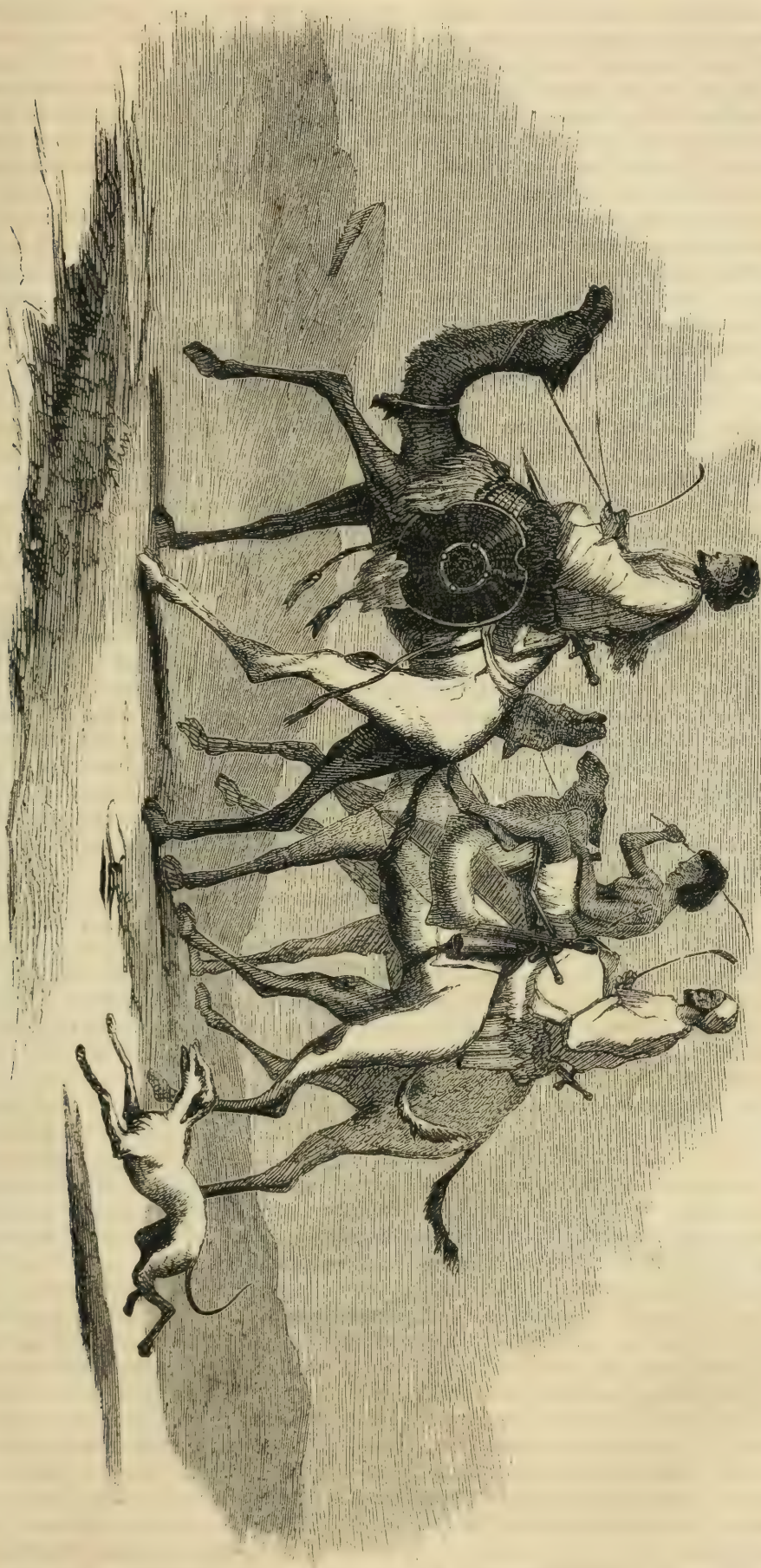
But it is the one-humped, or Arabian, camel that we have in our mind's eye when we read of the Prophet's milk-white darling—of the camel squadrons of Semiramis, and Xerxes's simoom of hedjins—of the proud Mahri stallion, exulting in his pure lineage—of the wind-challenging Nomanieh, the never-failing Bicharieh, the wondrous Ababdeh hedjin, such as he that went from Cairo to Mecca, nine hundred miles, in nine days, nor paused to eat or drink—of the wrestling Pehlevans, the fierce, fighting camels of Nepaul and Oude, the artillery-dromedary of the Persian *Zembourek*, "the wasp"—of the consecrated dish of camel's flesh, privileged to the repast of the Prophet—of the "cream of camels," poured out in libations to the gods of old Arabia—of camel's milk, fed to the pampered stallions of Haroun-al-Raschid—of camel's blood, dearer than a slave's, drawn to save famishing Bedouins in mid-desert—of fine camel's hair, prized for the shawl-weaving looms of the Shah—of the caravan camel, the merchantship of the Sahara, first in the song when the night-bound drivers sing of sand—of the true war-ship of the desert, the courser-dromedary of the fierce Mahratta's rushing razzias.

How shall we know the fine-lineaged Bicharieh hedjin, of a hundred parched and leafless and heart-sickening journeys, and illustrious speed, from the slow, long-patient, sleepy-eyed, and mangy ruminator of the Muscat trail? As in Hawaii, we should detect among a thousand naked beggars on the Honolulu beach one, howsoever foul and scabby, in whose veins flowed the blood of the old nobles, by his attitudes and his air—so by his ways we shall know Nomanieh or Bicharieh, Ababdeh or Mahri, by his small, graceful head, and deep though quiet eye; by his long, flexile neck, his slender, springy limbs, his supple joints, his firm but not superabundant hump, his silken, tawny coat, his broad, expanding feet, armed with polished horn; but especially by his alert, intelligent obedience, his consummate training, his long, swinging gait, his exhilarating speed, and his everlasting endurance, that wears out horse and man, and makes a miracle of patience.

It is hard to say whether Nomanieh or Bicharieh be the better dromedary. European dwellers in Egypt and Asia Minor are divided on the question of their merits. Each breed has its peculiar excellences. The Nomanieh is the heavier and more thick-set; its hair is longer, and it is invariably of a fawn color, more or less deep. The Bicharieh is slender, its hair short, and its color usually very light, sometimes even quite white.

In their gaits, also, these two breeds differ remarkably; which Linant Bey declares is not to be explained by any habits of rearing and training as practiced among the tribes of Omani and Bicharieh Arabs, of whose superior stock they respectively come. Natural qualities and conformation contribute so decidedly to the peculiarity of each in this respect, that education would seem to have but little to do with it. Linant Bey never once succeeded in teaching a young Nomanieh the movement of a Bicharieh, or in training a Bicharieh to the gait of a Nomanieh, although he repeatedly made careful and patient experiments with the youngest animals that had never before been ridden.

The Nomanieh, in traveling, carries the feet of each side directly in line, one after the other, which gives a quick step without jolting. It carries the head low, toward the ground, its muzzle to the wind, and moves with the regularity of a machine. The motion imparted to the rider is one simultaneously from right to left, and from rear to front; which often wearies his chest, and soon fatigues him. At this gait the Nomanieh will make from six to eight miles an hour. To go faster it must trot, and then they move the two feet on the same side



BOWARIES OF EGYPT.

almost at the same time. Although the nose of the Nomanieh is tender enough, its fault is that it does not always respond to the movements of the rider, and—speaking of it as a ship—that it sometimes misses stays.

On the other hand, the Bicharieh has a shorter step; and though the movement of the feet is similar, it is less regular, so that a single motion from rear to front is imparted to the rider. It carries its head very high, which gives it a

more gallant appearance, and renders it more alert to the movements and gestures of its master; but it falls once in a while, and from not being allowed to watch the ground before it, sometimes stumbles into ant-pits and breaks its legs. For the pace the Nomanieh is preferable, but the Bicharieh is at home in the trot; its legs, almost ambling, are thrown out with boldness and suppleness at the same time, and its feet fall so lightly, that the motion felt by the rider is far less rough than that imparted by a trotting horse. The Bicharieh at the pace can make little more than three miles an hour; its true gaits are the short and full trot. It can be made to gallop also, but that gait is exhausting to both man and beast.

In mounting a Nomanieh the halter, which serves as a bridle, is always slackened. On the contrary, when a Bicharieh is mounted, the halter around the head is drawn tight, and the *zeman*—a cord fastened to a ring through the left nostril—is also slightly tightened, which gives support to both rider and animal, and by compelling the dromedary to carry his head high, imparts to the Bicharieh a mettlesome air which the Nomanieh never displays.

A first-rate Nomanieh is worth, in Cairo, from five to six hundred dollars; but those commonly met with there sell for from one to two hundred dollars. Bicharieh command less; good ones may be had for less than one hundred dollars.

The Bicharieh do not carry as heavy burdens as the Nomanieh. In making considerable journeys a servant often rides behind his master on the same animal, both riders carrying their arms. The Nomanieh is fitted with pads and saddle-bags, called *krourque*, that hang on both sides, and contain provisions and baggage for both rider and dromedary. The Bicharieh, on the contrary, is rarely laden with more baggage than may be carried in a small leathern sack, called *biba*, resembling a valise or portmanteau.

A Nomanieh or Bicharieh, well equipped, in good condition, and carefully ridden, can easily make over fair ground—that is, level and a little sandy—ninety miles a day. It can make fifty miles a day for fifteen or twenty consecutive days, and for a long journey can be counted upon for that. Linant Bey has traveled on a Nomanieh ninety miles in eleven hours, and has gone twelve miles in forty minutes. But those were rare achievements. If reliance could be placed on the stories related by the Arabs, of the swiftness of dromedaries, whose deeds and names are the theme of many a desert song, they would seem to have been capable of performing miracles; but, like all other miracles, their day has passed.

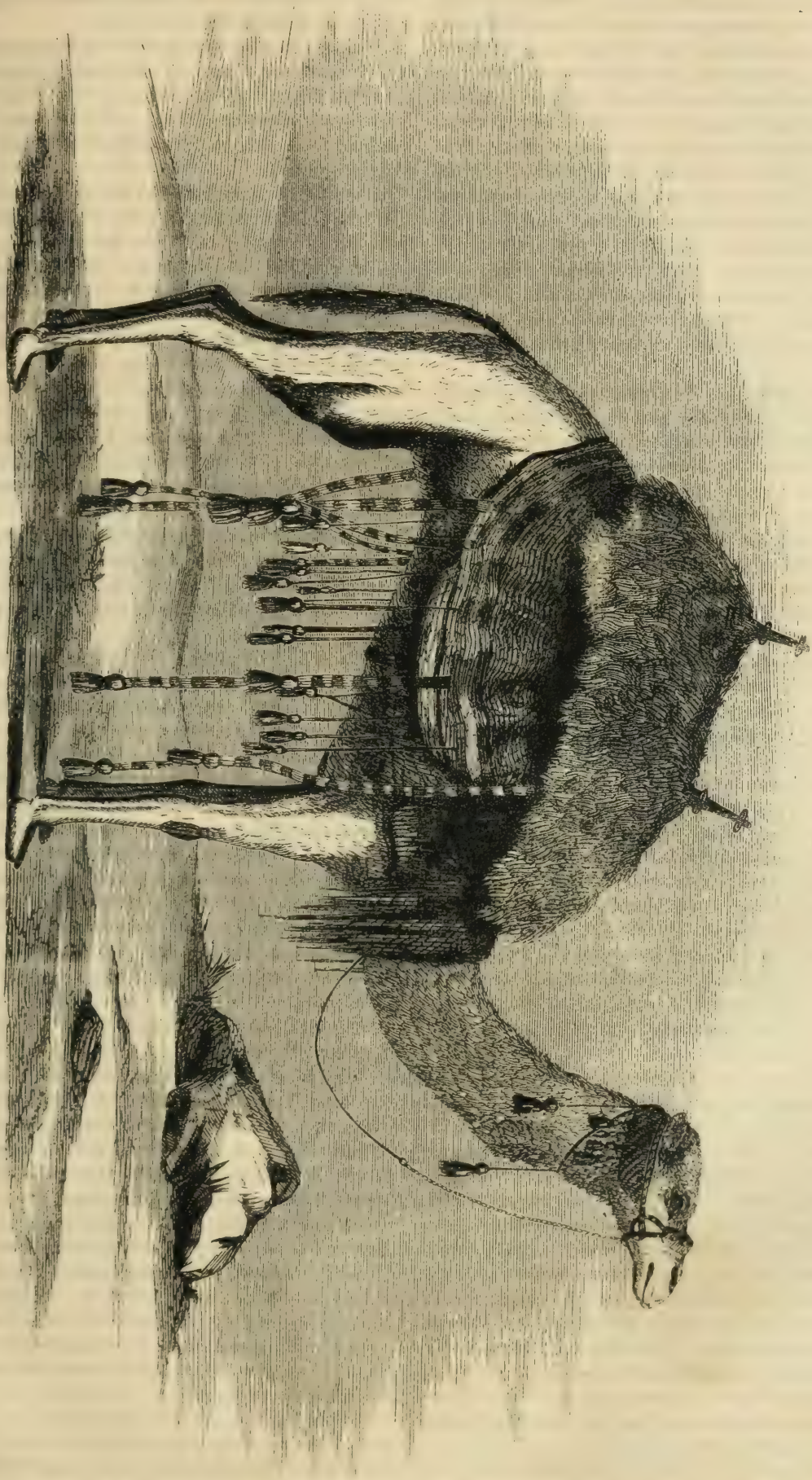
During the Wahabbi war Mohammed Ali Pasha crossed the desert from Cairo to Suez, ninety miles, in twelve hours, and immediately returned in fifteen. His groom accompanied him all the way *on foot*, holding by the tail of the dromedary, and allowing himself to be dragged, save when he let go his hold to light his master's narghilé.

This was the achievement of a Mahri of the Bicharieh; but there are other breeds capable of great deeds—such as the *Ammadabieh*, the Mohammed *hourabieh*, the *Amitirah*, and the *Balgah*, from the Red Sea, the Nile, and the Sinai peninsula.

It is not by actual speed that the dromedary performs its wonders, but by the unflagging continuance of its pace. At morning, a horse, pushed to a smart gallop, would easily pass a fine Mahri, but ere the second sunset, the steed, though he were of the best blood of Arabia, would be distanced. The dromedary starts leisurely, and step by step "picks himself up," until he has with practiced instinct fairly fitted his pace to the measure of his burden; then, with the regularity of a pendulum, he swings along, and any one mile of the journey would, if timed, be found done in just so many minutes as any other mile. It is only as he approaches a well-remembered bivouac, pasturage, or water, that he quickens his pace; but even then there is no jerk, no strain, no "struggle down the home-stretch." The dromedary may lie down and die at his journey's end, but he is never "blown."

At the rate of fifty miles a day he goes for twenty days to the familiar song of the Bedouin or the Egyptian courier; a draught of water once in three days in summer, once in six or even eight days in early spring and winter—a slender repast of paste, prepared from flour of the dourha grain mixed with a little water, and taken from the hand of his master, who accompanies the offering with words of kindness and encouragement, will content him; but a few beans, or a little broken wheat, with dates, are a feast to him, and for these he will go—I will not say till he dies, for as Dickens has observed of post-boys and donkeys, "who ever saw a dead one?"

The *zeman*, or nose-ring and cord, with which the Bicharieh is ridden in Egypt, is not in favor among the Arabs, who prefer the simple halter with a running knot. When the animal takes fright, as sometimes happens, and especially in the rutting season, when it is apt to be fractious and unmanageable, it is liable to break the cord or tear the ring from the nose; of course the rider then loses command of his dromedary, which, in pain or terror, breaks from the train, if it be in caravan, and either dashes him to the ground or runs far away before it can be overtaken or soothed, and induced to return to its fellows. The Arabs prefer training their dromedaries by the voice and a light stick or switch, hooked at the end, and called a *matrak*. The care they observe in the education of their dromedaries is not less than that which they bestow upon their horses; and so admirably do they teach them to obey the voice that they have a various language for them, and a numerous file will respond as one to a word of command from an experienced driver. An anecdote is related of an old Bekin woman which



ARABIAN DROMEDARY.

prettily illustrates an advantage of this system.

The Sherif Abdallah-Monhabib, of the Hedjaz, surprised a Bekin settlement and pillaged it thoroughly, driving off every camel. The heroes of the successful razzia had proceeded some distance on their way homeward when they perceived an aged and, apparently, wretchedly poor

woman following them on foot. When required to give an account of herself, she said that she was of the Bekins; but having lost all she possessed in the world, she preferred to share the fate of her dear camels or die. She asked but to serve with them; slavery in their company was more tolerable to her than life without them. To an Arab there was nothing incredible in this; and when she begged to be permitted to mount a camel, being old and weary, and unable to keep up with them on foot, they suffered her to choose a dromedary from the herd of prizes. She selected an old *naga*, as the female dromedaries are called, and mounted her with the air of an accomplished camel-woman.

The freebooters had not gone much further when their strange, eccentric captive began cautiously to excite her steed with certain peculiar gestures and slight blows; and when the *naga*, which she had chosen from among her own herd, recognizing the familiar signal, pushed into a trot, she uttered a shrill cry unintelligible to the Sherif's men. At once the Bekin dromedaries, responding with a wild rush to the signal, broke from the line and sped away after the brave old witch, who fled with all the speed of her scudding desert-ship. Away she flew across the sea of sand, her ragged brown burnoose, and her long gray hair, and the fringed tags of her saddle-cloth streaming out in the wind, as with long neck outstretched, and head almost touching the ground, and gleaming eye-balls, and straining flanks, and gaunt legs flung wide in monstrous strides, the eager Nomanieh struck, straight as the bee's flight, for home. A weird aspect did the daring hag present as the black outline of her form loomed, sharp and bold, against the round level moon, and she tossed her stained and leathery arms aloft, cheering on the wild stampede with a strange, unearthly hail. Horsemen and hedjinmen pursued her in vain. A few clumsy stragglers of her herd were all that they recovered.

Though naturally the mildest and most non-combatant of quadrupeds, the camel—or rather the dromedary—can be trained to wrestle and to fight. The Turks find famous sport in the matching of Pehlevans or wrestling camels. Many Turkish gentlemen keep them for the ring, and pit them against each other for wagers. Lieutenant Porter speaks of a sporting character in Smyrna who had twenty of these Pehlevans in his stables at one time for the amusement of his wife, she having a fierce passion for the scene. The Pehlevans are trained in their early youth, and seem soon to acquire a fondness for their profession. Indeed it is questionable if wrestling be not the natural manifestation of whatever trace of pugnacity may belong to the camel's character; for, whenever two strange males encounter "in the presence of ladies," they, without more ado, clinch, and tussle for supremacy; he who has the ill-luck or the awkwardness to catch a fall at once confesses himself "licked," and never afterward presumes so much as to cast a longing eye upon a fair and tender *naga*.

Unlike bull-baiting and its kindred sports, this camel-wrestling is a comparatively harmless pastime. If well trained, the Pehlevans seldom cripple each other. Their trick is to get an antagonist's neck under the right fore-leg, and by throwing the whole weight of the body upon him bring him to the ground. Very rarely a Pehlevan gets his neck or his leg broken, or is rendered stiff and lame for a time.

"Uncle Sam"—so named because he was born on board—was the pet of the *Supply's* crew. On the voyage from the Levant to Texas a Turk, hired to accompany the camels, amused himself by making a Pehlevan of this spoiled young scamp, and succeeded so well that, at six weeks old, he was more than a match for his teacher—using his legs, neck, and mouth with such surprising dexterity, and exhibiting so remarkable a degree of strength for so young a creature, that he became a very rough and even a dangerous playmate. He frequently took the men unawares, as they were engaged about the deck, and knocked them down by throwing himself upon them suddenly.

The completeness with which the camel yields to the force of education, and the extraordinary lengths to which that education is sometimes carried, is exemplified in the strange departure from his natural character manifested by the fighting camel of Persia. The camel-fights for the entertainment of the Shah afford, it is said, a spectacle as fierce and bloody as the bull-fights of Spain—more painful and harrowing, because exacting more of the sympathies of the spectators than the tiger-fights of Nepaul. It is not until we have seen him in situations which compel him to display the offensive machinery with which nature has provided him, that we begin to appreciate how formidable the camel's temper may become under a discipline which studiously and ingeniously cultivates the modicum of fierceness proper to his kind. Then at once we wonder that the fighting endowments of the creature never before entered into our notions of him. For the first time we perceive how powerful is the grip of his jaw, how vigorous his long, elastic neck, how shot-like and demolishing the quick double stroke of his fore-feet, how crushing his down-bearing weight.

We have read how camels, as well as tigers, horses, elephants, native quails, and imported dogs and cocks, flew at each other's throats, till lately, to make an Oudean holiday; and camel-fighting is a flourishing business among the fancy circles of Nepaul.

Although Birmah and Hindostan are comprised in Johnson's definition of Camel-land, we doubt if the animal is to be found south of Prome on the Irrawaddi, if at all in Birmah, as a beast of burden; and in the neighborhood of Calcutta it is probable that but two specimens exist out of scientific collections, those being a pair of Pehlevans in the possession of a rather



PEHLEVAN FROM MUSCAT.

fast young babû, whose garden-house, near Barrackpore, is enriched by a collection of wrestlers, human and quadrupedal, of the rarest breeds. Mr. Crawfurd, formerly British embassador to Ava, asserts that the camel is unknown to the Burmese.

The dromedary is as easily trained to warlike service as the horse. Livy and Diodorus Siculus give detailed accounts of expeditions in which the dromedary was employed as an immediate auxiliary to soldiers armed with lances and javelins. Napoleon used them with ad-

vantage in Egypt, and Sir Charles Napier in India; and the *Zembourcks*, or wasps—a Persian corps of camel-artillery, whose efficiency as a new arm has of late attracted the attention of European officers—have proved the aptness of the dromedary for military duty beyond an excuse for doubt. Yet this is the creature of which its Oriental masters say a mouse can lead it. It is not timid, and is soon accustomed to the sounds of drum and cannon.

Sometimes, however, they are seized with sudden panic from which they are not easily recovered. Moreover, the dromedary, true child of the desert, can never be trained to the same regularity of movement and alignment as the horse. Its ungraceful figure, long neck, the slowness and awkwardness of its movements in turning about, the apathy which prevents it from sharing the enthusiasm or excitement of its rider in presence of danger, and, in fine, its rough jolting gait, cause it to be despised by European *militaires*, who have not those difficulties to contend with which beset the Asiatic or African warrior.

When the Beloutchis, who are constantly at war with Persia, wish to make an incursion into Kermân, they are organized and equipped in the following manner:

Each dromedary is mounted by two men, who ride back to back, upon a wooden saddle. The one in front guides the animal by a bridle of rope fastened to the head-stall. He is armed with bow and arrows; a sword hangs at his side, and a shield, covered with leather, is thrown over his shoulder. His companion, facing the tail of the dromedary, has no projectiles; he is there to cover a retreat, and consequently is armed only with a long *kama* (poniard) or sabre, and a long lance. Their provisions consist of barley bread for fifteen days, curdled milk in a skin bag, and a leathern bottle of water, hung under the animal's belly. To these are added some lumps of assafœtida, when they can get it; for they have a great passion for that antispasmodic.

A number of dromedaries thus equipped leave the province of Bampour, cross the desert, and fall suddenly upon Kermân or Yezd, carrying death and destruction into all the villages through which they pass, plundering caravans and massacring their people. The governors of these two provinces send in pursuit of them horsemen and dromedaries, better armed, undoubtedly, but who do not always succeed in capturing them; for at the approach of danger the Beloutchis rapidly retreat, carrying off every thing they can load their camels with.

The dromedary of the Zembourcks carries a broad saddle of wood, very substantially made, and covered with black felt; it is also fitted with iron stirrups. The pads are fastened to the tree by means of leathern thongs, tied together, and are open at the top to fit the hump, upon which it is never allowable to impose a heavy weight. The stuffing is of straw. In the pommel is a hole lined with iron, into which is fitted a wrought-iron pivot, turning upon itself, and terminating in a pair of forked branches, at the extremities of which are rings to receive the trunnions of a gun of twisted iron, two feet nine inches long, and of fourteen-ounce calibre. To the breech of this gun is attached a wooden stock, eighteen inches long, shaped like that of a musket, and mounted with a flint lock. Two ammunition pouches of thick woolen stuff, covered with black leather, hang on either side of the saddle, to contain fifty ball and grape cartridges, besides twenty blank cartridges for salutes. Behind the saddle rises a staff or pike, surmounted by a red banderol; and from the staff a red housing falls, covering the ammunition pouches. Under the belly of the dromedary is hung a skin filled with water. The bridle is of common leather, and is attached to the head-stall by an iron chain and toggle, passed through its rings. The head-stall, breast-strap, surcingle, and girth are ornamented with fringes of red, yellow, and blue wool.

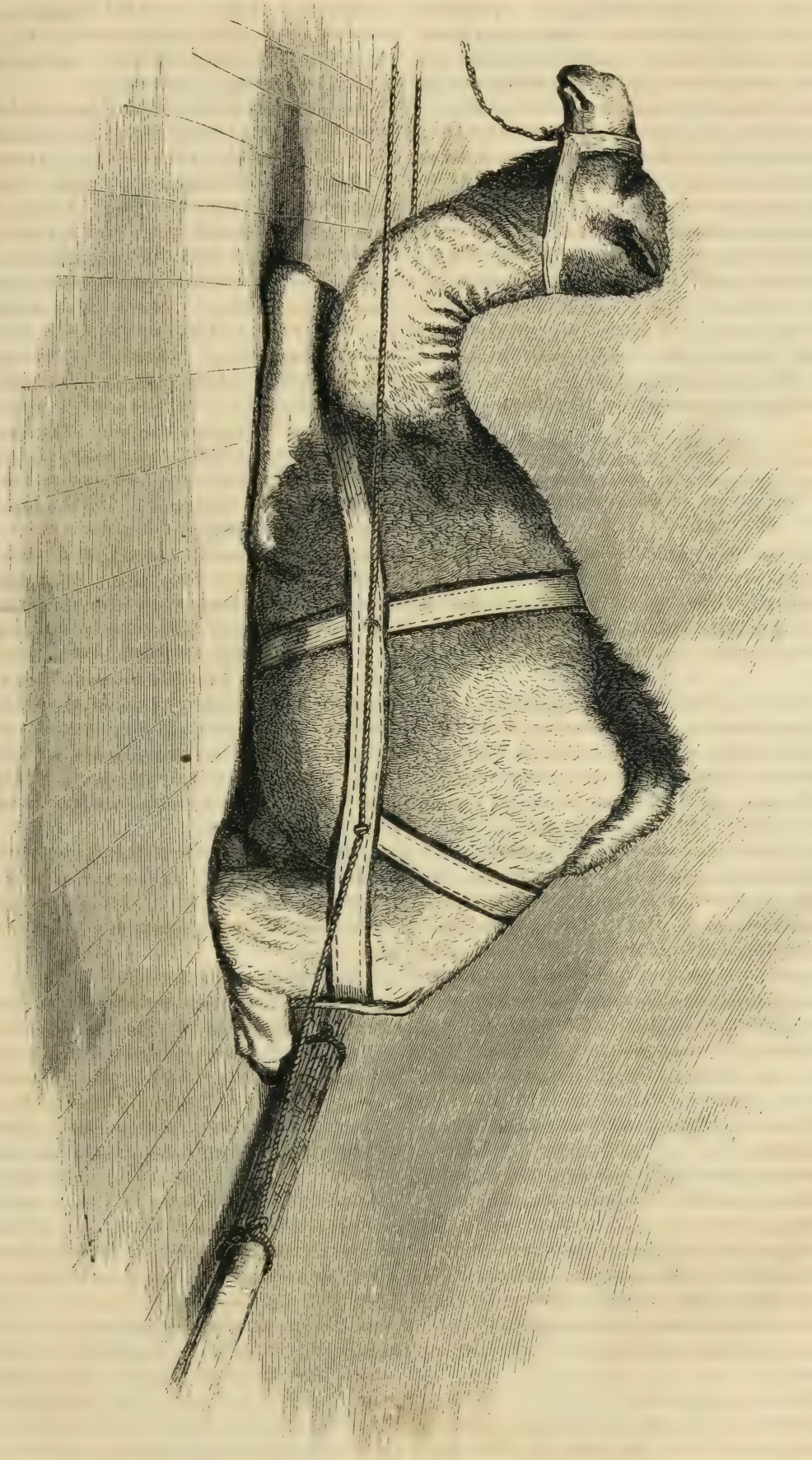
The manœuvres of the Zembourcks are as follow: They form in one rank, with intervals of five feet between them; in marching the intervals are reduced. The sergeants and corporals are in the ranks with the privates; the lieutenants, on horses, are on the right of their sections; the captain moves where he can best oversee his command.

When the dromedaries march by the flank, or in single or double file, the captain is at their head; but when the nature of the ground will permit they march in line, in one rank. When marching by flank, they form in line of battle to the right or left, taking the interval abovementioned, and making a half face to the right, kneel down. The cannoneer dismounts, aims, fires, and reloads, before remounting; sometimes he loads and fires while marching.

"I grant," says Colonel Colombari, grand officer of the Order of the Lion and Sun of Persia, "that these manœuvres will not satisfy the eye of a severe European tactician; neither are there any alignments, or sounds of tread, to lend animation to the scene. The fantastical caparison of the dromedaries, their ungainly forms, angular limbs, and long necks, ungracefully carried, and the banderols hanging unevenly, as the animal rests, now on one haunch, now on the other, present at first a strange sight, recalling the artistic irregularity of the arabesque. And yet accidents are less frequent in this troop, in which there is necessarily an appearance of confusion, than in a body of regular cavalry."

In camp, the place of the Zembourcks is around the person of the king, or commander-in-chief. They are manœuvred either by the voice or the bugle. To complete the corps there are, also, twenty-five musicians, mounted upon dromedaries superbly caparisoned, who announce with the sound of brass drums, tomtoms, and trumpets, the *reveillé* and the retreat, as well as the festival days, the solemn entry of the king, and receptions at court.

It has been stoutly maintained that drome-



CAMEL SECURED FOR A GALE.

daries are frightened by the noise of drums and trumpets. Hardly, when we consider the music of the Zemboureks. Their instruments are the *karine*, which is in the form of the *tuba*, the ancient Roman horn, and is eight feet long; the *kôous*, a drum, two feet in circumference; the *houl*, a common drum; the *nagarah*, a kettle-drum; the *cheipour* or *nafié*, a trumpet; the *zourna*, a hautboy; and the cymbals, *zeng*. All these instruments are in pairs or trios; and the band of the Zemboureks consists of twenty-five musicians, who beat and blow like madmen.

They have no written music, the performer knows the air only by ear, and consequently modulates it to his own taste; or rather, he does not seek to modulate it at all, his sole ambition being to drown his neighbor's noise, and produce, by his own baying or blowing, the greatest effect. Mirza-Mehdi relates that Nadir commanded the *nagahra kané* (military music) of his august army to rend the air with martial strains, and took his departure amidst a concerted blast which sounded like the trumpet of the resurrection.

One must have Persian ears to endure the musical uproar in which that people delight. They love, beyond all else, the music of the *Koroglou* (Son of the Blind Man)—a purely martial song which greatly inspires them. The most electrifying passage is as follows:

"Cease your boasting! What, to my eyes, are thirty, sixty, or a hundred of your soldiers? What are your rocks, your precipices, and your deserts under the hoof of my courser? In me behold the leopard of the mountains and of the valleys!"

The peculiar service of the Zembourekes is denoted by their name, which signifies "wasps" or "hornets;" for it is their duty to attack, cut off, and worry at a thousand points simultaneously the troops against which they are directed.

Again of the speed of the dromedary: General Marey-Monge relates that there are dromedaries in Algiers which are said to have traveled from two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles in a day. M. Pottinger and M. Christie assert that each chief of the Beloutchis, in executing a razzia, has under his orders a dozen dromedaries that perform ninety miles a day until they reach their theatre of operations, often a very distant point. But the maximum speed of the dromedaries of the north of Persia is about seventy-five miles a day, and it is doubtful if they can exceed this rate, as a general rule.

The frequent revolts which disturb Persia, and especially the despotism of the chief, who disposes at pleasure of the lives of his subjects, compel the latter to be always on the alert. The nobles, therefore, keep at all times in their stables, and ready for the saddle on the first alarm, a horse whose qualities, concealed from the public, are known only to his master and one faithful groom. These fleet coursers, reserved for the *rouz seiah*, the day of misfortune, are reputedly capable of making one hundred and fifty miles in a day. If dromedaries could attain the same speed they would, of course, be preferred for such momentous service—but that is never the case.

"The horse," says Hadji, "is the companion of the Persian; the dromedary is his slave, his devoted servant, that, deprived of every enjoyment, wears himself out in the service of his master." The swiftness of the dromedary is not to be compared to that of the horse, for he has neither his impetuosity nor his impatience. A provident animal, the dromedary regulates even the length of his steps by the weight of his burden. It would be impossible for the best dromedary to pass over 9842 yards in fifteen minutes, as a race-horse can do; but he will travel 98,420 yards in fifteen hours, and that daily for a month, if necessary.

In short, the horse is the beautiful favorite, who exerts his powers for effect; the dromedary is the faithful, patient slave, unambitious, and far from brilliant, but who serves to the best of his ability, and to the last. *Chi va piano va sano, e chi va sano va lontano* is his motto. He picks up the straw upon which the horse has just trampled, and, with his precious store of water, marches on and on. The horse, bearing proudly the "Centre of the World," the "Grandson of the Sun," the "Stirrup of Victory," approaches even to the steps of the throne; the dromedary tarries with the poor trader at the city gates. Upon the horse his master's sympathies and caresses are profusely lavished; of the dromedary it is only thought how his abstinence may be prolonged. The haughty Parthian cavalier never deigns to mount him—he is abandoned to the ragged and servile camel-driver. The khan of the Zembourekes never once dismounts from his champing courser to honor the humble dromedary, though he bears on his back "the infernal dragon with fiery jaws." But the Prophet chose him as a sacrifice agreeable to Allah at the feast of the *Courban Bäiram*. Thus, like most useful and modest creatures, he is honored only after he is dead; for, when once he has been sacrificed, he is found worthy to be served to the table of the "King of kings."

And now let us turn to the dromedary's even lowlier brother, Djimel, the camel of burden, the true merchant-ship of the desert; and let us take him from his launching to his breaking up.

The female camel usually conceives in December, January, or February, that being the rutting season of the male, and carries her young about twelve months. She brings forth, lying on her side, without much apparent labor or pain. The calf is generally swathed, immediately after birth, in cloths and blankets, all except its hump, to prevent its taking cold; and, for the same reason, a blanket is thrown over the mother. When the calf, thus swaddled, is presented to its dam, who has uttered, all the while, a lugubrious cry, she does not recognize her progeny in that shapeless bundle, and emphatically expresses her dislike for it. She will not, willingly, suffer it to suckle her; nor does sucking, "like reading and writing" to the human calf, "come by nature" to the young camel—it must be taught by its Arab or Egyptian Sary Gamps, one of whom, dipping his finger in melted butter, imparts to the by-no-means-precocious youngster his first lessons in the art. Within the first day the new-comer will have learned to take the teat, and soon, by its voracity, compensates for its backwardness.

Then the young lok or awana, tuilu or maya—whichever it may be—is bolstered up on both sides to teach it to sit camel-fashion. If



THE HALT.

the mother has been brought to bed while on a journey, her little one, slung in a blanket, is thrown across her back when the caravan moves. In fifteen days a young camel can trot by its mother's side; in nine or ten months it is weaned—sometimes by bandaging the teat, sometimes by adorning its nose with a nail—and then it follows mamma to pasture, where it

soon learns to crop and graze among young grass and tender shrubs.

It has been repeatedly asserted that the female camel is very delicate when with young, and that an alarm, or slight accident, will cause a miscarriage. Lieutenant Porter sets the story down as one of the innumerable fables about camels related by travelers who, merely passing through Camel-land, acquire absurd notions concerning the animal, its constitution and habits. With all the tumbling and tossing his camel-passengers experienced on the voyage from the Levant to Texas, to say nothing of the terrible fright they had in embarking, no accident occurred among the six or eight pregnant females of the number—all were happily "assisted" by Lieutenant Porter and his crew in a series of splendid obstetrical successes, one of which has an especial interest for patriotic American readers.

When the *Supply* was opposite Tunis, a third female showed signals of approaching maternity; whereupon Lieutenant Porter assumed the responsible office of superintending-midwife, a Bedouin attendant officiating as practitioner. No force was used, but nature for once allowed to have her own way. The result was, that the lady was soon in a well-as-can-be-expected condition, and a fine child stood on its legs and bellowed lustily within an hour. It was then presented to the mother, who, to the surprise of Turks and Arabs, testified a lively affection for it. The truth was, she was not in this instance shocked by the unsightly bunch of blankets with which young camel-mothers are usually disgusted, and with which the babies are so effectually disguised that their own dear mothers do not recognize them. In two hours from its birth this youngster was tugging bravely at what Mr. Micawber would call "the fount." After a hearty meal its joints were rubbed, and it was made to stand up every hour; in four days it toddled cunningly among the camels. In the course of a week it frisked about the deck with all the grace and animal spirits of a lambkin, and generously permitted "Uncle Sam," the young ruffian with the Pehlevan propensities before alluded to, to share its natural grog, that precocious brat having discovered that the "young person with the baby" had a superabundance of milk; nor did that amiable camel demur. On board the *Supply* the young camels sucked indiscriminately among the nursing mothers, nor was it an unusual spectacle to see three pulling at the same flask at once.

When the young camels are two or three years old their education begins. At first a carpet is strapped upon their backs, then a light saddle, and finally the heavy pack. From five years old to ten the camel is in the enjoyment of his full vigor; then his strength remains stationary for a few years more, after which he begins to decline; and at seventeen he is old; but he often lasts and travels with the pack till his twenty-fifth year.

The hump, the peculiar "rig" of the desert-ship, viewed, when its purpose is understood, in connection with the "ship's" ability to carry its own supply of water for several days, is an inspiring example of the provident adaptation of animals to their native climate and soil. Composed of gelatinous fat, the hump contributes a stock of provision that, by reabsorption, nourishes the animal, when the nature of the country, or other unfortunate contingency, deprives it of a supply of food proportionate to its exertions. Stored thus with water and with food, to meet for several days, should necessity or misfortune compel it, the exigencies of any arid and barren country, the camel has been rightly styled the "merchant-ship of the desert." So well is the use of the hump understood in the East, that the condition of the animal after a long and trying journey is measured by it. It is not uncommon to see camels come in from such expeditions with backs almost straight, showing but little, if any, hump. Indeed, the condition of the animal is, throughout Camel-land, invariably denoted by the development of this singular excrescence.

Beyond its office as a fodder-server the hump does not appear to be intimately connected with the vitality of the camel; for Linant Bey repeatedly opened the humps of his dromedaries with a sharp knife, when, from high feeding, they had become so plump as to interfere with adaptation of the saddle, and removed large portions of the fat, without in any manner injuring the animal, or disturbing its general health.

Care is always observed to protect the hump from continued pressure. The saddle is constructed so as to inclose, not rest upon it; and in the pad of the Zembourek's gun-carriage an orifice is left through which it protrudes. When on a journey of extraordinary hardships a caravan has suffered great privation, the Arabs are accustomed to say the camels have lived on their humps. In a case of famine the hump disappears first, then the fat of the belly, and lastly the flesh of the limbs. When the animal has arrived at the last of these stages it must surely die.

The camel's foot is shod with a thick callosity, by some said to be true horn—a provision which enables it to move with comfort over sand, gravel, and stones. Provided with a shoe of hide, armed with iron on the under side, and strapped to the fetlock-joint—the invention of a Persian vizier—it traverses rocks, volcanic débris, ice, and snow, without difficulty. In wet, clayey, and muddy soils the camel moves with embarrassment. It is then apt to slide and slip, without the ability to recover itself quickly; and is often, it is said, split up by the straddling of its hind-legs in falling; for this there is no remedy—the camel so crippled must be killed. It is always driven with great caution over such dangerous places, and the fatal accident is sometimes prevented by hoppling above the gamble-joint.

The camel, as is well known, is taught to

kneel and receive its load. This is done in its youth, by raising one of its fore-feet, and binding the leg in a bent position. The halter is jerked down, which brings the animal to its knees, when the other leg is bound and he is thus compelled to remain kneeling. The driver accompanies the jerking or bearing-down of the halter with a peculiar sound, like "Khrr, khrr, khrr," and after a few lessons the camel kneels at the word.

There is no limit to the load imposed upon these "imposed-upon" brutes, save the creature's ability to rise under its burden. From 400 to 700 pounds, however, is the average; and with such a cargo the "ship of the desert" will sail thirty or forty miles the day of ten hours. A *tuilu*, or *maya*—the cross of a Bactrian male and an Arabian female—will easily carry 700 pounds; but they travel slowly, seldom making more than twenty miles a day. For short distances—that is, from village to village, half a day's journey—1000 and even 1200 pounds may be put upon a camel; the Tuscan camels of the Grand Duke at Pisa seldom carry less, but they are shamefully abused. Male Bactrians are never loaded; they are kept only for breeding.

The camel eats, apparently, whatever vegetation the earth produces in its route, and drinks whatever bears the name of fresh-water, however foul it may be. It loves to gather its own food, and if allowed to do so will browse on almost any thing. If its food is given to it ready cut or gathered, it becomes fastidious, and cares only for thistles and tender herbs. As a general rule, care is taken not to turn out the camel to pasture till the dew is off the grass. Barley and straw, broken, are fed to it when pasturage is wanting. When on a march, or on arriving at a camping-spot, no herbage or long feed is at hand, a few balls of ground wheat, horse-beans, or barley, made into a thick paste or dough, together with a few dates occasionally, abundantly suffice it. Sustained by this diet alone, Mr. Shaw has known a camel to carry a load of seven hundred pounds ten or fifteen hours a day for several days without stopping. In good pasturage it will eat enough in two hours to last it for twenty-four. After the spring has passed, or when the camel has for some time had no green food, the Arabs purge it with wheat boiled in oil.

He eats as he goes; stretching his long neck from side to side of the road, he browses on the herbage within his reach, and being a light sleeper, seldom requiring more than four hours of rest out of the twenty-four, he ruminates the greater part of the night, or during the noon halts of the caravan.

The camel drinks on journeys about once in three days—so seldom, the Arabs explain, because it has no bile. It imbibes from thirty to forty pints at once. Its stomach is a sort of water-melon, which is not only capable of holding water in reserve, but, according to Cuvier, of secreting it. Like all ruminants, it has four stomachs, and one of them is a species of reservoir, consisting of a congeries of cells, which may contain twenty pints. In this reservoir the water will remain so long without deterioration that, according to the story of a celebrated traveler, three pints of not unpleasant water were found in the stomach of a camel that had been dead ten days.

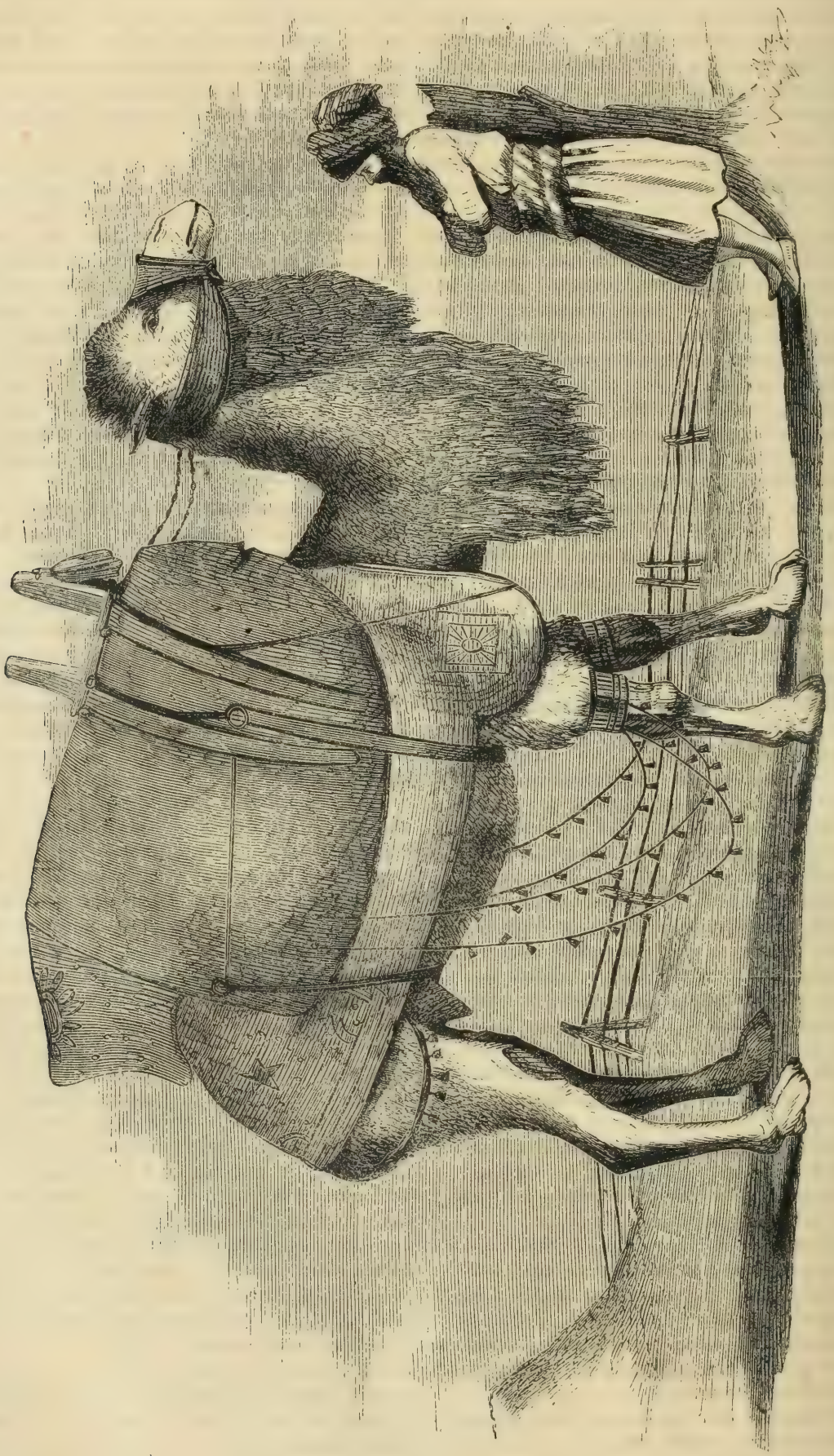
Compressing these cells by the action of the appropriate muscles, the animal moistens its food. The Arabs say, and the French in Algiers confirm the statement, that the water is secreted by an alimentary process *per se*.

A dromedary dying by accident, it was opened in the presence of several French officers. The reservoir presented the appearance of a melon, and contained more than fifteen pints of greenish water, with no bad flavor. The Arabs present affirmed that, if allowed to settle for three days, it would become clear and palatable. The experiment was tried, and the Arabs found to be right.

In the rutting season the male camel becomes obstinate and unmanageable, and not unfrequently dangerous to all but his keeper. This excitement is often marked by a peculiar projection from his mouth of a loose, membraneous lining of the throat, in the form and with the appearance of a bladder, accompanied by a loud, bubbling noise, from the passage of the air with which it is inflated. This appearance is not, however, peculiar to the camel's rutting season; it is its manifestation of excitement from whatsoever cause.

In its diseases the camel resembles the ox; but it is liable to but two maladies of a grave character—a violent pneumonitis, or inflammation of the lungs, which often carries it off in two or three days, and the mange or itch; the first proceeds from exposure to extreme cold or chilly dampness; the latter from neglect and filth. Warm covering, and purges of rancid or olive oil are administered for the pneumonia, and the free use of tar is supposed to cure the itch. The latter appears to be in a peculiar degree a disease of the camel, particularly in the southern and warmer portions of Camel-land, as in Africa, where it is very prevalent and but little regarded. Mr. Porter says there is always a risk in purchasing a camel in or near a city, no matter how well-looking it may be, particularly if it has served in a caravan, for there is no knowing how soon the itch may break out. In the filthy khans they are sure to contract it; the abominations of ages seem to have accumulated in those pestiferous sheds, and there the camels are stowed away, closely packed for the night.

Charms and incantations are supposed in the East to have much potency against the diseases of the camel. The prescriptions of the camel-doctors are often very amusing. A young sheep, boiled down in molasses, was administered to a sick camel in Cairo; a chameleon's tail to tickle the camel's nose, is reputed a sovereign cure for several ailments; and five grains of gunpowder in an ounce of tea is an Egyptian Rad-



THE MALE TUBLU.

way's Ready Relief. Cauterizing with a red-hot iron is of universal application; it is scarcely possible to procure a camel that is not numerously scarred by such branding.

It often happens that, in ascending an acclivity, or traveling a muddy road, the camel falls, his fore-feet slipping. He does not then attempt to rise, but still pushes forward on his knees; nor does he make the least effort to recover his feet until he is once more on firm soil. He

easily slips thus on clayey soil, especially just after a rain. Should he break a leg in such a fall, he must be killed at once. But dead, he is still precious.

His flesh has the flavor of good beef—indeed, when young and tender, it is even more agreeable. So near is the resemblance, that the Mussulman servants of as yet unorientalized Europeans have a trick of "shaving" their masters by foisting camel's flesh upon them in lieu of beef, and pocketing the difference of price. On the table of the Shah of Persia camel's flesh is, *par excellence*, the royal dish, by peculiar favor of the Prophet, to whom it is sacred. Dried and salted, it serves to provision the outward-bound caravans.

The milk of the camel is pleasant and nourishing, and not to be readily distinguished from cow's milk, when mixed with coffee. All the nomads have a voracious fondness for it, and the Arabs feed it to their favorite stallions.

The hair is long on the camel's hump, on the lower jaw, along the line of the neck, and on the joints of the legs. It sheds in the spring. Sometimes it is sheared—one man clipping the hair with a sharp knife, another gathering it into a bag as it falls. The Arabs twist it in turbans, and in Persia it is woven, with wool, into carpets, tents, and sacks. The camels'-hair shawls, so much prized by western ladies, are not of the camel's bestowing—its hair is too coarse for so elegant a material, which is really woven from the very fine hair of a particular species of goat. The camel's skin, made into leather, furnishes good shoes and saddle-covers.

And thus it is seen how heavy to the poor Arab, Egyptian, or Turk, is the loss of a camel. His beautiful mare is his greatest blessing; there is no end to her endurance; her usefulness has no match; she supplies his family with milk; she clothes his children with her hair, as fine and warm as the sheep's wool; she carries his produce to market, and is satisfied with nibbling the dried grass she can crop on the roadside; it costs but a trifle to feed her, and she gives her willing service to an age which the cow or horse seldom reach.

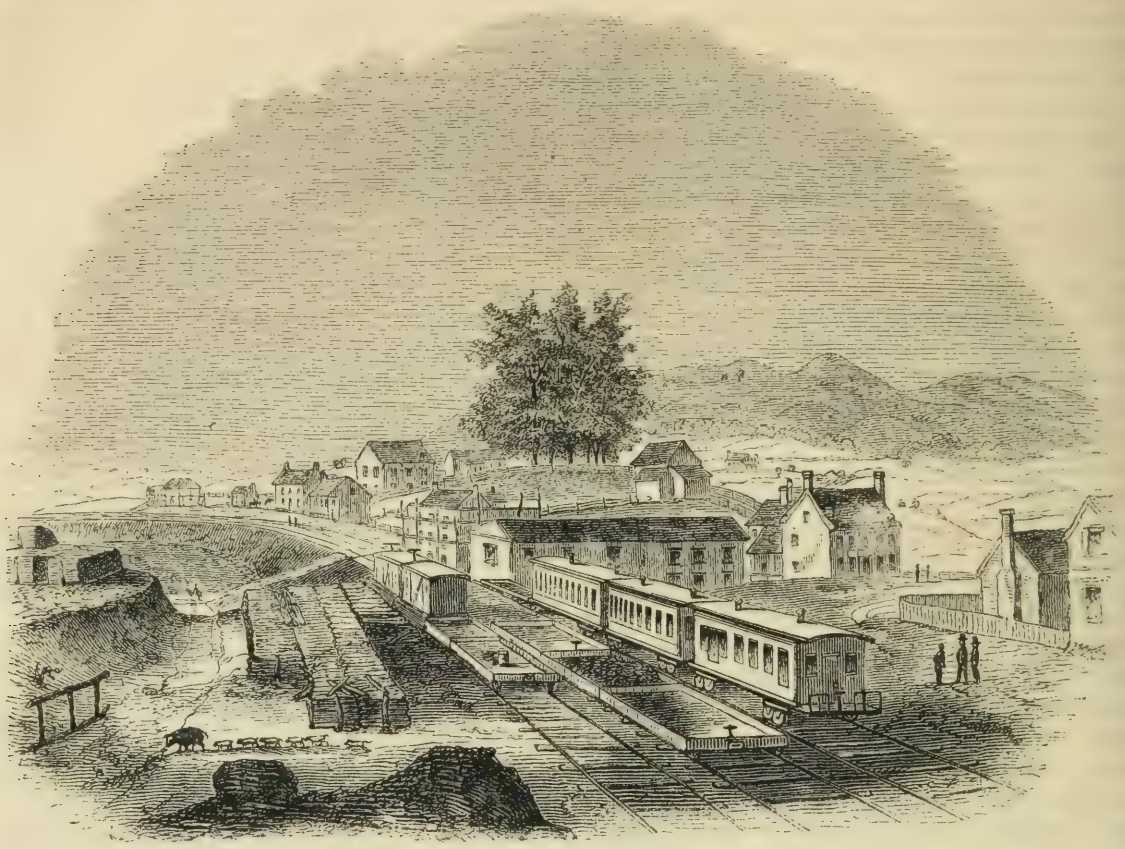
If, then, it be asked why—since the camel is so perfect a beast of burden—is it not left to private enterprise to introduce it into the United States, and reap the benefits arising from its valuable services? Mr. Porter has answered the question: Only because the subject is not fully understood and appreciated among us. Our people form their notions of the camel from the diminutive and sickly-looking specimens they see, for a shilling, in menageries: as well might they imagine they beheld the king of beasts in the famished, cowed, and listless brute they see crouching in Driesbach's cages. If some of the specimens brought over by the *Supply* could be seen by those who have known only the menagerie camel, they would receive new ideas of the ship of the desert.

Among the number was a male Bactrian from Persia. This powerful animal, though a native of Northern Asia, is found on the confines of Persia, in the Kurdistan country, and is brought in yearly to the southwestern part of Asia Minor, to cross with the female Arabian camel or awana. The connection between the Bactrian male and the awana produces a cross called *tuilu*, large numbers of which are to be found throughout Asia Minor; and numerous caravans of them go annually from Smyrna to Persia and the northeastern regions of Asia Minor, carrying immense loads.

The cross, or *tuilu*, is a hybrid, and if it does produce at all, the get is small and very inferior, being scarcely worth five dollars. The one brought over in the *Supply* did not compare with many of his family to be found in Asia Minor; but Lieutenant Porter was forced to consult the height of his decks, which were but seven feet five inches between the planks—in fact, to accommodate one of the Bactrians, he was compelled to cut away a portion of the deck to relieve the animal's hump from pressure. This *tuilu* was rutting at the time he was purchased, and, of course, was very thin; he measured, however, seven feet four inches in height, ten feet two inches in length, and eight feet ten inches around the body. When in fair order, he would weigh over two thousand pounds.

A *tuilu* will carry twelve hundred English pounds, and travel with his burden eighteen miles a day for many days. He will eat on the journey one dough-ball of four pounds once a day, with what herbage he may find at his resting-places. The *maya*, or female issue of the Bactrian and Arabian, is also very powerful, but can not carry so heavy weights as the *tuilu*. As for the capability of the *tuilu* to stand the climate of Texas, it is well known that the Kurdistan mountains, Akabzik, Mount Ararat, and the mountain from Erzroum to Tabris, are all covered with deep snow till late in the spring, and large caravans of *tuilus* are constantly passing over them.

Mr. Porter advises the importation of young camels of one or two years old. These, when landed in Texas, could be trained either as burden or riding camels. Any young camel can be trained as a dromedary; though less swift than the Nomanieh or Bicharieh of the desert, they would exhibit an endurance of days and weeks impossible to the best breed of horses; and while the latter would be "blown" after a journey of a hundred miles, which he would require three days to perform, the dromedary of common stock would be making its sixty miles a day in any weather, and over the worst roads. They require no shoeing nor any repairing of harness, their gear being of the simplest description. They will carry two or three hundred pounds of baggage besides the rider. When they come up with an enemy, they will lie down, and form a rampart with their bodies, and are not, like horses, subject to stampede. Thus, a corps of mounted dromedaries might be formed that would soon drive every hostile Indian out of the country.



BRISTOL.

A WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

Second Paper.

"Meanwhile whate'er of beautiful or new,
Sublime or dreadful in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance or search was offered to his view,
He scanned with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore, tradition could supply,
From border tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry."

BEATTIE.

PURSUING their journey westward from Abingdon, our travelers arrived about sundown at the town of Bristol, and put up at the Magnolia, a very good hotel located within a short distance of the dépôt. This straggling, half-finished village, which has lately sprung up at the terminus of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, lies partly in Virginia and partly in Tennessee. The locality was formerly called King's Meadows, and owned by General Evan Shelby, whose house and tomb are both to be seen at a short distance from the hotel. Shelby's dwelling was a rude log building, characteristic of the times in which he lived, and the tomb, which, with two others, occupies a little eminence shaded by a group of trees, consists of a coffin-shaped slab of iron, with the following inscription:

GENERAL EVAN SHELBY,
Died
December 14th, 1704,
Aged 74.

The date there given is evidently wrong, and was probably intended for 1804.

Evan Shelby was one of those hunting-shirt soldiers and statesmen whose romantic feats of hardihood and heroism illuminate the pages of our colonial and revolutionary history, and whose practical wisdom guided the frontier communities through anarchy and war to triumphant peace and orderly government. He marched with Braddock to the fatal field, where terminated the career of that obstinate and unfortunate officer. He led the van under Forbes when Fort Du Quesne was taken. He was a captain at the bloody battle of Point Pleasant, led a famous expedition against the Indians at Chickamanga, and was finally appointed a general of militia by the State of Virginia. Gallant sons grew up around him whose exploits were not inferior to his own, and whose names equally shine in our early annals. So much for the historic associations of Bristol. There is, however, nothing particularly romantic in its present condition.

There are now to be seen straggling railway tracks, trains of empty and loaded cars, engines puffing and fuming, vast piles of wood, machine-shops, and taverns. There are warehouses full of wheat and corn, great herds of grunting unambitious swine, about to travel in the cars for the first time in their lives. There are crowds of busy men drinking "bald-face" and chewing tobacco, speculators in land and pork, insolent stage-drivers, gaping country folks, babbling politicians, careless negroes, who if they had sense enough would laugh at their masters, but wanting that, laugh their fill at one another. There, too, were our amiable friends, withdrawn as much as possible from the crowd, preferring

the past to the present, and hoping that all this unlovely turmoil will not disturb the sleep of the heroic Shelby.

Then, as they were to take the stage at four o'clock next morning, the Squire suggested that they should go to sleep themselves, and so they did.

The railroad terminates just at the line dividing the States of Virginia and Tennessee. It will shortly be connected with the great lines of trade and travel leading to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, by a road now in progress connecting Bristol with Knoxville, and will then be the great thoroughfare between the North and South. At present there is an unfinished gap of seventy miles, over which the traveler is carried in old-fashioned stage-coaches. This formidable journey our friends commenced at the appointed hour next morning.

The coaches were all crowded, and Bob Larkin, who still seemed resolved to be unsociable, made it an excuse for taking his seat beside the driver. True, the insiders protested against it, and even Annette said, loud enough to be heard, that there was room, and that he would catch cold. But Bob perversely pulled his cap over his eyes, set his teeth, and took his cheerless seat. After a while it commenced raining, and a thick, warm shawl was handed out to Bob; at whose suggestion we never understood, but the graceless dog wore it under his wet cloak without thanking any one in particular for the attention.

They arrived at Blountsville, eight or nine miles from their starting-place, about daylight, and got out at a tavern of very unpromising appearance. In the course of time, however, they sat down to a better breakfast than they anticipated, and this slight circumstance produced a general glow of cheerfulness.

Thus invigorated, the Squire and Larkin went out, in spite of the continued rain, to search for a carriage that would carry them to the Natural Tunnel. In a short time they succeeded in making a satisfactory arrangement, and at ten o'clock the hackman drove up with a vehicle resembling a tin peddler's cart, but roomy enough, and drawn by a pair of powerful and handsome gray horses. Just at that moment the clouds broke away, and the sun blazed out cheerily upon the muddy and bedraggled village.



HOG DROVERS.

"*Fortuna favet fortibus!*" exclaimed the Squire, triumphantly. "We will have a fine day after all—I was sure of it."

"Not so sure an hour ago, papa," said Annette.

"True, my daughter, I was obfuscated then—desponding; I had not had my coffee."

With some difficulty the ladies climbed into the awkward vehicle, which had no steps, the men took their places, several carpet sacks and an extensive lunch were packed under the seats, and they drove off at a brisk pace, leaving Jim Bug, with a doleful countenance, standing in front of the tavern. As there happened to be no room for the valet in the carriage, he was left to take care of the trunks until their return. They journeyed steadily over a very passable road until they reached Estilville, the seat of justice of Scott County, Virginia. Here they had intended passing the night, but the sight of a wretched, unwashed village, and three taverns vying with each other in dirt and lonesomeness, quite appalled the ladies.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Broadacre, "I would prefer going on to the next town."

"You're likely to be middlin' sleepy, madam, afore we git to it," observed the driver, jocosely. "That's Jonesville, in Lee County, full forty miles off, and no much better when you're thar."

"You may drive on," said the Squire, "and we'll take the chances of the road; although I haven't tried it for thirty years, I think I would prefer encamping in the woods to this."

"Did you ever see such a wretched place?" said Mrs. B., as their carriage rattled on and left the town behind.

"I scarcely remarked it," said Leonore, "I was so much taken up with the beautiful scenery around us."

"It is, indeed, a charming country," said Larkin; "and I have often found good entertainment in worse-looking places than this we have just passed."

"I dare say, Robert, with your adoration of the picturesque, you would consider yourself better entertained in a gipsy's tent than at the St. Nicholas."

As they jogged along, little Betty, hitherto a patient and cheerful traveler, began to complain vociferously of hunger. Their provision-basket had been emptied at noon, but espying a cottage a short distance from the road, Bob jumped out of the carriage and ran across the inclosure to see if he could not procure something to eat. A pretty, smiling, country-woman responded to the requisition with a load of cold spare-ribs, biscuits, and sugar-cakes, stoutly refusing all remuneration therefor, and lamenting, at the same time, that she had nothing better to send.

"I could not press the money upon her," said Bob, "for the kind soul was so delighted with the opportunity of giving that I rather envied her pleasure."

This successful forage afforded a good lunch not only to Tiny, but to all the inmates of the carriage except the Squire. Notwithstanding the whiteness of the biscuit and the juiciness of the ribs, he resisted all temptation.

"Let the women and children finish it," he said; "for my part, I consider a good appetite as something sacred—not to be thrown away upon trifles. I have a noble one just now, and think it will keep until we get one of these sub-



SCENE AT BLOUNTVILLE.



VIEW FROM THE TOWER.

stantial juicy suppers that I have sometimes seen in the mountains. I'll take the chances at least."

About sunset they forded the Clinch River, and following the road along its lovely banks for a couple of miles, they at length reached Neil's, where the Squire got a supper that fully justified his philosophic self-denial and glowing faith in the cuisine of the mountains.

Neil's tavern is situated on the western bank of the Clinch, near the mouth of Stock Creek, ten miles from Estilville, and two miles distant from the Tunnel.

After a night of refreshing slumber our travelers rose in good condition to endure and enjoy what was before them. Neither had the hard tugging of the previous day been in any way detrimental to the grays, and it was therefore resolved to take the carriage as near as possible to the point of interest. This was accomplished with much difficulty, and, it must be acknowledged, not without some risk to horses, vehicle, and passengers.

Leaving the picturesque valley of Stock Creek through which the road wound for the greater part of the distance, they at length ascended a long rocky hill and entered a wood. Here their conductor informed them was the stopping-point for the carriage.

The horses were then detached and securely tied to trees, while the travelers deposited all their superfluous wrappings in the carriage and prepared for a walk. The guide led them up a steep ascent for several hundred yards, and then, leaving the main road, descended by a narrow footpath until they came upon a rocky ledge

overgrown with pines and *arbor vitæ*. Here they were cautioned to bear a little to the right, and more circumspectly, until they clearly understood where they were. To make sure, the ladies seated themselves on some convenient rocks, while the Squire and Bob Larkin advanced several paces, and each carefully grasping the limb of a tree looked over into the awful abyss that yawned beneath them. The narrow ledge upon which they stood formed part of the brim of an enormous cup, or circular pit, between four and five hundred feet deep, and of equal diameter. About three-fourths of the circle is formed of clean cut limestone, piled like regular masonry in horizontal strata, and fringed at the top with a dense growth of evergreens.

On the lower side the circular wall is broken through, and over the jagged edges of the chasm rise several rocky pinnacles many feet above the average height of the amphitheatre, like gigantic watch-towers frowning over the portal of a walled city.

At the bottom of the basin, on the upper side, is an arched opening from whose dark yawning jaws issues a stream of water that winds along under the cliff where our adventurers then stood, and makes its exit through the opposite chasm.

Our friends gazed upon this unique and wonderful scene for some time in silence, when the Squire withdrew from his position, and turning to his consort said, emphatically,

"Mrs. Broadacre, don't let go that child's hand for a moment while we are near this place. Annette, you and Leonore will both keep an eye on her. Bob Larkin, make it a point to hold her fast."

"But, papa, if we are to look at Tiny all the time how can we see the rocks?"

"True, Netty, true. Give me the child. Go now and look, but take good care of yourselves. Robert, take them out one at a time and be careful; mind, if you let any one of them tumble over, you shall follow by the same route."

"That, Sir, I will engage to do," said Bob, gallantly.

Mrs. Broadacre's curiosity was soon satisfied. She professed to be more frightened than pleased, and retired to a place of safety beside her spouse.

Leonore stood calmly with arms folded, and



THE TOWERS.

one dainty little foot firmly planted upon the extreme verge of the tremendous precipice. Larkin's eye was fixed upon her with undisguised admiration.

"Look," exclaimed Mrs. Broadacre, "she scorns even the ordinary precaution of holding to a tree."

"It's French affectation," said the Squire. "Leonore, Leonore, you must quit that place or hug that tree; you must, positively."

"Pardon, uncle," she replied, "I did not think of it;" and in compliance with her uncle's wishes she threw her arm carelessly around the trunk of a cedar that grew near by.

"Bob, you reprobate," cried the Squire, fretfully, "have you overlooked Netty? Lead her up; give her your hand."

Bob started as he withdrew his eyes from the dark-eyed heroine, and with a bungling apology for his delay did as he was ordered. He took the plump little bundle of kid in his hand and led its owner to the dangerous brink. The tiny hand was warm and tremulous, as laughing, blushing, and hesitating she followed her conductor, and then Bob felt its close convulsive pressure as she recoiled in terror from the awful chasm.

"Cousin Robert, let us go back; I don't wish to look."

"Netty," said Larkin, "lean on my arm, and look. You can do so with perfect safety."

Now Bob had not called her Netty for some time, so she made an effort and did look for a few minutes, but presently complained of dizziness, and withdrew. Bob felt himself getting dizzy, too. Alas! for human resolutions—it could not have been for fear of the precipice, for he minded that no more than a squirrel.

Retiring from this ledge by the way they came our travelers made a considerable circuit through the wood, and at length reached the summit of the towers opposite the point they first visited. These jut up above the precipitous wall to the distance of forty or fifty feet, but are joined to the hill behind them by a narrow rocky spur, which affords a convenient approach to their summit. One of them, however, is unapproachable, and stands entirely detached, rising to the height of sixty feet above its base. Their elevation above Stock Creek is estimated at six hundred feet. The view of the chasm from these summits is the most complete that can be obtained. The whole basin is seen at a single glance, the lower opening of the tunnel disgorging the glimmering stream, which winds its way among heaps of *débris* shattered from the impending cliffs by the frosts of ages, and then passing through the stupendous gateway, hurries, with a succession of pretty rapids and cascades, onward toward the Clinch.

Although less interrupted, and possibly more satisfactory, the view from this point is not so terrible and overwhelming as that to which the spectator is first introduced. For here he may seat himself remote from the dizzy brink, and enjoy the prospect with a sense of perfect security.

The travelers were grouped together in a state of pleasurable excitement, pointing out here and there new objects of beauty or wonder, and expressing their gratification in such modes and phrases as were most characteristic, when Tiny's voice interrupted them.

"Papa," she cried, "I'm making such a beautiful garden. Do come and get this pretty piece of moss for me."

The Squire turned deadly pale. Seizing his wife's arm with a grasp of iron, he whispered,

"Don't move or speak for your life!"

The poor lady had little need of such counsel, for she sunk instantly on the rock at his feet. Bob Larkin, in the act of rushing toward the child, was arrested by a gesture from Leonore.

Tiny was sitting a short distance off upon the verge of the precipice, with her feet hanging over. An evergreen which sprung from a crevice in the side of the cliff waved its graceful branches over her head, and upon its trunk grew the coveted moss at which the child was eagerly pointing. An expression of dread and indecision was seen on Leonore's face for one moment, but the next all was calm, and she spoke in a quiet, half-playful tone,

"Come, child, here's something far prettier for your garden than the moss."

"Where is it?" said Tiny, turning half-round and regarding her curiously.

"Here it is," replied Leonore, taking a sprig of *arbor vitæ* from her bosom, and, holding it toward the child, she quietly approached, until by reaching her hand she withdrew the little one from her appalling position; then reaching over, she gathered the moss, and gave it to the unconscious Tiny, who immediately commenced planting it in her garden. Before this was finished, however, Mrs. Broadacre had seized her child, and was sobbing on her neck.

"Oh, you little wretch, you've frightened me so, I've a mind to—"

"Children," said the Squire, drawing a long breath, "we must leave the place forthwith."

And without more words they took the path which led to the top of the hill. When they got there Mr. Broadacre complained of faintness—whether the result of fatigue or emotion he did not say.

"Bob Larkin," said he, "have you that flask of apple-jack we procured in Blountville?"

Bob handed over the flask, and after offering it all round without success, the Squire took a couple of voluminous swallows.

"Leonore, my girl, come here. You did that thing well — remarkably well, my daughter. You have heroic blood in your veins, and have this day weeded many a strong, deep-rooted prejudice out of a stubborn old heart. Your ridiculous bonnets are pretty, your absurd hoops are graceful. Mrs. B., I will never more reproach you for your fashionable follies. Annette, you shall commence learning French immediately; you shall have *berthes* and *duchesse* skirts, or any other infernal nonsense you choose."



INTERIOR OF THE TUNNEL.

The Squire then embraced his niece tenderly, and bestowed a kiss on her smooth and glowing cheek. No one made any comment on this scene, but Mrs. B. looked triumphant.

The conductor now put the travelers into a path which led directly to the upper entrance of the tunnel, from whence they could visit all the other points of interest without danger or difficulty. Assuring them at the same time that there would be no further need of his services he took his leave.

Setting out now to make explorations on their own responsibility they followed the path indicated and soon reached Stock Creek, about two hundred yards above the entrance. It was impossible to get a satisfactory view of it, on account of the dense growth of trees; but the glimpses they obtained of the lofty perpendicular cliff, and the dark yawning mouth that swallowed the stream at a single gulp, were sufficiently impressive.

They also found the approach along the banks of the creek so encumbered with fallen timber and masses of rock that their progress was slow and fatiguing in the extreme. Having at length made their way fairly into the tunnel they sat down to rest and to observe things around them with more deliberation. The artist employed himself during the halt in sketching the unique and imposing scene, one of which mere words can not convey an adequate idea. At this point the tunnel is about fifty yards wide, and the lofty ceiling seems to be supported on groined arches springing from massive pillars of Cyclopean masonry. These pillars rise from dark pools of water, which, repeating each form, increase the appearance of artificial regularity. Heaps of enormous rocks that seem to have fallen from the ceiling, half block up the passage and limit the width of the stream. After a brief repose our adventurers pushed on, crossing the water by means of driftwood and stepping-stones, and at length reached the central point, where, by the curving of the tunnel, the light from either opening is entirely excluded. Here, for a time, they found themselves in darkness, until the eye adjusting itself to the feebler reflected rays, they were enabled to grope their way through. Passing out on the lower side they found themselves in the bottom of the grand amphitheatre, and looking up with wonder and admiration at the surrounding cliffs and towers whose tops seemed to kiss the clouds. The trees on the banks of the stream, which from above appeared as shrubs, were now seen to be of gigantic size; and the heaps of splintered rocks, at first view so insignificant, rose like miniature mountains which it was a task to climb.

Having expended all their phrases and exclamations, and worn themselves out climbing over the rocks, animated nature once more asserted the superiority of her claims over the inanimate, and unpacking a substantial lunch they sat down upon the bank of the stream to enjoy it.

While our jolly friends are seated around an ample stone table, dissecting cold fowls and distributing buttered biscuits, sweetening their meal with much fantastic courtesy, wit, and mirth, we will endeavor to give a connected account of this remarkable tunnel, drawn from the most reliable sources. Stock Creek, a stream ordinarily some 25 or 30 feet wide in its course along the base of a mountain, meets a spur about six hundred feet in height rising directly across its course. This obstacle can be avoided by no detour, nor is there any convenient outlet for the water. Consequently it perforates the solid mass of limestone, making a complete roomy tunnel large enough for any emergency, and having accomplished this feat, goes on its

way rejoicing. The course of the tunnel is serpentine, being shaped like the letter S; its length is four hundred and fifty feet; its width varying from fifty to a hundred and fifty. The heights of the upper and lower openings are respectively sixty and ninety feet; although at some points in its course it is not over thirty feet high. The stream falls about ten feet in its passage through, which is about the ordinary grade of its course immediately above and below. By far the most singular and imposing feature presented to our consideration is the circular basin at the lower aperture of the tunnel. Whether viewed from above or below, there are few scenes in nature so grand and impressive. The upper side, although wild and rugged in the extreme, bears no comparison with it; while the interior of the tunnel is simply a bare limestone cavern, grand from its extent, but resembling the caves found in numerous other places in its forms and general appearance. But the basin is peculiar, unlike any thing we have ever seen; and it is doubtful whether verbal description or drawings, however correct in detail, will convey an adequate idea of it.

After dinner the party returned to Neil's, leaving Larkin absorbed in his sketching. He



LOOKING OUT FROM THE TUNNEL.



THE TUNNEL, LOOKING INWARD FROM LOWER ENTRANCE.

worked away until sundown, and then following down Stock Creek rejoined his friends at the hotel in time for supper.

Next morning the artist rose early and returned to the tunnel alone, to complete his drawings, and enjoy that thoughtful and impressive communion with nature which can only be fully enjoyed in solitude.

In common with all habitual resorts of the curious this place has its traditions. A story is told of one George Dotson, who, in days gone by, impelled by curiosity, or the all-pervading love of distinction, visited an opening which appears about mid-way between the summit and base of the impending cliff first visited by our travelers. To accomplish this he got some companions to lower him from the top by a rope, part of which was made of the bark of a shrub common in these mountains called "leather-wood." As the ledge from which he descended projected some ten or fifteen feet over the face of the cliff, he had nothing to stay him, and the slight vibratory motion with which he started increasing as the rope lengthened, became at length so violent that he with difficulty escaped being dashed to pieces against the rock. Owing to this circumstance his first attempt failed, but the hardy adventurer furnished himself with a long staff and again descended, resolved to succeed or perish. He used the staff to keep himself clear of the rocks, and when he found himself hanging opposite the mouth of the cavern he managed to draw himself in so as to land on a slight projection just under it. Here he found a hole of limited extent with nothing in it; the sole rewards of his courage and perseverance were the satisfaction of his curiosity and the fame of his achievement.

About what the French got for taking the Malakoff.

The artist having got through his drawings and communings by dinner-time, the carriage was ordered and they drove as far as the Holston Springs that evening. This watering-place, which has considerable neighborhood repute, is neatly improved, and situated immediately on the Holston River, a short distance from the Tennessee line. Its attractions are four springs of sulphur, chalybeate, lime, and free-stone waters, which bubble up together in a little basin, all within the space of a yard square. In the proper season the river affords fine sport to the angler, and the forests to the hunter.

Although unexpected and unseasonable guests, our friends were pleasantly entertained for the night, and resumed their journey next morning in high spirits. As they passed along, commenting on the appearance of the country, Mrs. Broadacre expressed her decided disapprobation of the manner in which the younger children were dressed.

"Driver," asked the Squire, "are we still in Virginia?"

"We are, Sir. It wants about half a mile to the Tennessee line yet."

"Then, madam," continued the Squire, "if

our gallant old State has not entirely lost her prestige, that boy, whose humble habiliments you affect to scorn, may one day be President of the United States."



A PROBABLE PRESIDENT.

"BLOUNTVILLE, *Tennessee, Nov.* —.

"MY DEAR MARIA,—As we can not get away from this uncomfortable place until to-morrow morning, I gladly seize the opportunity of communicating with a sympathizing friend, who can understand the troubles and annoyances to which I have been subjected since Mr. Broadacre set out on this wild-goose chase. You know I am not in the habit of fault-finding or complaining, yet why Mr. B. is dragging us to and fro through this rocky, half-civilized country, I can not imagine. The pretense of ill-health, with which he set out, has long since been forgotten, for he has become robust and feeds like an ox. I am tired hearing of scenery and charming prospects where I see nothing but rocks, dead trees, and mud; but I suppose I must endure it patiently. During our short sojourn in Washington and Richmond I saw a great deal that pleased and interested me. There were the *Duchess* skirts—novelties just from Paris. I also met with several political celebrities. Their arrival caused great excitement among the fashionables: they are made of gum-elastic, and are light as a feather. Mr. Broadacre says they are confounded humbugs, and oughtn't to be tolerated; but I don't mind his eccentricities. I admired the capitol in Richmond very much, and saw a most excellent point-lace *berthe*, which I wished to get for Annette; but her father objected, saying that I had better defer the purchasing of such articles until we got to Charleston, or St. Louis, or New Orleans, or somewhere else, where we expect to be some time this winter. I knew this was nothing but a put-off; but when the dear child bumped her head on the canal-boat, he promised her one positively.

"We have just returned from a visit to the Natural Tunnel, which has fatigued me excessively, and we had a terrible fright with our dear little Bettina, who would have fallen over the rocks but for Leonore, who behaved most charmingly on the occasion. Mr. Broadacre, in the fullness of his heart, recanted all he had ever said against Fashions and French. Now undoubtedly he is a kind soul, but he exercises me very much with his obstinacy and *gaucheries*. I sometimes think he behaves so on purpose to vex me. What do you think of his carrying Tiny on his back down Pennsylvania Avenue, or of his playing saw-mill with her in the parlor of the Exchange in Richmond, before I don't know how many James River gran-



HOLSTON SPRINGS



SAW-MILL.

dees? Then he habitually pours his coffee into his saucer, blows it furiously to cool it, and makes rings on the table-cloth with his cup, and has a most peculiar and abominably unfashionable way of blowing his nose. But, after all, it is better to support our trials with fortitude, and I humbly trust I shall have strength to do so. I am consoled here with the idea that the people won't observe these peculiarities, for they dine without napkins or finger-bowls, and use two-pronged forks with one prong broken off.

"As we were coming from Bristol to this place in the stage Leonore accidentally broke her camphor-bottle, when the man who sat in front of her hastily raised the curtain and thrust his head out into the rain. The odor was rather excessive, but not unpleasant; however, we opened the windows, and, wishing to say something apologetic, Leonore asked her *vis-à-vis* if he liked the smell of camphor. 'No, ma'am, I don't,' replied he, with a polite bow—'I'd as lief smell a skunk—hit's flung me into a darned sweat—but hit's no matter, ma'am.'

"Mr. Broadacre and all of them pretend to be delighted with the country and all they see. Mr. Broadacre always did bear other people's troubles with the most provoking philosophy; but in attempting to make up the fire this evening he found his match in an obstinate chunk. He persevered with it until he smutted the carpet all over, burned his boot, and pinched his thumb, and when I took advantage of the opportunity of advising him to keep cool, he threw the tongs out of the window and left the room.

"Please write without delay, and direct to Knoxville. Give me all the news about the weddings, and how they were dressed, and whether that match we spoke of when I last saw you is likely to come off. Love to all.

"Very affectionately yours,

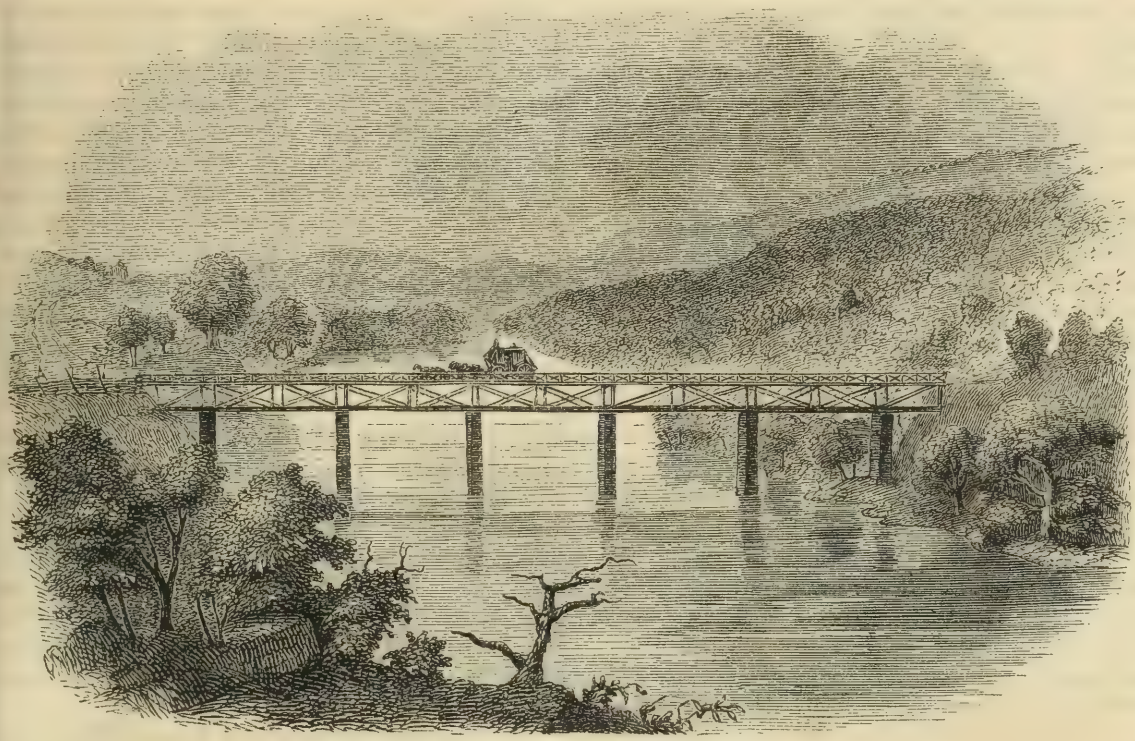
"Betty Broadacre."



LABOR IN VAIN.



TOP OF THE COACH.



PASSING THE HOLSTON.

From Blountville our travelers started in the stage-coach for Jonesborough, twenty-one miles distant. Through torrents of rain and unfathomable mud the smoking horses slowly toiled along, while the crowded, cramped, half-suffocated inmates of the vehicle were as merry as if they really enjoyed themselves. Bob Larkin, who, despite the rain, still kept his seat with the driver, managed to make a little dry fun out of a dripping negro who occasionally poked his head from beneath the water-proof canvas that covered the coach, and who looked, for all the world, like a great West India turtle listlessly peering from his shell at a dull wishy-washy world in which he felt no sort of interest.

The country through which they passed contained nothing particularly worthy of remark, except the light wooden bridge across the Holston and its picturesque surroundings. Our travelers were, therefore, well pleased to hear the coachman and his horn as they descended into



JONESBOROUGH.

the venerable and famous town of Jonesborough.

The first impressions of Jonesborough were generally satisfactory. It had an old-fashioned, substantial air, as if the people who built it intended to live there for the rest of their days. The town is snugly and modestly nestled in a deep hollow, while the adjacent hills are crowned with neat private residences, and several academies of some architectural pretension. It contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is the oldest town in East Tennessee.

But we must not forget our newly-arrived travelers. Passing by the stage-office, because the Squire observed the windows were all broken, they found quarters at the Eutaw House, and in due time were comfortably bestowed in their rooms. They then partook of a hearty old-fashioned supper of steaks, sausages, preserves, batter-cakes, and biscuits, and very soon after went to sleep.

When they awake the world may, probably, hear more of them.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

LOUIS XVI., in his endeavor to appease the universal discontent which pervaded France, had convened the States-General, to be composed of the three recognized orders of the realm, the Clergy, the Nobility, and the Third Estate. The two privileged classes were greatly alarmed at this movement, and did every thing in their power to prevent the meeting. They were, however, unsuccessful, and the States-General was convened at Versailles on the 5th of May, 1789. It was composed, in round numbers, of three hundred of the Clergy, three hundred of the Nobility, and six hundred of the Third Estate. As all the pastors of the churches, and several of the most illustrious of the nobles, like Lafayette, were earnest advocates of reform, and would vote with the representatives of the people, it was manifest that if the States met in one chamber the people would have the majority. It was equally evident that, if the States met in three chambers, each chamber having a vote, the people would be ever in a minority, having both of the privileged chambers against them. Thus there would be no hope of reform. The first great question to be decided, of course, was whether the States should meet in three chambers or in one. For more than a month this conflict was prolonged. All France, fully recognizing the issues at stake, looked on with intense interest.

At last the people, mainly aided by the working clergy, who have ever been in the front ranks in the battles for freedom, gained the victory. The National Assembly was organized, where all the deputies of the three orders met in one chamber, and where the majority of votes, of course, carried the decision.*

The higher clergy and the nobility, with a few exceptions, clung firmly together during these conflicts. Finding themselves, however, defeated, first in their endeavor to prevent the meeting of the States-General, and then in the effort to secure its division into three chambers, they now resolved, as their last and desperate measure, to gather the standing army of France around Paris and Versailles, and thus, overawing the people, to disperse the Assembly by military force. Rumors of approaching violence filled the air, and the public mind was every day becoming more deeply excited. Squadrons of cavalry and regiments of infantry and artillery were on the march from the frontiers toward the menaced city; troops were continually accumulating in the streets of Paris and Versailles, and early in July an army of fifty thousand men had been assembled in the vicinity of the Court awaiting its orders. This army was placed under the command of Marshal Broglie, one of the most haughty of the nobles, and a very determined opponent of popular reform.

In Paris all business was at a stand. The poorer classes, entirely out of employment and literally starving, had nothing to do but to gather in groups to hear the news from Versailles, ten miles distant from the metropolis. Their only hope of any change which might rescue them from poverty and misery was in the action of the Assembly; and they trembled in view of that violent dissolution of the Assembly, which would hopelessly rivet their chains. The spacious garden of the Palais Royal, surrounded by the most brilliant shops in Europe, was the general rendezvous of the multitude. Often ten thousand men were assembled in the garden, where impassioned orators harangued them upon their rights and their wrongs.

The Duke of Orleans, with his enormous wealth, encouraged every insurrectionary movement. He was willing so far to renounce aristocratic privilege as to adopt a constitution like that of England, if he, as the head of the popular party, could be placed upon the throne, from which he hoped to eject his cousin, Louis XVI. The Palais Royal became the sleepless eye of Paris, ever vigilant to note the march of events.

It soon became evident that there was a *third estate* in the army as well as in the state. The officers were nobles, but the common soldiers were from the people, and were with the people in all their sympathies. The French Guards, consisting of three thousand six hundred picked men in the highest state of discipline and equipment, were stationed at Paris. They began to echo the murmurs of the populace. The De-

* "I doubt whether on the whole, even taking into account the startling vices of some of its members, the world ever saw a more remarkable body than the Catholic clergy at the time the Revolution broke out. They were enlightened; they were national; their private virtues were not more striking than their public qualities: and yet they were largely endowed with faith, sufficient to bear them up against persecution. I began to study the Old Régime full of prejudice against the clergy. I have ended my task, and feel nothing but respect for them."—*The Old Régime and the Revolution*, by ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, p. 144.



THE FRENCH GUARD LIBERATED FROM PRISON.

claration of the King had informed them that no reform whatever was to be tolerated in the army, that the common soldier was to be forever excluded from all promotion. The privates and subalterns were doomed to endure all the toil of the army and its most imminent perils, but were to share none of its honors or emoluments. The young nobles who usurped all the offices were generally dissolute and ignorant men, who merely exhibited themselves upon the field on parade days, and who never condescended to show themselves even in the barracks.

The discontent of the soldiers reached the ears of their officers. Apprehensive that, by association with the people, the soldiers might become more strongly allied to them by a common sympathy, the officers commanded the Guards no longer to go into the streets, and consigned them to imprisonment in their barracks. This, of course, increased their exasperation, and, being left to themselves, with nothing to do, they held meetings very similar to those which they had been in the habit of attending in the Palais Royal. Among themselves they talked over their grievances and the state of the monarchy. Patriotic enthusiasm rapidly gained strength, and they took an oath that they would not fire upon their friends the people.*

The colonel of the regiment arrested eleven of the most prominent in this movement, and sent them to the prison of the Abbaye, where they were to await a court-martial, and such punishment as might be their doom. This was on the 30th of June. On the evening of that day, as a vast and agitated multitude was assembled at the Palais Royal listening to the speakers who there, notwithstanding reiterated municipal prohibitions, gave intelligence of all that was passing at Versailles, tidings were brought to them of the arrest of the soldiers.

A young man, M. Lourtalot, editor of a Parisian paper, mounted a chair, and cried out:

"These are the brave soldiers who have refused to shed the blood of their fellow-citizens. Let us go and deliver them. To the rescue!"

There was an instantaneous cry rising from a thousand voices in the garden, and reverberating through the streets, "To the Abbaye!" The throng poured out of the gates, and seizing axes and crow-bars as they rushed along, every moment increasing in numbers, soon arrived at the prison six thousand strong. There was no force there which could for a moment resist them. The doors were speedily battered down, the soldiers liberated, and conducted in triumph to the Palais Royal. Here they were provided with food and lodging, and placed under the protection of a citizen's guard.

While the populace were conducting the soldiers whom they had rescued to the Palais Royal, a squadron of cavalry came clattering over the pavements, and were ordered by their officers to charge upon the multitude. They approached at full gallop until within a few paces, and then, regardless of their officers, reined in their horses, and lifting their caps with true French politeness, saluted their citizen friends. There was then a scene of *fraternization* such

* "The French Guards," writes M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, one of the clergy who most heroically espoused the cause of the people, "these generous citizens, rebels to their masters in the language of despotism, but faithful to the nation, are the first to swear never to turn their arms against her."—*Hist. of the Revolution of France*, i. 62.

Sir Archibald Alison designates this act of the soldiers as "*the revolt and treason of the French Guards.*" The same occurrence assumes different aspects as seen from different stand-points. Through all these stormy scenes precisely the same deeds will appear to one as infamous, to another as virtuous, according as he is in favor of aristocratic privilege or democratic rights.

as the French metropolis alone can exhibit. Men and women ran out from the houses and the shops, presenting to the dragoons goblets of wine, and shouting, "Vive le Roi! Vive la Nation!"

The people were still disposed to love their King. They instinctively felt that his sympathies were with them. Thus far they desired only reform, not the overthrow of the monarchy. The Court, however, was instructed by these scenes that it could not rely upon the French Guards to execute the bloody mandates which it was about to issue. Hence vigorous measures were immediately adopted to concentrate in the metropolis an efficient force of foreign mercenaries, Swiss and German troops, who would be less scrupulous in shooting down and trampling under iron hoofs the French people.

The Parisians distinctly understood this movement, and one can hardly conceive of a measure more exasperating. It is worthy of record that the citizens, ascertaining that they had liberated one soldier who was accused of what they deemed a crime, immediately sent that one back to his prison cell. The next day, July 1, the populace at the Palais Royal, who were thus far under the guidance of the most intelligent, virtuous, and influential citizens, sent a deputation to the National Assembly at Versailles, urging them to interpose with the King for a pardon for the soldiers.* This was a movement quite unexampled. The citizens, heretofore deprived of all political rights, had never before ventured to make their wishes known. Even then, for the *people* to send in a petition, was esteemed by the privileged classes the height of impudence.†

The National Assembly very prudently sent back word to the Parisians exhorting them to refrain from all acts of violence, and assuring them that the maintenance of good order was essential to the prosperity of their cause. At the same time the Assembly sent a deputation to the King imploring his clemency for the soldiers.

Troops were, however, still rapidly approaching the city from different parts of the kingdom. The higher clergy and the nobles were throwing every obstacle in the way of either deliberation or action by the Assembly. It was manifest to all that a conspiracy was fast ripening for its violent dissolution.‡

The courtiers could not conceal their exultation, and began openly to boast that their hour of triumph was at hand. Fifteen regiments of Swiss and German troops were now between Paris and Versailles. It was supposed that they, without any reluctance, would fire upon French citizens.

It was very evident that the Court was endeavoring to foment disturbances in Paris, that an appeal to the military might be necessary. The leaders of the Revolution, on the other hand, were doing every thing in their power to keep the people calm. A very able pamphlet was circulated through the city containing the following sentiments:

"Citizens! the Ministers, the aristocrats, are endeavoring to excite sedition. Be peaceful, tranquil, submissive to good order. If you do not disturb the precious harmony now reigning in the National Assembly, a Revolution the most salutary and the most important will be irrevocably consummated, without causing the nation blood or humanity tears."

One is bewildered on learning that these humane sentiments came from the pen of Jean Paul Marat.*

The next day after the King had received the deputation from the Assembly, he sent an answer (July 2) that the soldiers should be pardoned as soon as order was re-established in the capital. Upon the receipt of this message at the Palais Royal the Guards were taken back to prison, from whence they were speedily released by a pardon from the King.

On the 3d of July, M. Bailly having resigned the Presidency of the Assembly, the Archbishop of Vienne, one of the high clergy who had warmly espoused the popular cause, was chosen President, and the Marquis de Lafayette, equally devoted to popular rights, was elected Vice-President. Thus the two most important offices of the Assembly were conferred upon men selected from the highest rank of the privileged class. But this act of conciliation did not in the slightest degree propitiate those who were determined to perpetuate despotism.

The aspect of affairs was every hour becoming more threatening. New regiments of foreigners were continually marching into the metropolis, and occupying all the avenues which conducted to Paris and Versailles. Squadrons of horse were galloping though the streets, and heavy artillery rumbling over the pavements. The Elysian Fields, the Place Louis XV., the Field of Mars, presented the aspect of an encampment. Sentinels were placed around the French Guards, who were confined in their barracks to prevent them from holding any inter-

* "I have studied history extensively, and I venture to affirm that I know of no other revolution at whose outset so many men were imbued with a patriotism as sincere, as disinterested, as truly great."—*The Old Régime and the Revolution*, by ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, p. 190.

† Histoire Parliamentaire, ii. 32. MICHELET, i. 127.

‡ The Marquis de Ferrières, himself one of the nobles, and voting with the majority of his order, in his very candid *Memoires*, writes:

"While on this subject, I can not refrain from remarking on the impolitic conduct of the nobles and the bishops. As they aimed only to dissolve the Assembly, to throw discredit on its operation, when the President stated a question they left the hall, inviting the deputies of their party to follow them. With this senseless conduct they combined an insulting disdain, both of the Assembly and of the people who attended the sittings. Instead of listening, they laughed and talked aloud, thus confirming the people in the unfavorable opinion which it had conceived of them; and, instead of striving to recover the confidence and the esteem of the people, they strove only to gain their hatred and contempt."—FERRIÈRES, tom. ii. p. 122.

* Histoire des Montagnards, *par* ALPHONSE ESQUIROS p. 15.



CAMILLE DESMOULINS IN THE PALAIS ROYAL.

course with the citizens or with the other soldiers. Versailles was encompassed by armies, and a battery of artillery was pointed at the very doors of the Assembly.

The aspect of affairs had now become so threatening that on Friday, the 10th of July, Mirabeau rose in the Assembly and proposed that the discussion of the Constitution should be suspended while a petition was sent to the King urging the removal of these menacing armies.*

"Fresh troops," said he, "are daily advancing. All the bridges and promenades are converted into military posts. Movements public and secret, hasty orders and counter-orders meet all eyes. Soldiers are hastening hither from all quarters. Thirty-five thousand men are already cantoned in Paris and Versailles. Twenty thousand more are expected. They are followed by trains of artillery; spots are marked out for batteries; every communication is secured; every pass is blocked up; our streets, our bridges, our public walks are converted into military stations. Preparations for war strike every eye, and fill every heart with indignation."

At the same time a pamphlet was circulated through Paris, stating that the King was to hold another royal sitting on the 13th; that he had determined to enforce his Declarations of the 23d of June; that the National Assembly was to be dissolved by violence, its leaders arrested, and Necker to be driven from the kingdom.

A deputation of twenty-four members was sent to the King, with a petition which is of world-wide celebrity, drawn up by Mirabeau.†

Though Necker earnestly advised the removal of the troops, the King, now in the hands of his worst counselors, returned almost an insulting answer. He affirmed that the troops were assembled for the maintenance of public order, and for the protection of the Assembly, and that if the members of the Assembly were afraid of their protectors they might adjourn to Noyon or to Soissons, cities some fifty or sixty miles north of Paris. In either of these cities, removed from the protection of the capital, they would have been entirely at the mercy of their enemies.*

On the evening of this day, Saturday, July 11, as M. Necker was dressing for dinner, he received a communication announcing his dismissal. A confidential letter from the King at the same time informed him that the monarch was unable to prevent his removal, and urged M. Necker, without communicating to any one the news of his dismissal, immediately and secretly to leave the kingdom.† True to the confidence thus reposed in him, Necker quietly dined, and then, taking his carriage as if for an evening drive with his wife, took the direction to the Netherlands, the nearest frontier, and drove on rapidly through the night.

* M. Rabaut de St. Etienne.

† "It is not to be dissembled," writes M. Bailly, the first President of the Assembly, "that Mirabeau was in the Assembly its principal force. Nothing could be more grand, more firm, more worthy of the occasion, than this address to the King."

* The Marquis of Ferrières, acknowledging the insincerity of the court in the King's answer, writes: "The Assembly saw through the snare that was spread for them. They would have lost all their hold if they had once removed themselves from the security which the vicinity of Paris afforded. Inclosed between the two camps (of Flanders and Paris) they would have found themselves at the mercy of the Court." See also *Hist. Phil. de la Rev. de France, par* ANT. FANTIN DESODOARDS, tom. i. p. 159.

† MADAME DE STAEL, *Considérations*, etc., ch. 12.

The next day was the Sabbath, July 12. At an early hour the Palais Royal in Paris was filled with an anxious crowd. About ten o'clock an unknown person announced that Necker was dismissed, and that a new ministry was organized, composed of members of most determined hostility to popular reform. A young man—Camille Desmoulins—sprung upon a table, his dress disarranged, his hair disheveled, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming with indignation and tears, and with a pistol in each hand to protect himself from the police, shouted

"To arms! to arms! This dismissal is but the precursor to another St. Bartholomew. This night the Swiss and German troops are to march to our massacre. We have but one resource—it is to defend ourselves."

The impassioned cry was immediately re-echoed by the multitude—"To arms!" A rallying sign was needed. Desmoulins plucked a green leaf from a tree and attached it to his hat. Instantly all the chestnut-trees which embellished the garden were stripped of their foliage, and the leaf became the pledge of union. The flash of a moment had brought the whole body of the populace into a recognized uniform and a rude organization. An army of more than one hundred thousand determined men was thus in an hour called into being, inspired with deathless enthusiasm and crying out for leaders and for weapons. The movement was now in progress which was to scatter like chaff the battalions of foreign mercenaries, and to prostrate in dust and ashes the court and the throne. But alas for man! The flame which cheers the fireside may lay palaces and temples and happy homes in ruins. A new power had arisen, and it proved to be as blind and ignorant as it was resistless.

In this wild hour of turmoil the multitude were bewildered and knew not what to do. They had no arms, and no recognized leaders except the National Assembly at Versailles, from whom they were now cut off by detachments of troops.

Near by there was a museum of wax-figures. Some men ran and brought out busts of Necker and of the Duke of Orleans, who was also, it was said, threatened with exile. Decorating these busts with crape, they bore them aloft through the streets with funereal honors. A company of foreign dragoons charged upon them, dispersed the procession, killing one man and cutting the busts to pieces. The French Guards were all this time locked up in their barracks, and the Prince of Lambesc had stationed a squadron of German dragoons in front of their quarters to prevent their coming to the aid of the people. But nothing could restrain them. They broke down and leaped over the iron rails, and fiercely attacked the hated foreigners. The dragoons fled before them, and the Prince of Lambesc, who commanded, fell back upon the garden of the Tuileries, and entering the gates charged upon the people who were there. One old man was killed and the rest were put to flight.

Paris was now in a state of fearful ferment. The roused multitudes were running in all directions in search of arms. Every bell was ringing the alarm, and the whole city was agitated with the most intense emotions of indignation and terror. As the sun went down and darkness enshrouded the city the tumult increased. All were apprehensive that the dawn would usher in a dreadful day. A report of the agitated state of the metropolis was carried to the Assembly at Versailles, exciting very great anxiety in the minds of the patriots deliberating there. The nobles rejoiced. The hour was now at hand when they thought the Revolution was to be crushed by the energies of grapeshot and the bayonet.

In the election of deputies to the States-General, Paris had been divided into sixty sections, each of which chose two electors. These hundred and twenty electors, composed of the most wealthy and intelligent citizens of Paris, immediately met, and passed the night deliberating respecting the anarchy into which the city was plunged. There were two foes now equally to be dreaded—the court and the blind, enraged populace.

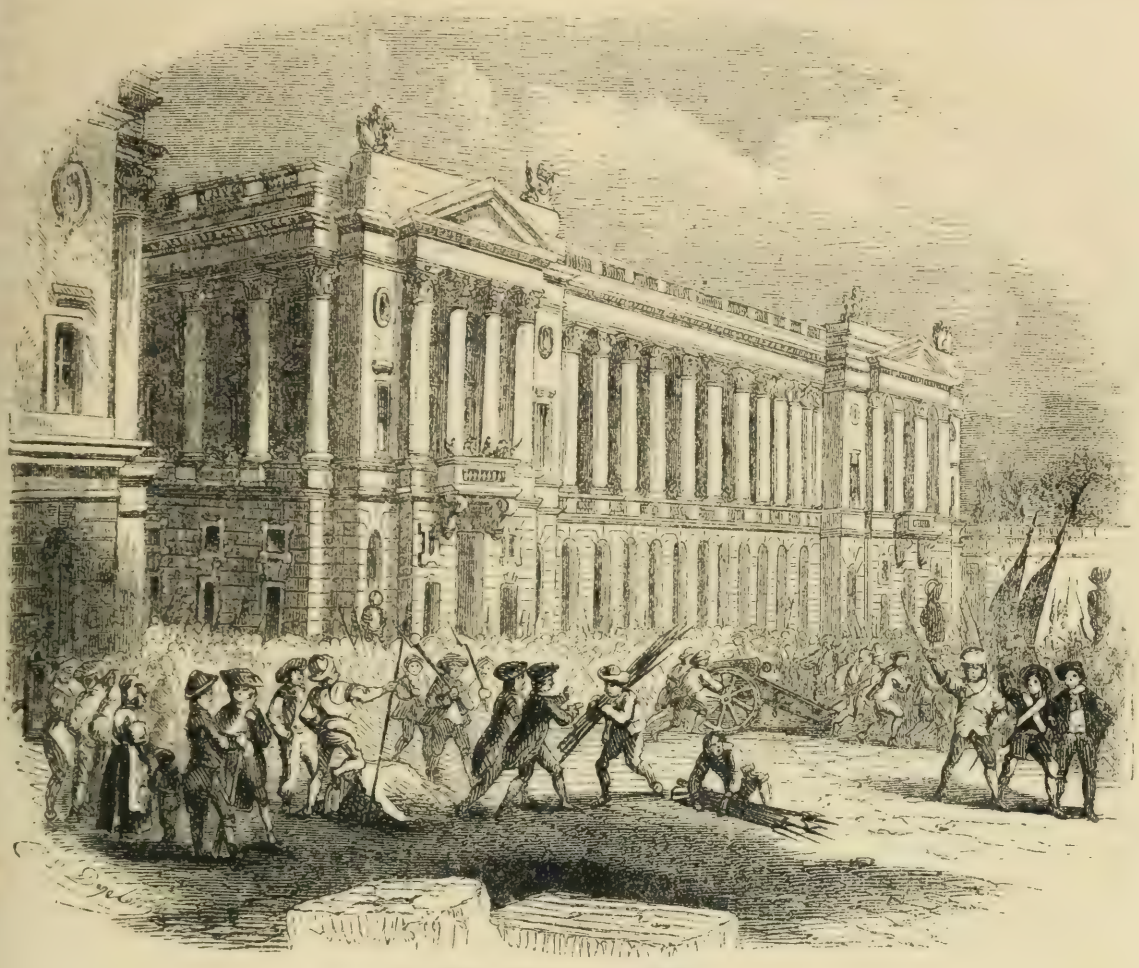
Monday morning, July 13, dawned. This was the day designated for the *coup d'etât* by which the Assembly was to be dispersed. It was openly boasted by the nobles that a Parliament composed of the privileged class exclusively was to be convened; that all the deputies of the Third Estate were to be tried for treason; that the members of the clergy and of the nobility who had declared in favor of the *Tiers Etat* were to be consigned to perpetual imprisonment, and that those who had been particularly active in the cause of popular liberty were to be sent to the scaffold.*

In preparation for this event the new ministry, bitterly hostile to the popular cause, had taken their seats in the King's cabinet; Necker, a fugitive, was hastening to the Netherlands; fifty thousand troops under Marshal Broglie, the most determined advocate of aristocratic privilege, crowded the environs of Paris and Versailles.†

* "A list of the proscribed had been drawn up in the Committee of the Queen. Sixty-nine deputies, at the head of whom were placed Mirabeau, Sieyes, and Bailly, were to be imprisoned in the citadel of Metz, and from thence led to the scaffold as guilty of rebellion. The signal agreed upon for this St. Bartholomew of the representatives of the people was the change of the Ministry."—*Histoire des Montagnards, par* ALPHONSE ESQUIROS, p. 15. See also *Hist. Phil. de la Rev. de France, par* ANT. FANTIN DESODOUARDS, tom. i. p. 148; *Memoirs of Marmontel.*

† Professor William Smyth, of Cambridge, England, in his very able lectures upon the French Revolution, while confessing that his sympathies are with the court in this conflict, writes:

"On the whole, it appears to me that there can be no doubt that a great design had been formed by the court for the dissolution of the National Assembly, and the assertion of the power of the crown; that military force was to have been produced, and, according to the measure of its success would, in all probability, have been the depression of the spirit of liberty, even of rational liberty then existing in France. Less than this can not



SACKING THE ROYAL ARSENAL.

Under such perilous circumstances the Assembly, with a heroism which was truly sublime, determined, if they must perish, to perish in the discharge of duty. Unintimidated by menaces which might well appall the stoutest hearts, they passed the resolves:

1. That Necker carried with him the regrets of the nation.

2. That it was the duty of the King immediately to remove the foreign troops.

3. That the King's advisers, of *whatever rank*, were responsible for present disorders.

4. That to declare the nation bankrupt was infamous.

These were bold resolves. The third, it was well understood, referred to the Queen and the two brothers of the King. The fourth branded with infamy the measure which the court had already adopted in virtually declaring bankruptcy, and in making payments only in paper.* After passing these resolutions, the members of the Assembly were in such peril that they deemed it best to keep together for mutual protection. They voted their session permanent, and for seventy-two hours, day and night, continued in their seats, one-half deliberating while the others slept upon their benches. Lafayette, who was one of the most resolute of this Spartan band, relieved the venerable president in the labors of the chair.

But let us return to Paris. At three o'clock, Monday morning, tumultuous masses of men were filling the streets. The barriers, at which a tax had been levied upon all articles of food and other merchandise which entered the city, had been seized, set on fire, and were now blazing. It was expected every moment that the troops would traverse the streets, sweeping them with grapeshot. From every steeple the tocsin was pealing, summoning the people to arms. Thousands of those who thronged the city, houseless wanderers, were haggard and wan with famine, and knew not where to get a mouthful of bread.

The great demand was for arms to protect themselves from the anticipated assault. In the search they ransacked the city. Every sword, musket, and pistol from private residences was brought forward. The shops of the gunsmiths furnished a small supply. The Royal Arsenal, containing mainly curiosities and suits of ancient armor, was sacked, and while all the costly objects of interest were left untouched, every available weapon was taken away.

An immense crowd was collected around the Hôtel de Ville, where the electors had met, demanding arms and the immediate establishment of a citizens' guard. The excitement at last be-

be supposed; much more may be believed."—*Lect. on French Revolution*, vol. i. p. 251.

* "They were going to make payments with paper money, without any other guarantee than the signature of an insolvent King."—MICHELET, i. 37.

came so intense, and the importunity so pressing, that the electors, hesitating to adopt so decisive a measure, which might doom them to the Bastile or the scaffold, referred the people to the Mayor of the city. Flesselles, the Mayor,* was an officer of the crown, but he immediately obeyed the summons of the people and came to the Hôtel de Ville. Here he feigned to be entirely on their side, declared that he was their father, and that he would preside over their meeting only by the election of the people. This announcement was received with a burst of enthusiasm. It was immediately decided that a citizens' guard should be established, and Lafayette, by universal acclaim, was appointed its General.†

Paris contained then nearly a million of inhabitants. Almost every able-bodied man was eager to be enrolled in the National Guard. It was decided that each of the sixty districts of the city should accept eight hundred men, and immediately arrange them in military battalions. Thus a new and an independent government, composed of the sixty electors, with its strong army of defense, consisting of forty-eight thousand of the National Guard, sprang as it were by accident into being. It was the sudden growth of uncontrollable events, which no human wisdom had planned. Like a flash of lightning it blazed upon every eye at a moment, and all were alike amazed. The King was henceforth powerless. The Court was powerless. The National Guard could by a word be increased to hundreds of thousands. The French soldiers, almost to a man, were with them in heart, and were ready to join them. Still neither party were as yet fully aware how entirely the royal troops were in sympathy with the popular cause.

Every thinking man saw clearly that matters were fast approaching a crisis. Marshal Broglie, proud and self-confident, was at Versailles, in constant conference with the court, and having under his command fifty thousand men, abundantly armed and equipped, all of whom could, in a few hours, be concentrated in the streets of Paris. General Bensenval had assembled a force of several thousand Swiss and German troops, cavalry and artillery, in the Field of Mars. The enormous fortress of the Bastile, with its walls forty feet thick at its base and ten at the top, rising with its gloomy towers one hundred and twenty feet into the air, with cannon charged with grapeshot, already run out at every embrasure to sweep the streets, commanded the city. It was garrisoned by eighty-two French soldiers from the Hôtel des Invalides; but as it was feared that they could not be fully relied upon, thirty-two Swiss troops were thrown in as a reinforcement. Every moment rumors were reaching the city that Marshal Broglie was approaching with all his troops. Still the National Guard was almost entirely destitute of arms and ammunition.

The Mayor Flesselles, who the people began now to suspect was deluding them merely to gain time for the royal troops to enter the city, was urged to point out the dépôt where arms were stored, as it was well known that somewhere there was an abundant supply in the city. He replied that the manufactory at Charleville had promised to send him thirty thousand muskets, and that twelve thousand he was momentarily expecting. Soon a large number of boxes were brought marked "Guns." The Mayor ordered them to be stored in the magazine until he should have time to distribute them; but the impatient people broke open the boxes, and found them filled with rubbish. It was now quite evident that Flesselles was trifling with the people, acting the part of a spy and a traitor at the Hôtel de Ville. Thus passed the 13th of July.

The 14th of July is one of the most eventful days in the annals of France. Its early dawn found the city in intense excitement. The rumor spread through the crowd that there was a large supply of arms at the Hotel des Invalides. But how could they be taken without any weapons of attack? Sombreuil, the governor of the Invalides, was a firm and fearless man, and, in addition to his ordinary force, amply sufficient for defense, he had recently obtained a strong detachment of artillery and several additional cannon, showing that he was ready to do battle. Within fifteen minutes' march of the Invalides, Bensenval was encamped with several thousand Swiss and German troops in the highest state of discipline. Still, as by a common instinct, the whole multitude poured along the streets toward the Hotel. Soon thirty thousand men were swarming around the building, some with pikes, pistols, or muskets, but most of them unarmed. The curate of St. Etienne led his parishioners in this conflict for freedom. As this intrepid clergyman marched at the head of his flock, he said, "My children, let us not forget that all men are brothers."

The alarm-bells ringing from the steeples seemed to invest the movement with a religious character. Those sublime voices, accustomed to summon the multitude to prayer, now, with their loudest utterance, called them to the defense of their civil and religious rights.

Sombreuil perceived at once that the populace could only be repelled by enormous massacre, and that probably even that, in the frenzied state of the public mind, would be ineffectual. He dared not assume the responsibility of firing without an order from the King, and he could get no answer to the messages which he sent to Versailles. The citizens, with a simultaneous rush in all directions, leaped the trenches, clambered over the low wall—for the Hôtel was not a fortress—and, like a resistless inundation, filled the vast building. They found in the

* *Prévôt des Marchands.*

† The cockade was to be the colors of the city, blue and red. At the suggestion of Lafayette, white, the old color of France, was added. Hence originated the *tricolor*. "I give you," said Lafayette, "a cockade which will go round the world."—*Mémoires de M. de Lafayette*, tom. ii. p. 266.



SACKING THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

armory thirty thousand muskets. Seizing these, and six pieces of cannon, they rushed toward the Bastile, to assail, with these feeble means, one of the strongest fortresses in the world; a fortress which an army under the great Condé had in vain besieged for three-and-twenty days.*

The Bastile was the great terror of Paris. While that remained in the hands of their enemies, with its impregnable walls and heavy guns commanding the city, there was no safety. It stood in the very heart of the Faubourg St. Antoine, enormous, massive, and blackened with age, the emblem of royal prerogative, exciting by its mysterious power and menace the terror and execration of every one who passed beneath the shadow of its towers. Even the sports of childhood dared not approach the empoisoned atmosphere with which it seemed to be enveloped.

M. de Launay was governor of the fortress. He was no soldier, but a mean, mercenary man, despised by the Parisians. He had contrived to draw from the establishment, by every means of extortion, an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He reduced the amount of firewood to which the shivering inmates were entitled; made a great profit on the wretched wine which he furnished to those who were able to buy; and he even let out the little garden within the inclosure, thus depriving those prisoners who were not in dungeon confinement of the privilege of a walk there, which they had a right to claim. Linguet's Mémoires of the Bastile had rendered De Launay's name infamous throughout Europe.

From the summit of the towers of the Bastile, De Launay had for many hours listened to the roar of the insurgent city. As he now saw the mass of countless thousands rushing on to the assault, he turned pale and trembled. All the cannon, loaded with grape-shot, were with their muzzles thrust out of the port-holes. Several cart-loads of paving-stones, cannon-balls, and old iron had been conveyed to the tops of the towers, to be thrown down to crush the assailants. Twelve large rampart guns, charged heavily with grape, guarded the only entrance. These were manned by thirty-two Swiss soldiers, who would have no scruples in firing upon Frenchmen. The eighty-two French soldiers who composed the remainder of the garrison were placed in the towers and at distant posts, where they could act efficiently without being brought so immediately into conflict with their assailants.*

* M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, i. 66.

* "The Bastile had no cause for fear. Its walls, ten feet thick at the top of the towers, and thirty or forty at the base, might long laugh at cannon-balls. Its towers pierced with windows and loop-holes, protected by double and triple gratings, enabled the garrison, in full security, to make a dreadful carnage of its assailants. The attack on the Bastile was by no means reasonable. It was an act of faith."—*Historical View of the French Revolution, by* J. MICHELET, vol. i. p. 143.

A man of very fearless and determined character, M. Thuriot, was sent by the electors at the Hôtel de Ville to summon the Bastile to surrender that it might be held by the people for their protection. The governor was in great perplexity. He dared not assume the responsibility of deluging the streets of Paris with blood without explicit orders from the king; and he could get no such order. The slightest degree of firmness would have enabled him, with a few discharges of grape, to sweep the streets clean of all assailants; but the slaughter would be enormous, and he had every reason to fear that he would be denounced for the carnage by the King as well as by the people. His life would be the inevitable forfeit.

In addition to this, though he could rely upon his Swiss soldiers, he had every reason to fear that the French troops of his garrison would not long contemplate patiently the massacre of their friends in the streets. In this dilemma a man of force of character would have decided upon a prompt surrender, or upon a desperate and a deathly defense. De Launay, who had no elements of heroism in his character, adopted the very worst of possible resolves. He refused to surrender, and yet dared not venture upon a vigorous defense. It should, however, be mentioned that he was expecting every moment the arrival of Marshal Broglie with the royal troops to disperse the crowd.

M. Thuriot had hardly emerged from the massive portals of the prison with the governor's refusal to surrender ere the people commenced the attack. A scene of confusion and uproar ensued which can not be described. A hundred thousand men filling the streets and alleys which opened upon the Bastile, crowding the windows and housetops of the adjacent buildings, kept up an incessant firing, harmlessly flattening their bullets against walls of stone as impregnable as Gibraltar's rock. The Swiss soldiery



STORMING THE BASTILE.



DEATH OF DE LAUNAY, GOVERNOR OF THE BASTILE.

kept up a fire of musketry, without venturing upon the murderous discharge of the rampart guns.

While the battle was raging an intercepted letter was brought to the Hôtel de Ville, in which Bensenval, commandant of the troops in the Field of Mars, exhorted De Launay to remain firm, assuring him that the royal troops would soon come to his succor. But fortunately for the people, even these foreign troops refused to march for the protection of the Bastile.

The French Guards now broke from their barracks, and, led by their subaltern officers, came with several pieces of artillery to join the people. They were received with thunders of applause. Energetically they opened their batteries upon the fortress, but the balls rebounded harmlessly from the impregnable rock. Apparently the whole of Paris, with one united will, was combined against this great bulwark of tyranny. Men, women, and boys were mingled in the fight. Priests, nobles, wealthy citizens, and the ragged and emaciate victims of famine, were pressing in the frenzied assault side by side.* One man only in the garrison chanced to be wounded. No one else was hurt. The Swiss, sheltered from all danger, shot down with deliberate and unerring aim whomsoever they would.

For four hours the battle had now raged, and one hundred and seventy-one of the citizens had been either killed or wounded. The French

* *Histoire des Montagnards par* ALPHONSE ESQUIROS, p. 17. "Old men," says Michelet, "who have had the happiness and the misery to see all that has happened in this unprecedented half-century, declare that the grand and national achievements of the Republic and of the Empire had nevertheless a partial, non-unanimous character, but that the 14th of July alone was the day of the whole people."—MICHELET, vol. i. p. 144.



ASSASSINATION OF FLESSELLES.

portion of the garrison now began to murmur and remonstrate, and at last from the summits of the towers waved white towels attached to their bayonets, as flags of truce. De Launay was in despair. He knew that the blood which had already been shed would doom him to death by the infuriated people. Almost in a state of delirium he seized a match and rushed toward the magazine. There were two hundred and thirty-five barrels of gunpowder in the vaults. The explosion would have thrown the Bastile into the air, have buried one hundred thousand people beneath its ruins, and have demolished one third of Paris.* Two subaltern officers crossed their bayonets before him and prevented the accomplishment of this horrible design.

Some wretches seized a young lady, whom they thought the governor's daughter, and wished, by the threat of burning her, compel the governor to surrender; but the citizens promply rescued her from their hands and conveyed her to a place of safety. At length through the smoke the flags of truce were seen, the firing ceased, and the cry resounded through the crowd, "The Bastile surrenders!" It can hardly be said that it was *taken*, for the assailants had produced no impression upon the impregnable fortress. The same popular opinion which was dominant in the General Assembly, and in the streets of Paris, was supreme also within the Bastile.

The massive portals were thrown open, and the vast multitude, a living deluge, plunging headlong, rushed in. They clambered the towers, penetrated the cells, and descended into the dungeons and the oubliettes. Appalled, they gazed upon the instruments of torture with which former victims of oppression had been torn and broken. Excited as they were by the strife and exasperated by the shedding of blood, but one man in the fortress, a Swiss soldier, fell a victim to their rage. They found but six prisoners in the Bastile. The humanity of Louis XVI. had almost emptied its dungeons.

The victorious populace now set out in a tumultuous procession to convey the governor and the soldiers of the garrison to the Hôtel de Ville. Those of the populace whose relatives had perished in the strife were roused to fury, and called loudly for the blood of De Launay.* Two men of extraordinary courage and strength walked by the side of De Launay to protect him from violence; but the crowd, breathing vengeance, pressed upon them. The governor in the *mêlée* lost his hat, and was thus easily recognized. M. Hullin, one of his protectors, with a magnanimity above all praise, placed his own hat upon the governor's head, and from that moment all the blows of the infuriate crowd were aimed at M. Hullin, whom the crowd supposed to be the governor.

Soon the rush of the multitude became so great that the governor and his protectors were torn from each other. Hullin was struck down upon the pavement. Twice he regained his feet but to be again smitten down, when a deafening shout filled the air, and he saw the head of De Launay raised aloft upon a pike—a hideous

* Michelet, vol. i. p. 156.

* "Some wanted to surrender; others went on firing, especially the Swiss, who for five hours pointed out, aimed at, and brought down whomsoever they pleased, without any danger or even the chance of being hurt in return. They killed eighty-three men, and wounded eighty-eight. Twenty of the slain were poor fathers of families, who left wives and children to die of hunger. Shame for such cowardly warfare, and the horror of shedding French blood, which but little affected the Swiss, caused the Invalides to drop their arms. At four o'clock the subaltern officers begged and prayed De Launay to put an end to the massacre. He knew what he deserved." —*Hist. View of the French Revolution by* J. MICHELET, vol. i. p. 156.

trophy of the rage of the brutal few who ever dominate in the hour of popular tumult.*

In the midst of this terrible scene two of the soldiers of the Bastile, whom the populace supposed to have been particularly active in shooting their friends, were seized, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to save them, and hanged to a lamp-post.

A rumor passed through the crowd that a letter had been found from the Mayor Flesselles to the governor of the Bastile, in which he said,

"I am amusing the Parisians with cockades and promises. Hold out till the evening, and you shall be relieved."

The citizens had already suspected that Flesselles was acting the part of a traitor and a spy. He was at this time in the hall of the Hôtel de Ville, presiding over the meeting of the electors. Loud murmurs arose from the crowd which filled and surrounded the building. It was an hour of terrible excitement. All Paris was in a state of insurrection, and it was every moment expected that resistless battalions of royal troops would come rushing upon them. The electors composed the only body to whom the populace could look for any guidance; and now it was evident that the officer presiding over that body was only plotting their ruin.

Still counsels of moderation strangely influenced the masses of the people.† They would not have him condemned untried. It was proposed that he should go to the Palais Royal, there to account before the people for the suspicious circumstances urged against him. To this he consented, and he left the hall surrounded by those who wished to protect him from violence. At the turning of the first street an unknown assassin approached, and with a pistol shot him dead. Infuriate wretches, whose brutality could not be restrained, cut off his head and bore it upon a pike in savage triumph through the streets.

These excesses cast a shade upon the glory of the day. And yet it is surprising, and it pleads eloquently for the moderation of the people, that there should not have been more acts of ungovernable revenge. Nearly two hundred of the citizens had been either killed or wounded by the soldiers, who had deliberately shot them from behind the walls of the Bastile. But five perished by the hands of the populace.

The great body of the people, aided by the French Guards, did all in their power to protect the garrison. The Swiss soldiers were pardoned, as allowances were made for their obligations to obey their officers. They now, with the French soldiers who had also composed the garrison, took the oath of fidelity to the nation, and then, encircled by the French Guards, they were conducted to the barracks, where they were received as brothers, and refreshed with the kindest hospitality. Thus terminated the eventful 14th of July, 1789. It was the inauguration-day of the French Revolution.

THE PRIDE OF MOSES GRANT.

I.

IT was a wild, wet December night, full of tempest. Outside the red wooden house in the hollow, where Moses Grant had lived all his respectable life, the winds blew with an eerie sound, like a lost spirit's wail, and the snow fell steadily, folding the earth in great white shrouds.

Moses Grant and his wife sat before the fire. A cheerful glow came out from the blazing logs —a mug of cider was toasting unheeded on the hearth, and a few apples stood untouched on the stand between them. Every thing in this peaceful family sitting-room wore a snug and comfortable look, from the neat bed standing in a recess in the wall, with home-made blue woolen spread and snowy linen, to the brightly polished pewter-plates upon the dresser and the unsoiled sand on the white floor.

Outside, through the snow and the storm, tottered a single female figure—wearily, painfully, as if every step must be her last. Forsaken of God and man, the very elements seemed to do battle with her—the winds blew her feeble steps backward—the snow piled up higher and higher drifts before her feet, and yet those feeble feet tottered on—over the drifts, against the wind—steadily toward the red house in the hollow.

There was a strange shadow on the face of that meek woman, Moses Grant's wife. Her knitting had fallen from her busy fingers, her foot tapped the floor with a restless beat, and at last, as if she could endure the stillness no longer, she arose and began moving hurriedly about the room, giving a touch here and there to her domestic arrangements, and now and then going stealthily to the window to look forth into the night.

"Oh!" she muttered, in a low voice, "God have mercy—this pitiless, pitiless storm!"

"You are thinking of Margaret," said the slow, firm tones of Moses Grant.

The woman started, and dropped the candlestick she held in her confusion. She turned ghastly pale and grasped the dresser, near which she stood, for support. If a grave had opened at her very feet she would have been no more overwhelmed with wonder. For many months in that household that name—Margaret—had been dead and buried—a forbidden sound.

* "De Launay, now a prisoner, is conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, through a tide of enraged citizens. His conductors displayed as much courage in protecting him as they had already displayed in possessing themselves of his castle. But after an hour spent in marching and resisting, De Launay was butchered at the foot of the stair-case of the Hôtel de Ville, when he was just on the point of being in safety."—*The History of the Revolution of France by* M. Rabaut de St. Etienne.

† "Les religieux des divers convents avaient pris la cocarde aux couleurs de la nation, bleu et rouge; ils formèrent des détachments; le temps de la ligue et des croisades etait revenu. Ces guerriers, en frocs et en capuchins, attestaient l'unanimité des sentiments qui faisaient agir toute la ville. Il se trouvait là des nobles, des bourgois, des abbés, du peuple. Ils n'avaient tous qu'une volenté, qu'une âme."—*Histoire des Montagnards, par* Alphonse Esquiros, p. 16.

Perhaps her eyes gleamed with a wild hope, and the color came back to her cheeks; perhaps her husband had relented; perhaps he would forgive their child—their Margaret. She went toward him, that meek woman, and kneeling at his feet, lifted up her pleading voice.

"Surely, father, I may speak of her, now you have called her name. It may be you are willing to forgive her—to let her come back again. Five-and-twenty years I have walked patiently by your side; I have tried to be a help-meet to you. God has given us seven children, and we have made their graves—all but one—behind the church on the hill-top. And now she is gone—the last—my one child—Margaret. Oh husband, will you forgive her? Will you let her come back? What would even shame be to the loss of her? And perhaps she has not sinned as we have thought. She was a good child always, our Margaret. She loved the church and the Bible, and you used to say no one else learned their lessons in the catechism so well as she. We are getting old, father—may I have my one girl back again?"

The old man's face had worked convulsively while she poured forth her pleading prayer, but it settled back now into stony, immovable calm. He looked sternly at the woman crouching at his knees, as if she, too, had some share in Margaret's sin. He said, in his cold, resolved tones,

"It is of no use. If we would take the child back we do not even know where to seek her. She is dead to us, now and forever. Hear me, Mary; if she lay at this moment outside that door, with this storm falling on her bare, unsheltered head, I would not open it one inch to let her in. She has made her bed; she shall lie in it. We have lived here many years—I, and my father, and my father's father, elders, one after another, in the church, and when did disgrace ever come to our humble, honest name till she brought it? She chose that bad young man and his unholy love, and father and mother she has none. Hear me, Mary; we are childless. Let her name never pass your lips or mine."

The woman rose and groped blindly to her chair. She sat there with half-closed eyes, swaying herself to and fro, muttering now and then, "Oh, this pitiless storm!"

Outside, the figure tottered on.

Suddenly there was a cry borne upon the blast—a wild, wailing, human cry, rising high above the wind, piercing into the red house, piercing Moses Grant's firm, stony heart, as he sat before the fire. A weight seemed to fall helplessly against the outside door, and then there was silence.

The mother sprang up and mechanically threw open the door, and the snow tumbled in, and the wailing wind rushed in. What was it lying there, stiff and helpless, upon the stone step, lifting up, whiter than the snow, its ghastly human face? The old man sprang to his wife's side. He had overrated his own stoicism. He shook her arm, almost harshly.

"What are you thinking of, Mary?" he cried, passionately; "have you no mother's heart—will you let her die there before your eyes—our child, Margaret?"

He caught the prostrate figure in his arms—to his breast; he carried her in to the warmth, the light, the father's house whence she had wandered; and then the cold, iron man wept over her like a helpless child, while the mother, fully herself now, worked with wild energy, collecting and applying restoratives, chafing the thin hands and the numb, half-frozen feet.

Her efforts were successful in so far that the girl, for she was not more than eighteen, opened her eyes and came back to life with a gasping shudder. She did not seem quite restored, however, to the full use of her faculties. She spoke by snatches, in a strange, wandering fashion.

"I thought I was dead," she said, "but I'm not. This is home, isn't it, and there's father. What do you cry so for, father? You never used to. I never saw you do so before. Oh! I know; you are crying about poor Margaret. You think now that she wasn't so bad, after all. You are glad she has come home."

"Margaret," broke in her mother's voice, "were you deceived? Did you think you were married to that man—that Gilbert Trumbull?"

It was pitiful to see such fierce passion in one so gentle as Margaret Grant, who, from childhood, had never known a thought save of loving submission to her parents' will, until that stronger love came and compelled her obedience in another direction. The blood mantled her pale cheek, and burned there in one round, red spot. She rose up in the bed and shrieked out, with her eyes gleaming, her frame trembling,

"You shall not, I say you shall not speak his name—you who hate him so. You shall not drive me into betraying his secret. Turn me out again into the storm, if you will. I can die there as well as here; but you shall not make me answer your questions."

"Hush, darling, darling, darling," murmured Mary Grant; the mother-love, the mother-tenderness, stronger than life, choking in her voice, thrilling in her touch, raining in tears from her eyes—"you shall not tell me if you do not wish to. Be satisfied. You shall never go out into the cold world again—you shall never suffer any more."

And Moses Grant wept on, the while, his proud, stony heart melted, for the time, quite into childishness; saying nothing, only looking now and then at the girl whom his anger had driven forth, and who had come back to him—alas! he knew it now, to die.

That night a babe was born in the red house in the hollow. She came in the storm: was it a token of the life that awaited her? Outside were the snow, the darkness, the pitiless, wailing blast; within, only the girl, so young, so fair even in her ruin, and the two old people, tearless now and silent, keeping breathless watch over their one child.

The baby came into the world with a wail. Mary Grant brought forth from an old bureau, where they had lain for almost eighteen years, the tiny garments, soft and delicate in fabric, antique and simple in make, which her own fingers had fashioned, joyfully, hopefully, for her youngest-born, Margaret; and in them she robed Margaret's child.

But death was written on the young mother's brow, and the parents could not choose but read. She drew her little one to her arms, and, holding her on her bosom, she blessed her.

"She shall be called Elinor Trumbull, after the mother of her father." When she had said these words in a firm, quiet tone of command, she seemed to sink in unconsciousness. After a time she roused herself with wild energy.

"Let no one defraud my child of her name," she cried out. "It is hers—she has a right to it. Father, mother, promise me that you will call her by this name, Elinor Trumbull?"

The two old people, with one consent, faltered the required promise, and then she said, in a humble tone,

"Before I die, forgive me, my parents. God knows I have loved you, in spite of all I have done to make you suffer. Tell me that you forgive me."

They forgave her without reproach or question. They blessed her with tender tears, and, sitting at her bed's head, they watched her as she sank again into a sort of drowse, still holding her babe on her breast. After that she never opened her eyes, but she murmured dreamily of green fields and fragrant blossoms, and the babblings of summer brooks, blent now and then with loving words or tender memories about her baby's father. Then all was very still and they thought her sleeping, but, somehow, I know not how, unseen and silently, from that calm her soul stole forth and was translated to the great endless calm lying beyond. Margaret was dead!

For the next two days the storm raged with unabated violence. The snow, swept by the fierce wind from the mountain tops, was piled high in the valleys, and Moses Grant and his wife were all alone with their dead child and the living babe she had left them. In the interim much of his old sternness had come back to the elder's heart, the self-command and reticence to his outward life. I think he remembered his promise, that the little one should be called by the name of her father's family, with a kind of grim satisfaction in keeping with the silent pride of his character. The village where he lived was in the western part of Connecticut, under the shadows of the mountains, and Trumbull was an old and proud name in the far eastern portion. Gilbert Trumbull had won Margaret Grant's love during a shooting season among the hills, and, a few months after he left Mayfield, driven forth by her father's harshness and scorn, she had followed him. Trumbull was a name any woman might be proud to wear worthily, and Moses Grant was well resolved the world should never know, through him, that it did not legitimately belong to his infant grandchild.

For two days the elements did battle, but the third morning of Elinor Trumbull's life rose calm, and bright, and fair. Early in the day Moses Grant went forth to seek the pastor of the old Presbyterian Church, in which he had been an elder so many years, and arrange for his daughter's burial.

That afternoon, where the snow had been scooped away behind the church on the hill-top, they laid the elder's last child, beside her six brothers and sisters, in her narrow grave; and she, the youngest, the fairest, slept best, perhaps, of all, for the calm is most precious that comes after the wildest storms.

Very dear she was to the gray-haired pastor who had baptized her in infancy, and had always accounted her the gentlest and sweetest among the lambs of his flock—very dear to every heart among the many which beat around her grave that winter day. But they asked few questions concerning her death or her life. She had been the elder's favorite child, they all knew, but no one had ever heard him mention her name since the summer night when she went away from Mayfield—no one knew whether alone or in company. So they respected the old man's sorrow and silence.

It was not many months before over Margaret's grave there rose a simple head-stone, but no one's curiosity was gratified by the inscription. It only said,

"MARGARET—AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS."

The child was duly christened. The country folk understood what an old and respectable name she bore; and at length the wonder died away, and she was left to grow up in the quiet stillness of the old red house.

Indeed very few were brought into any near connection with her, for Moses Grant and his wife neither made nor received any visits now. Her only regular education was imparted by her grandparents, who taught her the three needfuls of an old-fashioned New England woman—to read, and write, and cipher. In addition, when she grew older, Parson Blake gave her a few books and a chance lesson now and then; and she learned early to form shrewd, self-reliant theories and opinions, which no one mistrusted, however, that she possessed.

Mary Grant often remarked that the little Elinor was her mother's own child. She had the same fair hair; the same clear, blue eyes; the same slight figure; but beyond these was a difference rather to be felt than explained. About her mouth was a graver, more saint-like smile. A tenderer light shone in her blue eyes, and her voice did not ring out with quite such joyous music as made Margaret's tones in her early years such a cheery sound to hear. Elinor's were lower, quieter—she spoke more slowly, as if, even in childhood, to address others, she had to come out of an inner world where she oftenest dwelt—the world of thought and of dreams. Gentle, quiet child as she was, her

name, her stately name, borne once by the proudest belle in Norwich, seemed not unsuited to the simple dignity of her nature.

Sunday after Sunday she sat by Moses Grant's side in the old-fashioned Presbyterian church, bowing her graceful head through the long prayers, lifting up her clear voice to join in the well-known hymns. Sunday after Sunday—first as child, then as maiden, and the old pastor watched her lovingly—lovingly for her own sake—lovingly for the sake of a grave under the willow-trees; and all the while, Sunday after Sunday, his own hair grew whiter and his step more feeble.

II.

Parson Blake was dead. His life, his kindly life, seventy summers and no winter, was ended. In the little church-yard on the hill-top they laid him gently and reverently to his long sleep—the little church-yard where he had faltered the last prayer over so many of his flock, where, sixteen years before, he had stood tearfully beside the bier of Margaret Grant.

Wife and children he had none. He had lived alone all his blameless life, and his people had been to him instead of kindred. Like his children they all mourned for him. Not a heart beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not an eye but was dim with tears at the pastor's burial. He had married the old folk, he had baptized their children, he had buried their dead, and now he was gone to receive the reward of his labors. More than forty years had he been in and out before them, and broken bread in their midst. Was it strange that his death left a great void, which never, hereafter, could be filled?

It was with saddened mien the elders met together to consult on the choice of his successor. No one could ever be to them in his stead, and perhaps it could hardly be expected of human nature that they should award due credit to the honest endeavors of a younger man. Thus Walter Fairfield came to them under a disadvantage. They were kind-hearted folk naturally, but the new pastor must stand in a place which none but the dead could fill worthily to their minds; and, moreover, he was a young man, just fresh from his studies, not more than twenty-five.

On the first morning after his installation, Elder Moses Grant called Elinor to his side, and charged her to be ready in season for church—the young man wouldn't be Parson Blake, to be sure, but they must show his preaching due respect.

Elinor had grown, at sixteen, into a tall, graceful girl, promoted to a seat in the village choir now, and remarkable to all eyes but the accustomed ones of her grandparents for her rare beauty.

There had never been much outward demonstration of tenderness from Moses Grant to this girl, the child of shame, the seal of disgrace, as he sometimes called her in his accusing thoughts; and yet, almost unknown to himself, he did love her tenderly. Much of the love which had been Margaret's had come out of her grave and folded itself round her child, though in all her life the girl could never remember that he had kissed her or lifted her upon his knee.

One night his wife, alarmed for Elinor's health during the prevalence of an epidemic in the quiet town, had called him to look upon her while she slept. It was wonderful the resemblance which she bore in her slumbers to her dead mother. Waking, the play of her features, the different expression of her eyes was all her own; but sleeping, he could almost have thought Margaret was before him—Margaret, whom he loved more in death than in life, because he forgave her in dying.

Oh! how often the wave of death comes like a blessed baptismal, washing away all memories of wrong and strife—a new birth, making those born again into the world of spirits seem to us fair, and pure, and blameless as the infant just laid for the first time upon its mother's loving bosom!

Many times after that night Moses Grant, hard, stern man as he was, stole into his grandchild's room and watched her as she slept, thinking tender, softened thoughts of her dead young mother—always a girl, young and fair, in the old man's memory—and bitter, scornful, murderous thoughts, which, in a nature less restrained by rules of outward holiness, would have shaped themselves into curses on that Gilbert Trumbull, hated with an unforgiving, unresting hatred all these years.

It needs not to be told with what ceaseless, caressing tenderness Mary Grant loved her grandchild; and yet, woman-like, Elinor, dear as both were to her, loved most the old man, whose calm reserve seemed kindred with her own quiet, deep, inherited nature. Going up the hill to church on this first morning of the new pastor's ministry, she walked by her grandfather's side, feeling with most tender sympathy the trial it would be to him to see a new face in the old pulpit.

When the hymn was sung that morning, Walter Fairfield, sitting back in his pulpit, screened by the high desk, leaning his head on his hands, was striving to compose his thoughts for his first sermon among his first parishioners.

He heard, as one in a dream, above and apart from all other tones, one clear, rich, soprano voice, flooding the old-fashioned church with its melody. It strengthened him; bore up his soul to the very gates of heaven; and yet he scarcely knew, scarcely thought, whether the voice were mortal or angelic. He was contented to accept, unquestioningly, the help it brought. Elinor Trumbull little knew what influence her singing had on the sermon which followed.

It was such a discourse as had never before electrified the simple villagers of Mayfield—full of earnest thought, glowing with imagery, ut-

tered with an eloquence to which they were strangers. To Elinor Trumbull it was a revelation. Full of sound religious truth though it was, its unwonted grace of diction carried her thoughts out—out from the quiet village among the mountains, into the world where such polish must have been acquired—the gay, fascinating, far-off world, beaming upon her fancy in such wondrous hues. With her clear eyes fixed on the speaker, or now and then vailed modestly under their fringing lashes, such unquiet, tumultuous thoughts were surging through her heart—thoughts of the wonders of nature and the wonders of art—brave men and beautiful women, and a full strong existence, tasking all her capacities, quickening every pulse of her being, on which she longed to enter; going out from the peace, the quiet, the shadows of the mountains, into the broad plain, where were bugles and trumpets calling strong souls onward to victory in the wonderful battle of life.

The young clergyman, absorbed in his subject, did not perceive her breathless interest; did not even consciously see her face, so remarkable among all others there for its patrician beauty; but yet he carried away with him that day a conception of loveliness more perfect than had ever dawned on him before—a sweet face which seemed to smile on him from the clouds, to meet him at every point of vision.

When the services were over, Walter Fairfield walked, like one overtasked and weary, quietly out of the church, and took the path leading through the field to his simple parsonage. A kindly, cordial smile was on his face, but he spoke to no one. The congregation allowed him to pass in respectful silence, not ill-pleased with the opportunity of discussing among themselves the wonderful sermon to which they had listened. Elinor Trumbull was faint and weak. The unwonted excitement had been too much for her delicate organization, and, telling her grandparents that she was not well, she stole quietly away and went home.

Moses Grant came from church in the afternoon, disposed to say but little of the young clergyman. He had spoken with him after church—he would visit them that week—it seemed that the Spirit of the Lord was with him, but they must wait and see.

It was Wednesday afternoon when Elinor Trumbull, busy among the stand of house plants which were her chief winter amusement, saw, from the kitchen window, a figure coming down the hill. Her quick eye recognized at once the new minister, and her girlish heart thrilled with its first flutter of womanly vanity. Shyly she gathered from her monthly rose-bush a bud just bursting into crimson bloom, and placed it in her bosom. Then stealing to the little looking-glass, she smoothed down her already faultlessly smooth hair, hoping, with pretty womanly self-consciousness, that the two old people by the hearth would not notice her unusual anxiety about her appearance. Then she said, in her quiet, respectful voice:

"Hadn't I better light the fire in the parlor, dear grandfather? I see the new minister is coming down the hill."

The room which she entered, in accordance with her grandfather's "Certainly—make haste, child!" was simply, even humbly furnished, and yet there had been imparted to it an air of feminine grace and refinement during the last two years, since it had been Elinor's especial charge. Every thing was faultlessly neat. Snowy muslin curtains draped the windows; the arm-chairs were covered with crimson patch, and two corresponding footstools—Elinor's own workmanship—stood conveniently before them. A few books were strewn upon the table—Parson Blake's gift to Elinor—a Shakspeare and the works of Pope and Milton in handsome bindings. Not a speck of dust was visible, and yet Elinor, after lighting the fire, fidgeted nervously with her feather-brush from chair to table, and then, seized with a sudden impulse, sat down and appeared diligently engaged in reading.

That was an afternoon of new and exquisite delight in the girl's quiet life. Walter Fairfield possessed the rare gift of clothing lofty thoughts in simple words, and making himself alike agreeable to old and young. To him also came, that winter day, a new revelation. He recognized in Elinor's musical voice the clear tones which had strengthened him for his Sabbath duties—in her young, innocent face the vision he had carried away from church on the Sabbath morning as a new and superior type of loveliness. He had seen beautiful women before, arrayed in the manifold charms of style and fashion, but beside the unconscious grace of Elinor Trumbull they seemed to him like flaunting peonies contrasted with the fresh rose-bud she wore in her bosom.

There was something dearer in Elinor's beauty than the untroubled azure of her eyes, the golden flow of her hair, the clear tints of her complexion—a soul looking forth from the young, wistful face, womanly, pure, strong, and true.

And she, with her imaginative, dreamy nature, her haunting visions of a perfect life, a refined and extended culture shut out from her reach by mountains of circumstance and destiny, listened to the new-comer's voice, making music through all the avenues of her being, and was content.

That night, when the supper was over—the supper prefaced by a blessing, the first one spoken in that house by Walter Fairfield, and whose prophecy to that household of good or ill only the after years could unseal—the simple supper which Elinor had made beautiful by the exquisite neatness and delicacy of her arrangement—when it was over, and the new minister had taken his departure, the elder sat alone in the best room, absorbed in thought; while his wife and her grand-daughter were busy in the kitchen, clearing away the fragments and washing up the painted china.

Moses Grant was growing old. His hair was very white; and trouble, more than years, had dug deep furrows in his stern face. The habit was growing on him, as it does on so many old men, of talking to himself. As he sat there, leaning his head back in his chair, and looking thoughtfully into the fire, he murmured:

"Well, after all, the young man does seem full of the Spirit of the Lord. Yes, I really think the Lord is with him. But he can never be what Parson Blake was to Mary and me. He didn't marry us; he didn't bury our seven children; he didn't know and love Margaret. We are too old now for him to care for us; too old to make new ties—and yet, there's Elinor. The child needs a pastor's care. He will take an interest in her. I believe he does already; she's a good child. Through her, he may get attached to us—who knows? It's a blessed thing when folk can love their minister, and be loved back again, as in Parson Blake's time. And then this young man will be getting married one of these days. He'll be sure to marry a good woman, and she'll be a nice friend for Elinor when Mary and I are laid in the churchyard, with our seven children gone before. Yes, they'll be good friends for the child, and she'll need them then. Elinor!" he called, in a louder tone, and the girl came into the old parlor, and sat down on a stool in the firelight.

"I like this young man, Elinor. He isn't Parson Blake, to be sure; but I think he has the Spirit of God in his heart, and there's no reason why you shouldn't like him as well as another. You have not the memories of so many years to bind you to the dead. He told me this afternoon that he should start a Bible-class next Sunday, and I want you to join it, and see if you can't keep up your reputation as Parson Blake's best scholar."

"Very well, grandpa;" and then the girl sat there in the silence, while her fancy made glowing pictures in the embers, out of which looked the dark, kindly eyes of the new minister. That she could ever be any thing to him never entered her fancies; she only hoped that, ignorant girl as she was, she might find such favor in his eyes that he would impart to her some of his wonderful knowledge; lend her books, perhaps, and now and then condescend to talk to her.

The next Sunday she joined his Bible-class; and that day, and for many quiet Sabbath-days thereafter, the clear tones of her singing renewed his strength, and carried his soul heavenward; and the approving light of her expressive eyes, never by any chance turned away from their steady gaze, filled him with calm, and yet not always calm, delight.

III.

The slow, reluctant feet of the New England spring came over the mountains. Her blue eyes shone over hill and meadow-land through many tears, and in her foot-prints sprang up crocuses and violets, to live their little day, and die their balmy death. The plowman turned up the rich, loamy soil of the valleys, whistling at his task. The larch hung forth her fragrant blossoms, the laburnum dropped her long sprays of gold. The old lilac-bushes, planted in Moses Grant's front-yard when Margaret was a baby, put on once more their liveries of green, and coquettishly tossed up their purple blossoms, that the winds might rifle their perfume.

Walter Fairfield came very often, in these days, to the elder's house. He had undertaken to teach Elinor botany, and the study involved long delightful walks over the hills. The old folks were well content that their grandchild should acquire a little of the learning they held in sincere reverence, but which they would never have sent her out into the world to obtain. She seemed to them so mere a child still, that they never thought of the danger that she might learn another lesson—that while she analyzed the blossoms which skirted hillside and brook-side, her own heart might be unfolding itself, petal by petal, even to the golden centre, whereon was written "love."

And Elinor was, like them, blissfully unconscious. She had never read a novel in her life. No one had ever talked to her of love or marriage. How should she, at sixteen, be able to translate aright the story which Walter Fairfield delighted to read in her blushes, her downcast eyes, to hear in her tremulous tones which replied to his questionings?

He was an honorable man, and he loved her with an honorable man's deathless love—a *man's* love, full of passion, stronger than life, and yet he shrank from telling her so—from awaking her heart from its maidenly repose—changing sweet hope into certainty—binding her by vows of betrothal.

The time when he could keep silence no longer came to him, as it does to most men, unexpectedly. They had been taking a long walk. The sun had scarcely set, but a young June moon was drifting, like a tiny, glittering cloud, up the blue sky, and they stood watching it together. At last Elinor turned her wet face toward him. He had never seen tears in her eyes before.

"I have been thinking," she said, "how lonely my life used to be before you came. What mysterious fancies, which I had none to explain, haunted me at twilight and moonrise, and how your coming changed all; and you condescended to talk with me, and understand all my thoughts; and then, how this, too, must end some day, and you will be busy with other happiness, and I shall be all alone."

Then the words—the wild, loving, yet reverent words—gushed in a tide from his full heart, and overflowed his lips. The story was told—the old, ever-new story—old as our first parents, new as a new day. They loved one another. The vail was lifted from Elinor's heart, and she knew that, with all the quiet strength of her quiet nature, she loved Walter Fairfield. She was silent from very happiness.

As her lover drew her close, close to his side, and pressed his first kiss on her pure lips, he said, fervently:

"Elinor, you are all I ever asked—good, gifted, beautiful. You fulfill my every want, my snow-white lily, on whose lips no other man has ever pressed a lover's kiss. God in heaven bless you—the crown, the glory of my life, whom He has given me."

IV.

The next morning Elinor was with her grandparents in the little summer parlor. When the elder had read a chapter in the Bible, as was his wont, and finished his accustomed prayer, Elinor said, timidly,

"Dear grandpa, I would like to speak to you a moment."

She had settled it with her lover that she should be the first to communicate to the grave old man the news of her betrothal. This was her own desire. She had thought it would be best so. She feared nothing more than that he might object to her extreme youth, and she hoped much from the strong esteem in which she knew he held their young minister.

Falteringly she told her story, and the old man listened in silence.

He did not answer her for some moments, but he was evidently deeply moved. Elinor was frightened at the convulsive workings of his face, and the tears that coursed like rain down her grandmother's withered cheeks. At length he spoke.

"God forgive me, I have done great wrong. I never thought of this. You were so young. Elinor, you can not marry this man. No, not to save your own life. Do you hear? I forbid it. It *shall not* be."

Elinor rose and stood before him. She was not Margaret's child merely—the old Trumbull blood fired her glance. Her face was as resolute, her tone as firm, as Moses Grant's own.

"Grandfather," she said, "I love Walter Fairfield—he loves me. We are more than life to each other, and this question *shall not* be decided so. If you will separate us, I must know the reason, or, God helping me, I will go and pray him on my bended knees to take me away from you and make me his wife."

There was no pity in the elder's face now for the young creature who had dared to resist his decree, to rise up in the might of her love and oppose him. His face grew livid with rage.

"You must know my secret, then, young madam," he said, in the fierce tones of passion. "Well, mark it—you have no right even to the name you bear. Your mother, my child though she was, was not your father's wife. Don't you think Walter Fairfield, a minister of the gospel, would be proud to marry you in your disgrace?"

But the last taunting question fell on ears that could not listen. With every faculty intensely aroused she had heard the fatal truth, scorching her for the first time with its blight, and then she heard no more. Gradually she had sunk lower and lower at the old man's feet, until now she lay upon the floor, her white, death-like face cold as her young mother's under the June roses.

"Go into the kitchen, father," said Mary Grant, "for it'll throw her back again into her swoon to see you when she comes to."

The elder obeyed, and then his wife quietly busied herself in bringing back consciousness to Elinor. It was no very difficult task. The girl was young, and even so great a shock could not overcome her utterly. In a few moments she was able to sit down in an easy chair by the open window, and the balmy air of the summer morning stole over her senses like a new life-draught.

Her face was very white and rigid still, and Mary Grant put back her soft hair and looked pityingly into her troubled eyes.

"Oh, my darling!" she murmured, "my poor darling, to think your first sorrow should darken all your life." But the voice was calm that answered her.

"It will not darken it, grandmother. I have full faith in Walter. He loves me, and he will not give me up, even because of this great shame. I shall tell him all, and I know he will marry me."

"God grant it, darling!" and the old woman dropped on the white, earnest face a very tender kiss. "You sit quietly here. I want to go and speak to your grandfather."

Moses Grant was sitting, though it was June, by the fireside, in the very spot where he had sat before, one memorable night. Absorbed in surging, bitter, tumultuous thought, he was indifferent to heat or cold, or any outward surrounding whatsoever. His wife went up to him; she knelt down by his side; she clasped her hands across his knee, and then she plead with him even as she had plead with him on a wild, wet night, more than sixteen years before—the night on which, amidst storm and tempest, and the wail of restless winds, Elinor Trumbull's dawn of life was ushered in.

"Oh, father," she said, "she is all we have left. We are old now, and she is young; do not break her heart."

"Woman," said the elder's stern tones, "tempt me not. The minister shall not be deceived. I will not do this great sin against God."

"But you can let her tell him. She says he loves her, and she knows he will marry her, in spite of all. Let her tell him—only leave her this one hope."

Then the elder's wrath rose to a white heat.

"Yes, I have no doubt you would approve of that. Her mother did not shame me enough—you would bring another into this secret. Elinor," he cried, with raised tones, and forth from the inner room the young girl tottered. Moses Grant's face was terrible to look upon in his rage, but Elinor confronted him calmly, though she was obliged to cling to the table for support.

"I have told you all; what do you propose to do now?" he asked, in tones of forced composure.

"There is but one thing, grandfather. I

should feel this disgrace more bitterly if Walter's love had not made me strong to bear any thing. I will tell him what you have told me. I would not deceive him any more than you would; but I will tell him all, and he will but love me the better because I need his pity. Oh, you don't know Walter. He has such a great heart. He will not care for the world. He fears nothing but sin. He will make me his wife."

The old man was silent for a moment. The girl's face beamed like one inspired. It awed him, it was so full of deathless, triumphant love and faith. But this emotion passed, and his tone, when he answered her, was firm as ever.

"Elinor, you shall not tell him this secret. I, your grandfather, forbid it. He himself would be the first one to say it was your duty to obey me. If you tell him, I will curse you; do you hear me? curse you with a curse that shall cling to you all your life. You shall *not* tell him. I bear a humble name, but an honorable one. Only this one shadow of disgrace has ever fallen on it. As God hears me, you shall not spread the shameful secret. Tell your lover that you can not marry him—that *I* forbid it. If he wants to know why, he can come to me."

Elinor had heard this outburst silently, growing stronger, as it seemed, under every stern, cruel word which fell on her ear, slaying her lifetime hope, blotting all the brightness out of her existence. When the last word, swift, crushing, remorseless, had died on his lips, she answered in such tones as he had never dreamed she could utter, so cold were they, so passionless.

"Give yourself no trouble, grandfather—I shall obey you. I will not incur your curse—still less will I deceive Walter. Thank God, the time comes when you and I will go before Him together, and the wrongs of earth shall be righted by the immaculate justice of Heaven."

Mary Grant would fain have soothed her, but she seemed sufficient unto herself. Calmly she walked into the parlor and took her seat by the open window, where she could watch the road leading down the hill.

Soon she saw him coming—the young lover who could remain away from his betrothed no longer. Joyously he walked, with quick step and erect head. Hope was holding a cup to his lips beaded to the brim with bubbling drops of joy. She must dash it from them—she who loved him best, whom he best loved. She clasped her hands over her eyes, and prayed—a short, silent prayer which Heaven would answer. She heard his step upon the door-stone. He opened the little front door without knocking. He came to her side. He drew her close, close, as one who had a right to hold her on his heart forever, and she was silent—she could not break the spell.

At last she started from his arms—she stood before him with her white face and gleaming eyes.

"Walter!" she cried, eagerly, "you know I love you. You never can doubt that. I am very young; I have had no other fancies, no other dreams. You won all my heart. Hear me, Walter! I am yours—I will be yours till I die. Never shall any other man speak words of love to Elinor Trumbull. I give you all. I am yours—yours—yours—on earth and in heaven. But I can not be your wife. My grandfather has forbidden it. You yourself will counsel me to obedience. It is harder for me than for you. You have the great world to flee to—your high calling to follow. I must stay here—here where light and hope and love came to my life—where they will go out and leave me alone in the darkness. God forgive me, Walter, but death were better."

She had spoken with wild energy. She sank back exhausted now in her chair. Walter Fairfield stood, struck dumb for the moment with sheer wonder. At length he faltered:

"You can not mean it; you do not know what you are saying, Elinor. Your grandfather may object to our marrying while you are still so young, but he can not mean that you must never be my wife."

The door had been open all this time between the parlor and the kitchen, and now Moses Grant himself came forward. The anger had passed away from his face, leaving a look of pity blent with stern resolve. He said, gravely:

"I like you, Mr. Fairfield. I had not thought any one else could so fill Parson Blake's place in my love as you have filled it. If I could, Heaven knows I would gladly give you this girl, but it can not be. In all truthfulness, you must not marry her—you must never marry her. I, her grandfather, forbid it before the God whose servant you are. You will not dare to disobey me. It will go hard with you both; but if you knew the reason, you would *thank* me. It is my fault. I should not have put you in each other's way, but I thought she was only a child."

"Elder Grant," the young man said, respectfully, "will you come out of doors with me? I would like to speak to you for a few moments quite alone."

The particulars of that interview were never known, but the result was decisive. In a little while the young man came alone into the room where Elinor still sat by the open window. He closed the door. He went up to her and took her, for the last time, in his arms.

"The hand of God is in it, Elinor, as it is in every earthly thing, though we can not see it now. We must submit. Thank God, my beloved, that after life comes death, and after death heaven. And yet, how can I give you up, my poor, innocent darling—my one love?" And his voice broke down into low, agonized sobs—a strong man's sobs, very pitiful to hear.

That last half hour of love and torture and despair—that parting which they both felt was eternal—I may not dwell on it. When Walter Fairfield passed out of the wicket gate and walked up the hill, along the winding road, Elinor

Trumbull watched him with eyes in which there were no tears, with a pale face on which shone a hope purer than earthly love, holier than earthly happiness; a hope born in tears, in anguish, in desolation, of a meeting where all that remains of sorrow is the wings by which it has borne the soul upward—in the city without foundation, eternal in the heavens.

They parted on Saturday, and the next day more than one strong heart in Mayfield was moved to tears as their young minister read his mysterious, unexplained resignation of the pastoral charge. He had become strangely dear to them, this young man, whose coming had seemed such a doubtful experiment. He was not their father in the Lord as Parson Blake had been, but they cherished him equally in another way. He was their very own. He had come to them first. They were to him almost like a first love, the parish in whose service he had been first installed into the ministry. They had hoped he would live and die among them, and now they must give him up. There was scarcely a dry eye among the many which rested upon his face this last Sunday. Moses Grant sat with sorrowful, yet composed mien, in his accustomed seat, with his quiet old wife by his side, but Elinor's voice did not flood the church with its melody; Walter Fairfield preached his last sermon in Mayfield without the silent encouragement of her eyes.

The next morning, when he rode by the red house in the hollow, on his way to take the stage at Cornwall, he gazed in vain at the windows. No small hand fluttered among the roses, no gentle face looked out from between the muslin curtains. It cost him much then not to spring from the wagon and seek one last farewell, one more blessing; but, for her sake, he rode on and made no sign.

And where was Elinor? Looking forth, herself unseen, from her chamber window, straining her eyes to catch one last glimpse of his too dear face, praying for him in her self-abnegation, praying that his life might be very full of joy, though over her own, with all the promised hopes of its future, rose, like the lettering on a monument, the one sorrowful inscription—"Nevermore."

V.

There came a new minister to Mayfield, a worthy man, who dwelt quietly in the parsonage with his wife and his six children. He had not old Parson Blake's place in their hearts, consecrated by the memories of a lifetime, nor had they pride in his eloquence and tenderness for his youth and enthusiasm, as during Walter Fairfield's brief sojourn among them; still there was mutual good-feeling between pastor and people, and, save in one quiet household, all things went on as before.

This autumn and the winter which followed were a very trying time to Elinor Trumbull. She had a strong consciousness of duty. Earnestly she strove to be in all things the same to her grandparents as before her brief, bright dream of love; but something was wanting. The fullness of the old content would never come back again. For the second time in the red house in the hollow was a buried name. Walter Fairfield was never mentioned there. Mary Grant had once commenced to say a few words of comfort to her grand-daughter, but the expression on Elinor's face stopped her—it was so full of hopeless suffering. After that she only silently pitied the sorrow she had no power to soothe.

Elinor never uttered a single complaint. She performed all the little housewifely duties which had formerly fallen to her share—she went regularly to the church on the hill-top—listened quietly to the new pastor's preaching. But Mary Grant's tears fell as she saw her silently taking in the few dresses which composed her simple wardrobe, that they might better fit the figure growing so very fragile and thin now. Her step lost its accustomed lightness—her voice never rang through the house with its old, gay melody. When her seventeenth birthday was ushered in on the wings of storm and tempest, it found her no longer a girl but a woman, prematurely grave, and thoughtful, and silent. The delicate summer bloom was gone from the blossom, the subtle fragrance vanished, and there was but a poor consolation in thinking life's autumn might ripen it into fruit.

One day Mary Grant called her husband's attention when they were alone to Elinor's languid step and wasting cheek. An expression of sudden pain crossed the elder's face for the moment—a look as if conscience were forcing upon him an unwelcome truth, and then he answered with easy self-delusion—

"It's not strange. It's a hard winter. The girl will be herself again when the spring opens."

And so the months passed on, and once more the slow reluctant feet of the New England spring stole over the mountains, and the crocus and the violet started up in her footprints. Once more the brooks, set free from their winter chains, began to babble—the plow-boy whistled at his task—the birch hung out her tassels, and the lilacs in Elder Grant's yard burst into fragrant bloom; but this time there were no long, pleasant walks over the hills. She had no strength for them—that pale, silent girl, whom the spring had surprised as she sat nursing her sorrow.

As the days grew longer and brighter, the blue sky overhead more intensely clear and blue, Mary Grant watching her grandchild could see her fade. Each day she seemed to move more feebly about the house, until at last she seldom moved any more, but lay all day on a lounge which, perhaps, with a secret care for her comfort, the elder had bought at an auction sale. She did not seem unhappy, for the one hope mightier than earthly love, stronger than earthly grief, was gently guiding her tired feet—so early tired with the crooked paths of life—toward the "distant hills" of heaven. And Moses Grant saw it at last—the great fear

struck to his heart that his pride would have a second victim—that another young, fair face would lie beneath the drifting leaves of this year's autumn. Did not conscience speak to him then?

He came home one day with a strange look on his face. He held in his hand a large business-like epistle. He beckoned his wife into the kitchen. She left Elinor lying upon the lounge in the best room, and closed the door after her.

"What is it, father?" she said, in pitying tones, going to her husband's side. "Has some great trouble come over us?"

"The hand of the Lord is laid upon me, Mary. I am punished for my sin. I killed Margaret, I have well-nigh killed her child, and yet, listen, wife, Margaret was true—Margaret was pure."

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" burst involuntarily from the mother's lips as she sank upon her knees. The vail of her life's greatest sorrow was rent away, and she seemed to see her child, her last child, her pure, innocent blessed child, as she named her in her heart, waiting for her in heaven. But her cry of thanksgiving fell on unheeding ears.

Moses Grant spoke earnestly:

"Yes, Mary, God has suffered this knowledge to come to me in the eleventh hour, just to show me that I, who dared to call myself His servant, have been but a hard unmerciful tyrant after all, fearing earthly disgrace more than I feared Him. Oh, Mary is it too late to save our child?"

"God grant it may be in time," Mary Grant faltered; "but tell me how the knowledge came to you? Are you sure of its truth?"

"Look there! see with your own eyes, Margaret's marriage-certificate, and listen, I will read you this letter which I have received from Gilbert Trumbull. It seems his lawyer wrote it for him when he was dying. It says:

"'MR. GRANT,—I have not been a good man. I feel this now, lying here on my deathbed, and I confess it to you the more readily because I do not believe that at heart you are a one whit better one. I must speak plainly and bluntly, for I have no time for circumlocution. I have hardly strength enough left to dictate this to Richard Huntley, my attorney. I have made a brave effort to forgive every body; but it has been the hardest of all to forgive you, for your harshness, your sinful pride, killed my beautiful Margaret. You never loved as I loved her—I, her lover, her husband. There, you will start at that word, I foresee—you will start again at the marriage-certificate infolded in this letter. We were married secretly as you will perceive, while I was in your very neighborhood. I bound Margaret, when I left her, by a solemn oath, not to make it known until she had my permission. She was a gentle creature, as no one knows better than you, and never thought of disputing the will of any one she loved. My father was dead. I was dependent for all my hopes of future fortune and support on my mother, a very proud, resolute woman. She had a grand match in contemplation for me at that time. I knew it would be no easy matter to reconcile her to its failure, and if she should know just then that I had married what she would have thought so far below me, much as she loved me she would have cast me off forever. This to a true man would have been no great matter compared with causing Margaret one hour of trouble, one agony of humiliation. But I was not a true man. I was helpless and imbecile, for I had never been brought up to depend on myself. But I must hasten, for my strength is failing me.

"'I kept Margaret advised through a friend, of all my movements, and when you crushed her with the weight of your scorn and contumely she fled to me. I welcomed her. God knows I did, for I loved her! I took care of her in secret, and I should have made her happy had not your displeasure haunted her. Toward the last I was obliged to leave her for a few weeks. In that time she fled—fled because she was dying of a wild longing to throw herself at your feet and beg your forgiveness. She told me this in a note she left behind her for me. It was full of love stained with her tears, blotted with her kisses. In it she said she would not, in any extremity, betray our marriage until she had my permission. She must have walked nearly all the way to you, for, thinking all her needs were provided for, I had left her but a few dollars.

"'You know the rest. I have a friend in your neighborhood who has kept me informed of all that concerned Margaret and her child. God in heaven knows how sincerely I mourned her. Had she lived, I should have acknowledged her as my wife. The child would have been brought up as Elinor Trumbull's namesake should have been; but since Margaret was dead, I preferred to leave her baby to you. I had never seen the little one. It was not natural I should have any very strong love for her, and to give her up saved me a great deal of embarrassment. My mother died without knowing that I had ever been married, and I inherited her fortune. It will all be the child's. I leave her that and my name as the best amends I can make now for the neglect of my lifetime.

"'Believe that I loved Margaret by this token: I have been faithful to her memory—I have lived alone all my days since I lost her.

"'After I am dead Richard Huntley will send you this letter, along with a copy of my will, and a miniature I had painted of Margaret and myself by stealth, while she was with me. The child may like it. I suppose I am not good enough for my blessing to avail her much; but she has it, that young girl whom I have never seen—Margaret's child and mine. I die in peace with all men, even you.

"'GILBERT TRUMBULL.'

"There are a few lines more in the lawyer's hand, to say that he died twenty-four hours after that letter was dictated—and the will is inclosed, by which Elinor falls heir to fifty thousand dollars."

"But how he insulted you! I can not bear that!" exclaimed the wife, her first, wifely thought a jealous one of her husband's honor.

"Nay, Mary, he but spoke the truth. I have been a self-deceiver. The judgment of the Lord is visiting me now, and I see my sin. I killed her—he said truly—oh Margaret—my child Margaret!"

"I want to see it, husband—the picture."

"Well, here, only don't show it to me. I don't want to see *her* eyes—poor Margaret."

The mother took it from his hand and looked at it in silence. It was Margaret, in her youth, her love, her beauty, only there was an unwonted shade of sadness in the clear eyes and about the flexible mouth. Beside her face Gilbert Trumbull's was painted—handsome, fascinating, brilliant—the face in which Margaret's eyes had seen heaven. Mary Grant looked at the two steadily for a few moments through her tears, and then, without saying a word, holding the picture still in her hand, she went in to Elinor.

"My child," she said, in faltering tones, "would you like to see your mother's picture?"

A hot flush rose to the girl's cheek, but she stretched out her hand for the miniature.

"That is your father, too, darling. Nay, Elinor, you needn't blush so to look on them; for, see this, child—here is something worth more to you than all the gold that comes with it, your mother's marriage-certificate."

Elinor Trumbull clasped the paper with convulsive energy. She looked at it with eager gaze, reading it over and over again. Then it dropped from her nerveless fingers, her eyes shut together, and her stricken heart, for the first time, uttered the wail of its anguish.

"Oh, Walter, Walter," was the low cry which rung helplessly through the room. Mary Grant knelt beside her, and folded her motherly arms around her. She was not repulsed. She drew that young head to her old, loving bosom, and Elinor wept there, at last, like a grieved child.

"Oh," she murmured, after a time, "I might have married him—I should not have disgraced him after all. What was it you said about gold, grandmother?"

"You have inherited fifty thousand dollars, dear child. Your father's will came with his letter, and these things I have shown you."

"His letter! my father's letter! Why don't you give it to me?"

Mary Grant put the girl from her, and laid her tenderly back on the lounge. Then she went out, closing the door behind her.

"Father," she said, "Elinor wants to see that letter. I think she has a right to."

"Yes, Mary; take it. Her seeing it can not make my shame any greater. Leave me alone for a while; I am trying to see my way clear."

And so Mary Grant carried Gilbert Trumbull's letter in to his child. The girl read it, pausing tenderly over the passages where her father wrote of his love for her young mother, pressing the sheet to her lips where he invoked his blessing, a dying man's blessing, upon her. Then folding it up, she put it in her bosom, and sank back again upon her pillow.

"You are very tired, darling," said her grandmother's gentle voice.

"Yes, very—but oh, so thankful. It is such a blessing that this knowledge came to me before I died, that I might reverence my dead mother's memory as much as I had always loved it."

"Before you die! Oh, Elinor, you must not say that—you will break my heart."

This was the first time any allusion had been made between them to the slow decay of Elinor's powers. Mary Grant had trembled long before the phantom of this very fear, but every nerve quivered when it took to itself a voice and stood unmasked before her. Elinor saw it, and soothingly laid her hand—alas, so very thin and white now—on the withered one of the old woman.

"Yes, dear grandmother, we may as well meet it bravely. I have known it a long time; but, thank God, I shall die happy now. You will explain all this mystery to Walter, and he will know I am worthy of his loving. He will be mine in heaven."

There were a few moments of solemn silence, and then Mary Grant murmured, falteringly,

"Elinor, will you, can you forgive your grandfather?"

"As I hope God will forgive me. His punishment will be heavy enough at the best. His sinful pride will soon lay a second victim beside my poor mother, and seeing this, he will repent in dust and ashes. God forbid that word or look of mine should add one pang to his self-reproach."

While these words were trembling on her lips, the door opened and the old man came in, with his humbled, heart-stricken face, and his bowed head. He came up to her, and, for the first time in all his life, Moses Grant knelt by a woman's side.

"Elinor, child," he cried out, beseechingly, lifting up his withered, trembling hands, "God has shown me my crime as it is; can you, whom I have wronged, forgive me?"

"Fully, freely, and love you also, as your last child should."

He drew her close to him. He held her in his arms as he had never done before, even in the days of her innocent babyhood. He murmured blessings over her—tender, caressing words, such as no one could have thought his stern lips would ever utter—and when he lifted up his head, Elinor's cheek was wet with tears which were not her own.

"I will go now and write to Walter," he said, in more hopeful tones.

The young girl turned her face toward the wall, to hide the anguish which convulsed her

slight frame when the beloved name was uttered.

"It is of no use, now," she said, sadly; "we do not know where he is, and if we did, it is all too late."

"Oh, Elinor, you must not say that. God will not chasten me so heavily. It is not too late. It shall not be too late. You shall see him."

VI.

The letter which the elder wrote that afternoon told Walter Fairfield the whole story—the fearful wrong—the penitence which would fain make feeble restitution by confession. He laid bare in it his stricken, humbled heart.

No one at Mayfield knew Walter Fairfield's present location. There was but one hope of the letter's reaching him. The elder directed it, on the outside, to the care of the Principal of the Theological Seminary where the young man had been fitted for the university. Then he sent it forth with wild, anguished prayers that God would speed it—that it might find him—might be in time to save the young life trembling in the balance.

That night, when Mary Grant told her granddaughter that the letter had been sent and in what wise it had been directed, a longing hope took possession of Elinor that it would reach him, would bring him there before she died—that she might look once more into his loving eyes—that his voice, none but his, might murmur the last prayer over her grave. During the weeks that followed, this hope never left her, and, though unconsciously to herself, it seemed to be leading her feet backward a little from the brink of the dark river, over whose waters she had thought so soon to journey to the country of everlasting life lying beyond.

Her step grew a little less weary and feeble. She lay less frequently, as days passed on, upon the lounge, and sat oftener in the arm-chair by the window, where she could watch the road winding down the hill. It had been four weeks since the receipt of her father's letter, and now it was midsummer. The little village among the mountains was gay with blossoms and verdure—vocal with bird-songs—sweet with the incense of summer flowers. How pleasantly the world looked to Elinor, sitting by the window; the world which she thought so soon to leave, brightened now with the radiance of sunset. The landscape seemed, as she sat there, so calm and peaceful, with not a living thing to mar the perfectness of its repose.

But the quiet is broken now. A rider comes dashing down the hill, fast, fast, fast. It seemed dangerous. Elinor is very weak, she dares not look at him. She closes her eyes and lays her head back against the chair, but she listens—she can not help that. The rider rides swiftly on. He has stopped now, in front of the house. He opens the little wicket gate. He comes up the walk—into the door. Courage, trembling heart. Open your eyes, Elinor Trumbull. He springs to her side—he folds her close in his arms, calling her his poor little sorrow-stricken darling, his pride, his wife, his best-loved Elinor; thanking God that he can hold her now as he had never hoped to hold her again on earth.

Weak as Elinor was she did not faint. There was power in that voice to rouse, instead, every faculty into its fullest life. Strength seemed to flow out from him into her own exhausted being. She clung to him in silent rapture.

When the passionate joy of meeting had grown calmer, Walter Fairfield told his story. The letter, he said, came to him in the far West. After leaving Mayfield he had gone there, and striven to absorb himself in the arduous duties of a missionary preacher. He had worked night and day; it was his only consolation. On his return from a three days' tramp in the woods he had found the elder's letter. At its first reading his heart had swelled with wrath. A Cain among all other men he had felt Moses Grant would be to him henceforth. His soul rebelled against the sinful, worldly pride which had sacrificed the whole life of two who loved one another to a selfish, cowardly fear of disgrace. Then he read it again, and the heart-broken tone of sincere penitence, of despairing, self-despising humility which pervaded it, moved him to pity; and then all thought of Moses Grant was lost in the one agonizing fear lest he should not be in time to see his Elinor alive. He had traveled night and day. He was with her now, and she lived still—she *would* live. God would grant her to his prayers. His love should call her back—she should be his own yet—his wife. All the world should know her as his young wife, Elinor.

He was no professed worker of miracles, and yet, as she listened to his words, the crimson tint stole back into the fair cheek of his betrothed, and she seemed to feel a sense of returning strength, a faith in the reality of his prediction. Moses Grant met the young minister with outward calmness. In his letter he had poured forth his remorse, his sorrow, his penitence. Neither of them ever alluded to it afterward. Only in the hand-clasp between them—full on the one side of timid self-abasement, on the other of pity, forgiveness, encouragement—there was a silent reconciliation. Mary Grant sobbed out her welcome with murmured blessings, and choking pauses, and murmured tears; and that night the four knelt together in *peace*, before the throne of Him who looks on human weakness with the eyes of heavenly pity.

Elinor's health improved rapidly. Before the summer roses under the parlor window had faded she twined from them a wreath for her bridal, and another garland, which she hung in the pleasant August morning—a daughter's reverent farewell—over the low head-stone which marked her mother's grave. She went there, leaning upon her husband's arm, and, lifting to him her relying eyes, she murmured,

"I wonder if *she* knows, up in heaven, how happy her daughter is this hour?"

The farewell between the old people and their

children was full of tender peace and love, and the elder and his wife stood together at the wicket gate, watching them with moist eyes as they rode up the hill. Moses Grant was not too proud to weep now.

The next Sunday, after the sermon was over, the congregation were requested to wait, and there, before them all, an old man, bowing his gray head in shame and sorrow, laid down his eldership in the Mayfield church, and bewailed the sin which made him unworthy, in his own eyes, to wear it longer. A very old book saith, "Whoso humbleth himself shall be exalted," and, looking down over the bastions of the Celestial City, perchance that seemed to angel eyes the hour most worthy of pride of all Moses Grant's earthly life.

Walter Fairfield spent that winter at the South with his young wife, but cheerful letters came now and then, telling the old people of Elinor's renewed health and strength, and promising to bring her back in the spring blooming and happy.

In the early spring Parson Stevens received an unexpected call to a larger salary and wider sphere of usefulness, procured, some said, through Mr. Fairfield's influence. Accepting it, he went away with his wife and his six children. Walter Fairfield came back in good time to take his place. Elinor's fortune would more than satisfy all their wants, and they chose to settle down among the people of his first love—to live and die among them.

To Elinor no other spot could be half so dear as the quiet village among the mountains, where, for her, the star had arisen which rises but once—the star of love, whose light was to bless all her happy life on earth, and sparkle still in the golden crown the angels were keeping for her in the Beyond.

And so, after all its pride, and pain, and passion, rest came at last to Moses Grant's life. The old man and his old wife live quietly still in the shadow of the mountains, in whose shadow they were born; and, by-and-by, when their willing feet have drawn nigh to the fathomless river, kind hands will lay them gently down to their last sleep, beside Margaret's grave, in the little church-yard on the hill-top.

A SCREW LOOSE.

I.—FATHER AND SON.

"SIR, you forget whom you speak to."

"I regret, Sir, to say that I remember you are my father."

"Your remembrance, then, Mr. Gilbert Halibut, does not seem to affect your filial respect."

"Do I owe you any, Sir?" and Gilbert Halibut straightened his figure with a gesture of insolent disdain, and fastened his fiery blue eyes on his father's face, who, to do him justice, returned the glance with one of equal defiance. He did not answer his son's question, however. He looked straight at the young man as if he had not heard him.

"I have had a pleasant home, have I not?" continued Halibut, junior. "While I was in my cradle, you insulted my mother's memory by marrying a woman on whose previous relationship to you I will spare you the pain of any comment. She constituted herself my natural enemy before I could speak, and made my boyhood a hell of torment. Like the amiable gentleman you have the repute of being, you aided and abetted this charming person in all the petty persecution she contrived against your son. Were it not for the kindness of my poor dead uncle, I should not have received even the education of a gentleman. Bless him for that priceless gift, and thank you for nothing, Mr. Halibut, senior! You blacken my brightest days. You warp my heart until it is almost deformed, you deny me every thing that makes youth kind and loving and generous, and then you calmly reproach me for not being an angel. Oh, Sir! if I am not a finished and accomplished devil, it has not been your fault."

"That will do, Sir," said Mr. Halibut, without a muscle of his pale face moving. "You have said quite enough. If you continue much longer, you will succeed so well in your undutiful eloquence as to induce me to order the servants to put you out of doors. As it is, I prefer that you should depart without violence. Collect your valuable personal effects, if you please, and do me the favor to let me never behold you again."

Mr. Gilbert Halibut bowed with a contemptuous smile, and closing the parlor door very softly, marched up stairs to commence his preparations for his departure from the paternal mansion.

Gilbert's "personal effects," as Mr. Halibut called them, were not immensely valuable. He had an old leather portmanteau, and into this he commenced packing his wardrobe, making to himself, as he went along, a queer, cynical commentary on each article.

"Four shirts," he muttered with a bitter grin, as he overhauled his linen. "Three very much frayed at the edges, the other tender in texture as blotting paper. Shirts are an artificial taste. I must invent some means of doing without them. The French have a way I hear. Two pair and a half of stockings, all calculated to emancipate the toes on the first provocation. What is the use of the odd stocking, though? oh! I have it. I'll have one of my legs amputated, and then they will last me double the time. One evening waistcoat. Being my only one, I suppose I must call it morning and evening. What folly to have one dress for the day, and another for the night! I will effect a reform in costume. Get up something like the toga. After all that was nothing more than a street blanket, simple and durable. Six pocket-handkerchiefs. How disproportioned to the rest of my wardrobe! Still, they may be made valuable. I'll wait until I see a friend who is in distress because he has forgotten his at an evening party. I'll give him one of mine, and ask him to lend me fifty dollars. He can't be un-

grateful enough to refuse. One pair of shaky boots, with holes in the soles for the purpose of letting in the mud. I remember those boots well. The first night I got them I suffered such agony that I could not talk to Alice Heriott, and she has gone about every where since saying that I was a spoon. I wish I was one, of silver. I'd be worth money. By-the-way, as to money—" And Mr. Halibut, junior, half drew forth a shabby portemonnaie from his pocket, but thrust it back again almost instantly. "No! no!" he muttered; "it's pleasanter not to know how little I have gotten. I can say to myself, like Mr. Rothschild, that I don't know what I am worth. There! razor, shaving brush, small bit of soap, five books, a comb, and a pair of old kid gloves, useful for cut fingers. Come, old Halibut, senior, the heir of your house does not depart from the paternal mansion with too expensive an outfit. Now for old Twitter. How he'll be astonished when I bowl in on him!" and, shouldering his old leather trunk, Halibut, junior, marched down stairs, opened the hall-door, went through the ceremony of shaking the dust from his feet on the threshold, with a mocking smile, and set out for his friend Twitter's residence.

II.—THE HEGIRA.

Twitter was a young literary gentleman who was continually occupying the handsomest apartments he could find, which he invariably vacated after a month of luxury. He was of a sanguine temperament, and I will do him the justice to say, that he always intended at the time of taking his rooms to pay for them. But so many extraordinary and unforeseen circumstances intervened between the day of his induction and pay-day, that when that period arrived he regularly found himself in a state of unprecedented pecuniary depletion. The most unexpected calls would be made on his purse, such as being absolutely obliged to invite six friends to a dinner at Delmonico's, with Burgundy and canvas-backs, or some infamous tailor, whom he had dealt with for over two months would suddenly present his bill, and insist on being paid, on threats of publishing Twitter's account in the newspapers. But the most unusual and at the same time unaccountable accident which his circumstances were in the habit of suffering, was a mysterious evaporation of considerable sums of money.

"The oddest thing in life, Sir," Twitter would say to his friend. "I drew a hundred dollars from the Harpers on Tuesday, and to-day, Thursday, I positively can not tell what has become of it. Here is fifty cents, certainly; but then where's the remainder? that's the question! The most provoking thing about it is that I laid that sum aside to pay my rent with, and I find myself in a regular fix now that it is gone."

"Perhaps you spent it?" suggests a friend.

"My dear fellow, how the deuce could I spend it? I didn't pay for any thing between this and then. Let me see. I came up town with Jones that day, and paid his stage fare, that's a shilling. Then there were two drinks at Upas's—pony brandy, a shilling a glass. That's three shillings. Then I lent Jones a quarter, that's five shillings—and—and—'pon my life it's the most singular thing in the world what has become of that hundred dollars! And I'm in such a deuce of a fix too!" and Twitter, oblivious of the supper at the Ornithorhyncus, and the twenty dollars he lent Jacobs to go and play faro with, and the coat and boots that he bought, and the expensive engravings that he ordered at Goupil's, moans after his vanished pile, and leaves his sumptuous apartments in disgrace.

Halibut, junior, found Twitter inhabiting spacious chambers in a splendid house in Tenth Street. He was lounging before the fire in a dressing-gown of large dimensions, with a huge pile of paper on a library table, on the upper sheet of which the title of a romance and Chapter One were inscribed in very large letters. Twitter was smoking, and looking with epicurean gratification on the handsomely furnished sitting-room, which was yet new to him, he having only moved there the week before.

"My dear Halibut!" cried Twitter, radiant with pleasure at beholding his friend—he was always glad to see people, it gave him an opportunity of idling—"My dear fellow, how are you? What the deuce is that you have got on your shoulder?"

"My earthly possessions," answered Halibut, junior, depositing his portmanteau on the floor. "Twitter," he continued, solemnly, "I've cut with the Governor, and have come to stay with you."

"Splendid, by Jove!" cried the enchanted Twitter, who, to do him justice, was as generous as a prince. "My boy make yourself at home. I'll get a second bed put up for you in the bedroom—you need be under no care as to quarters as long as I have these. Snug rooms, old fellow, eh?" and Twitter glanced round him as if he had signed a lease for ninety-nine years, and paid the rent in advance.

"All right, then," cried Halibut, junior; "lodging so far settled. When do you dine, Twitter?"

Twitter's face fell.

"Well, my dear fellow, the fact is, I don't board here. I have taken these rooms without board. Boarding house hours don't suit me."

"But you dine somewhere?"

Twitter laughed.

"Abstractedly considered, I may be said to dine. Man is a dining animal. Practically, I only dine when I happen to have money enough, or credit, which is the same thing."

"You have no money, Twitter, and yet you lodge like an emperor?"

"I had lots the day before yesterday. Drew seventy-five dollars at Pallytot's—for Child's Book—elegant trifle for Christmas—and the most singular thing in the whole concern is, that I can't tell for the life of me what has become

of the money! I have seven cents in my pocket, certainly; but that leaves seventy-four dollars ninety-three cents to be accounted for. I remember distinctly purchasing two apples and a pair of gloves; but they couldn't run away with seventy-five dollars, you know."

"It's extraordinary," said Halibut, junior.

"Most extraordinary thing in the world," echoed Twitter, looking mournfully at his friend, as if silently entreating of him to set on foot instant inquiries as to what had become of his seventy-five dollars.

"But we must dine," remarked Halibut.

"Certainly, if you wish it," answered Twitter, meekly.

"I have a dollar and a half, I think," continued Halibut, junior, producing a portemonnaie of old Russia leather, that looked as if it were made out of decayed leaves.

"A dollar and a half!" cried Twitter, reviving — "splendid! Let us dine at Dukling's. Small beef-steak—moderate in vegetables—parsimonious in pie—a mug of ale each—the whole to conclude with a fantasia, by special request, on the light cigar!"

Twitter immediately on this prospect of dinner became outrageous. He assumed the most magnificent airs, and if he had had all the kitchen of Fouqué at his command could not have been gayer previous to his repast. He instantly commenced to dress for this famous dinner at Dukling's. Twitter was a young man who was careful in dress. Whether he had money or not, he had nice boots, well-made trowsers, and an easy-fitting, gentlemanly coat. Dress was with Twitter an institution of solemn import, an article of trade, just as the broad-brimmed hat is an article of trade with the Quaker, and the white neckcloth a sort of sacred investment of the clergyman.

Twitter argued shrewdly enough. "Dress," he used to say "is respectability. Few men can afford to do without it. Put Tholosus of Wall Street in a seedy hat and bad boots, and he could no more get a note discounted than could Pilgarlick, the dramatic critic on the *Sunday Slasher*. The world is always ready to be imposed upon. Men are always ready to buy spurious stock, to discount forged acceptances, provided the names written thereon are high-sounding. A man, no matter how great a swindler at bottom, who indorses himself with a fine suit of clothes, will generally be discounted by society. There is, however, a species of shabbiness in dress which is by force of character rendered respectable. Alexander came to see Diogenes, who never combed his hair. Japhet Jacobus Castor, the millionaire, might have gone round New York barefooted, and yet not lost reputation; and every citizen is familiar with the dress of old Sanglier, the pork merchant, who sits at the opera in a coat that his butchers would be ashamed to put on. Rich men can wear what they like. Poor men must put on varnish. There is an indefinable air in the man of money—an air of self-reliance—of Bank-power, so to speak, that overcomes his clothes. The poor man who is seedily attired seems to *know* it. It is that appearance that is fatal."

So Twitter attired himself sumptuously, and he and Halibut, junior, went to dine at Dukling's.

III.—A DINNER AT DUKLING'S, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Dukling is an amiable Jew, who keeps a restaurant in Broadway for the accommodation of impoverished Luxury. There are a great many men in the world whose imagination exceeds their means in the matter of dinner. It was in obedience to their necessities that Dukling arose. The dishes of middle life are exiled from his bill of fare. As far as the names are concerned, you can get as good a dinner there as at Thompson and Purcell's. There are no unadorned beef-steaks at Dukling's. You have *filet de bœuf aux champignons*. He is tremendous on soups—*Potage à la Colbert*, *Potage à la Reine*, *Purée de Gibier*, and so on through a multitude of magnificent carnal essences. He has invented strange puddings, this amiable Dukling, and sometimes names them after celebrated artists, and other famous public people. You will find there *Paté à la Patania*, *Méringue à la Mario*, *Omelette de surpris de Lagrange*, *Les doigts de Wilhorst*.

All these things have a charm for men who love their food under a foreign name. You can get for sixty cents, or thereabouts, at Dukling's, a meal that if named over to an uninitiated person would sound like a ten-dollar dinner. I believe that Dukling does an exclusive business with poets and foreigners. The first have generally more imagination than appetite, and the former is satisfied thoroughly by that imposing bill of fare. The last love meat that masquerades. Every joint that is in Dukling's kitchen is in domino, or fancy costume—tinseled, painted, and ribboned until not even cow nor sheep would know their own flesh and blood again if they were to see it.

Twitter and Halibut having arrived at Dukling's—to do Twitter justice, he never dined at Dukling's when he could afford to dine at a better place; but when he was hard up, the cheapness and splendor combined tempted him—those friends having, as I say, arrived at Dukling's, they seated themselves at one of the small tables, and were immediately assaulted by a female waiter, who laced tightly, wore rouge, and smelled of dirty plates, and who planted herself opposite to Twitter, with an expression that seemed to say, "Now you make haste and order your dinner, for my time is valuable." Twitter, after spending nearly ten minutes in cogitation—for he very properly considered that it was the special business of all the servants in the universe to wait on him—to the great disgust of the splendid female, who wished particularly to attend to a favorite dry-goods clerk that had just come in, and with whom she always had a pleasant flirtation over the question of dinner. After ten minutes of abstract study,

Twitter eventually succeeded in concluding on an imposing meal, which was, after a quarter of an hour's delay, placed before the friends by the coquettish waitress, who immediately hastened off to attend to her clerk.

A check lay on the table on which was inscribed the cost of the dinner. It amounted exactly to a dollar and a half. Twitter had calculated conscientiously the amount of Halibut's funds, and gone with experienced foot to the very edge of the perilous abyss which yawned upon the other side of the twelve shillings.

The dinner being concluded, the last draught of ale having been drunk, Twitter and his friend rose.

"A dollar and a half," said Twitter, musingly, looking at the check. "Have you any loose silver, Halibut?"

"I have sixpence over," answered Halibut.

"And I seven cents. That will pay for cigars. Hurrah! Halibut, give me the money —I will pay the bill."

Halibut handed out his earthly possessions, and Twitter stalked magnificently, money in hand, to the counter, at which the amiable Dukling presided, and where he received with a bland smile the little compensations for his *recherché* fare. To gaze at Dukling, one would imagine that he was a man to whom nothing would give greater pleasure than to give credit to all mankind.

Twitter laid down Halibut's money, with six cents additional drawn from his own pocket, on the counter, and took two cigars, one of which he presented to Halibut. Dukling scrutinized the dollar bill with provoking keenness.

"Have you got another bill, Sir?" said Dukling, with an innocent smile.

"Nothing so small," answered Twitter, uneasily.

"This bill is bad," replied Dukling, firmly, laying the bill on the counter. The bank has been burst up this three months."

"Bad!" exclaimed Twitter, pale and red by turns.

"Bad!" echoed Halibut, with a glance at the door, as if he would take instant flight were it not that honor bound him to his friend.

"Bad," repeated Dukling, who smiled no longer. "I can not take it."

Twitter took up the note, held it between him and the light, considered it in every point of view—he knew nothing about good or bad money—but it was no use. He could not make it better than it was.

"Really, Mr. Dukling," said Twitter, with a feeble courtesy, "I'm very sorry. This is unfortunate. I have no more money about me. Just charge this to me, will you?"

"We keep no accounts," said Dukling, shortly, scowling with his black, Jewish eyes. "We never do any thing of this sort. Besides, I don't know you."

"Not know me!" said Twitter, indignantly. "I have been dining here for the last year and a half."

"That may be, Sir," said the amiable Dukling; "but I want my money before you leave."

"You can't have it," said Twitter, haughtily, with all the blood in his cheeks. "If you send your servant with me to my house you shall have the money."

"I want it now," said Dukling.

"Then, Sir, you can't have it," repeated Twitter, with defiance. "You don't know how to treat a gentleman, Sir!"

"Then I'll keep your hat," said Dukling, seizing Twitter's chapeau that lay on the counter, and transferring it in a second to a drawer underneath.

Twitter was outrageous. He stormed and swore, and would have immediately assaulted Dukling, if Halibut, who was scarlet with shame at this exposure, had not held him back. Dukling knew human nature. A man without a hat is powerless. The noise of this altercation had attracted the attention of several persons in the restaurant, and a crowd was beginning to gather, when a tall man with a long Oriental beard stepped up quietly to Dukling, handed him something which mollified that incensed Hebrew, and caused him to hand forth Twitter's hat on the spot. This article of costume the stranger handed to Twitter, saying to him,

"Come, this is an accident. I have met with such. I paid the little amount for you. Come out of this place with your friend; I want to speak with you."

And suppressing Twitter's demonstrations of gratitude to himself, and violence toward Dukling, the unknown led the way into the street, followed by Twitter and Halibut.

IV.—HERCULES.

As soon as they had reached the street the stranger turned to Gilbert, and said, abruptly,

"What's your name?"

The tone was so rough that all the blood mounted to the young man's face.

"I'm not in the habit of giving my name to every person that I meet," he answered, haughtily, utterly oblivious of the fact that the man he was snubbing had just rescued him from a most unpleasant predicament.

"Why, Gilbert, my boy," cried Twitter, remonstratively, "you forget what we owe this gentleman!"

Twitter, who saw a mine of large promise in this new friend, was in an agony lest he should be driven away by Gilbert's roughness. The stranger did not appear to notice the snubbing he had just received, but gazed contemplatively on the young man's face.

"Yes," he said, "you must be a Halibut. Your name is Halibut, is it not?"

"Certainly it is," cried Twitter, hastening to interpose his affirmative, lest Gilbert might take it into his head to deny his patronymic. "My friend is called Gilbert Halibut, Sir—son of old Halibut, the wealthy China merchant of Fourteenth Street. My friend and his father don't stand very well at present, Sir, but I have no

doubt that in time all will go well between them."

"Ha! quarrel with the governor! eh?" cried the stranger, in reply to Twitter's voluble confidence. "Young man," he added, turning to Gilbert, "I trust you have not been dissipated?"

"I never had the chance," answered Gilbert, bitterly. "A man can not give Champagne breakfasts or keep a yacht on fifty cents a week."

"Father close, I suppose?"

"That was the allowance he gave his son. Judge for yourself."

"Hum! the same old story," muttered the stranger to himself. "Have you left him?" he continued, with the abruptness peculiar to him.

"Yes."

"Have you any employment?"

"No."

"Have you got any money?"

"Not a cent."

"Where are you staying?"

"With my friend, Mr. Twitter."

"Is your friend rich?"

"If he was I should not be staying with him," answered Gilbert, proudly.

"Bravo!" said the stranger, involuntarily.

Twitter did not see the force of Halibut's last admission. It was a part of Twitter's principle of life never to confess himself poor. It produced a bad impression on people, he said. He had studied with great perseverance the art of assuming what might be called "the-thousand-dollar-in-your-pocket look," and with immense success. He hastened, therefore, to disabuse the stranger's mind of any false impressions it may have received from Gilbert's statement.

"As my friend justly intimated," said Twitter, "I am not worth a great deal. Fortunes swell to such a colossal size in New York that really a man with a moderate independence feels himself nobody. By-the-way, if you are not engaged to-morrow, will you dine with me at Thompson and Purcell's? A bit of game, and a bottle of *vieux-ceps*—that's all."

Gilbert stared at this audacious proposition; but Twitter was perfectly at his ease, and also sincere in his invitation. He had immense faith in what Micawber called "things turning up." He had no doubt but that, between then and the appointed hour, Fortune would shower some gift upon him.

"I shall be very happy," said the stranger, with a grim smile; "only I warn you, Mr. Twitter, that I am a dangerous guest. I can manage six bottles to my own share."

Twitter shivered. Six bottles at three dollars a bottle, he calculated inwardly, would swell the dinner bill terrifically. Then, besides, there was himself and Halibut.

"You may, perhaps, like to know my name," continued the unknown; "it is Hercules."

"A queer name," said Gilbert.

"But classical," added Twitter.

"I have not yet finished my labors," said Mr. Hercules, with a strange smile.

"I have or had an uncle whose first name was Hercules," said Gilbert.

"Ah! indeed. It is an uncommon name. Is your uncle alive?"

"I don't know. I have heard my father speaking of him. He has not heard of him for many years."

"Have you dined?" said Hercules, suddenly.

"No—yes—perhaps—not exactly. We partook simply of a light repast," answered Twitter, with elegant embarrassment.

"Then come, both of you, and dine with me at the Bunkum House."

"With pleasure," said Twitter, hilariously. Gilbert gave only a suspicious assent. He did not relish the course of questions through which his new acquaintance had put him. Twitter, on the contrary, was delighted. He had secured a valuable acquaintance. Vague ideas of a resource to which to apply himself, in case of pressing necessities, for occasional fifty dollars presented themselves. This Hercules was rich. Perhaps he had a daughter. Twitter smiled the smile of a Cæsar when he thought of this problematical young lady, and then cast a careful glance over his costume.

Twitter was indeed lordly as he ascended the broad stair-way of the Bunkum House to Mr. Hercules's splendid apartments. He had the whole of his thousand-dollar-in-the-pocket air on, at the same time. The waiters regarded him as he passed, and wished that he was living in the house. He looked as if he would think nothing of giving them five dollars for brushing his coat.

The dinner that Hercules gave the two friends was sumptuous. A private dinner too. None of your *table d'hôte* affairs, where there are three hundred people all scowling at each other lest each should forestall his neighbor in getting the delicate dishes; but a regular bang-up, swell, private affair, with a man in black to attend, no end of capital wine, and after that the finest cigars that Twitter ever smoked in his life, as he declared the next day.

It is astonishing what a relaxing effect a good dinner and a bottle of wine has on a man's heart. Gilbert Halibut entered Mr. Hercules's room with the determination to be unsociable. When the cloth was removed, astonishing to relate, an impartial person might have observed him in close conversation with his host, disclosing to that gentleman all his troubles, but chiefly the fact that one Mr. Heriott refused him his daughter Alice's hand because it was whispered about town that old Halibut would not leave his son a shilling.

Ah! what a lovely, angelic, accomplished creature Alice Herriott must have appeared to Hercules that evening, for, of course, he took as gospel all that Gilbert said of her! There never was a woman born who had so many perfections. A whole host of gift-bestowing fairies must have been present at her birth.

Whatever Hercules thought of the matter is not known, but he and Gilbert held such a con-

sultation that night that something portentous ought to come out of it.

Twitter in the mean time was happy. He drank his wine, and was so exceeding witty and agreeable that Hercules at parting slapped him on the shoulder, and told him that if ever he wanted a friend to come to him.

V.—A THUNDER CLAP.

Halibut, senior, was sitting in his library the day after the party recorded in our last chapter, smoking his cigar, and musing over his last speculation, when a servant entered and informed him that a gentleman calling himself Mr. Hercules wished to see him. Halibut, senior, started at the message, but, recovering himself, told the servant to show the gentleman in.

"What folly!" he soliloquized, when he was again alone. "What folly to be startled at a name. He's dead and rotten long ago."

The door opened, and a tall man with a very long, red beard, and long red hair, entered. Halibut gave a sigh of relief as the man appeared, and muttering "It isn't him," asked the visitor to be seated.

Instead of being seated, the visitor locked the door. He then drew a revolver from his breast-pocket, cocked it, placed a chair directly opposite his petrified companion, and quietly sat down.

"Mr. Halibut," said he, "I want a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Be good enough to sign a check for the amount."

"Are you mad, man?" gasped Halibut, very pale, and stretching his hand toward the bell-pull. The hand stopped midway, however, as the barrel of the revolver was lifted in a direct line with the merchant's head.

"I want a hundred and fifty thousand dollars," repeated the impassible visitor.

"I—I haven't got it," stammered Halibut, sinking back in his chair.

"You lie!" said the red man, very calmly.

"I—could—perhaps, get it to-morrow. But," suddenly Halibut burst out, exasperated into courage, "who are you? What claim have you on me? Are you a burglar? or—get out of my house this instant!"

"I have this much claim, Mr. Halibut. You are a bad man. You have wealth, but you spend your money badly. You are insensible to the tenderest ties known to man. You are a selfish egotist, devoted to making money. I wish to see wealth equalized. Now I know a very poor young man that a hundred and fifty thousand dollars would just make comfortable."

"Who is this protegé of yours?" asked Halibut, forced into calmness by the tone of conscious power with which the other spoke.

"Your son, Mr. Halibut."

"He shall never have a shilling, by Heaven!" exclaimed the old man, striking his hand furiously on the table.

"Oh, yes, but he will though," said the red man, quietly taking a pocket-book from his coat. "Here are notes forged to that amount by Gilbert Halibut, which his brother, Hercules Halibut, spent his last cent in taking up, to prevent a family disgrace; and now I, that same Hercules Halibut, your brother, who went before the mast to Australia after spending my fortune to save your honor, and who now, thanks to my good fortune, return worth half a million of dollars, I insist on your giving me a check for the sum I name, drawn in the name of your son. He does not want it—because I am richer than you are. But I exact this to punish you, my brother, and to induce you to reflect that there are other duties in life besides the accumulation of dollars."

"I'll write the check," said old Halibut, thoroughly crushed; "but I thought you were dead, Hercules."

"Not half so dead as you are, Gilbert. For you are dead to all family affection."

So saying, Hercules Halibut divested himself of his red beard and red wig, and going to the door, unlocked it, and called to some one without.

Halibut, junior, entered the room.

"Here," said Hercules, "is your marriage-portion. You can marry Alice Heriott to-morrow, my boy; and tell old Heriott, that to the sum you hold in your hand I will add as much more."

Gilbert grasped his uncle's hand silently. Then he looked at his father.

"So! this has been a plot prepared between you," hissed old Halibut between his teeth.

"Father!" cried the young man, making a step forward. One kind word—one soft look—and he would have been at his father's feet.

"Off, you vagabond!" cried the old merchant. "I never want to see your face again. Take what you've got, and go!"

"Come, Gilbert," said Hercules, sadly. "Come, let us leave this place. It is not good for a son to see his father thus."

Old Halibut bit his lips next week when he beheld Broadway alive with carriages, all pouring to the wedding reception of Mrs. Gilbert Halibut, junior, *née* Heriott.

Twitter was in his glory at that wedding. He borrowed five hundred dollars of Hercules, who was glad to lend it, paid his debts, bought a magnificent wedding-suit, and paid extravagant attention to Miss Potosé, who was worth two millions. He looked as if he was worth three. I should not be surprised if he married her in the end.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

THE human race has been studying, with singular want of success, for many centuries, the secret of happiness. Never having had any time to study, the secret came to me by intuition. I was traveling in the West (not that any body who goes to the West may hope to meet with a similar revelation—there was much truth in the traveler's reflection that the farther West he went, the more he believed that the wise men came from the East), toward the setting sun was I wending my way, when, like

Mohammed, like Joseph Smith, like Brigham Young, and like all the impressible recipients of modern spiritual manifestations, I was visited, clothed, descended upon, made wise, by a revelation.

I can not say it came in any one visible form. On the contrary, I am inclined to believe that a great many visible forms were to me the means by which the truth was made known. I was not in a trance, or in a highly-excited intellectual state. I was very sleepy and very dusty; I was very miserable, for I was traveling in a rail-car surrounded by four hundred of my beloved fellow-creatures. This is not in its general features like the state in which enthusiasts have described themselves when great truths fell upon them. Solitude, fasting, contemplation, silence, these fit the mind of man for spiritual manifestations; any thing further from a state of ecstasy than mine could not be imagined.

Yet it came. To a humble individual clothed in a linen sack, and carrying a mundane carpet-bag, came the greatest revelation ever made to the human race, namely, *the secret of happiness*.

I was reflecting in this manner, Why am I so cross, so unhappy, so uncomfortable? Because I am so warm, so dusty, and so poor. But other people are as warm, as dusty, and as poor as I am. Behold the brakeman—he is a living incarnation of warmth, dust, and poverty, and yet hear him laugh! Why, then, when I am not warm, dusty, or particularly poor, am I also unhappy? Because I am generally surrounded by disagreeable people. Very true. Why, then, are so many people made disagreeable?

Here, I remember, my philosophical calmness of answer failed me. Here I could not answer myself with that promptness which had heretofore characterized me. Suffice it, then, to say, people were generally disagreeable. Emily Brown was not; but old Brown, her father, was. Why could not the car have been filled with Emily Browns!

But it was not; therefore I must suffer in silence the proximity of people who were not at all like Emily Brown.

Then it came. Like all great truths, it should be given to the world. I do not wish to be selfish with my great discovery. Let it reach to the uttermost limits of human intelligence.

Since the world is filled with disagreeable people, *cultivate a taste for disagreeable people!*

That sentence should be written in letters of brass or gold (as is most convenient) on the City Hall, Custom-house, Grace Church, the Pyramids (of Egypt), Pompey's Pillar, St. Peter's, Westminster Abbey, Halls of Education, and the California steamers.

No place is too lofty or too lonely for the dissemination of this truth. Cry it in the market-place, mention it (cautiously and anonymously) at Washington, write it on your garments, carve it on your seals, and append it to your door-plates; above all, write it in your hearts, and you have the secret of human happiness.

Make your standard a high one. Create for yourself an idol, a perfect Juggernaut of human disagreeability. Collect the statistics of human meanness; wrap it in that sort of body which most effectually disgusts you; above all add boastfulness and braggadocio to your mixture, and then set it in a niche where you will perpetually see it. Demand, then, that all disagreeability shall come up to this darling of your imagination. Make it your dear, delightful study to collect little gems of human hatefulness wherewith to enrich your idol. Come home to him from your business and your pleasures, and if there is an evil trait which you have discovered in your day's intercourse, hang it like a pearl around his neck. When you go out to your next day's work, what an agreeable excitement you have provided for yourself! You select disagreeable people. They are your passion—that very dirty and selfish person who crowds you in the omnibus is the very man you want. There are volumes to be read in that man. You may add infinitely, by observing him, to your favorite subject. He may be to you what the fin of a fish is to Agassiz. Not only yourself, but the whole human race may be benefited by your morning's ride.

He jostles you, he shuts down the window out of which you are looking and breathing. You remonstrate; he is brutal and stands on his rights. You determine to get out; but your better angel comes to your rescue and you determine to remain, remembering the dear idol at home. You are glued to your seat; Juggernaut shall have the advantage of the observation.

A woman gets in; she is neither young nor pretty: so he contrives to jostle her, causes her to stumble, laughs coarsely at her confusion, and refuses to make room. Another gets in who is young and pretty: he stares at her, tries to make room for her next his interesting self, and annoys her generally.

You conclude you have picked up enough for Juggernaut, and get out at the City Hall in a very delighted frame of mind.

While in your office, busily writing and hopelessly intending to get through before dinner, Culvert Jowls, a "rising young man," waits upon you. He has known you in college; he was your favorite abomination there. He knows it, but forgives it; or perhaps Culvert is profoundly unforgiving, and inflicts upon you the worst revenge he has in his power—his own slimy self.

Your ire rises within you; you determine to insult him, to get rid of him. No! a soft restraining hand is laid upon your impatient temper; it is your love of science. Culvert, the "rising young man," approximates very nearly to your highest standard of disagreeability. Like an almost perfect work of art, there is nothing to add and very little to take away from Culvert. Smooth, oily, upturned-eyed, soft-voiced, and velvet-footed, you know that he has cheated his mother, that he perpetually cheats a loving and

unsuspecting sister, that he has broken his wife's heart, that he is a living lie from head to foot, an incorporated selfishness, a coward at heart. The only brave point about him is, that he dares to pretend to be a saint, and that to *you*, who cudgeled him at school, and knew all his vileness at college! And you respect a pretense so mighty, and, considering how much of a pretense it is, you believe him to have a greatness of soul which commands your respect.

He stays four hours. You glance at your papers hopelessly. You hint, but he does not understand; you are compelled to say—but he interrupts you. What sustains you but a love of science? He talks of himself, of the money he makes, of the good he is doing, and, above all, of the serenity of his own soul! Beautiful lesson! You think of your standard, and determine to cast it to the dogs and erect Culvert in its place.

Finally, he tells you that he has met Emily Brown. That deeply afflicted as he is by his wife's death (he is a soft and tender widower), yet so unmistakable are the signs of Miss Brown's preference that—

Love of science vanishes; you tell him what you *think* of him; he goes on—you kick him down stairs. On the second landing he brings up, bruised yet smiling, black and blue yet bland and forgiving, and tells you he forgives you, and regrets to learn by the violence of your treatment how much you must be interested in Miss Brown.

What a necklace you hang that night on the neck of Juggernaut!

In your summer at the sea-shore you begin to feel that you have less opportunity than usual to study your favorite science. Emily is there, and tells you she detests Culvert. Somehow the disagreeables have vanished; perhaps a phantom of themselves pursued them and they jumped into the sea. But no! at breakfast you recognize Mrs. Millefleur. She is somewhat young and pretty, thinks herself younger and prettier. She talks perpetually of herself and of Millefleur, and of Wildopolis, where she was born. She adores politics and worships Millefleur. You, of course, know that her family are the "very first" in Wildopolis, and Wildopolis is the first city in the Union. You have, she has heard, good singing in New York; but did you know that your favorite prima donna, whom you supposed an Italian, was born and educated in Wildopolis, and the Wildopolitans wouldn't listen to her? Then New York bread is so unendurable, so much fresher and more countrified than Wildopolis bread. As for Millefleur, a very good bull-dog of a fellow, he (unlike you) is bored with his wife—probably because he has not had the revelation you have had of the secret of happiness—and flirts, or is disposed to flirt, with Arabella Claymore, the *fast* girl of the season.

Mrs. Millefleur puts her little hand inside your white linen coat-sleeve and fastens you for the morning. When she isn't talking of her own consequence, it is of some other person's sins. Finally, she paints you a monster of depravity: you almost quail to think such enormity exists. You shudder that the soft voice of a woman should be the vehicle through which so much vice is made known and patent. You endeavor to escape, but she walks you up and down a piazza from whence you see Arabella Claymore, Emily Brown—and, can it be! the guilty Millefleur—all going boating, to have a "splendid time." Maliciously you point out the party to Mrs. M. She then tells you in sweetest accents that *Emily Brown* is the very monster she has been describing, and winds up with "Poor girl."

The appetite of the tiger for human flesh is not interesting to the unfortunate traveler who, deserted by his convoy, finds himself afflictingly near the hot breath of one of those agile creatures in an Indian jungle. But suppose that man to have gone to India, not for base purposes of commerce, but to examine the characteristics of the tiger. Imagine that before his eyes floats an enormous book—"Somebody on Tigers." Every glimpse of the tiger becomes valuable. His own life, his comfort, become secondary considerations. Science and love of fame sustain the feeble flesh. So I, impelled by love of science, and sustained by the vision of this article which is to cover me with glory as with a garment, cultivated and endured Mrs. Millefleur. When I got home I added to the ornaments of Juggernaut—her soft voice saying viperous things, her delicate face expressing the worst and meanest passions, and her constant boredom—her never-ceasing, all-beginning conversation, and I assure you it was a horribly valuable addition.

The pomposity of dear old Brown, Emily's father, who didn't like me, his bowing down before that calf of a Johnson who was rich (as why shouldn't he be? old J. packed pickles and did it well, and young J. found a snug plum in preserve for him), was formerly disagreeable to me. Now, in consequence of my revelation, old Brown is a deeply interesting study to me.

I like to see him believe himself a philanthropist. I like to see him think himself above selfish considerations, while he talks of young Johnson's amiable character and good habits, when he knows that young J. is a selfish and vulgar voluptuary. I like to see him put a dollar on the contribution-plate with the air of its being twenty—and he regrets it is not more, but that is all he can afford.

To be sure I still talk to Emily, but her father is my attraction. She is the olive which stimulates my tongue, but old B. is the roast beef which satisfies my appetite. I bear with his vulgar patronage, his low-bred assumptions—for the sake of science.

Your society snob was formerly my aversion. Now he is my pet macaw; I admire his lovely plumage, his gracious airs, when he sees his superior macaw approach. I admire his graceful timidity of being seen with a poor relation, his

pretty confusion when his cousin Grandiose sees him receiving an obligation from his cousin Rusticus. Rusticus is rich and generous, and oblivious of snob-weakness; or if he knows it, he is pleasantly unconscious of it, as a lion lets an impertinent puppy play with his beard. Still Rusticus has no position in society, and dresses fearfully. Unfortunately Rusticus will go to the opera, where Snob walks nightly in the wake of Grandiose, to whom he is distantly connected by marriage. How delicious to see are Snob's writhings as Rusticus, remembering with a glow of pleasure how happy he was to loan Snob some money in the morning, presumes Snob will be equally happy to talk with him in the evening. Then do I cultivate Snob, then do I eavesdrop, that no gem of degradation, no lovely lie of self-disrespect, no contortions of a mean soul, may escape me. Sometimes I think I love Snob better than any variety of my pet reptiles. Unfortunately he is not quite rare enough to be priceless; I can almost always find a perfect specimen, which is, as every naturalist knows, almost a misfortune.

Delicious Mrs. Aminadab Sleek! How I used to loathe the weeks which a cruel destiny, and a distant relationship compelled me to spend at your country house! How I reprobated above all things your intense hypocrisy! How you profaned in my eyes all that was most lovely and pure! Now, as a perfect specimen of your class, how I adore you! How I love that temper of yours, which, like Sykes's dog, snarls and growls at every body who is not of your set! How I admire your devotion to hours and days of public worship, and your disregard of the dinner hour of Mr. Sleek! How I like your dignified contempt of that hard-worked and thin individual, and your adoration of your Aunt Fangs, who is such a lovely character that she looks savage enough to be cannibal, and who tells you that love for your husband and children is a weakness, a low degrading sentiment, a temptation of the flesh, and that a high and elevated human character is one which loves only the church—and herself.

How I love to see you abstain from amusements, from the opera where you would hear a depraved woman sing a beautiful song, and to see you devote that evening to tearing your beloved sister in the church into tatters! How I love your fine sense of honor and truth, when you uphold your favorite clergyman in his course of tergiversation and cringing, and condemn your neighbor for openly holding the same opinions which cause your clergyman to cringe! Oh! Mrs. Aminadab, you stalk abroad. Our cities, our villages, know you by heart—if you *are* not interesting as a *specimen*, how can you be endured at all?

There is the man with the sickly smile who will not take any hint that you do not wish to be persecuted by his visits, who understands no persuasions but the heel of a boot, who admits no soft impeachment but that of a crab stick; there is the fool who believes himself a Solon; there is the army of bores; there is the school of elderly, bookish, pretentious, and hard-featured women; there is the mean and narrow woman, who has the unwomanly attribute of penuriousness; there is the gushing, spontaneous, frank woman, who is as deep as the sea, and as past finding out as the ways of the wind, only that she blows nobody any good. The variety is infinite, the supply is inexhaustible.

How I lost my taste for all that is *not* disagreeable, ask—

No! the soft eyes of my wife are looking unconscious reproaches at me. Old Brown is dead, "that good old man." I treated my long endurance of him to the delightful reward of marrying his daughter. I did not "shed a many tears" for one of the choicest of my specimens; I bore old Brown's death with composure, the calmness of a philosopher and man of science—knowing as I did that I had but to go into Wall Street to replace him, should I ever forget him.

Fearing that my favorite science may grow upon me too much, and wishing to avoid Scylla without embracing Charybdis, I confine myself principally to the society of my wife, and women of her stamp, who are not too religious to love their husbands, play with their children; those pure ones to whom all things are pure; whose spotless hands can touch, without being defiled, the fevered brow of the Magdalen; who emulate a charity which has on it the seal of Heaven; who can look unmoved on the superior beauty of other women; who can love and forgive; who can read and yet not quote; who can enjoy, and get a little cross occasionally, and have to be forgiven; who sometimes forget what year Charlemagne died, but never what hour Charles comes home to dinner. With the same virtuous intentions I sometimes spend my time with some good and agreeable fellows. Very much do I affect some excellent men who honor that cloth which so many degrade—men of courage, of true goodness and honesty—one such man, whom I hear on Sunday, knocks Juggernaut off his pedestal. When I see the earnest face, the small feeble figure, infused with a mighty soul—when I behold his life, so worthy of its mission—I do not study my favorite science so attentively.

When at my club I meet men of refinement, of manliness, devoid of pretense, I conclude not to give myself up entirely to my favorite science.

But let me assure you it is a great revelation, a great truth. You can not complain of want of opportunity, you will not be driven to foreign countries, out on the deep and dangerous waters, into the academies of science, or the halls of medical colleges for specimens. They are to be found on the highways and by-ways. Unlike most sciences, it can be pursued together with your ordinary avocations. Let your motto be,

"COME ON, YE DISAGREEABLES!"

THE SIEGE OF FORT ATKINSON.

I.

NEXT to Kit Carson, unquestionably the two most notorious characters in all the region of the Far West, at the present time, are Bill Bent and Yellow Bear, war-chief of the Arrapaho Indians. The name of Bent is too well known to require a card of introduction to the public. Yellow Bear has ever been Bent's warmest friend, and has saved that old trader's life for him time and time again. His influence is probably greater than that of any individual chief among all the Indian tribes, and it is due chiefly to him that Uncle Sam has been enabled to keep the peace for so many years with two of the most powerful nations of the plains—the Cheyennes and the Arrapahoes. In Yellow Bear, Cooper might have found his *beau ideal* of the red child of the forest; for, physically a *man* in the highest sense of the word, his intellectual capacity is all that could be expected from a mind without culture. Of great personal bravery, whether in battle or in the council, of profound sagacity and unshaken purpose, together with a rare modesty, a kindly disposition, and a magnanimous contempt of insult, his friends and allies worship him, while foes respect but fear him. * * Beneath the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, or along the banks of many a prairie creek and river, the wilderness has been the silent witness of scenes of strife and carnage that would curdle the blood and blanch the cheek; of which, betimes, some brief recital is borne eastward to shock incredulous ears. There is a startling history connected with the protracted siege of Bent's Fort during the winter just past, of which some half-distorted facts have been doled out in meagre parcels to readers of newspaper literature; and a moral, too, which if duly considered by those who have in charge the management of our Indian affairs, might be of practical benefit in the future. So, also, there is in every such event—which calls loudly for an amendment of the present policy as respects the Indian tribes. The following tritely-told incidents are fraught with illustrations bearing upon this point, and with this view are now for the first time recorded on the printed page.

It is some five years since the startling intelligence was brought from the Plains, by way of Independence, Missouri, that Fort Atkinson on the Arkansas River had been captured by the Indians, and its garrison massacred; and that Bent's and King's wagon-trains had also been intercepted, and every one of the party murdered. Fortunately the report afterward proved untrue, though it was by no means without foundation. It was in the month of July, 1852, the time for the distribution of the annuities and presents to the allied tribes of the Kiowas and Comanches, that the Indians of the aforesaid tribes were assembled in vast numbers in the vicinity of Fort Atkinson, impatiently awaiting the arrival of Charles Fitzpatrick, the agent for the Comanches, who, already behind time, was daily expected with the presents. There could not have been less than 10,000 in all, many of whom were encamped in the immediate vicinity of the fort; though the "big village" was some ten miles farther up the river, where the pasturage was better, and fire-wood more easily obtained.

The scarcity of fuel and grass is the chief inconvenience experienced by this fort, though in other respects it is by no means agreeably situated—its location having been chosen solely with a view to the accommodation of the neighboring Indian tribes and the protection of the Santa Fé trade. The Arkansas River flows within a few rods of its walls, having a depth of three or four feet at certain seasons of the year; but in summer, like most of the prairie streams, its bed is generally nearly dry. The surrounding country is a barren waste, without vegetation, save a few shrub bushes and the crispy buffalo grass, diversified only by innumerable sand hills. No wood is to be had within thirteen miles; and "buffalo chips," the dernier resort for fuel, once found in great abundance, are now quite scarce, the buffalo having almost entirely disappeared from this vicinity. The fort itself is of adobé, or sun-dried brick, roofed with canvas, containing fair accommodations for the garrison, and defended by a few small field-pieces and the usual armament. It has also a large *corral* on one side, five feet in height, for the protection of the animals. A garrison of ninety men (infantry, 6th regiment) and twenty B dragoons comprised the entire force at the date of our narrative—surprisingly deficient for so important a post.

Two weeks had nearly elapsed since the time appointed for the distribution of presents, but no agent yet made his appearance. The Indians had thus far borne the unwarrantable delay with remarkable patience, considering their naturally restless and irritable disposition, and the by-no-means-pleasing consciousness that they were, day by day, half-starving their horses on the sparse and abominable pasturage, and rapidly eating themselves out of all kinds of provisions—most of them, too, having traveled hundreds of miles to meet the agent at the time appointed. To this was added the suspicion of the red men (ever mistrustful of the whites) that they were to be cheated of their annuities. Thus, as day after day passed by, and still no agent came, they became more and more uneasy, and soon began to manifest unmistakable evidences of hostility. Indeed, the proposition was warmly espoused by many of the younger men that their treaty with the United States should be at once annulled, the annuities rejected, and an exterminating war declared; but the plan received little favor with the head men. They began now to gather around the fort in great numbers, threatening to annihilate the garrison if the presents were not speedily forthcoming, and occasionally endeavoring to force their way inside the gate. In vain the officers expostulated. They knew,

they said, that "the Big Chief at Washington intended to cheat them out of their just dues. They were a heap mad; and if the presents did not arrive within ten days, they would not only take 'toll' from the first wagon train they met, but would wipe out every United States soldier and every white man on the plains who had any thing to do with the Government."

Such was the ferment excited by the single error of *delay*. "Delays are dangerous." Never were they more so than in the case instanced. The most serious consequences often result from the most trifling and needless mistakes. Charles Fitzpatrick, veteran trader and mountaineer that he was, and well versed in Indian character, knew well the difficulties to be apprehended from procrastination; but he could do nothing. The fault lay with the Government, though its sins were likely to be visited upon the head of its agent, who was thus placed in a most trying and uncomfortable position, liable to be instantly sacrificed to the frenzy of the enraged and abused Indians, who would not pause to discriminate between persons. This might have been the first step in an open and protracted war; the next the massacre of the garrison; and afterward, the end would not be until thousands of lives had been lost and millions of money expended. But fortunately no such war ensued; though seeds of enmity and dissatisfaction, sown by this and other like abuses, have already germinated, and prove no insignificant tares to be uprooted from the fallow field of Indian diplomacy. The startling events of the past fully prove it.

But to return to the fort. In the present emergency, an attack being momentarily expected, and the garrison in the greatest excitement, it was determined to send to the States for aid. But instead of dispatching one of the common soldiers, the commanding officer imprudently undertook the commission himself, leaving the fort in charge of Second Lieutenant S—— and Sergeant R——, valiant men, but inadequate to the arduous and delicate duties assigned them. These now used every means in their power to keep the Indians quiet, and prevent them getting possession of the fort. Sentries were stationed at regular intervals near the gateway, with orders to shoot down any Indian that might attempt to pass; and every possible precaution was taken to guard against a sudden attack. Fortunately, however, for the present, matters did not assume a more threatening phase. It was not until the following day that the first direct attempt was made, when a gigantic Kiowa, six feet three in his moccasins, approached one of the sentries as he was patrolling his beat, and demanded permission to enter the fort. He was evidently the champion of several hundred Kiowas gathered in groups of twenties and fifties a few rods distant, who had deputized him to make the demand, and now stood eagerly awaiting the result. The soldier, a diminutive Celt, stood trembling as he regarded with no little apprehension the muscular form and threatening attitude of the savage confronting him; but putting as bold a face as possible upon the matter, he straightened himself up, and informed him in a tone decidedly military, that he "could not come in." The savage persisted. The sentry resisted, and presented his bayonet, whereupon the other deliberately knocked him down, and walked quietly toward the fort; the rest of the Indians following in a body. Of the remaining sentries, some fled precipitately within the walls as soon as they saw what was done, while the others stood motionless and dumbfounded, and permitted the Indians to pass in without opposing the least resistance.

Aside from this single act of violence the Indians seemed quite peaceable, and offered no injury to any of the troops, though they refrained from nothing by way of gesture, words, or supercilious bearing, to manifest their boldness and their supreme contempt, their object being apparently to show what they could do if disposed. There were altogether three or four hundred inside the fort, walking about the premises, and satisfying their curiosity by examining the barracks, officers' quarters, armory, and defenses, but taking nothing of value, being probably restrained by Ter-hausen (Little Mountain) their chief, with whom the officers were well acquainted. These, now recovering from their first alarm, and finding the Indians disposed to be peaceable, took especial pains to show them all the defenses of the fort, hoping thereby to intimidate them from making any subsequent attack. All this extra attention and civility the savages received with their wonted gravity, manifesting no surprise, but emitting a guttural "ugh" from time to time, expressive of their approbation or indifference, as the case might be. So, for the greater part of the day the fort remained thronged with these unwelcome visitors, causing the garrison no little anxiety; and when, at evening, the last of them withdrew his swarthy form from the place, and the gate was closed, a pleasurable sensation of relief came to each soldier as he exchanged congratulations with his fellow, thankful that they had been spared a tragedy like that which, years ago, made old Fort Mann a depopulated waste of ruins.*

II.

No more trouble came that day or night; but the thin blue smoke curled silently and pleasingly from a myriad fires as the squaws prepared their evening meal, while the low drone of the camp, and the yelping and barking of a thousand gaunt and half-starved curs, were the only sounds that fell upon the ears of the distracted soldiers. Nevertheless, the garrison lay

* Fort Mann, once a thriving post, situated some twenty miles from Fort Atkinson, was attacked one night by an immense war-party of Pawnees, who stealthily scaled the walls while the guard slept, and put the inhabitants to death, sacking and burning the place. A confused mass of ruins now mark the spot, affording a startling memento of one of the many fearful tragedies enacted on this "Dark and Bloody Ground."

the whole night under arms. The next morning every thing was quiet and orderly, and comparatively few Indians were seen near the fort, the greater part of them having moved a few miles up the river, near the "big village." In this improved and gratifying state of affairs the confidence of the commanding officer partially returned, and he grew more and more courageous in proportion as the danger diminished. Remembering with shame and indignation the outrage committed upon one of his soldiers the day before by the audacious Kiowa, involving as it did a gross indignity upon the authority and honor of the United States Government as vested in its army, he determined to have the offender arrested at once, and properly punished, as an example to the rest. He would give them to understand that such outrages were not to be perpetrated with impunity! Accordingly he mustered his entire available force, and taking two pieces of artillery, marched up the river, leaving only *six* men in charge of the fort, to defend it, if need be, against the five hundred Indians who were prowling about. Most of these, however, followed in the trail of the troops, like a crowd of loafers in a large city at the tail of a procession, anticipating some fun or excitement.

In his zeal to bring the offender to justice, no thought of the danger and difficulties that attended the execution of his plans occurred to the valorous Lieutenant. He had not the least doubt that he could march up and take the Indian from his friends and his tribe without opposition on their part. He had only to state his demands, and the offender would be immediately surrendered; or, if they declined, the two field-pieces and his numerous force could not fail to effect what mere words would be unable to do. Awed by his imposing appearance, the red-skins would, no doubt, come to terms at once. It did occur to him, however, that it might have been better to have demanded the Indian of Ter-hausen the day before, when both were within the walls of the fort, instead of allowing the affair temporarily to blow over, and giving the offender an opportunity to escape; besides having now to contend with ten thousand Indians, instead of only four hundred, as would have been the case the day before.

No sooner had the troops formed in line outside the fort, preparatory to marching, than the Indians above were informed of their intentions, and prepared to receive them. The village turned out *en masse*, and when the troops came up, they at once surrounded them, so that they were completely flanked on either side, with the river in their rear. However, they made their way directly to the place where the chiefs were assembled awaiting their approach, the Indians meanwhile galloping around them in vast numbers, hooting, and yelling, and brandishing their weapons. In this dilemma the courage and ardor of the troops considerably abated, as they now expected nothing less than an attack; but the savages refrained from any act of violence. Arrived at the Council lodge, the Lieutenant immediately stated his demands, and the reasons therefor; having received which, the chiefs held a few moments' consultation. There were present, besides Ter-hausen the Kiowa chief, and Shaved-head, chief of the Comanches, and other minor chiefs of the two tribes, several Cheyenne chiefs, and Yellow Bear, the Arrapaho — all having considerable influence with the allies. These latter being friendly to the whites, earnestly dissuaded the others from molesting the troops, as any such act would bring upon them the vengeance of the United States Government, besides precluding every chance of their obtaining the presents they were so impatiently expecting. This well-timed advice had the effect to pacify them to a certain extent, and was no doubt the only thing that prevented the total annihilation of the troops. Nevertheless, the combined influence of the chiefs did not suffice to hold completely in check the passions of the excited braves, who now crowded close upon the soldiers, threatening to trample them beneath their horses' hoofs.

After a short consultation the delinquent Kiowa was brought forward, led between two Kiowa braves, and surrounded by a host of his friends, who conducted him to the Lieutenant, and in a sarcastic manner told him, "Here is the rascal—take him!"

The Indians now thronged so closely upon the party within the little circle as to render it almost impossible to move, while the continual shouting and jeering rendered it difficult to hear a word that was said. It was evident to the Lieutenant that it was farthest from their intentions to give up the man, and that they had only employed this feint as a provocation to a fight, after the fashion of some "shoulder-hitters" in placing a chip upon a man's shoulder and daring another to knock it off. He was completely nonplussed. His men were drawn up in line, with the two field-pieces in front, bearing directly upon the densest body of the Indians, so that their first discharge, together with that of the musketry, could not fail to make dreadful havoc among them; but it required no great foresight to perceive that a resort to arms would be the height of folly, and that at the first onset they would be immediately overpowered and slaughtered to a man. To retreat was hazardous, for the Indians, perceiving their fear, would be encouraged to attack them; while, if they attempted to take the offender, they would, of course, be resisted. In this dilemma the officers looked despairingly at each other. They had evidently "caught a Tartar."

At length the Lieutenant, with more wit than valor, approached Ter-hausen, and extending his hand, graciously informed him that he was satisfied with his willingness to give up the culprit, and to have him properly punished; but he was confident that more good would be accomplished if the chiefs would punish him in their own way, rather than to have that unpleasant duty to perform himself. He would not, therefore,

press the matter farther, but trust to them to have justice done. So saying, he shook hands with the chiefs, and affecting an air of *nonchalance*, turned to his men and gave the order to march.

But no sooner had he done this than the savages raised a triumphant shout, and charging upon the troops with deafening yells, forced them bodily down the gentle slope toward the river, but without using their weapons or attempting any greater violence; so that before the soldiers recovered from their first surprise sufficiently to comprehend the difficulty, they found themselves waist-deep in the river, with their guns and powder rendered useless by the water. Here the Indians jeered them to their hearts' content, and then suffered them to go on their way. Not a musket was fired by the troops, and no one attempted the least resistance. Indeed, all were so terribly frightened that they thought more of using their legs than their arms.

However, the Lieutenant at length succeeded in forming them in tolerable marching order, when they made good time to the fort, the Indians following them to the very gate, throwing sand and dirt at them, and using all manner of taunting epithets. It was not until the next day that the officers learned the full extent of the danger to which they had been exposed. Not only had the Indians invested them in front and on either side, but a party of not less than five hundred warriors lay secreted upon a reedy island in the river, ready to attack them on their rear. Thus if the Indians had been disposed, they might have not only destroyed them to a man, but also taken and plundered the fort, burned it, and returned to their own country before a single white man had been apprised of the fearful tragedy. Mangled corpses, smoking ruins, and utter devastation alone would have told the story to the first astounded traveler who passed that way. But a wise Providence ordered differently. The efforts of Yellow Bear and his few compatriots were unquestionably all that saved this country from a protracted Indian war.

III.

A week subsequent to the occurrence above related, a train of fourteen white-tilted Conostoga wagons, to which were added a couple of light traveling-carriages—a rare phenomenon upon the prairies—were slowly rumbling along the bank of the Arkansas toward the fort, and distant about fourteen miles. The greater part of the wagons were drawn by mules, though to five of them oxen were attached, there being six to each wagon. These latter comprised the wagon-train of the notorious Bill Bent, who was now on his way from the States to St. Vrain's Fort on the South Platte, whither he had transferred his trading-post some years before, having burned and dismantled old Fort William (better known as Bent's Fort), it is said, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Government. This post was one of the best built and most eligibly situated in the whole Territory, and one much coveted by the Government for a military station—who offered Bent a considerable sum for its purchase, but not sufficient in the old trader's estimation. The eccentric old fellow, in a sudden freak of resentment, or from some inexplicable cause, accordingly demolished it.

The remaining wagons of the train, as also the two carriages, belonged to Mr. King's party, which was composed chiefly of young adventurers and valetudinarians, who had chosen this route of summer travel in preference to those more generally selected by fashionables and pleasure-seekers—choosing to run the risk of being eased of their money and valuables by the feather-bedizened and copper-colored thieves of the plains, rather than the civilized and more accomplished light-fingered gentry of the East. Fitzwilliam had also joined company, and was along with his men—all the camp-equipage and accoutrements of his party being secured upon the backs of pack-mules, hunter fashion. But by no means the least notable personage in the cavalcade was Yellow Bear, who had been waiting for Bent at Fort Atkinson, having agreed to meet him there; but being apprised of his approach, had hastened out stealthily to join him, fearful lest he should be attacked and massacred by the Comanches, as his was the first train along since the troubles commenced.

All those men not attached to the wagons were mounted on fine horses, and galloped along, rifle in hand, in front and rear and on either side, keeping a sharp look-out for Indians, and carefully guarding the pack animals and loose horses, of which there were some seventy in all. Altogether the train numbered about fifty persons; so that they presented quite an imposing appearance, as well as a formidable foe to Indian assailants.

Up to this time no Indians had been seen; but they had progressed but a short distance farther when a few stragglers were met. As they continued to advance, more were seen; and these gradually increased in number, until there were several hundred in the vicinity of the train, while reinforcements were continually arriving from above. It now became evident that the whole camp was apprised of their approach, and the situation of the little party became more critical every moment. However, no attempts were yet made to molest them, and they kept steadily on their way, but redoubling their precautions for safety. Bent's wagons were placed in front, and the animals between them and the remaining wagons, with a horse-guard on either side. As there were several women and children in the party, Bent also having his family with him, it was deemed advisable for their safety to send them on to the fort in advance, under the escort of Yellow Bear, as the object of the Indians now seemed to be plunder merely. Accordingly Bent, with his five wagons, the carriages, and a sufficient force for their protection, hastened forward with all possible speed, leaving the remaining wagons in charge of some sixteen men.

But no sooner were they fairly out of sight than the Indians gathered around the others in swarms, and commenced a series of manœuvres, endeavoring, in every manner imaginable, to stampede the animals or to confuse and separate the men. Coursing around on every side, whooping and yelling and rattling their spears against their leathern shields, and making the most hideous din, they would charge suddenly upon the wagons, endeavoring to drive their horses between the men, and thus divide their ranks, when both men and wagons would at once become an easy prey. But most of the party were old teamsters and hunters, well versed in Indian strategy, and did not suffer themselves to be at all disconcerted by these proceedings. Moving in line, they always presented a bristling front of rifle-bores to their assailants, so that all their attempts to gain their purpose by such means proved quite ineffectual.* The Indians now essayed other expedients. Spurring furiously toward the now frightened animals, shaking their buffalo robes, hallooing loudly to each other, then suddenly rushing together in wild confusion, jabbering and gesticulating violently, as if engaged in most exciting conversation; then again breaking up with deafening yells, and riding furiously up and down the line, they strove to drive the frantic steeds outside the guard. But all to no purpose. The teamsters performed their duty manfully, and rendered all their attempts of no avail.

In this way the train advanced slowly until within eight miles of the fort, the constantly increasing numbers of the Indians rendering their situation momentarily more precarious. At length it became evident that, without speedy assistance, they must soon be overpowered, in spite of all their vigilance and untiring effort. There remained no alternative but to send to the fort for help, dangerous as the expedient was, and offering but a bare possibility of success; for the courier had a fearful gauntlet to run through such a multitude of savages, who, at once divining his intent, would attempt to cut him off. Nevertheless, a volunteer was immediately found in Tom Smith, a veteran trapper, who rode a noble mustang of the finest mettle.

"I'll risk it," he said. "Thar's good grit in old 'Lightfoot' yet, and she's seen red skin afore; eh, old gal?" and bending forward, he patted his favorite steed upon the neck, which salutation she returned with a low hinney of pleasure. Then drawing up the reins, he trotted her easily a few rods; then striking his spurs into her flanks, dashed on toward the fort with lightning speed. She was a noble beast. Many a time had she saved him from the vengeance of the savages, and now she bore him safely to the fort, distancing the few who attempted to pursue. Bent's wagons had but just arrived as Tom came up, having experienced but little trouble from the Indians, owing, no doubt, to the presence of Yellow Bear, who proved an excellent passport to the whites whom he befriended. Bent was busy unhitching the teams when the intelligence was brought. Muttering an angry oath, he dropped the yoke he held in his hand, and flinging himself upon the back of "Pigeon-toe," his favorite steed, drove his spurs to the rowels, and dashed headlong down the river, with oaths and threats of vengeance hissing on his lips. Mounting their horses with all possible haste, the rest of his men shot out from the fort one by one, and followed desperately after their leader. The Lieutenant, too, immediately ordered out his twenty dragoons, to send them after those already on their way to the scene of action. Hundreds of Comanches, instantly divining the difficulty, raised the war-cry from point to point, and dashed on in the headlong chase. All was excitement at the fort, and none doubted that, by this time, the scalps of the luckless teamsters were dangling from the spears of the victorious savages.

Meanwhile the beleaguered party down the river were struggling bravely on their way. But the Indians perceiving that they were gradually slipping through their fingers, became more courageous. A large party now came up, and lassoed a buffalo calf which the teamsters had with them, saying, "the whites had no right to such meat; it belonged to the Indians." This was only a ruse to divert attention from the horses and mules; and while it partially succeeded, others made a concerted attack upon the *cavallada*. But the teamsters, instantly recovering their self-possession, at once formed the wagons into a *corral* (made by driving them together in an elliptical form, resembling a horse-shoe), and surrounding the loose animals, drove them into it, excepting a few which the Indians succeeded in capturing; then taking their position behind this hastily-constructed but most effectual barricade, they stood with their rifles to their shoulders, ready to defend themselves to the last gasp.

But now a shout most fierce and loud came borne upon the wind; then a succession of stentorian whoops and yells, more fierce than the fiercest of Indian war-whoops, which caused them to turn suddenly in the direction of the sounds. The Indians heard it, too, and hastily drew off a little, in some degree of confusion. Glancing up the prairie, they descried the welcome form of the redoubtable Bent tearing down toward them at a furious rate, brandishing his rifle high over his head, and yelling loud threats of vengeance upon the audacious savages. A quarter of a mile behind him came Tom Smith and Yellow Bear, streaking it over the turf, while close at their heels followed another of the subsidiary party; then another and another

* The Indian knows full well that the trigger of a hunter's rifle is seldom pulled in vain, and is exceedingly careful not to expose his body as a target to its aim, or to provoke the emptying of its contents; hence, a single man may often keep a host at bay, so long as his loaded rifle covers its mark.

at short intervals—the long and sinuous train stretching far away in the distance to where the last of the gallant fellows brought up the rear of the impetuous force.

The Indians, who seemed to regard Bent with a certain degree of awe, now fell back in a body, keeping a short distance behind. Bent was a terrible fellow when exasperated, and the Indians knew it. To them the fame of his might and deeds of daring was as wide as the prairie, and proud would be the trophy that "brave" would wear who won his scalp! No doubt it was this superstitious dread of their invincible foe that forced from them such circumspection, and caused them to refrain from their attack upon the wagons; though their odds were sufficient to have vanquished a force twenty times greater. As the old trader reined up his foaming steed, his rage could hardly find vent in words. One language would not suffice; but in a mingled jargon of Indian, English, French, and Spanish, he poured out his wrath upon the cowardly miscreants before him, swearing great oaths, alternately shaking his fist and his rifle, and daring them to the fight! Such was Bent when "a heap mad;" at other times a model of equanimity and calm decorum.

The whole of the relief party having now come in, with the exception of the dragoons, Bent presently gave the word to "put out." Once more the wagons were formed in the line of march, and the mules whipped into a brisk trot. Tom Smith, with half a dozen mounted men, led the van; eighteen more rode abreast behind the wagons, to guard their rear; while the remaining horsemen galloped along side. Thus they moved on for a couple of miles, the Indians following close behind, but not yet venturing an attack. But as they neared the fort, which now loomed up in the distance, and the chances of escape increased, they once more rallied to the onset, and forming in dense platoons, bristling with spears, came charging down upon the rear of the train with hideous yells. "*Hough-ough-ough-gh-gh!*" rang the deafening war-cry as they clattered over the ground—emitted in a series of prolonged yells which terminated with a whoop as abrupt as the halt they made when within fair pistol-shot of the wagons.

"Come on, you sneakin' varmints, if you're after har!" shouts old Bent, shaking his fist at the savages he could not see for the clouds of dust that now rose like a wall between him and them. "Come on, if you want shooting; but you can't come no such game as that on *this* child—for he's seen such doings afore, *he* has." Then turning away with an oath, he would hurry on the wagons, and they would speedily emerge from the region of dust. Again and again did the Indians attempt to disconcert the little party by similar feints—dashing furiously upon them, as if to crush them under their horses' feet, but always halting suddenly when within a few rods of them. At last old "Shaved-head" himself headed the onslaught. On they came, more furiously than before; but this time they slightly overmeasured their distance, and so impetuous was the charge, that the chief, who rode a mettlesome but tough-bitted steed, was unable to stop until he found himself in the very midst of his foes. Quick as thought sprang Bent and Yellow Bear together, and grasped the bridle of his horse, and he was at once made prisoner. A shout from the whites greeted their success.

Confounded at this sudden and unexpected misfortune, and alarmed for the safety of their favorite chief, the Indians at once became remarkably peaceable, and followed quietly behind, manifesting the greatest anxiety and uneasiness, and heedless of Bent's sarcastic banter, which he took no pains to spare.

Bent and the Bear rode one on either side of their captive, each holding a rein in his hand—Bent all the while shaking his fist in the Indian's face, and venting his spleen in great oaths and abusive language; while in marked contrast was the conduct of the dignified Yellow Bear, who cantered quietly along, saying nothing, but occasionally glancing into his captive's face with a calm, triumphant smile, singularly expressive, though scarcely noticeable. The rascals whom Bent so woefully berated were quite beneath his notice. Not once did the Comanches attempt to retake their chief, fearing the ready knife of the angry trader, which they knew he would not hesitate to use upon him if they attempted violence, as he had taken special pains to inform them. Thus, holding the key which kept securely locked an earthly Pandemonium, they experienced no further trouble on their way to the fort.

Modern policemen are said to be always on hand when the danger is over. In like manner, the train had arrived within two miles of its destination, when ominous sounds attracted their attention, and they beheld the *dragoons* clattering over the prairie, on their way to render them the desired assistance—full two hours having elapsed since the first intimation of peril was received by the garrison! As they came up formed in regular military order, with their full panoply of jingling sabres, rattling trappings, and showy uniform, they really looked as though they might have done good service for Uncle Sam—always taking it for granted that they were not *two hours behind time.* But in the present instance they might as well have remained in their barracks, and left the teamsters to be massacred, as would have unquestionably been the case but for Bent's timely arrival.

The only cause assigned for such unwarrantable delay was, that but nineteen horses could be procured—one having been disabled the previous night. Their military discipline would not permit them to go without their full complement of men, and therefore they were forced to wait until they could send out and purchase an animal from the Indians. They seemed quite surprised to find all the men safe and arrived so soon, and—it may be well to add—

heartily congratulated them upon their *fortunate* escape. So much for military tactics.

Absurdly ridiculous as the foregoing may appear, it is but one of a thousand similar cases which might be cited, explaining satisfactorily the causes of numerous failures and disasters apparently unaccountable to those unacquainted with the circumstances that occasioned them. It is an axiom which must sooner or later become perfectly lucid in the eyes of Congress, that methodical tactics, and armies of regulars ever so large, may frighten, but never subdue Indians. Put an experienced old "mountain-man," like Kit Carson or Bill Bent, at the head of thirty others like him, and they will accomplish more than a regiment of troops—especially in those cases where ambuscades and the wiles and cunning of the Indian are to be combated. In the open field the same is true. The Indians will never meet an enemy in open fight except with tremendous odds in their favor. Nowadays they are almost invariably mounted when on the war-trail or a thieving expedition. Of course *infantry* can do nothing, and are next to useless. If too numerous, the Indians will take good care to keep out of rifle-range; if too few, their fate is certain. Mounted men alone can effect any thing. Dragoons are better than infantry. If they can not conquer their foe, they can at least escape by running away. But of what possible use can even dragoons be if all their movements are to be regulated by such tactical machinery as requires them to move and act with an automatic precision which, in nine cases out of ten, prevents them from taking advantage of auspicious circumstances to strike an effective blow; allows the enemy to slip through their fingers unscathed; or, forsooth, permits a massacre of their own countrymen almost within hail of their voices?

The United States furnishes her cavalry with excellent horses, which, when mounted by men who know their business, and competent officers to command, could soon run the Indians out of the country, or punish them into good behavior and a proper regard for human life and the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. Let the *Ranger* system, then, be adopted in place of the old discipline—a system in which each man, acting in concert with his fellow, yet fights on his own hook; a system which would not prevent nineteen men from saving a massacre because a twentieth could not aid in the action—and government has found the true remedy for one of her greatest ills.

IV.

For two days succeeding Bent's arrival at the fort the Indians remained remarkably quiet, and showed no signs of hostility. But still the delinquent agent came not to relieve the Indians of their suspicions, or the whites of their anxiety, and affairs once more grew dark and ominous.

King's party still remained within the fort, but Bent had camped a quarter of a mile up the river, partly for the sake of pasturage, and also because he intended to "put out" in a day or two, being in haste to reach St. Vrain's, his destination. Knowing that he had goods to dispose of, the Indians were anxious to trade, and continually came into camp. At first they behaved with propriety, but soon became insolent and troublesome. Small parties were observed moving stealthily about, and Bent's suspicions were fully aroused. During the morning, signals were frequently interchanged between parties stationed on the neighboring eminence, and thin spiral columns of smoke curled upward from various points. All these ominous signs were duly noted. At length it was perceived that among the crowd that thronged the camp were many with their faces blackened, an indication that their intentions were by no means peaceable, which was evident enough from their insolent bearing and abusive language. Large parties were continually arriving upon the ground, all with faces blackened, and kept up a most hideous din, yelling and shouting, and rattling their spears against their shields, and galloping hither and thither, until the dust became not only almost suffocating, but so dense as to conceal from view those not in the immediate vicinity, so that it was quite impossible to judge of their numbers. Several of the chiefs now came up, and demanded something "on the prairie" (free gift), and even attempted to seize sundry blankets and loose articles lying about. This last act of impudence was too much for the old trader's equanimity, and he fumed and swore desperately. He fully comprehended the danger of his situation, knowing well enough that the least concessions on his part would only make the Indians bolder, instead of pacifying them or inducing them to leave the camp. In reply, therefore, to their importunate demands, he told them distinctly that he would see them in a much warmer climate before he would give them a thing. The Indians, incensed at his obstinate refusal, pronounced him "wah keitcha" (bad medicine), murmured because he did not freely "open his hand," and ceased a while from their importunities only to gather fresh insolence from increasing numbers.

Petty annoyances soon grew into open assaults, and twice did a daring brave attempt to snatch the very trinkets from Bent's hand, deterred only by the ever ready pistol, which was each time intruded between his eyes. Matters had now so nearly approached a crisis that it became evident that help must be obtained from the fort; but this seemed utterly impossible, as the least attempt in that direction would be immediately intercepted by their wary foes, who were now momentarily becoming more determined and excited. What, then, could be done? Matters could not continue long as they were, for already were the Indians heard conversing in their own language, and inciting each other to strike the first blow. At the same time they were vigorously plying the old trader to give them presents.

Meanwhile Bent's old favorite, Yellow Bear,

sat upon his blanket near one of the wagons, quietly playing with his knife, thrusting it into the ground, or spearing the little hummocks of grass before him, apparently heedless of all that was transpiring, but, in reality, listening most attentively to all that was said. He knew the peril of his friend, and was prepared to aid him to the best of his ability; but he had not yet observed such indications of immediate danger as would warrant the risk of conveying intelligence to the fort. But now a sound, low and ominous, like the distant sighing of the wind presaging a storm, was heard passing from group to group of the assembled braves. Commencing at first with those most remote, it came gradually nearer and nearer, as each grim warrior took up the warning note; and, like a pestilential infection, soon seized those around and in the camp. They, too, joined in the dread precurse. All else was painfully still—no shouting, no clash of arms, nought but the never-ceasing, doleful murmur that thrilled the hearts of those who knew its dread import. The Bear now quietly rose, and, without deigning a word or look to either friend or foe of all the motley throng around him, moved slowly from the camp. So noiseless and unaffected was his departure that but few noticed him, and these gave him only a passing glance, allowing him to pass on unheeded. But Bent's eye, ever-watchful, twinkled brightly for an instant, and the anxious expression of his face was succeeded by a momentary flush of pleasure, for *he* knew why the Bear had so suddenly left him.

But now the murmur, at first so faintly heard, gradually increased in volume and in tone, and a doleful, measured chant succeeded. The sea of red-skinned warriors surged heavily to and fro, while the snorting of their mettled steeds, and the dull, leaden tramp of hoofs upon the yielding turf mingled with the sound. On every side, far and near, the monotonous "hi-ya, hi-ya, hi-ya, hi-ya!" kept up its unceasing cadence. It was the *war-song* of the Comanches! Louder it grew every moment, and more threatening, swelling like the voice of the rising storm, and Bent momentarily expected an attack. There was but one last resort which could save his scalp and hold the Indians in check until the Bear returned with help. He had a keg of sugar in his wagon. Obtaining this, and knocking out its head with a single blow, he stepped upon a box beside him, and notified the chiefs that he wished to have a "talk," at the same time directing their attention to the saccharine consoler at his side. Instantly the chiefs and headmen of the braves gathered around him; and while he talked to them in "honeyed accents," with an iron spoon he titillated their palates with the sugar, doling out a spoonful to each of the big-mouthed savages as they came up in turn, with jaws agape, like yearling infants, anxious to be fed.

In this way, soothing and sweetening, talking continually, but sparing not the sugar, he eked out a long half hour; still no help came.

But while his hopes and the sugar rapidly grew less, and he was well-nigh despairing of opportune relief, and the temporary lull of the war-song had once more given place to a full-measured chant, a mounted Comanche darted suddenly out of the dim pall of dust, and came dashing into the midst of the throng, with the news that the troops and teamsters were coming up from the fort, and were close at hand. Indeed, the quick tramp of their horses' feet could now be distinctly heard. The intelligence spread like wild-fire. The chanting suddenly ceased, and in a moment, with one piercing, parting yell, every Indian had "vamosed the ranche."

Thus was the camp again saved from the rankling vengeance of the savages.

But the end was not yet, though the Comanches desisted from further hostilities during the remainder of the day. Night came on, and all was quiet within and without the fort. The guards were going their unceasing rounds, and their tramp alone was heard above the sighing of the winds; for the wind blew fitfully, and the clouds were lowering, portentous of a storm. *Their* footfalls alone were heard, for moccasined feet of Indians prate not of their vicinage, even though thousands were prowling about in the gloom.

Fitzwilliam slept uneasily, and, like a weasel, with one eye open. As he lay stretched upon his mattress on the bottom of one of the wagons, in a state of semi-consciousness, he was startled by the sound of stealthful footsteps at his side; and presently a hand carefully drew aside the Osnaburg covering, a head was thrust warily in, and a tremulous voice whispered:

"For God's sake, Fitz, give us a gun! We are 'gone beaver,' sure—the whole of us! The Indians are inside the fort!"

"Nonsense, man; that's all in your eye, I reckon," replied Fitzwilliam, quickly raising himself up, and handing a rifle to his companion, while he himself seized another, and thrust himself, feet foremost, out of the end of the wagon. "Show us your Injuns! Where's the guard?"

"Humph! the guard be hanged! Where are they if they ain't asleep, I should like to know. What else could you expect of such Greeks as them?"

"Well, where's the red-skins? Did you see 'em inside, yourself?"

"No; but they're scaling the walls. Didn't I see a dozen tarred heads pop down the moment I showed my face? I heard the varmints, too, afore I jumped up from my bunk."

While they were yet speaking sounds were distinctly heard at the other side of the fort, and presently the whole place was aroused. All was commotion. Men and women, soldiers and teamsters, all were rushing hither and thither, anxiously seeking the cause of the disturbance. Startled so suddenly from their slumbers as they were, their fears amounted almost to a panic. The drums beat to arms,

and the garrison was finally mustered; but when noses were counted four of the soldiers were missing. Here was fresh cause for alarm.

"Wiped out, sure as shooting," said the old teamsters, confidently.

"Yes, you may be sure the Injuns have fixed their flints for 'em," rejoined the soldiers.

"They are all murdered!" chimed in the women, feeling their own heads mechanically to test the safety of their scalps. "They are murdered—the soldiers are killed! But where are the Indians?"

"Sure enough," replied some of the men, roused from a fit of abstraction, "where *are* the Injuns?"

But no Indians were to be found or seen. That they had been prowling about, however, was but too certain; for they could be distinctly heard, as they galloped over the prairie, in the distance.

A confused noise and loud sounds of voices were now heard in the direction of Bent's camp, and it was evident that they, too, had been aroused from some cause as yet inexplicable. There was a mystery about the whole affair that baffled explanation. None doubted at first that the soldiers had been murdered; but when the fact that they had slept in their quarters with the rest of the garrison was considered, this seemed impossible. Other reasons were therefore assigned for their absence.

At length all became quiet again in the fort, and the inmates gradually recovered from their alarm. The garrison, however, was kept under arms the rest of the night. At length morning came, and brought welcome light to their eyes and joy to their hearts. The mystery was soon cleared up, though it brought a shudder to all, when they learned the danger they had so providentially escaped. A concerted plot had been laid by the Indians to attack the fort and Bent's camp at the same time, and by a well-directed *coup de main* totally annihilate the whites to a man. They had been foiled, however, when just upon the point of carrying it into execution, by the camp's being alarmed, together with the movements of the four soldiers, who, it appeared, had deserted, and while in the act of leaping the walls frightened the Indians from their purpose. The whole party had narrowly escaped a massacre!

From the disclosures afterward made it was learned that the question of desertion had been agitated by many of the soldiers for several days. They had become terribly alarmed, and saw not the slightest chance of eventual escape. They chose to run all risks rather than remain longer within the fort. More would undoubtedly have deserted had not their courage failed. Of those that escaped one made his way to Salt Lake, and the others to the States; and these were they who brought the intelligence, which was very generally believed, that Fort Atkinson had been taken by the Indians and the garrison massacred. They alone had escaped to tell the tale!

Nothing of importance occurred that day until toward noon, when the whites observed a great commotion among the Indians. In the distance far up the river, and away to the right, the thin yellowish clouds of dust, which ever lingered above the Indian camp, and served to mark its site, now began to roll up in dense surging volumes like the smoke of a thousand furnaces. Swiftly it spread over the adjacent plain, rising here and there at irregular intervals, as if stirred by miniature whirlwinds, and speeding onward, borne on the wings of a tempest, until it covered the fort, and cast a vail over the sun, through which he looked with a dull red glare. Meanwhile all the hangers-on around the fort—every Indian in the neighborhood—had hastily gathered up their trappings and whatever movables they had, and galloped away up the river toward the "big village" with all possible speed. From time to time some half a dozen of the stragglers, far down the river beyond the fort, came dashing swiftly past, all intent upon reaching the goal beyond. Anon, a single horseman, with spear bristling at his side, his body inclining forward, his hair and horse's mane and tail streaming in the wind, would suddenly emerge from the dim cloud below, and flying swiftly past, visible for a moment only, as suddenly disappear in the thick pall beyond. Singly and in groups they followed on in quick succession, while, betimes, great dogs and little curs, gaunt and starveling, individually and in packs, barking and yelping, ran streaking it after their flying masters. Thus, for the space of half an hour, a continuous phantasmagoria of Indian, dog, and horse was all that greeted the eyes of the astonished soldiers at the fort. Speculation speculated in vain to divine the cause of so sudden and unaccountable a movement. The whole vicinity was silent and deserted—not an Indian remained. Most potent must have been the influence that could have dispersed so great an army, and suspended siege operations in so short a time!

While they yet wondered, and in vain endeavored to solve the mystery, one of Bent's men came in with the intelligence that the Comanches were breaking up camp! This was news, joyful as unexpected, and brought relief to every mind. Instantly all who were not on duty set out for the village to witness so rare and interesting a spectacle; and, sure enough, the Indians were in the act of evacuating the place. Every thing was in motion, and the greatest bustle and confusion prevailed. On all sides squaws were diligently removing their blankets, pots, and other utensils from the lodges, preparatory to taking them down. The men were busy with the horses—some hurriedly adjusting their bridles and saddle-blankets, while others secured and drove in the loose animals. Nude and semi-nude children wandered hither and thither—useful as other children *in their place*, but always out of place—and receiving constant reminders from the women, which sent them yelling and sprawling over the ground in

every direction. Papooses squalling, dogs yelping, horses neighing, women scolding, men swearing and shouting, the tramp of hoofs and rush of feet, the clash of iron and ring of steel, added to the excitement of the scene, and afforded rich harmony to those who had *no* ear for music.

At length all was ready for striking the lodges, and, at a given signal, down, with a crash and a squelch, came every lodge simultaneously to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye every one was flat. Where but an instant before *one thousand* wigwams dotted the plain, now all was level as a floor. Now, with renewed activity, all set to work stripping off the hides and buffalo robes from the lodge-poles. The working horses were led up, ready to be harnessed into the *travées*. Lashing the poles of the lodges half of them on each side of a horse, with their ends trailing on the ground some fifteen feet behind, transversal bars were strapped upon them. Upon this frame-work the skins were secured so as to form a hammock-like bag, but raised so as not to strike the ground. These were the "travées"—a unique arrangement, by which the portable lodges were most conveniently carried, and at the same time converted into traveling-carriages for the party. Into these the squaws, papooses, children, small dogs, pots and kettles, were very expeditiously and unceremoniously tumbled together — the word was given, and away they started! Then followed a scene that would have made even Diogenes, that stolid old stoic, split his sides for laughter. Away went the whole promiscuous posse, pell-mell, helter-skelter, at full speed toward the river, stirring the dust into blinding and suffocating clouds, and creating such a din as made "confusion worse confounded." The lash of countless whips mingled with the cries and yells of the drivers, as they urged on the sluggish and overworked pack-horses; the clash of ringing metal; the blended voices of women, dogs, and children; and the incessant and grating *cranch, cranch* of the lodge-pole travées, as they jerked along with the rapid movement of the horses—all added strange discordance and excitement to a scene which already beggared description.

Horses and mules were continually breaking from the guard, and the guard as continually running after them and bringing them in. From time to time, as they passed over uneven ground, the springy poles of the travées would send their heterogeneous burdens of animate and inanimate nondescripts up in the air with a bound, half-throwing them out of the bag; and not only once, but again and again, until a series of successive jolts and jars had deranged their original position beyond all recovery. Sometimes, from lack of being properly secured, the horses would break from the travées, and at once leave their burdens behind them in a state of passive *non sequitur;* or the fastenings of one side only would break, letting the whole concern fall to the ground, dragging by the other poles. This would frighten the horse, and off he would dash, with a succession of jumps and kicks, never failing, in the end, to extricate himself from the annoying apparatus dangling at his heels. Then followed a series of evolutions truly amusing—fun, indeed, to all outsiders; not pleasant otherwise. As squaws and brats, dogs and kettles, and all the contents of the travée went bouncing violently along together, in ridiculous confusion, threatening every moment to be thrown to the ground, the squaws clutched desperately at the poles, clinging to them with one hand, and holding their screaming children by the other, and so for a while heroically retained their places; but the rest of the furniture was jostled over the side, piece by piece—here a dog, and there a pot, blankets, trinkets, and what not, went flying out, one by one, strewing the ground for rods behind. At length the squaws themselves, by an extra kick and plunge of the horse, were fairly somerseted, and thrown into the dirt together, while the frightened animal, now relieved of his burden, went careering wildly on, until a lasso dexterously thrown by the nearest Indian brought him to a sudden stop. Then the strewn contents of the primitive vehicle were hastily gathered up, the travée readjusted, and the delayed family followed on at the tail of the posse.

In this way the retreating Comanches proceeded until they reached the ford of the Arkansas. Then commenced a scene even more exciting than any before. With whip and spur and fiercest yells the frightened steeds were urged into the rushing wave, and went plunging, snorting, and splashing through the impetuous current, stirring up the muddy bed of the river into a caldron of boiling chocolate, which went seething, and foaming, and whirling, and rippling for a quarter of a mile below. Breast-deep was the water, yet easily crossed by the horsemen. With the travées the task was greater, and not without its perils; for though these floated buoyantly upon the surface, yet they were liable to disaster from the swiftness of the tide. Being secured only at one end, they were easily swept around, and acting as a powerful lever, carried the struggling beasts with them, frequently taking them off their feet, and plunging them beneath the waves. This would, of course, upset the travée, and its contents would suddenly vanish from sight—the pots and similar utensils to rise no more, but the squaws to instantly reappear, clutching desperately their almost amphibious progeny, and striving to gain a footing on the bottom. Still grasping the lodge-poles, they would finally find their way across without assistance, improved in appearance, if not well pleased with the bath. In this way the fording was accomplished at last. It was noon when they commenced to cross, and it was not until six o'clock that the last horse was over. In six hours ten thousand men, women, and children, with their horses, were safely landed on the opposite side. Now whipping up their steeds once more, the hindmost warriors galloped rapidly after the advance, amidst a tre-

mendous cloud of dust—and that was the last that was seen of the copper-colored besiegers of Fort Atkinson. The dust then gradually settled or floated away, and the next morning the atmosphere was clear once more.

* * * * * *

It remains but to explain the mystery of the Indians' sudden departure. This was cleared up the following day by the arrival of the Commandant of the Fort, with Major Sanderson, at the head of two companies of mounted riflemen, which had been dispatched to the aid of the beleaguered garrison. The Indian scouts, ever on the watch, had given their people notice of the approach of the troops almost twenty-four hours before the whites were apprised of their coming! They did not care to wait longer for presents under this new aspect of affairs, and accordingly took themselves out of the way, doubtless believing discretion to be the better part of valor.

This single incident illustrates the necessity of the promptest action in all military movements against the Indians. It is almost impossible for any military force to approach the Indians unawares, especially by the regularly-traveled routes; for their scouts are stationed all along the road, at all times, to give speedy intimation of danger, or of the approach of traders' trains, which they are on the alert to rob. These facts are still better exemplified in the recent expedition of Colonel Sumner, when the very Indians he was seeking to punish slipped down between his divided forces, and plundered a wagon-train almost before his very eyes, without his knowledge.

THE FAIR DOÑA BELLA.

A TALE OF CORDOVA, IN SPAIN.

"ADELANTE, Señor! it is necessary your Excellenza goes forward! It is two and a half good leagues to Cordova yet, and the shadows have crept up two-thirds of the height of the tower of Santa Maria del Alma! Mira!" and the speaker, who was an Andalusian muleteer, gayly dressed, and mounted upon a frisky, lion-colored ass, with ears of enormous length, extended his right hand, gay with gold rings, with a dramatic air toward the city, the lower portion of which was wrapped in soft twilight, while the tops of the spires and loftier towers were glittering in the splendor of an Hispanian sunset.

The person addressed was a young Spanish cavalier—his fine, large, sparkling eyes, olive complexion, and extremely handsome features, betraying clearly his Castilian blood. He was not more than five or six-and-twenty, and well mounted upon a superb Andalusian steed, and his air and general appearance, the richness of his dress, and the elegance of his trappings, showed that he belonged to the first class of Spanish grandees. He was attended by a servant, who also rode on horseback—a short, swarthy-looking Spaniard, with grisly beard, and long, grayish locks. The Castilian had been lingering upon the hill over which the road wound as he came in sight of the city, to survey scenes familiar to his eye, and sacred to the memories of earlier days.

"Use thy whip, then, Gallicio, and go forward at what pace may please thee," answered the horseman. "The way thou hast pressed on all the evening, one would guess thou wert under a pledge to some nut-brown maid of Cordova to meet her at sunset by Fountain del Moro, where all the pretty young women meet at eve to draw water and make love to their sweethearts. Well, I am the last man to mar a lover's happiness! So let us forward, for I fain would enter the city ere it grow dark."

The three horsemen now galloped rapidly forward, the Castilian now and then half drawing rein to gaze upon the beautiful landscape of valley, hillside, vineyard, garden, and villa, mingled in rich profusion before him and around him on either side of the road; while in their midst flowed, like a necklace of minute lakes, the irregular and meandering river from which all borrowed their beauty and glory.

As the guide drew near the town, he pointed out with his whip, from the back of his galloping ass, now the ruins of the old castle, once the prison of Don John of Portugal, and now the summer abode of the Princess Isabella de Cordova; and he would have gone on pointing out others, but the Castilian, whom he had escorted from Madrid, bade him ride on in silence, as all these places were well known to him.

"Si, Señor! I perceive thou art no stranger about Cordova!" answered Gallicio, discomfited, for it was his delight, as it is of all guides, to play the intelligent showman to poor, ignorant travelers.

As they drew nigh the gates of the city they encountered large companies of peasants and market-folk coming out, hurrying to reach their homes in the suburbs ere deep nightfall.

Having shown his passport at the portal of the great gateway, the Castilian rode slowly forward, looking about him with the looks of one recognizing, with the peculiar and strange delight of a long-absent citizen, places familiar to his memory.

He had sent his servant forward with the Andalusian, to prepare a room for him at the chief hotel, saying he would ride on leisurely through the Prado. He soon turned from the Calle del Pedro, which led from the gate into the heart of the city, and issued upon the noble *Alameda*, or Park, of the city. It was, as he expected to find it, thronged, at that twilight hour, with all the beauty and chivalry of Cordova. Around the fountains crowds were standing gazing upon the long lines of open carriages, filled with tastefully-attired ladies, glittering with jewels, as if dressed for a ball, who, as they rode past, drawn by horses or mules richly caparisoned along the avenues of gazing and admiring friends, nodded to some in recognition, smiled on others, signaled secretly with their fans to lovers, and to other cavaliers beckoned, who, obediently spur-

ring up, walked their horses along by their carriages, and merrily talked and laughed with them.

It was a brilliant and gay scene, such as only a Spanish city can present to the eye.

"I am almost too travel-worn and dust-covered to mingle in such fair company as this," said Don Francisco de Alvarado, the Castilian, as he drew rein on the outskirts of the throng, and, seated in his saddle, watched the lively panorama as it moved by.

Although the sun had just set, the twilight was gorgeously light, and the splendor of the western sky, piled up with clouds of gold in a firmament of glory, shed over all a soft, clear light of that exquisite half-tone which Claude Lorraine loved to introduce into his landscapes. By this heavenly light the beauty of the lovely women of Cordova was enriched, and even the plain donnas appeared to advantage.

Don Francisco enjoyed the scene, seated upon his horse, within the shadow of an orange-tree. Cabriolet after cabriolet of charming Spanish women rolled slowly by, the gallants lining the way, bowing, kissing hands, and throwing bouquets at their favorites.

All at once the music of the royal band struck up in the full splendor and power of trumpet, drum, and sonorous horn, in front of the palace of the General-in-chief, and the procession of carriages stopped, in order that their occupants might listen to the music. The friends of those in the cabriolets took this occasion to crowd up and surround their favorite acquaintances, and converse with them. In a few minutes the whole Prado, for half a mile in length, presented all the aspect of a *fête* or of a ball-room. The music gave both spirit to general conversation and a cover to that which wished not a third party to hear.

Our hero—for such he will prove to be—though the handsomest man, dust-covered and sun-browned as he was, that was then within the Alameda, had kept in the shade of the tree, not thinking himself sufficiently well attired for such a holiday party.

But he had not been unobserved. To his surprise more than one gentleman bowed to him, and more than one lady smiled and nodded, as if he were a familiar acquaintance met daily.

"This is very odd!" he said to himself, as he civilly responded to the courteous bow of a fine-looking old Spanish gentleman. "I am evidently taken for some one else, for not a soul in Cordova has seen me since I was twelve years old, and I am now twenty-six, and wear a beard! Truly it is pleasant to the heart of a long-absent wanderer to be thus kindly noticed on his return, but they can not know me. Ah, I have it! The Cordovianos are distinguished for their courtesy and their hospitality to strangers. They see I am a stranger, and these salutations are but the usual civilities which they extend to such!"

Just as he had satisfied himself with this conclusion, his eyes were suddenly drawn, as if by fascination, toward a carriage that stood at his right. As he turned his head his looks rested full and direct upon a pair of glorious eyes, dark as the night with its diamond-glittering skies.

Those superb and passionate orbs which his own encountered so unexpectedly had been for some moments steadily regarding him with the earnest attention of one who would draw the glance of the one gazed at; and it was, without doubt, that mysterious mesmeric influence which the eyes can involuntarily command when intently fixed upon a person which caused Don Francisco, conscious of being regarded, to turn so quickly, and in the right direction.

He remained an instant enchanted with the beauty of the lady whose gaze he met. His heart bounded and warmed with a glow of surprised delight. He returned her looks earnestly and inquiringly, when, to his amazement, she smiled in the most charming manner, and kissed her two fingers to him, tossing the airy kiss to him with the most graceful gesture conceivable. Bewildered and captivated, our handsome Castilian instinctively returned the delightful salutation, and then examined more closely the features and surroundings of the beauty. She was not more than twenty, if so much, with that noble and voluptuously-developed form which distinguishes the fair señoritas of Southern Spain. Her features were as regular as an Arabian's, and aristocratically-moulded, the nose being exquisitely shaped and—that rare thing—marvelously beautiful! Her mouth was proudly and sweetly full, the lips richly tinted with the brightest cherry, revealing, as she smiled, teeth like milk. Altogether she was the handsomest woman in Cordova; and Don Francisco, as he gazed on her, said to himself, "Of the world! Heaven ne'er shaped and breathed the breath of life into any creature this side of the upper skies so incomparably lovely. But who can she be? Who is she who smiles on me, and throws me kisses from the tips of her fingers? Surely this also is not a part of the programme of Cordova hospitality in receiving strangers into their courteous city!"

Here the vain (young men, and especially heroes of romances, will sometimes evince vanity) thought passed across the mirror of his self-love that perhaps it was his fine personal appearance which had caused her to show him these sweet amenities, and that he had, not being yet twenty-five minutes in Cordova, made a conquest of one of its most beautiful women! He now began to wish he were not so dust-stained and unfit to present himself, forgetting that the increasing twilight rendered any detection of neglect of apparel very improbable.

"She must be noble and rich!" he reflected, as he looked at the liveries of scarlet and gold of the two servants, and surveyed the beauty of the two mules, and the elegance of the phaeton. There were also in the carriage two other ladies, one of them richly dressed, and advanced in years; the other a lovely girl of fifteen, with golden hair, and chestnut-colored eyes, soft in their expression as a gazelle's, which they re-

sembled in size, and gentle beauty, and timidity.

"All these surroundings are of the highest mark! Whoever she is, the lady is above suspicion! This is very extraordinary. I will not lose sight of the carriage until I know whither it conveys this beauty, who has, from this hour, my heart and happiness in the palm of her little hand!"

The music of the band ceased, and the line of carriages moved onward at a gradually increasing trot, for in a few minutes the thunders of the eight o'clock gun would awake the echoes of the city, after which the Prado was closed to all except foot-passengers; and many were these, who, in loving pairs, walked up and down, arm-in-arm, beneath the trees, whispering love-words, some of them even until the tolling of the midnight mass bell from the tall, dark tower of the church de Santa Maria de la Estrella.

When the phaeton on which Don Francisco kept his eyes rolled rapidly out of the lofty archway of the Alameda, he was galloping close behind it, one of a score of young gallants who hovered about the carriages as they re-entered the heart of the city. He could still see the faces of all around, for it was not yet dark in that happy land of long and loitering twilight, where night's delay makes of a large portion of the twenty-four hours a sort of dreamy intermediate day, which is neither day nor yet night, but a luxurious, beautiful, fascinating time, sacred to love, to amusement, to happiness, and to romance—a holy twilight day, dear to the children of the South, who alone are blessed with it.

The carriage rattled along rapidly through the city, followed by our hero, whose nice sense of honor could not reconcile him to this playing of the spy upon the fair stranger's movements; and more than once he drew upon the bit to give up the pursuit, but an irresistible desire to know who she was who seemed to treat him as an intimate friend—nay, with the gracious honors due to a lover—led him to keep on.

At length it was stopped in front of a high and massive portal. A servant flung wide the leaves of the studded gate, and passing beneath the stone arch into a spacious court adorned by a fountain, it disappeared from our hero's eyes.

"Señor," he said to the porter who was closing the gate, "whose *palacio* is this?"

The old man looked up at the horseman, bowed as if to an acknowledged superior, and smiling, said,

"Your Excellenza would, I see, make pastime of an old man. A week's absence has not made thee forget this house, Señor. *Entrez usted, Señor Caballero!* I did not see thee coming behind; but my eyes are not as sharp as they used to be."

As he spoke the gray-haired gate-keeper reopened the heavy leaf he was shutting against the other one, and stood aside, as if expecting Don Francisco to ride past him into he court.

"It is my destiny to follow, I see, for Fate opens wide my way," he said, gayly. "But *anciano mio*, for whom do you take me? Answer me this, since you do not choose to say who lives here."

"Art thou not Don Francisco? Ride in—ride in—good Señor, and jest not with a man of my years," answered the porter, moodily.

"Am I then known so well—and ought I to enter here? There must be some error, or I am in enchanted land! But I will not thwart my destiny! I will see the end of this! It will not be long, if I enter, before I ascertain who is the master of this *casa grande*, with its groves, fountains, statues, and marble terraces. Love and beauty beckon! *Adelante!*"

As he spoke he rode through the gate, and found himself following a circular road that led amidst statues and tropical foliage to the door of a stately portico, which shone like silver in the rising moon. As he came up the carriage drove off, leaving the two youngest ladies standing upon the steps as if waiting for him. A servant sprang to his horse's head, and a page held his stirrup. He unhesitatingly yielded himself up to the enchantment which he verily believed was upon him, resolved not to resist the course of events, but commit himself to their direction until the mystery of all this should be unraveled.

Scarcely had he alighted when the youngest of the two—the maiden with the golden hair—bounded down the steps, and catching him warmly by the hand, imprinted upon his cheek a kiss of welcome and frank affection, saying,

"I am so glad, dear Francisco, you are returned! You have been gone so long, and we have missed you every day!"

These words bewildered him, and he began to fancy he was in a dream.

"I must have fallen asleep in my saddle, and am dreaming all this!" he said to himself. "That it can be real is impossible; for I have been absent in Cuba and Mexico fourteen years, when this golden-tressed seraph was an infant at the breast! *Per Baccho!* I am in a dream!"

He had no time for further reflection, as the noble and beautiful señorita who had tossed the kiss to him from her finger-tips welcomed him with a loving pressure of the hand, and half presented her cheek, as if she expected it to be kissed.

"I am certainly the happiest, and the most enviable, and the most mystified cavalier in all Spain!" He pressed the proffered cheek with his audacious lips. "If it were not for these sweet kisses, in which there can be no deception, I should fancy myself—being, as I believe I am, awake—the victim of some practical amusement at my personal expense. If so, I am a willing victim. Dian and Hebe! It is a sweet jest!"

"We are so delighted to see you, Francisco," said the beautiful lady, placing her arm in his preparatory to entering the *palacio*. "Why did you sit off there in your saddle, and not

come and join our carriage? I thought you would not see us at all; for I tried ten minutes to draw your attention before you saw us."

"I was so covered with dust that I was on the eve of leaving the Prado, in which I had only stopped for a moment, to hasten on to my hotel; and I beg you will excuse me now. I have been riding all day—"

"I can not let you go," said the lady, laughing. "I mean to detain you a close captive! We have had no music, no walks, nothing since you left. You have no idea how dull a house is without a gentleman!"

As she spoke she drew our hero into the mansion. Unresisting he submitted to this sweet captivity, but unable to explain the mystery by which he was surrounded. The more he tried to guess at the key, the more he was perplexed and confounded. At one moment he thought of abruptly leaving, lest he should compromise irremediably his honor and himself by continuing to be a party to the circumstances in which he was so remarkably placed; at another, he resolved to remain and await the issue; and moreover, as it was, he was in the presence of the woman who had taken his heart by a *coup d'œil* from the carriage, and he felt so happy in her presence that to continue to be near her he was willing to risk his life.

She led him into a noble hall, and here he beheld several persons, all of whom addressed him by his name, alluded to his return, and treated him as a friend. Don Francisco, feeling the impossibility of retiring from his present attitude, hesitated no longer, but gave himself up to the direction of the current of circumstances.

What an evening of perfect felicity were those hours to him! By moonlight he walked with her amidst the garden's arbored avenues, listened to the sparkling waters of the falling fountains with her by his side, and drank in from her glorious eyes the intoxicating draughts of a passion that intertwined itself with every fibre of his heart!

At midnight they parted as lovers whose hearts are one in sympathy and undivided in affection part. To a gorgeous chamber he was then escorted by a half-asleep servant, who, on leaving him, bade him good-night as if he had long known and served him.

Alone, Don Francisco stood for several minutes in the midst of the floor, and seemed buried in deep reflection. His fine face expressed doubt, perplexity, anxiety, and happiness all mingled together. At length he soliloquized:

"How marvelous is all this! I am wide awake—it is no dream! I know not how to interpret all this mystery! Am I myself? If so, how is it that I am known, and honored, and loved in this palace as if I had never been out of Cordova, but, on the contrary, had lived daily among these people, and were the betrothed lover of this noble and beautiful creature—for such she and her young golden-locked sister, Estrella, regard me! *Her* name, too, is Doña Bella; so they call her. How is it that all know me, and address me by my name, from her mother down to the meanest servitor? It is impossible that I was ever known to them! It is as impossible that I can be mistaken for another! that another man can so resemble me, even to the very fact of coming from a journey, too, as for me to be taken for him even by a lady-love! How shall all this be explainable? I fear I have not behaved like a man of honor; yet how could I have acted differently? Half a score of times I would have withdrawn from them; but what exclamations of surprise and regret met my proposition to take leave! I would have refused to hear the expressions of affection from Doña Bella's sweet lips of love; but when my coldness moved her to tears, what was I that I could withstand her? I tremble for the issues! There must be a discovery by-and-by! I will break the spell at once! I am now madly in love with Doña Bella, but I can not endure this mystery that envelopes myself. I must break through it by escaping, and seek by other means to pursue my passion. There is a balcony beneath my window. It communicates with the garden by steps. I will fly! Did ever Spanish cavalier before voluntarily fly from such a Paradise? Yet, as a Spanish cavalier and true gentleman, I can not stay. The whole family, with Doña Bella, labor under some inexplicable delusion. It is barely possible that I have my double in Cordova, and that one Dromio has shared the love and honors rightfully belonging to the other and true Dromio. I will escape to my hotel, and to-morrow investigate calmly this whole affair."

As he spoke, he dropped lightly upon the balcony and descended to the garden. Going to the stables, he aroused the hostler to get possession of his horse. The old gate-keeper, growling at being disturbed, let him out into the narrow street; and after losing himself three or four times, he finally gained the broad Calle de Prado, and soon afterward found, by inquiring of a sentinel at a corner of the street, the *fonda* or *hosteria* to which he had sent forward his servant. He had to knock several times loudly before he aroused the inmates. At length, when the porter came out, and by the full bright moon saw him seated in his saddle before the *porte cochere*, he started, rubbed his eyes, looked again, and rubbed again his eyes; his face betraying at once surprise and bewilderment.

"Santa Maria bless us! *Por todos santos* of Holy Church, but I let your Excellenza in, and your horse is put up, and you are gone safe to bed! This must be thy ghost! for thou hast not gone forth; bolt nor bar has moved since. An hour agone, thou didst ride in, gave thine horse to Juanito, and thy cloak to thy servant, and I lighted thee to bed! The Blessed Virgin save us!" And the porter crossed himself, and closed the door in affright.

"Thou art tipsy, fellow! Call my servant!" said Don Francisco, impatiently.

The porter of the *fonda* hurried to the small chamber along side the portal, where servitors slept, and rousing up the *criado* of Don Francisco, called out, "Up with thee, man! What sort of master dost thou serve? I shall be thankful if thou hast not brought the devil to lodge here!"

"What is it, man? What mean you?" demanded the growling Cuban servant, jumping up at this rough shaking.

"Didst thou not see thy master come in and go to bed?"

"Hast thou waked me up, fellow, accursed Cordovan, to ask me what thou knowest already?"

"Go to the outer door! Thy master is there calling for thee! He is there in saddle and booted, and hammers away to come in! Hear him! It is either Sathanas in thy master's likeness come for him, or we ha' dreamed we have done what we have not yet done, that is, let thy master in! Hearest thou! Go and see what he is; for there will be uproar if he disturb the street halloaing that way; and this is a peaceable hostel!"

The Cuban, recognizing his master's voice, ran to the wicket-window and looked out. Don Francisco, seeing his head, called to him authoritatively to let him in. The man, instead of obeying, crossed himself, and ran as swiftly as he could along the corridor and dashed into a chamber. Approaching the bed he saw, rousing from his sleep at the noise of his entrance, his very master, as he supposed! With a cry of horror he fled from the room, returned to the portal and said, with terror in his speech,

"In the name of all the saints and devils, let him not in! He is the devil in my master's likeness, for my master is in bed!"

"Avaunt, fiend!" yelled the old porter from the window. "Ho, guard! a priest—a priest with holy water! Here is the horned Sathanas taken the likeness of a Christian gentleman on horseback, and seeks admittance!"

"What stupidity and nonsense," cried Don Francisco; "this fellow and my servant are both surely drunk, having sat up imbibing together, waiting for me, and now that I have come, take me for the very devil!"

This was said partly to himself, and partly to a sentinel who came running up to ascertain the cause of the uproar.

"If thou hast drunk too much wine, José," said the soldier to the porter, who was peeping out, "it is the first time. Why do you raise such a noise, *hombre!* Let the cavalier enter!"

"By the holy mass! he hath already been admitted and is gone to bed, and his horse is put up at the hostel next door."

"Where is the guide, Gallicio? Hola, Gallicio! Call the guide. He will at least have his senses and recognize me!"

Gallicio being aroused came to the wicket, and seeing Don Francisco he called out,

"To be sure, it is his Excellenza! What is all this nonsense? Unbar, and let him in! Your Excellenza, I have engaged you the rooms you wanted; and as you did not soon follow I went to sleep, bidding them let you in when you came! What is the matter, José? Why do you keep the noble Don Francisco waiting out there in his saddle?"

"For the very reason, Señor, that I have already let your cavalier in, and he is gone to bed. This is his double or his *diabolos!* He comes not in unless he set the gate o' fire with brimstone, or enter through the key-hole."

Gallicio was about to speak, when the Cuban servant whispered a word to him and led him away to the room where the other—if we may so term him—Don Francisco was reposing. But the other, fully aroused by the noise, was half-attired, and preparing to go out to ascertain the reason of the confusion. No sooner did Gallicio behold him than he crossed his brow and breast, and without a word, turned about and fled from the chamber in affright.

"Said I not so?" called out the Cuban. "We have the devil among us!"

"And which is the man, or which the devil, who knows?"

"The first who came in," said the Cuban, as the two regained the portal.

"He at the door is the true one, in my mind. I will soon learn the truth." And he looked from the lattice, and called, "Art thou not Don Francisco whom I guided, and whose horse thou didst hire of me?"

"Thou sayest truly, good Gallicio; this is thy steed, and I am the man you guided."

"How much did you agree to pay me for him and the mule thy *criado* rode?"

"Twenty-seven Mexican pesos, *duro denero!*"

"Good! And how much did I borrow of thee on the road?"

"Seventeen reales?

"Good again. And what said I when I borrowed it?"

"That you wished to purchase a scarlet kerchief you had seen for your dulcinea."

"True, and true again! Señors, this is the true man, and the other is *el diabolo!*"

"It is not so, sure," said old José, shaking his head; "for the devil, as this horseman is without doubt, could well know all these, and so pretend to be the other one. I don't believe a word he says!"

"That is true," said Gallicio, looking dubiously. "The only way to settle who is who, is to send for a holy priest, and exorcise him with book, bell, and holy water!"

"Now, *amigos*," said Don Francisco, a little impatiently, "I should be extremely obliged to you to explain what all this means; and why I am refused admittance and subjected to this late catechising? One would swear that Cordova is an enchanted city," he added, in a lower tone, to himself; "for every thing since I came into it seems bewitched. I have been taken by a fair lady for a lover, and treated as such, and now it would appear that I am taken for the

devil, and treated as such. *Cabelleros*," he said, aloud, "and you Gallicio, and all the world beside, know you that I am Don Francisco de Alvarado, and if any other hath taken my name he is the false one, and I the true. Come, Señor gate-keeper, let me in!"

By this time a score of persons were gathered about the gate. The broad moonbeams lighted up the group, the central figure of which was the gallant-looking Castilian mounted upon his horse. Near him stood the sentinel, puzzled how to act efficiently, the rays of the moon glittering upon the barrel of his musket and the medal of his helmet. The little wicket in the shadow of the heavy arch exposed the heads of José, of Gallicio, and the Cubano. Suddenly a fourth head appeared over theirs, and a stern voice called out, which, unexpected as the presence of the speaker was so close to them, made the three start and ejaculate "Marias," with as much terror as if they had heard a veritable ghost speak over their shoulders.

It was the other Don Francisco, who, not knowing what to make of the intrusions into his room, of the *scampados* forth from it, and of the uproar general accompanied with his name uttered in varied key-notes, hastened to the gate, not far from which he slept, and hearing the words of the *other* Don Francisco as he reached the wicket, he thrust out his head and called out, with true Spanish fierceness and haughtiness:

"Who is it that dares to say I am a false Don Francisco? *Por amor del Santa Maria!* I will put my straight sword through his body! Who art thou? For I have heard thee call thyself by my name? Open, Sir porter! And let me see who the cavalier is who makes such an uproar under the cover of my name?"

The lodger, seeing that the three men only crossed themselves in a corner of the lodge into which they had retreated, fearing him as much as the other, not knowing which was the true *diabolos*, unfastened the bolts and chains with his own hands, and with his sword beneath his arm sallied forth like a brave man who knows no fear of men.

But upon seeing the face and form of the Castilian he stopped full before him, while Don Francisco at beholding him seemed amazed, and instinctively uncovered his head. Both exclaimed at once:

"My other self!"

In a word, if a person on looking into a mirror should behold reflected therein a strange form and face when he ought to see his own, his surprise and alarm would not have been greater than was that of these two men who in gazing upon each other beheld in each other the visage and form which they never encountered except when standing before mirrors.

The perfect resemblance, too, was fully recognized by those about, as was evident from their exclamations. Both were dressed in black velvet with scarlet cloaks, according to the fashion of the day, and both held naked swords in their hands, and both were bareheaded, their waving black locks shining like ravens' wings in the tropical moonbeams, the wonderful glory of which revealed their fine and manly features with the distinctness of broad daylight.

"Who art thou?" demanded the one who was on his feet, with looks of awe.

"I am Don Francisco de Alvarado!"

"Then thou shouldst be, as these guess, the devil, both to take my name and likeness! I am myself and know myself; and as for thee, thou art the foul fiend! I will see if thou art honest flesh and bones!" cried the Spaniard, with that superstition which characterizes the educated men of Spain even at this day; and as he spoke he made a thrust at his supposed shadow.

Don Francisco laughed pleasantly as he reined his horse suddenly back and parried with his blade the active stroke which was aimed for and scarce escaped his heart.

"Nay, let us not kill one another for our likeness to each other," he said, the whole truth flashing upon his mind, affording him the true key to his reception in the palace and by the fair Bella. "Those whom the gods seem to have cast in one mould, your Excellenza, ought to love one another. Instead of fighting together, let us enter into conversation and learn how this strange thing happens."

"Nay, I will have naught to do with thee, Sathanas!" answered the other; "for if thou hadst been a good *Cristiano*, my sword would have made a hole in thy flesh."

"Here comes the priest!" cried old José, the porter. "Make way for the holy father."

"Make way for book and bell!" repeated the Cubano, with delight. "Now shall we know who is who!"

"And the devil of the two'll get his dues!" said Gallicio.

The priest, who had been sent for from a neighboring church, where he had just concluded midnight mass, now appeared with hurried step and a resolute air in the midst, accompanied by the soldier who ran for him.

"There he is!"

"No, that is the one!"

"One or the other is the Sathanas," were the cries of José, Gallicio, and the Cuban servant, who at the presence of the priest had taken courage to advance a little way out from the opened gate.

The priest, robed in black, stopped and regarded the two Don Franciscos (for the soldier had prepared him for what he should see) with amazement equal to that which the rest had shown.

"Truly a marvel—if not a miracle!" he at length muttered. "In the name of Holy Church, which of you is the true Don Francisco de Alvarado? for one of you I know well—but which is he I can not tell."

"I, Sir priest!"

"I, Sir priest!"

The priest walked around them both, and eyed them closely. He then shook his head.

"The test, padre!" "Holy water!" "Book and bell!" cried the three heroes of the wicket.

The priest turned to two lads in white demi-surplices who had followed him, with censor, missal, and a vase of holy water. He now, while the mounted Don Francisco smiled as if amused, and the other frowned as if he would annihilate his "double," swung the censor before each of them, muttering a *paternoster* as he did so. The two Don Franciscos bore this test without either of them (according to the side which the lookers on took) dissolving into a cloud of sulphur and disappearing in blue flames.

"He'll not stand the holy water!" said several, as the priest took the vase, and thrice making the form of a cross in the air as he did so, with his hand sprinkled first the dismounted one and then the other, who sat smilingly in his saddle.

To the amazement and disappointment of our three heroes, José, Gallicio, and the Cubano, the latter instead of being incontinently transformed on the spot by this test into a horned and winged devil, mounted upon hell's "pale horse," as they hoped and believed would be the result, gracefully waved his hand to the good priest and thanked him for blessing him and his horse!

"They are either both devils or both good Christians," exclaimed the soldier.

"As we can't both be devils, having stood the test of the Holy Church," said the mounted Don Francisco, "I hope, good friends, you will consent to let us be honest men and *buenos Cristianos!* Without doubt this worthy cavalier and myself do marvelously resemble each other! But, good people," he added, extending his hand with the grace and persuasive gesture of a public orator, "in a bushel of maize there will be found by close comparison two quite alike, I doubt not; is it wonderful then that among eight hundred millions of human beings on earth, two men (as you now behold with your own eyes) should be found to look alike! This is more probable than that either of us should be the devil come on horseback to terrify the honest citizens of Cordova—a city fair and beautiful, and which may the blessed Virgin and the good God ever have in their safe keeping!"

This speech was unanswerable in their minds. The soldiers approved by striking their muskets to the ground; the priest approved by giving both his benediction; the crowd approved by a murmur of satisfaction; our three heroes approved by nodding their heads each to the other and winking their satisfaction; and the other Don Francisco approved by sheathing his sword and courteously asking his "double" to alight and enter the *fonda*, where they could hold conversation and learn (as became them) each other's history.

So much for holy water properly applied, followed by a judicious figure of speech by way of logical comparison.

The horseman alighted! all fear and superstition were instantaneously exchanged for an idle wonder and garrulous amazement at such a freak of nature. The sentries soon returned to their posts, the priest to his church, and the citizens to their homes, while the two Don Franciscos entered the portal; the guide Gallicio and the Cuban stood aloof from both, not knowing which was *their* master.

The cavalier who had been first in the *fonda* conducted the other to his apartment in silence. As *our* Don Francisco went with him he said within himself,

"This riddle is solved oddly enough. This is the true Don Francisco for whom the beautiful Bella mistook me, and who it seems has to-night returned from a journey! So then, we are rivals, for I am also in love with Bella! I half wish this *other* me had drawn blood when he made that desperate lunge at my side, supposing me to be the devil, and given me honest excuse for running my sword through his body; but it would have been like stabbing at myself in a looking-glass! *Por Hercule!* If I had killed him I might have married the beautiful Bella and she none the wiser! But this likeness is a miracle! By the golden mustache of Adonis, we are a handsome pair!"

By this time they had entered the room, followed at a distance by the three heroes of the wicket, whose curiosity outran their discretion. They stood and looked in while the two Dons took seats.

"Now, Señor, be so gracious," said the real occupant of the room, "as to explain to me this wonder! Who and what are you?"

"I am a Castilian by my mother but Cordovan by my father, Señor!"

"This is wonderful," exclaimed the other, lifting his hands. "I am also the same!"

"I was born not two leagues from this city of Cordova, in the house of my father, Don Velasquez de Alvarado."

"Mira! so was I also. He was my father. *Nombre de Dios!* who art thou?"

"As I begin to guess," said Don Francisco with emotion, as the sudden idea pressed upon him, "thou must be my twin-brother! though his name if I rightly recollect was Don Juan, and not Francisco as thine is!"

"So was my name Don Juan, but at the loss of my twin-brother, Francisco, I had his name given to me by my bereaved parents! Is it possible I behold my lost brother."

"And I mine?"

They arose and were about to rush into each other's arms, when Don Juan, for thus we will designate him, paused and said,

"But my brother was drowned fourteen years ago at sea! Art thou himself yet alive or—his spirit come to visit me from the caves of the ocean to mock me with hope!"

"I am alive and well! Press my hand, my brother, for such I know thou art! I was saved from the waves which swallowed up all the rest of our ship's company, and after various perils

and adventures, which it would take a book to relate to thee, I have this past night returned to Cordova!"

"The good God and the blessed Mother of Heaven be praised! Let us embrace, my brother—my long lost twin-brother! Let those whom God hath rejoined together never more part on earth!"

The next moment the twins were locked in one another's embrace, and Don Juan wept like a child upon his recovered brother's shoulder.

Gallicio, José, and the Cuban, who had witnessed this scene, were variously moved at the sight. The former did nothing but cross himself and shout *Ave Marias* at the top of his voice; the old porter danced around snapping his fingers like castanets; while Don Francisco's Cuban servant fell upon his knees and cried aloud by way of accompaniment to this touching meeting of his master with his brother!

We will not unvail the sweet hours of the remaining night passed by the two brothers in talking of the past. Both had much to unfold and much to hear. The next day all Cordova had the news that Don Francisco de Alvarado, whom his uncle, the military general of the Spanish army in Cuba, had adopted and embarked with many years before for Cuba, and who had never from that time been heard from, neither ship nor souls, was alive and returned to Cordova, and had been recognized by his twin-brother, and no man, so close resembled one the other, could know them apart.

In the course of the conversation between the brothers, which lasted until the golden morning sun shone into the chamber where they sat hand in hand talking of all that had transpired, Don Francisco's suspicions that Don Juan was the accepted lover of Doña Bella were verified. But he remained silent as to his own adventure, and felt sad at heart; for he also now loved the beautiful señorita as passionately as his brother, perhaps more so, for Don Juan's temperament he saw was cold and unimpassioned. The emotions of rivalry, alas, began imperceptibly to mingle with fraternal affection. So when the sky is cloudless and the winds calm, the sea-faring man sees therein the warning of clouds and winds. At length Don Juan left the *fonda*, saying he would soon return to accompany his brother to the chateau of their parents.

We will now return to the Palacio de Alcoy.

The morning after Don Francisco had escaped from the palace the discovery of his absence caused, at breakfast, no little surprise.

"It is very odd!" said the little maiden, Estrella.

"Unaccountable, to go off that way in the night!" added Doña Bella.

"I noticed he was very strange and absent-minded, and gave out-of-the-way answers," remarked their mother, Señora de Alcoy. "I fear his journey in the hot sun gave him fever, and that, unable to sleep, he rose in the night to go forth into the cool air."

"Did *you* notice his strange answers, mother?" said Doña Bella. "So did I. I fear he was ill!"

At this moment a servant announced "Don Francisco."

A general exclamation of joy responded, and Doña Bella, rising, met Don Juan at the entrance of the apartment. He rather received her embrace than gave her his—for he was not a very warm lover, but partook of the haughty reserve and stiff dignity of the old Spanish race—a peculiarity which favored, on the evening before, Don Francisco in his hesitation and reluctance at playing the lover to the fair Cordovana, and prevented suspicion.

"We wondered where you had gone, Franchito," said Estrella, calling him by the diminutive of affection.

"I am glad you are *so* well-looking," said the mother.

"I have good reason to look well," he answered, smiling, as he took his seat for a cup of fragrant Arabian coffee. "I have found my twin-brother!"

"Your brother!—what do you say?" exclaimed Doña Bella and the rest.

"My twin-brother, Don Francisco, is returned!"

"I never knew you had a brother," cried out Estrella, with surprise beaming in her handsome chestnut-brown eyes.

"He was lost to us when you, Chiquita, were but two years old. You shall hear his story from his own lips; but I will only say now that I had a twin-brother so like myself that no one but my mother could tell us, apart. At the age of twelve our uncle, General Don Augustino, being given command of the Crown's forces in Cuba, being much attached to my brother, and himself being an unmarried man, prevailed on our parents to give him up to him for a military education, and to become his heir; and, especially as my father was poor, and his brother very rich, his consent was finally given. The ship-of-war in which they sailed was no more heard of westward of the Azores. We mourned our brother lost. Years passed by, and gradually the sad fate of the ship faded out of the minds of those interested. In the meanwhile my mother conferred upon me my lost brother's name of Francisco, as a constant memorial of her love and of her bereavement. My brother, however, was not lost! He is now in Cordova, having arrived here yesterday evening from the New World!"

There was a general expression of surprise and pleasure at these words, and Don Juan went on to answer their inquiries, "how he was saved?"

"He was picked up at sea by a slave-ship. His own vessel had been struck by lightning, and blown up on the instant, from the ignition of the powder magazine. He found himself floating upon the surface of the sea, and kept himself afloat a day and a night by clinging to a spar. He was then picked up. The vessel

carried him to Brazil. It was some years before he could escape, being, as a Spaniard, held a prisoner. He by-and-by became in favor with the Empress, and received an education. But never forgetting his mother and native land, he finally effected his escape, and after many wonderful adventures he reached Mexico. Here, as we were then at war with the rebel Mexicanos, he was held prisoner, but finally reached Vera Cruz in disguise, and ultimately landed in Cuba, reaching it just twelve years after he had set sail for it with his uncle from Spain. The Captain General then in power belonging to a family hereditary foes of our house, he did not make himself known to him. He had brought from Mexico great wealth in gold and silver, and only sought a good opportunity to leave the island with it for Spain. To do this required secrecy, as no specie was permitted to be taken out of the island. Fortune favored his wishes; and three weeks ago he arrived in an American ship at Cadiz, bringing his vast fortune with him. Thence he traveled on horseback hither, and yesterday arrived in this city, just at sunset! He is now at the Fonda del Moro."

Don Juan, when the exclamations of marvel subsided, now proceeded to relate the incidents and scenes which took place at the gate of the *fonda* the last night, and how he had, in the supposed *diabolo*, happily recognized his returned brother.

During this part of the recital the face of Doña Bella betrayed extraordinary emotion. She and her mother and Estrella interchanged looks of amazement; and as he went on with his narrative of each detail, Estrella suddenly burst into the merriest laughter, while Bella looked grave and troubled.

"Why, what is this?" he demanded. "At what do you laugh?"

"Do you say, Francisco," said Doña Bella, with marked manner, "that you arrived in the city an hour after the nine o'clock gun fired, and rode strait to the *fonda*, dismounted, and retired without coming here at all?"

"Most truly I did, Señorita!"

"That you were not on the Alameda at twilight, seated in your saddle, and answered a salutation from me?"

"No; I did not see the Alameda at all, as I entered the city by the opposite gate," responded Don Francisco, looking bewildered and half vexed at these emphatic categories.

"Do you solemnly and truly, as a Spanish gentleman, Don Francisco, deny having rode after our carriage, and alighted at the portico, and come in with us, and passed with us the whole evening?"

"As a Spanish gentleman, I did neither!"

"Did you, then, not walk last night in the garden with—"

Here Doña Isabel stopped suddenly, on better second thought, for she perceived upon her lover's brow gathering the dark cloud of suspicion and jealousy. True, it was "no bigger," comparatively, "than a man's hand," yet to her quick glance it betokened a storm. That it was *not* Don Juan, but the stranger brother she had saluted, and who had received from her such tender evidences of love, she had been for several minutes fully convinced. Her cheeks crimsoned at sudden recollections of the moonlight walk; and overwhelmed with embarrassment at this strange mistake—fearing the effect of this terrible discovery upon a lover of his temperament—she felt ready to faint away.

"So, then! My brother is returned to rob me of my honor and laugh at me! So, then! It was from his love-tryst with you, false woman, that he came so late at the *fonda* demanding admittance — from making love to thee, while I was in bed, asleep! I am sorry I ran my weapon not through his body! But 'tis not too late! Not even my brother—a stranger, by time elapsed—shall take my place!"

"Nay, Francisco, it was my fault! I thought it was you! I overcame his reluctance to follow us in; I can now see how reluctant and resisting he was."

"I doubt not you tired him!" answered the gloomy lover, sarcastically.

"Señor," cried Doña Bella, with flashing eyes, "if I was affectionate toward him it was because I believed him to be thyself! If I lavished upon him endearments, they were as if lavished upon thee! I was deceived!"

Don Francisco rose and paced the room. His brow was black as night. Suddenly he left the apartment, leaped into his saddle, and galloped like the wind toward the *fonda*. There he learned that his brother had rode to the Paseo. Thither he followed him, and beheld him at a distance slowly riding along one of the avenues. In a few moments he drew rein at his side.

"Villain! Traitor! False and infamous brother! Draw and defend thy life, for by the cross of Calvary you or I fall here!"

Don Francisco at once divined the cause of this fierce challenge; for he had heard Don Juan say, as he left him at the inn, that he was going to the *palacio* of the Duke of Alcoy, and on his return from which he would accompany him to their father's Casa del Campo, two leagues distant.

In this manner, lo, they meet! Don Francisco, who had already perceived the fierce, saturnine temper of his brother, fearing that, after making the discovery, he would return in anger, had ordered his horse to ride out awhile in order to give his angry emotions (should he have any) time to cool; and no sooner did he hear the hoofs of the galloping horse behind him and see who was riding him, than he knew that his revengeful brother sought his life! for brothers, where love is concerned, forget all ties of blood in the presence of jealousy and wounded self-love! The jealousy of brothers loving the same maiden is ever—so all tradition tells us—more terrible and sanguinary than that which exists between lovers who are strangers.

"Nay, but I will not draw, brother," answer-

ed Don Francisco. "I came not half across the world's circumference to slay my brother nor be slain by him. I know thy grievance. It is not my fault, nor yet that of Señorita de Alcoy, the fair Doña Bella. That she took me for thee and honored me with her regard is a compliment to thyself."

"But *thou*, traitor, were not deceived! Thou knewest well that those caresses (for caresses I well know were not wanting) were not for thyself; thou knewest that there must be some mistake, to which thou basely connivedest! Draw, or by the death of Christ I will slay thee!"

As Don Juan uttered these words he spurred his horse at full charge against his brother, his straight sword leveled at his body. Don Francisco caught the weapon in the flesh of his arm, through which it passed to the hilt, and in which his brother left it, not being able to recover it before his horse carried him by. The wounded cavalier, drawing forth the weapon, cast it at the feet of his brother's horse, saying calmly,

"Let this vengeance satisfy thee! Let us not go deeper into this quarrel! I forgive thee; and I pray thee forgive me, for I did wrong; but I was bewildered by her attentions, fascinated by her beauty, and led captive by her charms and the extraordinary circumstances in which I was placed. If I presumed further than I ought, let the splendor of her beauty and my susceptibility lead thee to pardon me! We are brothers! and a brother's kiss should not be reproved, though placed upon the lips of a brother's bride!"

Don Juan's anger had cooled at the sight of the blood he had caused to flow. His brother's words, as well as his gaping wound, moved his better nature. He dismounted, took up his sword, broke it across his knee, and cast the fragments far from him, saying,

"So let our quarrel end, brother! Let me bind up thy arm with my handkerchief. It is adorned with Bella's needlework, and let it be a peace-maker between us!"

As he spoke he pressed his brother's hand to his lips, bound up his wound with the snow-white love-gage, and then insisting on accompanying his brother to the Palacio de Alcoy, he remounted his horse and rode on by his side.

The combat having taken place in a remote and (at that early hour) wholly unfrequented part of the Paseo, it was observed only at a distance by one or two sentinels, who, before they could reach the spot, beheld the combatants, to their surprise, ride off amicably together. As they passed along the streets they were, by their wonderful likeness to each other, recognized by all who saw them as the twin-brothers, and drew every eye upon them.

At length, pleasantly discoursing, they came to the palace, and entered it together. In a few words Don Juan frankly made known to Doña Bella and the rest what had passed; and then sending for a chirurgeon, had his arm examined and dressed in his own presence, evincing the while the deepest sorrow and tenderness. Don Francisco, on the other hand, was perfectly cheerful. The reconciliation with his brother had made him happy, and the presence of the blushing and now timid and reserved Doña Bella filled his soul with sweet peace.

Three weeks elapsed, and Don Francisco was quite restored—that is, the wound in his arm was healed; but the wound in his heart, made by the glorious eyes of Doña Bella the first night he beheld her, was deepened and daily grew more painful. An inmate, as an invalid, in the palace, daily visited by Doña Bella to ask after his welfare, and often conversing with her alone, it is no marvel that his passion increased. But a sense of honor prevented him from taking the least advantage whatsoever of the circumstances in which he was placed, so favorable to one in love. He realized that she was sacred to his brother. But not so the fair lady! The superiority of intellect, of wit, of the knowledge to please, of the tenderness of manner of the interesting invalid, insensibly caused her heart to prove traitor to the vow her lips had uttered to Don Juan.

At length this change in her was discovered by Don Juan, for love betrays itself as well, and its absence is easily detected.

One day they were together, Bella and Don Juan. He was grave, and seemed to have something on his mind. She felt conscious, and trembled in anticipation that he would say he had discovered the change taking place in her.

"Señorita," he said, calmly, "I have ceased to be a fool! I bind no woman's heart, unless her own fingers cheerfully clasp the golden bond. I see you love my brother more than me! Nay, do not deny it! He is more gallant, kindlier of heart, more lovable than I am, and I am not amazed that he should captivate you. The contrast between us is in his favor."

"I have never ceased to love you, Don Francisco," said Bella, firmly; for she did not know quite her own heart. She was not fully aware how much she loved the invalid brother. What she would not betray to herself she had betrayed to all other eyes. Even her beautiful sister, Estrella, had not only detected her malfeasance but had been merry with her thereupon, while poor Don Juan had made a *confidante* of the sister, and sought her sympathy as he made known to her his fears and suspicions.

"Perhaps not, Bella," said Don Juan in reply to her assertion, "but only love my brother more."

"But I do love you, and will abide by our engagement."

"Nay, let it be decided this way," answered Don Juan. "We will both (for he loves you) array ourselves in all points alike. We will then present ourselves before you. The one you choose—the instinct of your love being your only guide—shall be your husband. Consent you to this, since I propose it?"

"Yes," answered Doña Bella, laughing, half-annoyed, half-delighted.

"*Bueno!* Now you perceive I was right in my suspicion; for if you did not love my brother you would not risk this test, as it might make you the wife of one you cared not about."

Doña Bella would have made some modifying reply, but Don Juan at once took his leave, and sought an interview with his brother. Don Francisco, being frankly told of the scheme, did confess his love for her, and his willingness to accept this chance of winning her so generously afforded him by his brother and also herself.

Three days afterward the two brothers, appareled alike in all points, even to the arrangement of their hair, appeared before Doña Bella. There were present also her mother, her aunt, the mother and father of the brothers, Señor and Señora de Alvarado, and other friends who were invited, being pre-notified of the singular character and object of this reunion. Estrella, looking like Hebe herself, and almost eclipsing in beauty her older sister, was also present.

The two brothers passed several times before the company, until all present were satisfied that one could not be distinguished from the other, and that the result would be love's real test.

Doña Bella now received them, both bowing gracefully in homage before her. She arose, and looking each fully in the eyes, cast, with blushes that increased her beauty, a full-blown rose at the feet of one of them. It was done without hesitation or a look of doubt. She had seen the deep light of passion flashing from the soul of Don Francisco as he returned her gaze, and she knew in whose eyes only such warm suns could burn; for Don Juan, who loved but coldly, and sought rather to enrich his house by his union with her, could not feign such fires of love, nor teach his eyes to kindle them.

"Which is it?" was the general outcry.

"Don Francisco, the long absent," responded Don Juan, with a smile. "I, Don Juan, am loser! Brother," he added, "take thy bride and be happy with her, for thou hast now seen full proof of her love!"

As he spoke he led Don Francisco to the happy Doña Bella, and placed his hand in hers. All were amazed at this, each expecting a violent outburst of passionate rage. While they looked one to the other, surprised at his coolness, he advanced toward the beautiful Estrella, and taking her by the hand (her sweet sympathy in his troubles had won his heart), gallantly pressed a kiss upon it, and turning to the company, and lastly to the surprised Bella, said:

"This fair prize will console my pride and fill the void in my heart."

Doña Estrella looked down and trembled a little with sweet emotion; for she had loved Don Juan ere he sought her sister's hand; and their late interviews, when he made her his *confidante*, had betrayed to him not only this fact, but that of the two sisters he felt that the younger was the most fitted to render him happy. Here is the secret of his readiness to risk the loss of Doña Bella, wisely deciding that it was far better to have for his wife one who really loved him, than one whose heart was half-traitorous, especially when the two señoritas were equally beautiful, and, what was no light consideration in the mind of a poor grandee, equally wealthy in expectation.

All Cordova was invited to the two-fold wedding, and many were the pleasant mistakes that occurred during the evening among the guests, in never being able certainly to tell one bridegroom from the other.

"But," said the stout old mayor-domo of Cordova, who was present in his scarlet waistcoat and gold-laced official chapeau, "if the brides can tell which is which that is all that need be desired. But if both *caballeros* are to dwell in Cordova, I will have them labeled; for, by the mass, otherwise they will keep the whole city upon a puzzle."

Thus ends the story of the two brothers of Cordova, as told to us by the host of the very *fonda* at which Don Juan put up—the grandfather of the keeper of this inn having held it in that day—and, like faithful chroniclers, we here, in our own words, put it upon record for the edification of our readers, to whom we say "Farewell," with the hearty Spanish prayer "that they may one and all live a thousand years!"

MATTER OF FACT AND MATTER OF FICTION.

IF I announce myself as a matter-of-fact person, I by no means wish to imply that I am one of the dry, feelingless individuals that your practical people always are—in novels. No: I simply mean to say that I am a being of this real work-a-day world of facts, and not of fiction; and I wish humbly and seriously to inquire why it is that these worlds are so different and distinct each from each, that it is almost a matter of course that whoso belongs to the one can not belong to the other. Why is it that in this year of grace, 1857, the large majority of our imaginative writers are in the habit of holding such a very cracked mirror, made of such very bad glass, up to poor Nature, that we can only get a distorted, or at best a partial view of her dear old face?

Why is it, I say again. Why is it that plays, poems, and especially novels, those final *bêtes noirs* of careful mothers and sober governesses, for the most part, even when admirable in other respects, deal with people and events so confessedly alien from the ordinary course of things, that, "like a man in a play" is our instinctive epithet for a man who looks or behaves unnaturally, stiltedly, affectedly; and, "like an incident in a novel" is the phrase by which we distinguish something very *un*like an incident of everyday life?

I am prepared to admit that we seem to be growing more sensible of these incongruities, and that the life of fiction is becoming more natural than it has been; but this is saying little. Human sense could not be supposed to

stand out long against such fierce outrages as have been made upon it by divers novelists now almost forgotten. The young lady, clad in a simple robe of white muslin, who thought nothing of leaving her home, so costumed, amidst the most terrific convulsions of the elements, and who, finding a haven in some remote cottage, or haply in the miserable garret of a London by-street, invariably found her harp transported thither before her, to the accompaniment of which instrument she immediately proceeded to pour forth her woes in song—this class of damsel has, we believe, entirely departed from three-volume life.

With her has disappeared the interesting young nobleman, tall, dark, and with a forehead of purest ivory, whose ordinary costume consisted of a large cloak, and a hat pulled over his brows, and whose conversation abounded in such colloquialisms as, "Hear me, Amanda!" "By yonder azure vault I swear." "Wouldst thou then, base traitor?" etc., etc.

The filial relations of novel-writers may also be supposed to have grown happier of late, if we are to believe that their former illustrations were drawn from personal experience. When was the first father introduced into a story who was not a harsh and inexorable tyrant, deaf to sighs and entreaties, blind to tears and the evidently failing health of his offspring (even when the blue veins streaked the lily skin, and the form was so fragile that a south breeze might be expected to waft it away), and only bent on uniting his daughter to the gentleman whose estate joined his own, or to the son of his friend to whom he had betrothed her while yet in her cradle; or to the man (the villain of the history, with black hair and mustache, deep-set eyes, a powerful frame, and a propensity for eaves-dropping and pocket pistols), to whom he has lost all his property, at *piquet* or *rouge et noir?*

And talking of villains, what has become of that personage who really had arrived at a sort of respectability from the mere fact of age and long use—the stage villain, the melodramatic ruffian, with a rolling voice and eyes to match, who was always flinging the end of his mantle over his shoulder, and who wore a large-brimmed, low-crowned hat, with a feather in it—who never took an evening walk without the accompanying attention of thunder and heavy rain from the orchestra—who would stamp away, with a lady hanging fainting on his arm, a pistol in each hand, and a dagger between his teeth; and who sometimes disappeared at the end of the piece, down a trap, with red fire issuing from beneath, in the most literal and orthodox manner?

Well, these are of the past, and the credulity of readers and audiences is not taxed after this fashion nowadays. Still there remain plenty of incongruities to assimilate, many improbabilities to correct, before our fictitious literature (as a school, always allowing for one or two noble exceptions) can be held as really valuable, not only as an elevating moral influence, but as a picture of character and manners, proper to the time they profess to describe.

For instance, in novels the chief end and aim of existence is, of course, love. Nothing else is thought of, nothing else is lived for, by all men and women under thirty, in three-volume life. That respectable age, indeed, if we allow ourselves the latitude prescribed by a certain recent class of fiction, will not serve as the limit beyond which passionate and engrossing devotion—a life-long ardor, and so forth—may not be expected as a matter of course. In novels, your lovers of middle age, with slightly-grayed hair, and a spirit worn by encounter with the world, are the most desperate, unreasoning, and unreasonable of all. Experience, the cares of life, and the loss of youth, appear to have been unavailing to quench their fire, assuage their anguish, or teach them a soberer philosophy than the "Without *thee*" (meaning Amanda) "life is a blank"—that absolute creed of all noveldom, not to subscribe to which is to be put out of the pale of sentimental orthodoxy. And these lovers, both youthful and elderly, proceed to comport themselves after a most striking and peculiar fashion, in evidence of their fine feelings and unusual circumstances. Most of his time the three-volume lover, especially the middle-aged one, is under the influence of strong passion, suppressed emotion, stony calm, or resigned dejection. Does he put on his hat, he tightens his lip, bends his heavy brows, gives a flashing glance around him, and strides forth wearing a mocking mask of cheerfulness for the world, but with a heart full of anguish, doubt, anxiety, jealousy, as the case may be—all for and on account of the aforesaid Amanda. Alack! that Spartan boy of old time has much to answer for! He was the undoubted origin of what may be termed the compressed-lip style of hero—from which we have hardly known peace of late years. Why didn't he cry out and have done with it, and so permitted Messrs. Montgomery & Co., when suffering from headache or outraged confidence, to cry out too—instead of going wandering about with bent brows, galvanic smiles, and luridly-sparkling eyes—such being the sort of aspect which the world of fiction appears to consider most natural and unremarkable in its citizens?

Again, don't we all know the heroic lady of the same genus—distinguished for drawing herself up to her full height, throwing back her head with a haughty gesture, flashing an instantaneous glance of anger, tenderness, or astonishment, and then relapsing into her ordinary manner and bearing, which we should think must reflect credit on the professor of calisthenics who was privileged to train her deportment in early youth? Yes, we are familiar with that dignified maiden who rarely condescends to show any feeling except to the omniscient eye of the narrator, who constantly perceives beneath that quiet aspect, that marble calm, or majestic indifference (take your choice

of phrase, ladies and gentlemen—they are all excellent, have seen service, and are warranted to wear well) the most turbulent emotion seething furiously, a frenzy of anguish, all the more poignant that it is voiceless, or the disturbance of a spirit well-nigh lashed to madness!

But to return to our heroes. We are aware how invariably and entirely love enters into all the details of these gentlemen's lives. They take it with them not only to such poetical localities as the study, the camp, the secluded home, but to the stock-exchange, the bank, and the various courts of law. Not only does it nerve the warrior's arm in the deadly fight, causing him to slay unheard-of numbers with that right hand which his Amanda's touch has rendered sacred; not only does it inspire the poet with sonnets, and the painter with wonderful artistic conceptions, which, when exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy, cause professors and connoisseurs to go into raptures, and some eminent patron of art to purchase for vast sums; not only this, but the same absorbing sentiment makes the barrister's speech bristle with eloquence, and his arguments in the cause of Kiggins *versus* Kellogg (the great trespass case) to come home to the hearts of the jurymen, and crown his client with success; while the commercial man pursues his speculations, trudges away in the city, and is shrewd, prudent, and money-making—all for love.

Now, without wishing to depreciate that excellent article, Man, I humbly contend that this version of him and his characteristics is, in one sense, as much above his deserts as in every other it is below them. Ordinary man is neither so little nor so great as novelists would have us believe. Ordinary man is not in the habit of striding about the world, clenching his hands and grinding his teeth, with disheveled hair, and a soul torn by contending emotions, because Amanda has refused him or been cross to him, or kind to somebody else, or has a cold, or any other mischance has occurred that fictitious flesh is heir to. That microcosm, the masculine *ego*, holds too much for one idea, even the dearest, to be able to engross it so solely, and entirely, and continuously. Moreover, ordinary man is not so invariably apt at conceiving that unselfish devotion—earnest, persevering, and self-sacrificing, which is the usual style with which he loves—in Three Volumes.

Probably this misconception, and the undue elevation of the masculine ideal in this respect, arises from the predominance of female writers of fiction, who, in describing man under these circumstances, involuntarily delineate themselves. But it will not do—the substitution will be detected. The nature of the best man that ever lived would, I believe, be found inferior to that of woman in this one particular. Devotion, tenderness, so absorbing and self-forgetting, is not the breath of life to a man (though he may love truly and well, after his manner), as it is to a genuine woman. The sons of Adam may think best, work best, write best, and reason best; but the daughters of Eve will always be insomuch nearer the divine ideal as to *love* best.

Then most men at least have to do with the actual and tangible difficulties of life; their thoughts are busy about such mundane interests as their advancement in their several vocations, their success among their brethren and the like matters, which however unromantic and unworthy a hero of a novel, are neither unnecessary nor degrading, when not all-absorbing, to a flesh-and-blood man of this busy, working world. They have not even the *time* to be continually feeling desperately, deeply, and intensely those sentimental grievances that form the staple of manly trials in three-volume life. Their heads are too well filled and too well cultivated, for their hearts to endanger them so liberally. So much for ordinary man. But even when you take the exceptional man from this real life, and compare him with his prototype in three volumes, you find almost as marked a difference. The gentleman who sits beside you at dinner is probably one of this class, with more depth of feeling, more earnestness of soul, a more sensitive and impassioned nature, than falls to the lot of ninety-nine hundredths of his brethren. His circumstances may also be propitious to the manufacture of a hero; and he may have opportunities of showing himself a faithful lover, a self-sacrificing friend, a brave struggler with difficulties. But this man, of all others, is the very last to behave in the way that is appropriate to a novel and imposing on paper; and in the first place, his looks, be assured, will not answer to popular predilections. He will probably be an undersized man; or, if he be tall, is almost certain not to be possessed of that "graceful and dignified bearing" which it is only easy to bestow on a post-octavo wearer of broadcloth. Possibly his features will neither be noble and refined, nor massive and grim, but just ordinary intelligent features, lit up not by wonderful dark eyes, or soul-piercing gray ones, but by that light of frankness and kindliness which is reserved for subordinate characters in three-volume life. In fact, though I would by no means wish to insinuate that a handsome or athletic man *can not* be a heroical one, it is certain that nature, unlike novelists, has a loving yearning after the theory of compensations, and dearly likes to set a noble soul in a physical frame of little external significance. Apollo and Antinous (she doubtless concludes) are sufficiently well dowered by the mere casket, and there is no need of a superlatively shining jewel within.

Howbeit—and whether beautiful or not, broad-chested or slender and straight, given your real-world hero, and see how he conducts himself. Watch him, and try to detect the occasions on which he strides forth into the night—bares his heated brows to the cool, caressing breeze—shakes in every limb as he makes some indifferent remark to Amanda—or bites his lip in suppressed anguish till the blood flows freely. See if he wastes his life by "immolating it upon the

altar of one black and bitter memory"—or renders himself unfit for general society by his absorbing desire for the special companionship of the fair girl or majestic woman on whom he has set his affections. No—he does none of these things. A true man, in love or out of it, is manly, straightforward, sincere. He is neither theatrical nor "effective" in his bearing—he has no idea of dramatic fitness, or picturesqueness, or well-sounding phrases. The romance and poetry in his nature lie deep down—far beyond the ken even of that "quick observer" who is able to detect so much in fiction. The throes and struggles of the passionate part of him are evidenced by no convulsions of the body or contortions of the features: no length of stride, no amount of maltreatment of the lips, is likely to help *him* better to endure a grief or overcome an emotion. He is altogether another order of being from your novel hero.

As different, we would hope, are the higher types of our real-world women from the portraits purporting to be of them that we find in the generality of novels. Defend us, kind fates, from actual contact with such startling ladies as it has been often our lot to read about. May we never know more intimately than through the three-volume medium that tall and haughty damsel with the flashing eye and curling lip, who moves majestically whenever she moves at all; who never leaves a room, but sweeps from it; who, with the proud reserve, the icy reticence, manifest in her manner and tone of voice, crushes into utter misery the hapless lover, or the meek sister, or adoring parent with whom she comes in contact. True, she is generous as the sunlight: true, she is ready to give up her fortune to the poor little sister: true, she will cheerfully die for the lover to whom she hasn't a kind word to say: true, she is the most devoted, energetic, and self-sacrificing of friends, daughters, or wives, when the dire occasion arises; but who would not rather have less of a heroine and more of a woman for his actual comfort and home-treasure? Who would not rather possess a household angel such as, thank Heaven, there are many in real life—who know nothing of those dramatic accomplishments in which the heroine of the haughty genus is so well versed; who do not suffer injuries, real or fancied, to rankle silently in their hearts; and who, when they are sorrowful, dare to look sad as nature bids them; and when they are joyful, suffer their joy to manifest itself simply, sweetly, and unconsciously, without any undercurrent of thought or suspicion to "arrest the smile ere it curled the red lip," or "cloud the transient brightness of the dark eyes," etc., etc., etc.? Let us have less of the great sacrifices these ladies are so apt at performing, if they can only be purchased by their failing in all the endearing *little* duties of daily life. Let us have less of those picturesque but uncomfortable qualities, both good and bad, if you please, excellent Company of Novelists—and a little more of homely, household sweetness, of simple, natural *womanhood* in short, the faults of which are patent, salient, and heartily repented—unlike those hypocritical sins which wrap themselves in the garments of grandeur, and strive to look fine and heroic, instead of showing themselves as they truly are—ignoble and paltry.

We protest against these self-conscious dames of fiction, who conduct themselves like so many Melpomenes in private life, whose phraseology is tragic, inflated, and involved, their manners impassible, and their aspect enigmatic.

On the other hand, we have not much sympathy with a second and no less favorite ideal of novel-writers—the "girlish, laughing thing," who bounds into the room, tosses her golden hair back upon her shoulders, and claps her lily hands in childish glee at the smallest provocation. We are tired of being told how, when she is happy, the smiles dimple about her exquisite mouth, and living lustre arises from the depths of her blue eyes; and how, when she is grieved, the full red lip pouts like that of a chidden child, and the large tears slowly fall down the rounded cheeks. We are tired also of the details of her utter unconsciousness when somebody comes and falls madly, irretrievably, fiercely in love with her; how she treats the unhappy being who is thus terribly circumstanced with the innocent familiarity of a petted child, never dreaming of such a thing as a lover till the gentleman declares himself in due form; that is to say, with the accompanying ceremonies of strained gaze, passionately clasped hands, haggard countenance, disheveled hair, and a voice "low but distinct, and full of an indescribable and mysterious power which compelled her to listen." We are tired of all this. Give us something new, we beseech.

There are many other remarks which I would much like to make to the creators of fictitious humanity, but they are too numerous to be offered now. I beg to submit these for their present consideration, and in the mean while rest (for I don't scruple to confess that I owe some of the pleasantest hours of my life to their lucubrations) their obliged and obedient servant, IGNATIUS.

MR. TOMPKINS'S EXPERIENCE.

"'PON my life, I don't know how it is, but time passes so agreeably when one happens to be married. I don't know as it's the general opinion, but my experience—and I have been married five months—warrants me, I may say authorizes me, publicly to repeat my observation that time passes *so* agreeably when one happens to be married."

"Now I should like to know privately—but honor-bright, old fellow!—don't you think existence is rather a monotonous exercise? Don't pay?—hey?"

The young gentleman who made this inquiry, felt himself to be something of a judge, by reason of a protracted experience. He had undergone the exercise for at least twenty-three years. It had agreed with him pretty well so

far, as might be supposed from the freshness of his complexion, the silkiness of his beard, and the general attention bestowed upon his somewhat jaunty toilet. But there must be a time when we begin to find that "all the world is hollow, and our dolls are filled with saw-dust." Such a period had arrived to our young friend, who had just signed a check upon his own bank account, for a month's expenses, "G. Albert Tompkins," in a very bold, flourishing hand.

The friend who only waited the conclusion of this little transaction—they were going up town together—had passed successfully through this phase of dissatisfaction, and it was fortunate for Mr. Tompkins that he had unburdened himself to such an able adviser, rather than to his still more intimate crony, Bob Bleeker, who was affected by a similar complaint.

Bob's had become chronic, however, and obstinate to the last degree—a few emotions short of misanthropy. Very little help to be expected in that quarter, you will allow, when we tell you that he had been jilted in the most remorseless manner for a man three times his age and with nothing but his income to recommend him. To be sure, "elegant Robert," as his friends frequently designated him, had nothing but expectations and a very *recherché* wardrobe to offer to the girl of his choice. His salary as Secretary to the Potosi Lead and Silver Mining Company, in which his father was a large stockholder and director, barely paid current expenses, in which neither boot-bill nor St. John and Raymond's was included. But when the Company—"our Company"—*did* get into working order, all the shafts sunk, and the claim against government handsomely acknowledged, then Miss Georgy Mandeville would see how far she had missed her mark in preferring old Boggs with his wig, and six thousand a year! Yes, Sir!

In this way Mr. Bleeker was accustomed to hold forth to his numerous confidents, and any one who happened to take a cigar with him, or a hot supper at Sinclair's, was admitted gratuitously into this still increasing fraternity. G. Albert Tompkins, who had heard every particular at least twice a week since the affair came off, had grown into a settled belief of the frailty and mercenary heartlessness of the lovely creatures he could not help greatly admiring nevertheless.

Still "it had taught *him* a lesson," as he remarked to his friend Ellis on the afternoon in which we have the pleasure to make his acquaintance. "No woman should ever have an opportunity of blighting his heart and hopes for life. It was rather dull, though," was his next remark, "with so many pretty girls out of town." Even the Miss Spurgeons at his boarding-house had left that morning for West Point, after forgetting to pay for the package of music they had asked him to be so kind as to select for them. "Four seventy-five it came to"—not that he minded the money, "but he knew it would distress them when they came to recollect being his debtor for it!"

Mr. Ellis thought they would be able to survive it. He recollected the Miss Spurgeons. They must be rather old girls. He had boarded with them five summers ago at Sachem's Head. And this little incident recalled to him a way they had then of arranging horseback rides, in which the gentleman paid the bills, and of suggesting lemonades, sherry-cobblers, and ice-creams, in the evening, for which, of course, they were never held responsible.

Mr. Tompkins thought they could not be the same family. "Tilly" was so very young, just out of school, and still had music and French lessons twice a week. Their aunt, Miss Catlin, was so very particular with her. In fact, she was considered quite a child.

Mr. Ellis still thought it was the same family; only Miss Tilly's extreme youth, like Mr. Bleeker's misanthropy, had become chronic. He remembered Miss Catlin perfectly. She wore a frizette, and confided her numerous anxieties about the investment of some property falling to her nieces to all the unmarried gentlemen in the house.

Mr. Tompkins had been honored with a similar confidence. Singular—but Tilly's youth and inexperience were always made such a point of. He had felt quite like an older brother to her—at least she said he seemed so when he presented her with the set of Tennyson in half calf which she took such a fancy to the day Mrs. Jenkins, their landlady, had persuaded her to glance into his room. Mrs. Jenkins said he had such taste, more than any other young gentleman who had ever "made one of her family"—a phrase in which Mrs. Jenkins always clothed her avocation. He had felt very much gratified at the time, and paid Mrs. Jenkins two weeks in advance when he settled his bill. Mr. Ellis forbore to press the point, remembering a time when his own susceptibility to boarding-house snares had been rather an expensive item. Miss Tilly Spurgeon herself could have produced a bracelet which she won from him as a philopena, and her sister, whose style was founded on Lady Gay Spanker, still sported a French riding-whip with an elegantly decorated handle, which replaced one she was so unfortunate as to drop while riding with him on her own invitation. As to fans, and gloves, and bouquets—well, he only wished that he had the money now to spend in any little thing Mrs. Ellis might happen to fancy for herself or the baby.

"I tell you what you ought to do—come out and take country board with us. Splendid place—trees, and milk, and fresh eggs, and boating, and fruit! Lots of pleasant people—you know the Longs? well, the Longs have the next room to ours, and Wesley Jones one below, and a Mr. Smith—does business in Broad Street—and the Primes."

"I don't think I like the country. If it was a watering-place now, where there was something for a fellow to do with himself!"

Mr. Tompkins had his ideas of rural life from a farm in Greene County, where he had been sent as a boy to pass his vacations—where people performed their ablutions on a bench by the kitchen door, by the aid of brown soap and a tin wash-basin—where he slept in a loft that smelled of feathers and dried herbs, between unbleached cotton sheets, and dined at twelve o'clock on salt pork, with onions cut up in the cucumbers.

He had never tried the country since, and had been the delight of Mrs. Jenkins's heart as one of her family that never deserted her, however fervid the July sun, save for a few days' run to Long Branch or Sharon.

"Come, go out with me to-night, and see how you like it?" urged Mr. Ellis, as they stood at the head of Wall Street, waiting for an omnibus. "Say so, and I'll go out by the boat, though it takes longer—there's just time. Splendid sail—all the advantage of the Palisades and things. You can see 'em from our windows—one of the finest views on the river!"

Mr. Tompkins suffered himself to be over-persuaded, though fearing that he should find himself advertised as "missing, with serious fears of foul play, as he was known to have money about him," in the next day's *Herald*. Such was his proverbial regularity that Mrs. Jenkins might well have been pardoned for any such proceeding.

The walk to the foot of Jay Street was by no means a suggestive prelude to country sights and sounds. The air was reeking with filth of every description—the door-steps and pavement blockaded by a swarm of pale, thin, dreary-looking children, while their mothers and elder sisters lolled at the windows in tarnished finery, their large bare arms lazily crossed, and their bold-looking eyes staring the passers-by out of countenance—at least that effect was produced upon our exemplary young friend, picking his way in the wake of Mr. Ellis, who seemed to thrid the numerous difficulties with experienced steps. The long, sandy pier, with the sun beating down hot and fierce, was passed, as many another fiery trial has been, because it was unavoidable; for the proprietors of the *Mountain Fay* had, evidently, no reference to pumps and thread stockings when they secured her berth at the extreme point of this central location.

"Rather warm," said Mr. Ellis, who had heard the first bell before they came in sight, and was sure it could only be the parting signal. This neck-and-neck race was a part of the daily enjoyment of those business men who patronized the *Mountain Fay* in preference to the cars. Start when they would, the fear of being too late invariably seized them several squares off, and they rushed accordingly.

"Rather!" echoed Mr. Tompkins, wiping his forehead with a delicate cambric handkerchief, having "G. A. T." embroidered in a wreath of oak-leaves and acorns in one corner, and then proceeding to dust his shoes with the same. Mr. Ellis, meanwhile, secured two stools, as comfortably situated as the narrow awning would allow, on a deck still bestrewn with the nut-shells, orange-peel, and cigar-stumps of the morning passengers.

"It's such fun to see 'em come on board," said Mr. Ellis. And so it was, to those who fancy seeing others at a disadvantage. Every body being possessed with the idea of tardiness started on a run as soon as they came in sight. Sober domestic heads of families—spruce young gentlemen, got up, as they left their offices, for the destruction of some charming girl who had come down for a day's shopping—the stout country lass, whose ideas of hoops seemed to be the same as a cooper's, that is, intended to have as little concealment as possible—the jaded mother of a small family, who had brought Johnny, and Billy, and Angeline down to see "grandma," the juveniles themselves sick with over-stuffing and the hot sun, cross to an intense degree, and soiled, to use the expression of their much-enduring maternal relative, "till they wasn't fit for nothing but the wash-tub, face and all." These are a few items gathered from the mass of interesting studies in human nature which the deck and cabins of the *Mountain Fay* presented.

Mr. Ellis seemed to enjoy it all. He held on by both hands, as if fearful that his stool would give him the slip, and offered bets on the probable speed of the heavy gentleman in gold spectacles, whose white coat skirts streamed behind him down the pier. He waved his hand to the stout lady with seven bundles and a hand basket, as if beseeching her to hurry for her life, though he knew she had full five minutes to spare. He made horrible faces, that set the baby of the distracted mother crying at the top of its lungs the instant she turned her head to look after Johnny and Angeline, who, mounted on a settee, threatened to tumble over the railing every moment; and when the jar of the machinery began to be felt, detailed the particulars of a late explosion in a loud voice, for the benefit of the old lady who was afraid of steamboats, and asked every body who came along "where the Cappen kept the life-preservers."

However, when they were fairly under way, and had touched at the foot of some other dirty street inaccessible to omnibuses, and where every body came on board hot and tired, to find every seat occupied, passed the crowd of shipping, and foul-scented factories, and great clumsy derricks drifting down with the tide, to the scene of the last disaster, Mr. Tompkins began to enjoy his impromptu sail, and ceased to be haunted with the fears of Mrs. Jenkins and his laundress at his unaccountable absence. The breeze was fresh—the fleet of sloops and schooners through which they were continually passing picturesque—the race with the rival of the *Mountain Fay*, the *Jenny Bell*, exciting. Then came the gentle slope of lawn and meadow on one side, and the gray, cool bastions of the Palisades on the other—the glimpses of model cottages and Gothic villas through the leafy greenery—the bustle of landing at some new town,

whose building-lots already commanded fabulous prices, where stylish equipages awaited the plainest-looking people, and the most dashing trudged off on foot. This ever-varying panorama so interested Mr. Tompkins that he was astonished to find himself landed at a similar dépôt for freight and passengers, where Mr. Ellis was seized by a charming woman in a Swiss cottage-hat and jaunty apron with pockets, and several other gentlemen were captured in the same delightful way. He had never admired Mrs. Ellis particularly before, but in that hat, and apron, and blue muslin dress she was almost bewitching. Her manner toward him was so different from the way she received him at her own house in Thirty-fifth Street; so cordial, so frank, as if he had been the most intimate friend the family reckoned upon; and as they walked up the little avenue of chestnuts and locust-trees that led to the house, he was introduced to their fellow-boarders on that footing.

The acquaintance of the gentlemen he had made already on the boat. They, too, seemed equally fortunate in their domestic relations; their wives were to all beholders picturesque, fond to them, and affable to the new arrival.

"I was so alarmed at first, when the cars arrived without you, Frank. You have no idea! Mrs. Smith and I had been a quarter of an hour at the dépôt. But I *knew* you'd come by the boat, so we kept on."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, looking up with a devotion never seen in city life off the stage, "you have no idea what I suffered in that time, Wesley. If you only *would* tell me when you expect to come up in the boat."

"It keeps you so much longer," said Mrs. Ellis. "Half an hour! only think of it, Mr. Tompkins! It's really cruel, isn't it?"

"How's baby?" inquired both husbands in a breath.

"Franky seems quite drooping"—Mr. Ellis looked instantly anxious—"but Mrs. Smith thinks he is going to get a tooth, and says we must expect it."

"Oh dear, yes!" Mrs. Smith, who was an advanced matron of twenty, with two children under three years of age, had made up in rapidity what she lacked in the duration of her experience.

Mr. Tompkins fell to wondering as he listened, how much "saw-dust" might be hidden under this apparent devotion; but the way was short, and he was speedily ushered upon a broad, shady piazza, with plenty of lounging-chairs, a lawn, a view of the Hudson, and a large vegetable garden to the right, giving promise of future enjoyment.

He found himself perfectly at home before the evening was over; smoking with Mr. Smith, applauding his wife's music, discussing Illinois Central with Mr. Prime, and asked to make one of a boating party with the Longs. The landlady, too, was a good-natured, well-to-do-looking woman, who did not seem in distress for rent, and made no allusions to the advancing price of beef and butter. The table was nicely laid, supper substantial—for those gentlemen who dined in town—with sponge-cake, fruit, and real cream for a dessert. His bed, too, was in every way satisfactory. The room was rather small, to be sure, but fresh and neat as a pin, with a breeze blowing straight through it, and when a shower came up in the night, and the rain pattered musically on the roof (the only thing he remembered with pleasure of his Greene County sojourn), he did not mind being so near it.

If the ladies had been lovely the night before, how do you suppose they looked in their white morning-dresses, or those "open things," as Mr. Tompkins in his ignorance designated *peignoirs*, displaying the loveliest of worked petticoats and embroidered slippers. Jaunty little caps, too, perched in the most fascinating way over the braids of the night before, or where they were supposed to be coiled snugly away, though I am sorry that candor obliges me to mention that several of them were left on dressing-tables up stairs. More "saw-dust," but Mr. Tompkins did not once suspect it; in fact, he was quite ready to be laughed out of the saw-dust theory altogether, when, after an affectionate parting at the water's edge, he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Ellis, once more embarked on the *Mountain Fay*.

"Don't you ever get tired of each other, though?" he inquired, as he dwelt on his friend's matrimonial and paternal happiness.

"Not a bit of it; we don't see enough of each other. *That's* the beauty of business, my boy. It gives her the day to herself and the baby, plenty of time to dress, and be dying to see me when I arrive."

"Yes, the baby?" queried Mr. Tompkins, dubiously. He had admired Franky, as in duty bound, but at a distance; nothing could have induced him to trust himself within arms'-length.

"Oh! when we get tired of him we send him off. Nurses are a great institution, as you'll find, when you come to it."

Mr. Tompkins blushed pink and white at the insinuation, and seemed to be counting the baskets of cucumbers, tomatoes, green corn, and water-melons, that the boat-hands were bringing on board from the Yonkers' wharf, where they were just landing.

"There's two things besides though," he remarked presently, having his eyes on a party who waited only the disposal of the water-melons to embark themselves. A mighty pretty face under that Quaker-looking bonnet!

"Two things I hear a great deal of at our house. Mrs. Jenkins tells me of little things occasionally, that fall under her notice, you see. She always says I'm like a son to her—been these three years. She says, you know, that a fellow can't afford to marry, girls are so awfully extravagant, and that's why they go and sell themselves—as Georgy Mandeville did—to old

fellows, that won't make a row when the bills come in."

"Mrs. Jenkins hasn't any daughters to get off herself, I suppose," suggested Mr. Ellis, "and finds it convenient to call on you now and then to help her out with the landlord."

"Never mentioned it, 'pon honor! The old lady must have told—never breathed it to a living soul! How did you find it out?" said Mr. Tompkins, greatly astonished that Mr. Ellis should get wind of a little negotiation hedged in by so many privacies.

The Quaker bonnet moved forward. A dainty little boot peeped out from the full, not too full, skirts that were raised just clear of the dirty plank at the gangway. Mr. Tompkins was right. The young lady looked up for a moment. Such a fresh, sweet young face! Such nicely-fitting fawn-colored gloves, balancing the parasol so airily, set off the hands, not the parasol, by a full under-sleeve gathered in a large puff at the wrist! A graceful black mantilla—Mr. Tompkins was so particular about a lady's dress—a neat little checked silk, blue and white, not too dressy, or too plain, either for the boat or the city to which she was bound! "Well, there," as Mr. Tompkins remarked to his friend, "if I was going to choose a lady's dress, I couldn't get it up better myself! Ain't it sweet, somehow!"

"Do you suppose *she'd* go and run in debt for frocks and bonnets?" said Mr. Ellis, returning to his friend's last inquiry. "Does she look as if she'd do a thing of that kind?"

Mr. Tompkins thought there might be an exception. No, she did not, he was forced to say. She looked, if one could go by looks, to be one of those reasonable, admirable women who could ask her husband right out for a twenty-dollar bill to shop with when she wanted it, and spend neither more nor less.

"So does my wife. Pooh, pooh, old fellow! it's the daily press, and landladies that don't like to run the risk of losing a man who pays up regular, that are to blame for all that stuff and nonsense. The newspapers have certain seasons of the year for preaching female extravagance—they come round exact, if you'll only notice it, when politics are dull, or a panic in the stock-market desirable. It doesn't cost me so much, by considerable, as it did when I was a bachelor. Jones says just so. My wife's the most economical little creature that ever did a Saturday's marketing."

"There she comes!"

So she did emerge from the door close by them, the blue silk dress, the gaiters, the gloves, sustaining themselves on nearer view; so did the face, softly shadowed by a lace frill inside the brown silk bonnet—not a dark stupid brown, you must understand.

Mr. Tompkins, modest to a degree, could not help letting his gaze dwell for a moment on that animated picture.

"Those large gray eyes, with their dark lashes, ever flash vindictively? Those dimples, that smile, ever disappear in fretful discontent or angry recrimination!" No. What if Mrs. Ellis was right, and Bob and Mrs. Jenkins wrong? What if a man could support a wife on two thousand a year? What if the Quaker bonnet was his wife—oh! madness—and they were boarding up with the Ellises, in a large room opening on the piazza, and she was only going down with him to buy herself some gloves, and gaiters, and a work-basket, with a twenty-dollar bill he had presented to her! oh, rapture!

But Mr. Ellis did not know her name even, nor the captain when he came round to collect the tickets. To oblige his friend, Mr. Ellis inquired of him in a confidential undertone, and the captain—the Goth—turned directly round to see what young lady was meant, to the great mortification of Mr. Tompkins, who was sure she would be offended at the outset, and naturally enough at finding herself the object of remark from strangers.

Politeness forbade him to follow her off the boat, up Chambers Street to Stewart's, where he was sure she was going, and listening to the name and address she gave the shopman, while he thumped on the counter with his pencil and called "cash." He felt himself rash enough even for this at one moment, but remembered the next that "discretion was the better part of valor, and virtue its own reward."

He found the truth of those original and valuable reflections the same evening, when, having braved the astonishment and wrath of Mrs. Jenkins, left a message for his laundress with the chambermaid, and armed himself with a carpet-bag, he made his way to the little steamer, saluting the principal officer as he came on board with the "Ah, how are ye, captain?" of old and familiar acquaintance.

The blue silk dress was there before him—the brown bonnet which he had interposed as a mental shield to the wrath of Mrs. Jenkins, and her parting hint at the probability of his returning with fever and ague, shaded the same fresh, lovely face, not heated and flushed and jaded, as other ladies appeared by comparison. And then—but here description fails us—imagine his emotions, when, hovering in the dangerous but fascinating vicinity, Mr. Ellis having taken the cars, and he being thus freed to follow his own sweet will—his friend Joe Coldbath having accosted him with a "How are you, my boy?" turned at once to the young lady, and exclaiming "Good gracious, Addy!" kissed her—yes, actually kissed her before every body—before him!

No wonder she blushed and drew back, and said, "Oh, don't!—how could you?" But what right, even if they were ten times alone in the most secluded parlor, had Joe Coldbath to kiss that dimpled cheek?

"Here you've been all this while, and G. Albert too—know him?—Oh! allow me—Mr. Tompkins, my cousin Miss Burton; intimate friend of mine, Addy—and I've been as solitary as—as—"

"A Shanghai in a barn-yard!" suggested Miss Burton, in the most provokingly merry way, while the dimples came and went, and the smile was for him, this time—yes, all his own. Silence was the only strain of eloquence Mr. Tompkins could command at such short notice.

"Don't be too hard on a fellow; come now," said Mr. Coldbath, surveying his figure with an air of peculiar satisfaction. "Never thought of looking for you. Stupid, wasn't it, when I was going up to stay over Sunday? How's Uncle Sam and grandma?"

It was a short interview—very. They were within a mile of the wharf when the introduction took place; but he had spoken to her, he was acquainted with her from that time forth. It gave him the privilege of speaking to her the next time they should encounter each other, and who knew but some day she would be quite alone, and he should have the good fortune which now befell the unappreciating Coldbath of opening his arm to escort her on shore, and protecting her from the crowd of passengers and boat-hands that always jostle one so the five minutes before landing?

He took a retrospect of the last twenty-four hours before he retired that night, sitting, with his neckerchief laid across his knee and his shirt-collar meditatively unbuttoned, by the open window of what was for six weeks at least his own room. How small and contracted it seemed to the one occupied by his friends below, who had a lounge, and a work-table, and every thing comfortable! What a look a woman did contrive to give to a room; and he thought of his last glance at the one he had so long occupied at 1081 Tenth Street, the number of "traps" lying about, the cheap novels, and empty cigar-boxes, and porter-bottles, covered with the dust that accumulated so miraculously through the day, if the chamber-maid did her duty every morning by the furniture, as she vowed she did.

How he did admire the country—the foliage and the moonlight, the river and the Palisades! He wondered what kind of a man Joe Coldbath's Uncle Tom was, and whether he "required a character" of every young man he allowed to visit his daughter. No discordant sound broke upon the quiet of the hour, though the window was open below. So there could be children who slept all night, and did not require their father to walk up and down with them *en déshabillé*. And Mrs. Ellis had kindly demonstrated to him that evening that they had actually lived on eighteen hundred the first year they were married—and what was that old proverb about "What man has done man can do?" No wonder that, with such absorbing topics of meditation, he sat up much later than was good for him, and let his watch run down for the first time in five years.

Time runs on, however, though watches stop; and when Mrs. Green, of the "Chestnut Grove House," Tarrytown, came to receive applications for her rooms the ensuing season, she found herself obliged to refuse the Primes, as they came just one day too late. Their room, the choice of the house, opening upon a balcony with a dressing-closet attached, was already engaged to Mr. and Mrs. G. Albert Tompkins—and wedding-cards, in a glazed envelope, accompanied the application.

A charming room it was, too, when the little extras ordered by Mr. Tompkins had arrived, and found their place in the judicious arrangement of the bride, who toiled as she never had toiled before to get every thing in order before Albert should return from town the evening after their arrival.

Mrs. Ellis quite satisfied her by the commendation she bestowed upon her labors. Mrs. Green remarked that she never had seen one of her boarders' rooms look so much like home. That was just the look, with the new matting and white curtains Mrs. Green had contributed in their honor—because, as she said, "she took some credit for the match somehow, Mr. Tompkins having done all his courting from there the summer before"—the easy chair, Mr. Tompkins's bridal present to himself, the sewing chair and work-table he had chosen at the same time for the happy little woman, who had drawn them up to the window, and laid a little cambric collar and gold thimble on the open box, which was the only bit of "saw-dust" about the room, for she had not set a stitch. Her bird hung in the window. Their united libraries made quite a display on the large what-not, though the selections were by no means rare or classic, and vases, bronzes, and trinkets generally—a part of their large stock of bridal presents were scattered about wherever there was a place for any thing to stand.

Mrs. Ellis said, "Charming! but you might as well enjoy such little elegancies while you can."

Mrs. Tompkins wondered, "Why not always?"

Mrs. Ellis said, "Oh!" but concluded not to explain. She thought what ducks and drakes Franky would make of Bohemian glass inkstands and carved chessmen, if they indulged in such trifles.

"Oh, I expect to have such comfort here!" said the bride, too happy to question what might be withheld. "You must bring your sewing often, Mrs. Ellis, and sit with me, I feel so well acquainted with you. Albert has told me so much about you and Mr. Ellis; he says if it wasn't for Mr. Ellis I shouldn't have been here now, he had such horrid ideas about women!—only think of it!"

"Oh yes, indeed, he was quite a heathen!"

"But he's altered his mind entirely, now; and he's so fond of me—oh, you have no idea what an excellent husband he makes!"

"Let me see—you have been married almost six weeks," said Mrs. Ellis, going back with an effort of memory to their own honey-moon; "well, I dare say he does."

"But if you don't commence dressing pretty

soon you won't be ready to go down with us to meet him."

"Oh dear, you are ready now! but, Mrs. Ellis, I was going to tell you one thing more—"

"Not another word!" and Mrs. Tompkins had reason to congratulate herself on her friend's decision, for she was just fastening her brooch when the bell of the *Mountain Fay* was heard. Mr. Tompkins was walking the deck impatiently, almost sorry that he had been sentimental enough to go up in the boat, "just to see how it seemed," and to sit in the same place where he had first met Addy. Half an hour was a great deal to lose, even for this satisfaction.

"I tell you what it is, old fellow, there's not one man in a hundred knows how to love a wife!" he said to Mr. Ellis, just as they came in sight of the lovely group under the chestnut-trees.

Mr. Ellis agreed to the proposition, but added that it had been his remarkable fortune to know the "one man" out of several hundred. "It's generally found so at first."

Mr. Tompkins took no notice of this implied insinuation that his case was by no means singular. "They say the first year is so hard, too, to get along with each other. Well, if it is, all I can say is, I wonder what the rest are! How time does fly, though! here we've been married five weeks and three days! Positively, it doesn't seem like a week!"

"Don't find it so monotonous as you did?"

"Oh, don't mention it!" and he waved his handkerchief in return to a similar signal from shore. "Just see! she's put on that very dear old blue and white silk! She knows how I admire her in it! How much a woman will do to please her husband! won't she, now?"

"Why, yes; I suppose it is doing a great deal to put on a last year's frock when she has twenty new ones," said Mr. Ellis, as they strode over the ten steps between them and happiness.

"What's all that?" demanded his wife, catching the last words of the colloquy. "Who's accused of having twenty new frocks? Has Mr. Tompkins relapsed into last year's heresies?"

"Not at all, not at all!" and Mr. Ellis drew her arm in his, leaving the lovers to follow by themselves. "We were only remarking that domestic life was a succession of mutual sacrifices; and Mr. Tompkins prefers it, even at that cost, to a bachelor existence."

THE FATHER OF RAILWAYS.

I.

TWO generations ago Robert Stephenson, familiarly known as "Old Bob," lived near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the northern coal region of England. It was said that the family had once possessed property; but he was poor enough now, his occupation being that of fireman to a colliery steam-engine, by which he earned the magnificent sum of twelve shillings a week. He was a thin, care-worn, gentle man, who would gather the boys around his engine fire, telling them wonderful stories about Sinbad the Sailor and Robinson Crusoe, and scatter the crumbs saved from his scanty dinner so that the birds could pick them up. His wife, Mabel, was a delicate, ailing woman, somewhat troubled with the vapors, but in the main kindly and sensible. "Honest folk were they," says a neighbor, in his rough Northumbrian dialect, "but they had little to come and go upon, and were sore haudden doon in the world."

Children came to them—six in twice as many years—of whom George, the second son, was born on the 9th of June, 1781. The colliery people can not reckon upon a permanent home; they "follow the coal;" when one pit is exhausted they must betake themselves to another. Men now have some reason to point out among the heaps of ashes, coal-dust, and cinders, the little clay-floored house near the village of Wylam, in which lived four families, where George Stephenson was born; and another cottage with a single room, in the neighboring village of Dewly, to which "Old Bob," following the coal, removed.

With so many mouths to fill, wages twelve shillings a week, and bread at war prices, there must be no idle hands. So little George was thought lucky when he found favor in the eyes of a woman whose cows had the right of grazing along the wagon road. For twopence a day he was to see that the milky mothers kept out of the way of the wagons, and did not trespass on the bounds allotted to others; he was also to shut the gates at night after the last coal-wagon had passed. By-and by, when his legs grew long enough to straddle the furrows, he was promoted, with doubled wages, to the more laborious work of leading the plow-horses, weeding turnips, and the like.

But the boy was ambitious of higher things. He would become an engine-man like his father; and when he had grown up to be a great bare-legged boy, he found work in the colliery. First he was set to picking the stone out from the coal, and then was promoted to driving the gin-horse, with wages at the rate of eightpence a day. When he was fourteen, he was taken on by his father as assistant foreman. It seemed somewhat suspicious that such promotion, with six shillings a week pay, should have fallen to such a lad, and he was in constant trepidation lest the owner of the colliery should think him too small a boy to earn so great wages; and he was wont to hide himself when the dreaded owner went his rounds of inspection. These were the days of the great Napoleon wars; bread was dear, trade uncertain, labor precarious, and the workmen of England were badly off, notwithstanding the great demand for able-bodied men to be food for gunpowder did much to keep down the competition in the ranks of peaceful industry. But the Stephenson family lived in tolerable comfort. "Old Bob" kept his engine fires burning and received his weekly twelve shillings, the two older boys together earned as much, the younger lads were pickers and wheelers, and the girls helped their mother

at home. There were no idle hands, and the family, all told, earned some seven or eight dollars a week.

George soon outgrew all fears that his size would stand in the way of his promotion. At fifteen he was a stout bony lad, who could lift a heavier weight and fling a hammer further than any of his comrades. In another year, as he went one Saturday night to receive his wages, he was told that they had been raised to the full sum of twelve shillings a week. "I am a made man for life!" he exclaimed, joyfully, as he left the foreman's office.

In another year he was raised to the more responsible post of engine-man. Instead of merely feeding the machine, he was to keep it in order and superintend its working.

He had always shown a decided mechanical turn. While watching the widow's cows he had amused himself with making clay engines, with pipes and conduits of the hollow stalks of the hemlock plant. The steam-engine became his pet: he was never tired of studying its mighty play, docile as a child and strong as a giant. The greater portion of his spare time was spent in taking it apart, cleaning it, and putting it together again. He soon understood it thoroughly, and was rarely obliged to summon the colliery engineer to remedy any defect.

At eighteen George Stephenson was a full-grown man, earning a man's wages, having the entire charge of a steam-engine, and master of all the details of its working and construction. Though he knew much, he was ignorant of that which to an American seems the first step in all knowledge. He had never learned to read. Few of his fellow-laborers were better taught. Napoleon was now in the first flush of his fame, and there was no more eager listener than George Stephenson, when some favored collier read aloud, by the engine fire, the newspaper reports of his brilliant Italian campaign. These papers told also, now and then, of the wonderful steam-engines of Watt and Boulton, and the young engine-man knew that if he could learn to read he might learn all about these famous inventions. A poor schoolmaster taught a poor school not far from the colliery. Thither George repaired three evenings in the week, after twelve hours' hard work. In a year, at the cost of threepence a week, he had learned to read after a fashion, and to write his name. To reading and writing he determined to add arithmetic. His master set him sums on his slate, to be wrought out at odd moments during the day. In the evening he took back his solutions for examination, and received new problems for the next day. In a short time he mastered the "four fundamental rules" and "Reduction," and reached the magic "Rule of Three." Beyond this the humble acquirements of his teacher did not extend.

At twenty George Stephenson took lessons in some other departments of knowledge. He fell in love with a pretty servant-girl; and, besides, learned to mend, and finally to make, shoes, at intervals while his engine was faithfully doing its appointed work. Once at least, this acquisition afforded him a pleasure quite beyond the addition which it furnished to his regular wages. Pretty Fanny Henderson intrusted him with the task of new-soling her own shoes. It was a labor of love, and as he carried them home one Sunday afternoon, he could not refrain from summoning a companion to admire what a capital job he had made of them. No knight of old romance, whom his lady had deigned to grace with her glove or scarf, was ever more, or more justly proud, than was George Stephenson in the possession of these cherished shoes. The first guinea which he ever saved, in the ownership of which he thought himself a rich man, was earned by the exercise of the craft of St. Crispin. This guinea became the parent of more, which enabled him, at the age of twenty-one, to furnish a modest home for Fanny, who now became his wife. This was at the colliery of Willington, some fifteen miles away, where he had obtained employment as brakeman—a position still higher than that of engine-man, which he had previously filled. Thither rode bridegroom and bride, in good old-fashioned style, upon one stout farm-horse, borrowed for the occasion, while groomsman and bridesmaid accompanied them upon another.

The young man had always been sober and industrious. Once, indeed, the bully of the pit insulted him and challenged him to fight. His friends tried to dissuade him. "Are you goin to feight Nelson?" they asked, in alarm. "Ay, never fear for me; I'll feight him." Nelson went into training for the battle; Stephenson kept on at work as usual, and one evening, after the day's work was over, the "feight" took place. In a few rounds the tough, agile young brakeman polished off the burly bully in capital style. This was George Stephenson's first and last fight.

By day the young husband attended diligently to his break, filling up every spare moment by making or mending shoes, and cutting out clothes for the pitmen—for he had taken up the trade of tailor as well as that of cobbler. By night, in his humble home, he tried as best he might to master the principles of mechanics. Like many another self-taught mechanic he worked at a Perpetual Motion, and of course like others he failed. Accident put him in the way of turning his mechanical ingenuity to better account. Coming home one night he found a scene of sad confusion. The cottage chimney had been on fire; the neighbors had extinguished it by pouring down water, and the room had been flooded. Worst of all, his fine eight-day clock stood still, the hands mutely pointing to the hour of the disaster. The mingled soot and steam had found its way within the case, and clogged and rusted the wheels and pinions. He was told that he must call in the watchmaker to repair the damage. No: he would do it himself, and save his money. He tried and succeeded, and the clock was soon ticking

away as merrily as though nothing had happened. The fame of this exploit was bruited abroad, and before long all the dilapidated timekeepers of the neighborhood were sent to him for repairs, making another and still more lucrative addition to his list of employments.

His wife died two or three years after their marriage, having, in the mean while, borne him a son, who was named Robert, in honor of Old Bob. This second Robert Stephenson, long the foremost engineer of England, and architect of the famous Menai Bridge, is now living, a wealthy and prosperous man, and member of the House of Commons.

Soon after the death of his wife, George Stephenson was invited to go to Scotland and take charge of an engine at higher wages than he could obtain in England. He made the journey on foot, with his kit on his back. But his heart yearned for his old home and his boy, and in a year he returned, likewise on foot, with twenty-eight pounds in his pocket. One night he stopped at a poor farm-house and requested shelter, which was granted after some demur and a close inspection of his person. During the evening he so won upon the good graces of his hosts that they refused to take pay for his entertainment, but urged him, should he ever again pass that way, to be sure and visit them. Years after, when George Stephenson had become a prosperous man, he did pass that way, and sought out the farmer, now become old and poor. On parting he left behind him a memento commensurate with his own large ability rather than with the small kindness which he had received.

He found himself sadly needed at home. Old Bob had been terribly scalded, and rendered totally blind by an accident in the colliery. George unhesitatingly devoted more than half of his year's savings to the payment of his father's debts, established him in a cottage near his own, and was thenceforward his sole and willing stay and support. The old man lived for many years, blind, but cheerful to the last, and gladdened by the rising fortunes of his son.

For a time, however, George Stephenson's outlook was gloomy. The great duel between Pitt and Napoleon was being fought. England had 700,000 men under arms; every seventh person at home was a pauper, maintained from the poor-rates. Heavy taxes, high prices, and uncertain work pressed hardly upon the laboring classes, who were, moreover, haunted by the fear of being drawn for the militia or impressed for the navy. George Stephenson was drawn for the militia, and it cost him the remainder of his savings to hire a substitute. He grew disheartened, and cast longing looks toward the land of promise beyond the Atlantic. It was only a look, for he could not raise money for the voyage. Happy for the world that it was so. The humble engine-man was just then the man whom England could least afford to lose. So he went on attending to his break, mending shoes, cutting out pitmen's clothing, repairing clocks, and, above all, studying the capacities of the steam-engine as before.

II.

At last the golden opportunity came, and George Stephenson, at the age of thirty, was ready to take advantage of it. After all it was seemingly but a small thing. Close by the pit where he worked, the "Grand Allies," a wealthy mining company, had sunk a new pit, and erected an engine to pump out the water. The engine hissed and played, but there was something wrong. "She could not keep her jack-head out of water," the miners said; "all the enginemen in the neighborhood had tried, but all were clean bet." For a whole twelvemonth George Stephenson could see the smoke from the engine rising over the hill, but to every inquiry he received the same answer: "They were still drowned out." He revolved the matter in his mind until he was satisfied that he had discovered the cause of the failure; and one Saturday afternoon he walked over the hill to take a look at affairs.

"Weel, George," asked his friend, Kit Heppel, the "sinker," "what do you mak o' her? Do you think you could do any thing to improve her?"

"Man, I could alter her and mak her draw; in a week's time from this I could send you to the bottom."

Kit told this to Mr. Dods, the "viewer," who had begun to despair. Drowning men catch at straws, and Mr. Dods forthwith walked over to George's cottage. He found him dressed in his Sunday's best, just setting out for the Methodist preaching.

"Well, George," said Mr. Dods, "they tell me you think you can put the engine at the High Pits to rights."

"Yes, Sir, I think I could."

"If that's the case, I'll give you a fair trial, and you must set to work immediately. We are clean drowned out, and can not get a step further. The engineers hereabout are all bet. If you do what they can not, I'll make you a man for life."

Perhaps George Stephenson was wrong; for he did not go to church that Sunday, but set at once about his work. The alterations were, after all, very simple, and by Wednesday night the engine had been taken down, the alterations made, and all put in working order. On Thursday morning it was set to work, and before Friday night the pit was clear of water. George Stephenson had sent them to the bottom in two days. For this labor he received ten pounds, and a better situation than he had held. His reputation was also established as an engine-doctor, and he was soon called upon to prescribe for all the wheezy old pumping-engines in the county. Not long after the enginewright of the Grand Allies died, and Mr. Dods, true to his promise of making a man of George, appointed him to the vacant post, with a salary of a hundred pounds a year.

Thus relieved from the daily routine of mere

manual labor, he had an opportunity of showing his true value, and effected many valuable improvements in the working of the machinery of the mines. To the little cottage with a single room where he resided, he had built sundry additions with his own hands. He raised gigantic leeks and astounding cabbages in his little garden-plot, and filled the neighborhood with odd mechanical contrivances. A curious wind-mill frightened the birds from his garden, the gate of which was secured by a latch which he only could open; he fashioned an alarm-clock to summon the drowsy pitmen to their labors; fished at night by the light of a lamp which would burn under water; and attached the good wives' cradles to the smoke-jacks so that the infants were rocked without any labor on the part of their mothers.

But among all his multifarious occupations, he lost no opportunity of carrying on his neglected education. The son of a neighboring farmer was well versed in arithmetic, and knew something of mechanics and natural history. George soon learned from him all that he knew. His son was placed at the best schools in the neighborhood, and from him the father was not ashamed to take lessons. On Saturdays the boy brought from the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution such books as might be taken from the library, and was instructed to make descriptions and sketches from such as could not be taken away. The lad, "a chip of the old block," was fond of reducing his scientific reading to practice. He invested his pocket-money in a half mile of copper wire, one end of which he attached to a kite string, while the other was fastened to the garden palings where his father's pony was hitched. An opportune thunder-cloud passing, young Bob seized the occasion for verifying Franklin's famous experiment, by bringing the wire in contact with the tail of the pony, whose plunging and kicking gave evidence of the success of the young inquirer. The father scolded a little, but chuckled inwardly at this practical result of his son's scientific studies.

Explosions of "fire-damp" were of frequent occurrence in the collieries. Several of these had occurred in the pits in which George Stephenson had worked. Killingworth Colliery, where he was now engine-wright, contained 160 miles of excavation, full of fissures from which the fatal gas was constantly escaping. In spite of all precautions an explosion might at any moment be looked for.

One day in 1814 a miner rushed to Stephenson's cottage with the startling announcement that the deepest part of the colliery was on fire. Through the throngs of frightened women and children George made his way to the mouth of the pit, and ordered the engineman to lower him down. The miners were hurrying in terror to the shaft. As he touched the bottom he shouted, "Stand back! Are there six men among you who have courage to follow me? If so, come, and we will put out the fire." His voice reassured the men, and they followed him. Brick and mortar were at hand. In a few minutes a wall was built at the mouth of the burning shaft; the air was excluded, and the fire extinguished. But several miners were suffocated in the recesses of the mines.

"Can nothing be done to prevent such awful occurrences?" asked Kit Heppel as he and Stephenson were searching for the dead bodies.

"I think there can," replied George.

"Then the sooner you start the better; for the *price of coal-mining now is pitmen's lives.*"

The rough collier had anticipated the finest line of Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

Stephenson had for some time been engaged in making experiments upon coal-damp. These were now prosecuted with new zeal; in a few months he had devised a Safety Lamp, and tested it in the most dangerous situations. Sir Humphry Davy produced his lamp at about the same time. Both lamps were identical in principle, but neither inventor had any knowledge of the labors of the other. They had wrought by different methods, and arrived at the same practical solution, and both deserved the honor of independent inventors. With this Stephenson was well content. Not so the vain, irritable, and ambitious philosopher. A testimonial, amounting to £2000, was raised for Davy. The northern coal owners raised half as much for Stephenson. A great controversy sprung up. Stephenson, in a manly, modest pamphlet, while asserting his own separate claim, gave full credit to Davy. Davy angrily denounced the claim of Stephenson as infamous and disgraceful, and charged him with pirating his invention. But facts and dates proved incontestably that Stephenson was the earlier inventor.

Stephenson laid aside his thousand pounds, which, by-and-by, were to stand him in good stead. In the mean while the greater portion of his time was devoted to the subject of steam-engines and railways, the intimate connection between which had begun slowly to dawn upon him.

III.

Railways of a rude construction had existed for centuries in the coal districts. Heavy loads were to be regularly hauled for short distances. To diminish the friction it was a natural expedient to lay down wooden rails for the wagon wheels to run upon; then to cover the rails with iron plates; and, finally, to substitute iron rails for wooden ones. Such a railway ran past the door of the cottage where George Stephenson was born.

As the marvelous powers of the steam-engine developed themselves, ingenious men began to cast about for the means of applying them to transportation by land and water. For a long time these efforts were confined to constructing engines to run on common roads; for railways were unknown, except in the distant coal-regions. In 1784, Murdoch, an assistant of Watt, constructed a model locomotive, which he one night undertook to try in a solitary lane

near Redruth Church. The fire was lighted and the engine started. It soon outran its inventor and disappeared in the darkness. Shouts of terror were heard in the direction in which it had gone. These were found to proceed from the worthy clergyman of the parish, who, happening to take an evening walk in the solitary lane, and seeing the fiery little monster dash hissing and flaming by, was sure that it was nothing else than the Evil One, come in his own proper person to work him some grievous harm. Various other engines were made for the same purpose, the most notable of which was that of an ingenious inventor named Trevethick. This was one day set running on a turnpike near Plymouth. It proved somewhat unmanageable, dashing at the start into a garden-fence, and then rushing at headlong speed along the road toward the toll-gate, which the terrified keeper managed to open just as the monster came up.

"What's to pay?" asked the engine-man, who had succeeded in bringing his machine to a stop.

"Na-na-na—" stammered the frightened keeper.

"What have I to pay, I say?"

"No—noth—nothing to pay! My de-dear Mister Devil, do drive on as fast as you can! Nothing to pay."

It finally occurred to Trevethick, that the traveling engine would work on the railways of the time, and he actually constructed a machine that drew considerable loads of coal, though at a very slow rate. Mr. Blenkinsop, of Leeds, about the year 1811, made some improvements in locomotives, and a number of his machines were soon in operation, one of them, "Black Billy," upon the Wylam road, which passed the cottage in which Stephenson was born. It was a cumbrous affair, often taking six hours to go five miles, and was, moreover, always getting out of repair, or running off the track, so that it was necessary to send horses along with it to help it out of difficulty. No wonder that the workmen pronounced it a "perfect plague." But Mr. Blackett, the proprietor of the colliery, would not give it up, and even went on making new experiments, in spite of a musty proverb touching a fool and his money that was applied to him. Nobody at the time supposed that a locomotive with a smooth driving-wheel running upon a smooth rail could draw a load. It was assumed that the wheel would slip upon the rail, and the machine consequently stand still. The driving-wheel was therefore fitted with teeth, which worked in cogs in a rail laid by the side of the smooth rails upon which the carriage-wheels ran.

George Stephenson had in the mean time been brooding upon the subject of traveling-engines. He had gone over to Wylam, and after carefully examining "Black Billy," declared that he could make a better engine than that. He had by this time gained some credit as an ingenious machinist, and Lord Ravensworth, one of the proprietors of the Killingworth Mines, advanced money to enable him to make the experiment. In honor of this nobleman Stephenson named his engine "My Lord," but the colliery people gave it the less sounding appellation of "Blutcher."

Blutcher was a great improvement upon Black Billy, for he could draw a heavy train at the rate of three miles an hour. Stephenson had also by experiment satisfied himself that a smooth wheel would hold upon a smooth rail, and hence the toothed wheel and cogged rail were dispensed with. Blutcher was put in operation July 25, 1814, but at the end of the year it was found that he could not do his work more economically than horses would have performed it. The great difficulty was that steam could not be generated with sufficient rapidity. Stephenson had observed that the waste steam from the exhaust pipe passed off with much more rapidity than the smoke escaped from the chimney. It occurred to him that by turning this steam into the chimney it would impart its own velocity to the smoke, thus increasing the draught, and consequently the heat of the fire and the production of steam. The alteration was made, and the effective power of Blutcher was at once doubled. The success of the locomotive was now a fixed fact, but years elapsed before it was adopted on any other road.

Speculative men at last turned their attention toward railways. Foremost among these was Edward Pease, a wealthy Quaker, who had with some difficulty procured the passage of a bill for constructing the Stockton and Darlington Railway, for the passage of wagons and other carriages by "men and horses *or otherwise*."

One day, toward the close of the year 1821, two strangers knocked at the door of Friend Pease. One of these announced himself as Nicholas Wood, "viewer" of the Killingworth Mine, and introduced his companion as George Stephenson, who knew something about railways, and wished to obtain employment in the construction of the new road. The good Quaker was pleased with his visitor, who described himself, in broad Northumberland dialect, as "the engine-wright at Killingworth—that's what I am." The plan of the road was talked over, and how it was to be operated. Mr. Pease had thought only of horse-power. George said his engine was worth fifty horses, and would, sooner or later, drive them off from all railroads. "Come over to Killingworth," he urged, "and see what my Blutcher can do. Seeing is believing, Sir." Back went Stephenson and his friend, as they had come, on foot, with an occasional lift by coach, when the driver could be "tipped" at a cheap rate. Mr. Pease went over to Killingworth, saw Blutcher, and believed; and George Stephenson was employed to make a new survey of the road—for so far had his engineering studies brought him—and to construct the locomotives by which it should be worked.

There was not at this time in England an establishment capable of making a locomotive

in a proper manner. Stephenson proposed to set up such a factory. The thousand pounds which he had received for his Safety-Lamp, and an equal sum furnished by Mr. Pease and a friend, sufficed to set up the "Newcastle Engine Factory," which soon grew into an enormous establishment which, for a long time, not only furnished almost all the engines built, but also produced the ablest engineers.

The Stockton and Darlington road was opened for traffic on the 27th of September, 1825. On this occasion one of Stephenson's locomotives drew a train weighing 90 tons 8¾ miles in 65 minutes, and it was recorded with wonder that the speed in some parts actually reached twelve miles an hour. George Stephenson, railways, and locomotives, were a decided success, though on a somewhat limited scale. But a new struggle and a decisive victory were in store for him.

IV.

For years the want of adequate communication between Manchester and Liverpool had been severely felt. Trade had outgrown the capacity of the canals, which could not be increased, for all the water available was already employed. It required more time to convey a bale of cotton from Liverpool to Manchester than from New York to Liverpool. The Manchester spindles stood still for want of the cotton which was piled up in Liverpool warehouses. Manchester warerooms were crowded with goods which could not be sent to market for want of conveyance to Liverpool, whose docks were filled with ships waiting for them. At length some bold speculator suggested that railways could carry cottons and cloths as well as coal. It was a suggestion worthy of the Chinese genius who broached the idea that a pig might, perhaps, be roasted by some other fire than that of a burning cottage. So a plan was formed for a railway between Manchester and Liverpool; the preliminary surveys were made in spite of the opposition of the canal proprietors, who feared the loss of their enormous profits, and of the squires and cits, who apprehended damage to their fox-covers and cabbage-gardens.

The survey was intrusted to George Stephenson, whose success upon the Stockton and Darlington had been so signal, and, in 1825, a petition was presented to Parliament for the passage of a bill authorizing the construction of the road. The project was fiercely opposed. Pamphlets were written and newspapers started against it. The rural squires were told that the railroad would kill the pheasants and frighten the foxes, so that there would be an end of shooting and hunting; farmers were assured that cows would not graze or hens lay any where near the railway; and timid old ladies were forewarned that their houses would be burned down by the sparks, and themselves poisoned by the pestilential smoke from the engines.

It was a rare time for gentlemen of the long robe when the bill came before the Parliamentary Committee. Half a score of big-wigs appeared for the various opponents of the bill, who made common cause against it. George Stephenson was brought before the committee, and the lawyers made a dead set against him. One noted his rough northern accent, and asked if he was not a foreigner; another hinted that he was crazy; another posted himself up on curves, and velocities, and momentum, and asked all sorts of questions, relevant and irrelevant: Would any railway bear a momentum of a train of forty tons moving twelve miles an hour? Had he ever witnessed such a velocity? Would not rails bend? Would not trains run off the track? Would they not overturn when rounding a curve? Had he not known stage-coaches overturned in rounding a corner? If an engine, going at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, should encounter a stray cow, wouldn't it be awkward? "Very awkward for the *coo*," replied Stephenson.

Then one after another of the learned gentlemen summed up. George Stephenson was a fool to talk about locomotives going ten or twelve miles an hour; they could not be made to run six; they could not keep up with canal boats; they could not run at all when the wind blew. One lawyer waxed eloquent on the intolerable nuisance of the smoke and fire from the locomotives; told how the price of coal and wood and iron would be enhanced, and the breed of horses annihilated. Finally, Mr. Alderson—a name dear to lawyers—wound up with a magniloquent protest against the "despotism of the Liverpool Exchange, striding across the country." Sergeant Buzfuz himself, in the great Bardel case, was less eloquent than the learned gentleman.

The bill was rejected. The next year it was renewed. There was less opposition now. The Marquis of Stafford, one of the principal canal stockholders, had been mollified by the offer of a large number of shares. One foolish member, Sir Isaac Coffin, indeed signalized himself. He would not consent to see widows' property invaded. How would any one like to have a railroad under his own parlor window? Was the House aware of the smoke and the noise, the hiss and the whirl, which locomotive engines, passing at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, would occasion? Cattle plowing in the fields or grazing in the meadows could not behold them without dismay. Iron would be raised in price, or, more probably, exhausted altogether. What would become of those who wished to travel after the fashion of their fathers, in their own or in hired carriages? What would become of coach-makers and harness-makers, of coach-masters and coachmen, of innkeepers, horse-breeders, and horse-dealers? The railroad would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturber of quiet and comfort, that the ingenuity of man could invent.

All this, be it remembered, was said in our own generation—scarcely thirty years ago. Nor was Sir Isaac the only fool of his time; for at a

still later day Colonel Sibthorpe—since immortalized by *Punch*—declared his hatred of these "infernal railroads," adding that he would rather meet a highwayman or a burglar on his premises than an engineer; and of the two classes he thought the former much the more respectable. Mr. Berkeley, a member of Parliament, bemoaned the running of railroads through the heart of the hunting country, destroying the noble sport to which he had been accustomed from childhood. Worse than all, the famous Doctor Dionysius Lardner—who subsequently immortalized himself by mathematically demonstrating that the Atlantic could never be profitably crossed by steam—brought his ponderous science to war against what he styled "the destruction of the atmospheric air." He proved, to his own satisfaction, that an engine drawing 100 tons through the "Box Tunnel," between London and Bristol, would deposit therein a ton and a half of noxious gases—a pleasant prospect for the travelers who were to breathe the atmosphere thus vitiated.

But the bill nevertheless passed, and the road was rapidly urged forward under the charge of George Stephenson, who was appointed chief engineer. This was the first attempt to construct a railway for general transportation, and through a region which presented any special engineering difficulties. How great these were, and with what skill and ingenuity they were surmounted by the self-taught engineer, we can not here pause to narrate. The directors of the road, as the year 1829 wore on—the third since the work was commenced—began to grow impatient. They wished for some returns from the vast amount of capital they had expended.

"Now, George," said Friend Cropper, "thou must get on with the railway, and have it finished without further delay. Thou must really have it ready for opening by the first day of January next."

"It is impossible," replied Stephenson.

"Impossible! I wish I could get Napoleon at thee. He would tell thee that there is no such word."

"Tush! Don't speak to me about Napoleon. Give me men, money, and materials, and I will do what Napoleon couldn't do—drive a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester over Chat Moss."

And truly this road was a greater work than the hewing of Napoleon's far-famed road across the Simplon.

The road was far advanced before the directors had made up their minds how it should be worked. Some were in favor of the old and tried system of horse-power; but the majority were convinced that steam must be used. The question lay between stationary engines and locomotives. Every scientific engineer was in favor of the former. Vallance affirmed that locomotives could never be driven as fast as horses. Tredgold was sure that stationary engines would be safer and cheaper, and that in any case ten miles an hour was unattainable. Two distinguished engineers were deputed to look into the question. They did so—and reported that stationary engines would be in every way the best. They recommended that the road should be divided into nineteen stations of a mile and a half each, with twenty-one stationary engines to haul the trains.

Stephenson stood alone in favor of locomotives. He saw that railways and locomotives were inseparable parts of one great system; they were, as he phrased it, "husband and wife," neither of which was complete without the other. He besought the directors at least to give locomotives a fair trial before embarking in the cumbrous stationary system, and pledged himself to construct an engine which should meet all reasonable requirements. He finally so far prevailed with them as to induce them to offer a prize for the locomotive which, under certain conditions, should perform in the most satisfactory manner. The main conditions were, that the engine should weigh not more than six tons, and should be able to draw a load of twenty tons ten miles an hour.

He at once set about building such an engine at his Newcastle factory, under the immediate superintendence of his son. Other engineers competed for the prize, and on the day appointed for the trial four engines were entered as competitors. Stephenson's famous "Rocket" alone fulfilled the conditions. It was first—the rest were nowhere; but it also far exceeded the stipulated conditions. It attained an average speed of fifteen miles an hour; and at times gained the hitherto unheard-of velocity of twenty-nine miles; and this performance, as was subsequently shown, was far within its capabilities. Honest Friend Cropper, who had advocated the stationary system, was astounded. "Now," he exclaimed, lifting up his hands, "now is George Stephenson at last delivered!"

The great battle had indeed been won by George Stephenson. The Railway System had been inaugurated; a new implement had been put into the hands of civilization, the mightiest which she had received since the invention of printing.

Here ends the epic interest of a life which was happy and prosperous to its close. For many years George Stephenson bore a prominent part in all the great railway enterprises of the day; attained well-deserved honor and fortune; and finally, as age gathered around him, retired gracefully from active life to that serene quiet which befits a man whose life-task has been worthily accomplished. At his humble Killingworth cottage it had been his pride to produce the largest leeks and the heaviest cabbages in the country. Now, at his stately Tapton mansion, he took a tranquil delight in his pineries, green-houses, and melon-frames. His boyish fondness for birds and animals revived. He had favorite dogs, and cows, and horses; prided himself on the beauty of his rabbits, and the breed of his chickens. Nor was he indifferent to his old pursuits. He was ready to lend a helping hand to inventors who deserved assist-

ance, and never failed to encourage, by recounting his own early struggles, those who had their own way to make in the world. His hand was open to his old fellow-workmen whom age had left, as youth found them, in poverty. He would slip a five-pound note into the hand of an old man or a widow in such a way as not to wound their delicacy, but rather to make them feel that they were conferring instead of receiving an obligation by accepting it. To poor Robert Gray who had acted as bridegroom for him, when so many years before he had borne pretty Fanny Henderson to his humble home, he left a pension for life. He died on the 12th of August, 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. A year before his death some one who wished to dedicate a book to him, asked what were his "ornamental initials." "I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after," he replied. "I think it will be as well if you merely say George Stephenson."

It was enough. So long as the iron rails continue to bind in one far-distant climes, and the iron horse, his creation, opens up new fields for industry and multiplies and diffuses the enjoyments of life—so long will men honor the memory of the Northumberland collier—the Father of Railways.

WHERE OUR DAUGHTERS GO TO SCHOOL.

WHATEVER may be certain paternal notions in regard to the advantages of a home education, the maternal resolution, of course, carries the day; and when mamma emphatically declares that it is time for Mary Anne to go to school, papa mildly submits without the thought of a protest, except it be that of a probable protest to his note on this prospective addition to his current expenses. "She shall have every advantage, the dear girl," says mamma, looking proudly at the embryo belle. "*Every advantage*," echoes papa, with a mild expression of doubt. "We must send her to Madame Grandelouve," continues mamma. "Grandelouve?" repeats, inquiringly, papa. "Yes! Madame Grandelouve's; where the rich Mrs. Brown sends her daughters, the most fashionable school in the city," is the conjugal response. Papa is puzzled, and says so, to discover what the wealth of Mrs. Brown, or the fashion of Madame Grandelouve, can possibly have to do with revealing to his daughter the mysteries of reading and spelling and plain-stitch, which he supposes to be about the range of the capacity of a child of ten. Papa accordingly ventures an opinion to the effect that Mary Anne is hardly advanced enough to appreciate the full advantages of the school presided over by fashion and patronized by wealth. "*Reading, spelling, and plain-stitch!* Whoever heard of such old-fashioned stuff being taught at any respectable modern school?" spitefully exclaims mamma, who takes care to inform the slow master of the house that her daughter is as good as any one else's daughter, and shall learn elocution, orthography, etymology, embroidery, rhetoric, philosophy—natural and moral—geology, anthropology, philology, physiology, calisthenics, ouranography, Scriptural exegesis, music—vocal and instrumental—the languages—French, Italian, German, and Spanish—dancing, and the Christian evidences; all of which elegant accomplishments Madame Grandelouve undertakes to teach for a hundred dollars or so a quarter, invariably in advance, extras not included.

Of course, Mary Anne goes to the fashionable school, and from that moment is entirely at the mercy of Madame and her coadjutors. As mothers are confiding, and fathers, though suspicious, preoccupied, it is not surprising that neither the one nor the other knows any thing about the guardians to whom they delegate the care of their children. Is it not enough that Mrs. A sends her daughters to Madame's school because the rich Mrs. B does, and Mrs. B hers because the fashionable Mrs. C does, and Mrs. C hers again because the respectable Mrs. D does, and so on to the end of the alphabet of aristocracy? Who of them cares to know any thing about Madame, except that she is the recognized head of the most fashionable school, and of her qualifications as a teacher but that she is ignorant of the English language? Madame has a very flourishing account to give of herself, however, and will tell you, of course, that she is a *Marquise*, and that her family belonged to the *ancienne noblesse*, but having lost all in devotion to the Bourbons (who, if they had had half as many friends before their fall as they appear to have had since, might be reigning to this day), had nothing to leave her but a *De* before her name, without a sou to support it. Proud as she was, it was not surprising under the circumstances that she should, after exhausting her patience, youth, and beauty in waiting for better fortune, have yielded at last to the ambitious designs of Monsieur upon her maiden dignity. If Monsieur's own account be also to be taken—and we know no reason why it should not as readily as Madame's—there was no very good ground for hesitation on her part to become his wife. Will he not tell you—and you will, of course, believe him, as you have heard the same story so many times from so many of his unfortunate countrymen—that he was the favorite *aide-de-camp* of the Grand Napoleon, and, with sword in hand, fought his way through Europe by his side? Will he not tell you, too, that he might now be at least a Marshal of France, were it not that he preferred "make de fire de young ladies' idees" to handling the artillery of the armies of Louis Napoleon. With such antecedents, and such disinterested devotion to the cause of American female education, who can doubt the propriety and advantage of trusting your daughter to Madame and Monsieur her husband? You are a Protestant, probably, and wish your child to be taught to worship God; Madame and Monsieur her husband divide their homage between Vol-

taire and the Pope. You are an American, and wish your child to be taught to love your country and its institutions; Madame and Monsieur her husband are French, and very naturally prefer all that is French. Your native language is the English, and you wish your child to be taught its construction and literature; Madame, and Monsieur her husband are foreigners, and whatever they may know of their own tongue, they certainly are not sufficiently expert in yours to pretend to teach it. In regard to morals and manners you may have some American notions of your own, which you consider good principles, and with which you would like to have your child impressed; Madame and Monsieur are from Paris, and have brought with them from that lively place, doubtless, not only the lighter graces of life, but some of the less severe views of its duties.

Granting that Madame was a *Marquise* of the old *régime*, and Monsieur might be a Marshal of the new Empire, where is the proof that they are fit to educate your daughters? They may be both what they give themselves out to be, and yet not even competent to teach their own language, and much less yours. In regard to their specialty, which is supposed to be the French tongue, we have known favorite pupils turned out of their establishment, after a long course of five years—with the finishing touch of the sixth—who could not conjugate the verb *avoir*, and would be puzzled to purchase a pair of gloves in Paris without the aid of a courier. We believe it was one of Madame and Monsieur's most polished graduates who lately, on her wedding tour in Paris, undertook to make out a list of her husband's linen for the French washerwoman, and wrote "6 *she*mises." Her Benedict was something of a wag, and having caught a glimpse of the handiwork of his accomplished wife, wrote under it, "6 *he*mises," determined that if his shirts were to be deprived of their proper French appellation, at any rate they should not be robbed of their masculine gender.

Madame and Monsieur, whatever they may think of their own skill in imparting a knowledge of the French language, are sufficiently modest to delegate to others the duty of teaching the of-course-inferior English. They supply themselves, accordingly, with a corps of coadjutors, of whose competency Madame and Monsieur, being the employers, are, of course, the only authorized judges. Their judgment is very naturally influenced by the cost; and deciding that the cheapest will answer their mercenary purposes the best, they accordingly provide themselves with teachers of the various departments whose salaries shall not be so large as to interfere with Madame and Monsieur's prospects of profit. Good teaching can not be had without good pay; and it is not surprising that a very inferior article is the result of Madame and Monsieur's parsimonious calculations. They pay their teachers a price which would not secure for our common schools those capable merely of teaching the elements of education, and yet they are set to inculcating those higher branches of learning which make such an imposing array of *ologies* and *ographies* in the grand circular of the Grandelouves. Then don't be surprised if your daughters, after having gone through the whole circle of the sciences under such auspices, should be unable to add up a mantua-maker's bill, or write a servant's character without the aid of a dictionary.

We do not object, let it be well understood, to a full cultivation of the intellectual powers of woman. We do not hold, because she is said to belong to the weaker sex, that her intellect is capable of digesting nothing but the thinnest of literary slops. Though we do not believe that women should learn whatever men were taught, we do believe that there is a greater difference in their education than there should be. We do not desire, it is true, to see the petticoat flaunting in the pulpit—to hear the gentle voice of woman raised among the bickerings of the court, or the noisy disputations of the senate—and to have her delicacy blunted by the hardening experiences of the surgical shambles of a hospital—

> "——— in the dark, dissolving human heart,
> And holy secrets of this microcosm,
> Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest;"

yet there is no reason why women should be always kept with "nimble fingers and vacant understandings." If the necessities of some compel them to a constant routine of stitching, patching, and mantua-making, there are thousands of others who, in this land of female privilege, are under no obligation to do any thing but what they please. These are those who, having the leisure, should occupy it with storing their minds with something more to the serious purpose of life than the gossip about what Miss A does or Miss B wears. We need not discuss the question as to the equality or inequality of the capacity of the two sexes. It is enough for us to know that what woman knows falls far short of what she is able to learn. We need not worry ourselves with the fear that she will devote so much time to study that none will be left for household duty. We are not afraid that the philosophy of Lord Bacon will divert her from the cookery of Monsieur Soyer. We need not be anxious lest any acquired tastes for art should interfere with the instincts of nature. We do not think there is any danger of her falling so deeply in love with artistic beauty that she will be unmindful of her own, and the emotions and affections it engenders. We need not alarm ourselves about the possible increase of feminine learning seriously diminishing the census. We do not believe that there is any imminent prospect of the United States being depopulated by woman giving up to books what is meant for mankind, and becoming so philological as to cease to be philoprogenitive. Our beautiful women will never be content to remain in the cocoon condition of book-worms, when they can flutter forth in the light of social ob-

servation with all the brilliancy of butterflies. They will never lose their desire to please others, whatever may be their own delight in study, and they will be, as they have ever been, seeking admiration and finding it—provoking love and inflaming it — lying in wait for hearts and catching them — getting lovers and marrying husbands—and being wives, becoming mothers.

The danger is not that our women may become so learned as to cease to be practically useful, but rather that they may be so ignorant as to become positively useless. The proper cultivation of the feminine intellect will not only give the knowledge of duty, but the inducements to pursue it. It is the frivolousness of female life that is to be feared. It is the intellectual balance to regulate the wheels of caprice and the springs of emotion which is wanted in our women. This can only be acquired by good mental discipline, which we hardly need say but few of our fashionable schools supply. The very class which has the means and the leisure for high culture, and the social position to give due efficacy to example, is the one which is most at the mercy of incompetent teachers, and, being ill educated, is the least capable of guiding public opinion. Many a country girl, with only a few months of winter's discipline, in some remote forest schoolhouse, is superior in all the solid acquirements to the most finished pupils of the most fashionable metropolitan "institutions for young ladies." Parental solicitude, however, will not be satisfied unless Fashion gives a sanction to parental hopes. "We can afford it, and our daughters shall have every advantage," you will hear again and again, but what that advantage is none can tell. There is, however, a mysterious something in the pretensions of Fashion, to which, it seems, we must give up all, even our daughters. It is a sham, we know, and yet we build our hopes upon it. It is an untruth, we know, and yet we trust in it. It is neither what it seems, nor does it do what it says. Who will pretend to deny that fashionable female education is no education at all? Who does not know that the array of science and philosophy which is pretended to be taught is never learned? Take from your daughter one of those imposing text-books from which Madame Grandelouve has gathered her grand programme of study, so pretentiously displayed in the Grandelouve circulars, turn over the leaves and start an incident of history, a fact in science, or a principle in philosophy for conversation, and observe how your accomplished offspring sustains herself! If, however, distrustful of your own capacity for such a trial, you prefer a more elementary test, try her in the spelling-book or dictionary, and if she comes off creditably in the orthography of the one or the interpretation of the other you will have reason for some parental pride, in the possession of a Grandelouve pupil who knows something. History, science, and philosophy are noble studies, and we do not know of any reason why women should be deprived of their elevating influences. We have heard of great generals who could neither read nor write correctly, and the Duke of Marlborough, who was no less renowned as a gallant than as a warrior, was said to be under the necessity of keeping a secretary to indite his *billet-doux*. We have never heard, however, of even the humblest students of history, science, and philosophy, except those of our fashionable schools, who had not perfected themselves in the simple elements of learning.

We submitted the following catechism to a Grandelouve pupil who, as she informed us with a very decided expression of youthful consciousness of dignity, is only to have another quarter at school before she will be *finished*, and we received the accompanying answers. Modestly declining the severer philosophical, and complimentarily avoiding the purely elementary trial, we directed our examination to some of the topics of the day:

Question. "Where is Kansas?"

Answer. "Kansas? Oh! that's not in our Geography."

Question. "Where is Glasgow?"

Answer. "Oh, in Edinburgh, to be sure! the place where Miss Madeleine Smith poisoned her lover."

Question. "Where is India?"

Answer. "India? Why India is—let me think; I used to know—we studied that last year—but I've forgotten. We're in Ancient Geography now."

Question. "What's a thermometer?"

Answer. "A kind of glass instrument to tell how hot it is."

Question. "What's the boiling-point of water?"

Answer. "Oh, botheration! who can tell that? Ask the cook."

Question. "Who wrote the Waverley novels?"

Answer. "Mr. Waverley, to be sure!"

Such were pretty much the results of our questioning of a promising pupil of the Grandelouves. She is not apparently deficient in natural capacity. A bright eye and a lively expression of face show a quickness of apprehension equal to the acquisition of at least the elements of education. Notwithstanding her confused notion of the geographical relations of the various parts of the world, she is evidently not deficient in the phrenological bump of locality, for she can find her way to Stewart's, and through the ins and outs of that intricate establishment of fashion without a guide. Although we have well-founded doubts about her general arithmetic, her ignorance can come from no want of natural powers of calculation, for we know that she is equal to the computation of the numerous breadths necessary to swell her delicate girth to the fullness of fashionable requirement. We are justified in questioning her knowledge of geometry, though it is in the Grandelouve programme, and yet her deficiency can be owing to no original fault of eye for

proportion, for she can describe with unerring accuracy a hooped circle, and find its centre with the exact precision of a professor of mathematics.

No! the deficiencies in the education of our youthful misses can not be put down to any want of natural powers of understanding. The fault is to be attributed to the fashionable school, which is no school at all, but a mere sham, which, by some accident or other, gets a certain social sanction, under the cover of which the intellect of our young girls is starved upon the mere husks of learning, or fed unwholesomely upon the frivolities of life.

As we believe that nothing but the saddest experience of the worst of homes can justify the sending of young girls to the best of boarding-schools, we emphatically declare ourselves in favor of a domestic education. We would more especially object to the practice so prevalent throughout our country of tearing girls, just at the period of budding emotion, from the restraints of home, and sending them to the schools of our large cities, where they can not escape the unwholesome excitements and worse influences of metropolitan life. We have all read the fearful tragedy of the Glasgow poison case.

Miss Madeleine Hamilton Smith is the eldest daughter of Scotch parents, residing in Glasgow. They belong to the United Secession Church—the most rigid of the sects of Presbyterian Scotland. The severe domestic discipline, the religious training, the daily reading of the Bible, the morning and evening prayer, the well-kept Sabbath, the careful avoidance of all unhealthy social excitements, the rigid abstinence from public amusements, the strict watchfulness against the intrusion into the domestic circle of the doubtfully moral, the resolute parental will, and the uncompromising filial obedience, are supposed to be the characteristics of the family of Miss Smith, as of all the religious families of Scotland. The daughter, from her personal beauty, her natural quickness of intellect, and liveliness of disposition, becomes the pride of her parents, whose natural yearning for their first-born is strengthened by the brilliant promise of their child. "Every advantage" must, of course, be secured for so hopeful an offspring. Madeleine Smith, then, is accordingly sent to a boarding-school in London to "finish." She returns to her native city with all the fashionable metropolitan accomplishments, and with the self-assurance acquired in the publicity of London life and the unreserved freedom of promiscuous boarding-school fellowship. She can now by an artful coquetry give full effect to all her natural charms. She plays heedlessly with the social excitements of the hour. She finds a ready partner for the game in a young French coxcomb. Her parents become alarmed, and severely forbid the dangerous partnership. She feigns to submit, but continues the unlawful alliance. She now risks all—filial duty, social requirement, virtue—and loses all. Secret correspondence, stolen interviews, frenzied passion, satiated lust, a new caprice, disgust at the old and a struggle for freedom from its bonds, jealousy and resistance, despair and death, are the elements of the tragedy — more fearful in its natural horrors than any drama of passion ever wrought out in the hot imagination of poet or playwright.

We know the facts, and can draw our own inference. In connection with our subject, however, we may say that there are thoughtful men who hold the boarding-school system responsible for the tragedy. There can be little doubt that the prevalent practice of sending girls to schools away from home and those safeguards which God and nature have appointed is full of danger. The hired guardian of the distant establishment may have all the usual guarantees of virtue and judgment, and yet not be able to guard like a mother against the approach of vice. There are the chances of profligate teachers, corrupt servants, and vicious school-fellows; and there is the more certain and not less dangerous effect of the want of that feminine reserve and modest retirement which only belong to the seclusion of private domestic life.

However strict may be the discipline of a metropolitan boarding-school, it is impossible that its pupils can be entirely withdrawn from the morbid influences of a large city. Especially must this be the case when such institutions—as is generally the practice—receive, indiscriminately, all scholars that present themselves, from any family whatsoever able and willing to incur the expense. With the system of day-pupils, who mingle without restraint with those who are boarders, there can be no exclusion from the outside world. The tastes and habits, the follies and vices of this or that fashionable parent, are sure to affect the child, who conveys the poison to her companions. With this direct communication it is impossible to avoid the impure contagion of city life. And if we are to believe what we hear of boarding-school-girl coquetting, corresponding, rendezvousing, and secret maœuvring, we must conclude that the poison works as freely as it is received.

Parents, in fact, would not desire isolation from metropolitan influences, even if it were possible. Their purpose in sending their daughters to the large cities is that they may be directly exposed to such influences, and receive through them what they would term finish, but we believe to be corruption. It is true there is a certain air of what may be called style to be acquired by a residence in a large city and association with its "best society." The value of this, however, is very much overestimated; for after all, it is only a conventional standard of manners, dress, and conversation, which have been arbitrarily assumed by the few whose pretentious superiority prompts them to distinguish themselves from the many. Fashionable society is imposing, we grant, for it is sustained by all the profuse expenditure of prodigal wealth; it is attractive to the eye certainly, with its impressive circumstances of

grand houses, dashing equipages, and costly drapery of dress; it is seductive, no doubt, for it incites to pleasure by every luxurious appeal, the lordly leisure, the gay revel, and wanton enjoyment, to the gratification of sense; it gives, it must be confessed, to its *habitués* a bearing, if not of superiority, at least of distinction from the masses. The polish acquired, however, is ordinarily that which the material can receive only by being first hardened. When we see how, at any sacrifice of heart and intellect, parents will send their daughters to fashionable metropolitan schools for the professed purpose of obtaining this external polish of manners, we are reminded of the practice of swallowing arsenic, to beautify the complexion, by those aspiring beauties who, to remove a pimple, or to give a touch of artificial color, do not hesitate to destroy health and endanger life.

It is not only that girls brought up under the present system of fashionable female education are useless for all the serious duties of life, but there is something worse than this. Their want of intellectual culture and tastes gives them, in their emptiness, an eager hunger for the excitements, follies, and vices of the world; while their deficiency in strength of character, from the neglect of moral discipline, makes them ready victims to all unwholesome influences. Society has been anatomized of late with a bold hand, and its morbid structure and diseased products laid bare with a freedom of revelation that has, no doubt, startled many a timid looker-on. The origin of the disease, however, has escaped these anatomists, who would seem to have been so absorbed by the monstrous results of social perversion that they have not investigated the causes. The material greed of the age, with its inordinate love of wealth, its gross tastes for show, its drunken revel of excitement, and its debauchery of sense, may be attributed, in a great degree, to the want of those nobler objects of enjoyment which can only be supplied by a higher culture. To woman, more especially, must we look for aid to lift society from its low grovelings. She must first, however, be true to her angelic character, and plume her own wings for a loftier flight before she will have the power to raise the aspirations of others. It is to sound female education that we look for the elevation of woman's character. With this will come, as a necessary accompaniment, a sympathetic purity of sentiment and refinement of taste on the part of man. If you desire that the vanity, the grossness, and vice should be swept away, and society set in order with taste, grace, and innocence, you must take care that those who are to be the future guardians of the social household are possessed of the proper qualifications. These are certainly not to be acquired at Madame Grandelouve's, or any other fashionable school of which we are cognizant. Keep your daughters at home, then, we pray you. What they may learn less there will, intellectually, be no loss; and what they will acquire, morally, will be a great gain.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S LAST LOVE.

I.

I HAVE no faith in the idea that we mortals can love but once. Nature is not so stingy. Every one is liable to have as many loves, at least, as he has phases in life. That young man of twenty, whom I remember to have called myself, *alias* Jenkins, twenty years ago, was as different in love matters, as in all others, from the present writer, as twenty years hence, perhaps, will be the old man of sixty, calling himself (if he sees fit) by the same name.

It is one of the caprices of young gentlemen in their teens—and a very sensible caprice it is, too—to like women of mature years, women riper than themselves, married women even; and the liking, within proper limits, is apt to be reciprocated. For mere girls they have a kind of contempt, borrowed from the contempt they have for their late boyhood and what of it still lingers about them. They have that greenest of all horrors, the horror of being thought green; they stroke their chins impatiently in search of the much-coveted beard, and as soon as its first down appears—that soft, delicious, prophetic fuzz—they purchase a razor, hoist up their collars, proclaim themselves men, and fall in love with women of thirty.

Is *this* the first and only love about which we hear so much? Judging from my own experience, which was like that of most others, I should incline to hope not. The seraphic being upon whom I laid out *my* rising affections (Miss Anna Condor) was an old maid of thirty-five, who coiled herself about my heart, like the cunning serpent that she was, and then unreeled herself, at a day's notice, to encircle and wed a rich widower of fifty (Squire Lemon), whom she squeezed to death in less than six months, and from whom she inherited a widow's "pile" of half a million. And yet I loved her dearly, and gave her the "firstlings of my heart!"

Others may have been more fortunate in their first love, but few are disposed to immortalize it.

An old friend of mine, now at Saratoga spending his fourth honeymoon, declares that the intensity of his love has increased in every instance in "arithmetical proportion" (whatever that is, and I believe it is something tremendous), each of his wives seeming to him so much more lovely than her immediate predecessor, who was nevertheless, in her day, the paragon of women, that he wondered how he could ever have dreamed of any body else. But if this is so, what becomes of our theories of first love?

Now I have not only to confess my heresies on this subject to the reader, who is proverbially "indulgent," but am dreading the day when I must make a clean breast of them to Clara Vernon, which will be a much more formidable matter—the said Clara being my last love. How shall I have the courage to declare my passion to her—if passion it is—seeing that she

will at once curl up her pretty lips (I think pretty lips may always be assumed), and ask me impertinently whether I am making my thirtieth or fortieth declaration, to which I must needs reply—though I have kept no tally—that it is at least my twentieth. Imagine the face she will make up!

But if I don't look out some young gallant will get the start of me, and be at her feet with his first declaration, which will be as agreeable to her as the first rose of summer. Well, whoever he is, I hope that she will accept him, for if he doesn't sicken her of first love in less than a fortnight, she is not the dear flirt I take her for. He is sure to be some man who has met her at a ball, and who has danced with her all the evening without once losing step or treading on her dress. As for me, I never danced with her but once, and then I lost not only my step but my footing, and brought her with me to the floor. But a man may be a very good partner for a dance, and yet a very sorry one for life, which is a trifle more serious than a cotillion or even a polka, as I shall take the liberty, in some disinterested moment, of telling her. And yet what does she care about that now? "The world," said she to me the other evening, "is too serious by half. *Nature* is not so terribly glum. She is on the broad grin half the time, and laughs even through her tears. Look at the stars up yonder, winking at each other for very fun all the night long, and laughing at the sober-faced moon."

Still, Clara is more serious than she chooses to appear. It is not always, nor generally, the persons of the most solemn exterior who are the most serious; solemnity is often a mask for stupidity. Clara's jubilant face is honest enough, but it reflects only the surface of her nature. I don't know that she can be called thoughtful, for thoughtfulness implies deliberate and sustained mental action, whereas the movement of her mind, like that of her body, is unpremeditate. She never reasons, and it would seem, therefore, never thinks; but she has that kind of instinct which may be called spontaneous reason, and which dives straight into the heart of things at once. Moreover, she has such a lively imagination that her mind appears to be all of a blaze, except in certain emergencies, when the fire suddenly goes out, leaving her brain, as it were, in a white heat. Such natures are always extremely sensitive, and, gay as they appear, feel and suffer very keenly.

Clara is not a very complete type of this character, for she inherits a certain amount of common sense from her father (a shrewd business man, with a profound knowledge of the surface of things), which tempers her character and, to my seeming, derogates not a little from its beauty; for, if there is a person less interesting to me than any other, it is what is called a practical, common-sense woman—a woman "with no nonsense about her." Of this sort is Clara's friend, Sally Maunder; a very square and proper person, square-headed, square-faced, square-footed, her head set squarely on her body, and her heart squarely and securely in its place; a prim, prudish person, adhering to all known laws; eating, drinking, dressing, dancing, talking by rule; keeping a diary of all her acts, and a tally of all her expenses; owing no man, eying no man; reading no books not recommended by her preceptors, and playing the whole game of life according to Hoyle.

But it is not of Miss Maunder I wish to speak, but Miss Vernon, who, by-the-way, strangely enough, insists that her friend is the very counterpart of myself, and wonders I don't fall in love with her at once. Sally Maunder my counterpart! Not bad, that.

But it is time to say a word about Clara's *personnel*, or, in plain English, about her looks. (Thus far I have not even stated her age, which may as well be put down at once at seventeen, the old bachelor's ideal.) I confess that, to the ordinary eye, she might seem a very ordinary girl, and she is not an angel even to mine. In fact, I don't believe in angels; the few creatures of that sort I have met with in novels and plays (they are never met with elsewhere) were not at all to my taste. I may be foolish enough to call Clara by some celestial title, and to attribute to her sundry celestial qualities when the time comes for filing my declaration, but meanwhile I find her a vain, restless, fickle, capricious, sinful mortal (as sin goes), having a pair of very wicked gray eyes, set in a low, though decidedly unclassical forehead, which retreats behind a tangled mass of straw-colored hair, straggling over her cranium like a species of wild vine. She is too short and slight for her form to be called elegant, and, but for a smallish hand and foot, a haughty little mouth, and a perfect gem of a neck, I am not sure that her person would excite the least attention. But I confess that, until this moment, I never attempted to analyze her charms, and I have a feeling that the work is an indelicate one, something like dissection. Think, for example, of examining her teeth like a dentist, especially as, now I think of it, they happen, like a certain improper kind of verb, to be both irregular and defective, and to be as unlike pearls as her pale lips are unlike rubies, and her freckled bulb of a forehead unlike alabaster. How should I like to be taken to pieces in this way, as if I were a manikin, and held up before the public? A lady of enormous proboscis asked me, a few evenings since, if I didn't think Clara Vernon had a pug nose. I was rude enough to reply, "No more, madam, than you have a trunk." The idea of a large nose smelling out a small one, and pouncing upon it because of its size! It was like a big boy picking upon a little one. And then Clara's nose, though diminutive, and coming to rather an abrupt conclusion, is by no means a pug, as any man of reasonable nasal proportions would perceive in a moment; besides, its delicate flexile little nostrils are beautiful enough to atone for any kind of a nose except a Roman one, which is bad enough

on a man, but on a woman is worse than a wen.

Let me add, in the way of description, that Clara has that rarest of charms, a small and well-formed ear—two of them, in fact—which I would as soon kiss (rather, sometimes, on account of whispering privileges) as her defiant lips.

One word now about her movement, and I have done. It can not be called dignified, for it is too spontaneous, too impetuous; but it must be graceful, for as I see her flitting about—lighting, in the course of ten minutes, upon every chair, sofa, lounge, divan, *brioche*, footstool, in the room—she always reminds me of a bird—a bird just escaped from a cage and in no hurry to go back to it, though having half a mind to (a whole mind to, if *dared*), were it only for the deviltry of the thing.

Now if the reader can't understand, after this, why I am in love with Clara Vernon, and why the one rash aim of my life is to possess her, the fault is not mine. But I can seem to hear some veteran spinster exclaim, "Well, Sir, though I don't think much of your belle, after all, and fancy she would run you a pretty rig (and serve you right) if you should happen to get her, still I should like to know by what right you, a confirmed old bachelor of forty, lay siege to a young heart of seventeen. I wonder how many other women you have been after, how many mittens there are in your wardrobe," etc., etc.

Now, my dear critic, listen!

A venerable aunt of mine, now haply defunct, and, it is to be hoped, in Paradise, used to say, in the decline of her life, that "nobody was old but the devil;" and I hold (and have held for some years) to the same opinion. Genius, good-nature, wit, worth, etc., are always young like the stars; with these no one is old, and without them youth is not worth having. Now, what a girl like Clara wants in the way of a husband—and of course she wants something in that way—is a man possessing these qualities, and whose mind and heart are fresh enough to understand and appreciate hers; and since I am about the only man of her acquaintance who, in her estimation (and she is the only competent judge in the matter), does possess them, why should I not labor to convince her—as I have already, without labor, convinced myself—that they are the qualities which should decide her choice? A regular old bachelor's question, I admit, but how are you going to answer it?

II.

The above was written more than a year ago. The last line of it was hardly dry when I received the following note, which speaks for itself:

"My dear Friend,—A little bird flew in my window last night, and whispered to me that you and I had frolicked together long enough. Mamma says 'it's a shame;' and Sally Maunder, the cold-hearted thing (and yet how good she is!), says I ought to ask you to 'explain your intentions.' Now the idea of your having any intentions struck me as so absurd that I laughed in her face. But finally, after a long talk, and especially after the visit of that little bird—which must have been a mocking-bird, for it repeated all that mamma and Sally had said, and a great deal more—I concluded to drop you a line, and tell you just what people said about us. The fact is, they call me a coquette, and you a flirt, and say that the way we go on together is ridiculous. In reply, I tell them that ever since that funny love affair of yours with Miss Condor (Anna, I think, her name was), you had been a kind of a woman-hater, and that you took notice of me only because I was a mere bit of a girl, who never had a serious thought in her life. Now, my dear O. B. [short for Old Bachelor], they tell me this is all nonsense, and that hereafter we mustn't be so intimate together.

"I couldn't bear to tell you this to your face, so I thought I would write you a little note about it, that you might not misconstrue any change in my demeanor. In my heart there is no change, for I still think you the best *friend* I have in the world, and can never thank you enough for all your kindness to me.

"I am half ashamed to think I have paid any attention to the gossip of old maids and busybodies; but mamma says that as long as we live in the world we must conform to its ways, and I suppose she is right—though what a stupid world it is after all!

"Yours as ever,

"Clara.

"N.B.—Don't fail to come in this evening as usual; Miss Maunder and Mr. Linton will be here, and we'll have a good game of whist. If you don't come I shall have to play 'dummy.'"

Now what could be said to such a note as this? I wrote no less than six different answers: one pathetic, another remonstrative, a third humorous, a fourth argumentative—and finally tore them all up in disgust. Jealousy took possession of me, and made me believe a rumor that Clara was engaged to Mr. Harry Linton (a briefless young lawyer imported from Wall Street by her father), and that *that* was the secret of the whole affair. As for Miss Maunder, I wished she would mind her own business, and was half disposed to tell her so. What business was it to her whether I had any "intentions" or not? But what was I to do in the matter—give up the ship? "Never!" said I. "Suppose I send her a formal declaration, and try to reason her into accepting me!" I did so, though not for any number of dollars *per* column would I consent to have that stupidest of documents printed. It was a *chef-d'œuvre* of inanity; and I received in return the most affectionate of notes, in which Clara took all the blame of my delusion and disappointment upon herself, assured me of her sisterly regard, begged of me to continue my visits as before, hinted that I could do much better than

marry such a volatile young minx as herself, recommended me to her sex generally as the best and most considerate of men, and in fact sent me exactly the kind of instrument for such cases made and provided.

III.

How nicely that "old, common arbitrator, Time," settles the most difficult of questions!

Within six months after the date of the above note I found a portentous piece of pasteboard on my table, announcing to me in the most official and unquestionable manner Clara's intended marriage with a young Methodist clergyman, from Damariscotta, Lincoln County, Maine, and inviting me to the wedding. Clara Vernon to be married to a down-east parson! "Good for the cloth!" said I; "three cheers for the Yankees!" and the fun of the thing had such an effect upon me that I, too, became preposterous, and in less than six weeks (forgetting my horror of practical, common-sense women) was married in the squarest sort of manner to my square-built, square-minded, square-rigged friend, Miss Sally Maunder, who is at this moment at my elbow, asking me how it is that I can't or won't learn to dot my *i*'s and cross my *t*'s.

THE BRONZE GAITERS; OR, "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

MRS. BRACEGIRDLE lingered a moment with her left hand upon the door-knob, and with the thumb and forefinger of the other twisted and untwisted her apron-string in a little, hesitating way she had when she wished to say something. She had just come in at my summons, to receive the quarterly rent for my room. I am a young "*medécin*," as the French very appropriately and significantly term physicians, and being *then* a single man I hired a front parlor of good Mrs. Bracegirdle, the remainder of whose *very* genteel house was occupied by her "bread and meat boarders," as she termed her boarders who took their usual meals at her table, by way of distinguishing them from mere room occupants like myself.

I had taken this parlor for my office, because it was pleasantly situated and just suited me and my profession—being on Bleecker Street, and on that precise portion thereof east of Broadway where physicians seem most to congregate. In New York certain streets seem to be relinquished to certain professions, as tragic Bond Street to dental gentlemen and Bleecker (East) to medical men. Whether so many doctors have got together there because "misery loves company," or because in the "multitude of counselors there is safety," I know not. The fact only is clear. In old times a young physician would have set up his "shingle" in a vicinage far from any other; but an opposite policy seems now pursued, perhaps on the principle that one in a flock of birds is more likely to be hit than one flying alone.

But leaving this matter for the discussion of others, I merely state that I had been Mrs. Bracegirdle's lodger and tenant for a year and three months, and never "had a word" with her save in the kindliest manner and tone. As I never was in arrears, and always cheerfully prescribed for her rheumatics without charge, I was a favorite.

"Well, Mrs. Bracegirdle, have you any thing to say?"

Her eyes surveyed deliberately and admiringly my handsomely-furnished room, with its handsome curtains, elegant bookcases, rich sofa and chairs, and showy carpet, before she replied, and then, with a pleasant smile and a knowing nod, she said,

"I do wonder, Doctor, you don't get married! Such a nice room, and you could have the one above it for a sleeping-room, and I could, you know, if you liked, let you have your meals private like, letting your office-boy, Tim, the lazy rogue, with nothing to do but play marbles and chalk up my sidewalk, to set, and wait on, and clear off table! I *do* wonder you are content to live alone, and such a pleasant-spoken gentleman, and so quiet and respectable, for a young doctor, in your habits, all calculated to make a wife happy! It's a pity such nice furniture and such a nice room should be thrown away so!"

Mrs. Bracegirdle was handsome, not over forty-one, a widow, and (so said Rumor) had laid up not less than nine hundred dollars in the savings-bank, with the "good-will" of a popular boarding-house. These facts forced themselves upon my mind, and I looked now at my hostess to see if she was trying to lay a snare for me. It is true she had on a shade smarter cap than usual, and looked unusually attractive; but when I reflected that she had regarded me always more with a motherly feeling than a "young widowish" one, I dismissed the unworthy suspicion from my thoughts and said, smilingly,

"And where shall I get a wife, dear madam?"

"Bless me! a handsome young man, with such white teeth (Mrs. Bracegirdle had splendid teeth!), a horse and buggy, a good practice, and some money of his own, to ask where he shall find a wife! There's fifty ladies would jump to get such a chance!"

"You flatter me, my dear friend," I answered, secretly rejoicing in the flattery, as all we vain bipeds do, albeit we profess not to be taken with it. "A wife is a dangerous risk! One must change one's habits if one marries! I should lose my independence! I can now do as I please—smoke, lounge, wear my slippers, go in and out as I wish, sit on three chairs, and a table too, if I take a notion to spread myself; and if I lay any thing down I know where to find it! Why, if it makes me nervous to see your Betsey, the chambermaid, come in my room with that duster of an old, torn silk handkerchief, lest she should do mischief, what would become of me with a wife who would put "every thing in order," not understanding that

there exists a certain systematic arrangement perceptible to my own eye in all this chaos? If my pipe lies on an open book, it is to mark a reference; if my shoe is on my bed, there is probably under it, for safe keeping, a specimen of a newly-discovered beetle-bug; if a half brick is on my writing-desk, I put it there to keep the papers from being blown away. But you know my habits, Mrs. Bracegirdle!"

"Yes, Doctor, and that is the reason you ought to be married; for your words show you are selfish, and there is no cure for it but a wife," she said, with emphasis.

"Yes, I have no doubt a wife would quite put me out of conceit of myself," I answered, with a half-sneer. "But to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bracegirdle, I have a great desire to be married, but I am the most difficult person to suit. My wife must be perfection. I can't bear ugliness, and a bad feature in a woman I can never forgive."

"As if, poor woman, it was her fault!" answered Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"That is not the point. A woman, to fix my attention, must be without fault," I said, firmly. "She must be as beautiful as Eve doubtless was in the beginning, as intelligent as—as—let me see!—as Lady Jane Grey, as songful as Jenny Lind, as beautiful as Cleopatra, as pious as the three Marys, as benevolent as Florence Nightingale, as—as—"

"Rich as Kreesus!" ventured Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"No," said I, laughing, "I don't care a fig for money. I want beauty and goodness, loveliness of face and symmetry of figure; but"—and here I spoke with positiveness and decision—"but above all, she must have a little foot."

Mrs. Bracegirdle slyly withdrew her plump foot (No. 5's) out of sight within the mysterious periphery of her black silk.

"A pretty foot!"

"*Two* of them, Mrs. Bracegirdle. "A pair of pretty feet! I could not love Venus herself if she had a big foot! It is impossible but that a perfectly beautiful woman will have small and pretty feet. I am willing to choose a wife by her foot, for I accept in this case the aphorism that 'All's well that ends well.'"

Mrs. Bracegirdle, after taking half a minute to think upon it, was vastly pleased with this quotation used in such a relation, and laughed heartily.

"Well, well, Doctor, you are a droll gentleman, to be sure! You have such a pleasant temper, you'd make any woman happy. But there's the bell! Good-morning, Doctor!"

"Good-morning, Mrs. Bracegirdle," I said; and as she closed the door, I added, *sub voce*, "If I thought I could make any woman happy, I would try and find some one among the sex to make me happy! But this marrying—it is a lottery! A man might as safely draw from a wheel into which all the pretty and virtuous women's names in New York, written on slips of paper, had been poured, as draw from them met by chance at a party, at church, or in the street! If it is my destiny to be married, the right pair of pretty feet will by-and-by catch my eye tripping along, and challenge me!"

Thus soliloquizing, I took my seat by my window in a huge leathern-back arm-chair, and drawing a match across the sole of my boot, I lighted a cigar, and gave myself up to reflection and inspection of the passers-by.

"Mrs. Bracegirdle is right," I ejaculated, at the end of ten minutes; "she is, undoubtedly, quite right—I ought to take a wife. But whose wife shall I take?—as young Sheridan asked his father."

As the clouds of azure smoke curled above my head I conjured up, peeping out of each curl, the face of some dozen fair girls I had known or still knew. As their features blended with the wreaths, and passed in review before the eyes of my retrospection, I deliberately rejected each—passing judgment upon them as they ascended and melted into thin air beneath the ceiling of my room. One had a nose too blunt, another a nose *retroussé* so far as to turn up; a third was too tall; a fourth had too large a foot; a fifth had bad teeth; a sixth laughed too much; a seventh talked too loud; an eighth had big knuckles; a ninth had hair on her lip; a tenth—a sweet girl—couldn't bear the smell of asafœtida, and of course was out of the question for a doctor's wife; an eleventh had a bad breath; and the twelfth wore spectacles — my abomination in a young girl!

These feminine faces all ascended above my head, and disappeared slowly into thin air—evaporated with the smoke which had reproduced them. Yet somehow a sweet face seemed to linger in the blue cloud that curled from the fiery end of my cigar. Her blue eyes, her pleasant smile, her graceful head and shoulders, her exquisite hands and incomparable feet—all were once more visible to me as I had before seen them, and almost fallen in love with their possessor. But alas! she was my cousin, and I had been informed by Fanny's Puritan mother that it was a mortal sin to marry cousins, for the Bible said so. So I let this sweet face also melt away toward the ceiling (an ascending angel!), and sighed, half resolving to turn Roman Catholic, that I might get a "dispensation" from the Pope "to marry cousins." But her mother and the Bible, how could I go against both? So I saw the features of my fair and merry cousin fade away with sorrow.

"Not one of these will do," I said, shaking my head, and also shaking the ashes off my cigar. I then carelessly glanced out of my window, preparatory to reviewing another dozen of my marrying acquaintances. At the instant a lovely girl was going by on the opposite side of the street. I recognized her at once as a mysterious and graceful girl who had often passed my window. I had never seen her face, as it was concealed. How, then, did I know she is lovely? you ask. Because her feet were the

most captivating little members my critical eyes ever rested upon. Such feet could belong only to a lovely body, and a lovely body, to match in symmetry the faultless feet, must be crowned by a superb and lovely head and face. From such cogent argumentation there can clearly be no appeal. I had often pointed her out to some of my friends, and more than once said I would be willing to marry her without seeing her face.

The fair promenader now made use of her little feet with exquisite daintiness. Their sweet movements realized fully old Sir John Suckling's admirable lines:

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, peeped in and out."

The first day, two months before that I saw them, I was at once taken captive. "I at length," said I to Harry Hamilton my friend, "behold the beau-ideal of my imagination. The perfect foot which I have in vain looked for in the Medician Venus, in Powers's Greek Slave, in every work of art illustrating feminine beauty, is now found!"

It was gaitered in a close-fitting golden bronze boot with neat heels like little walnuts, and as she walked I heard their nut-like "tap-tap" upon the *pave*. As she now came opposite my window she slightly (the least perceptible motion in the world) elevated her skirts to escape possible contact with a patch of coal-dust which Dr. Bung, my *vis-a-vis* friend and rival, had carelessly permitted to remain after getting down his coal! Such an ankle of grace and beauty was never beheld! They were fit mates to the twinkling feet. As I gazed enchanted, the fair promenader, whose form was slight, symmetrical, and graceful as became such lovely feet, turned a corner and vanished!

I am not usually an impulsive man. My uncle, who was a physician, had told me that impulse and excitability were fatal to the success of a doctor of medicine; that I ought to cultivate calmness, imperturbability, and cool self-possession.

"Gravity and dignity, slowness of gait and deliberation in opinion, are the highest qualifications in a medical man," he used often to say.

I therefore, at my present age, eight-and-twenty, was quite a Galen for gravity and decorum of visage and manner. But I must confess that upon losing sight of the fair possessor of the beautiful feet I sprung from my arm-chair, tossed my cigar into the grate, seized my hat and stick (a gold-headed, doctor-like cane, with my name, "Doctor J. V. S. Dodwell, Jr., M.D.," in full length thereon), and rushed into the hall and made for the street door, resolved I would this time follow her to the world's end but that I discovered who she was! Mrs. Bracegirdle was standing in it, chaffering with a woman for fruit of some sort. As I crowded past her she looked at me with amazement, and cried out in alarm,

"Who is hurt? what is it, Doctor? Is any body run over?"

"No, I am after my wife!" I answered; and leaving her mystified, I pursued at a rapid step the course taken by the twinkling golden bronzes. Upon turning the corner I met her full in the face, returning, as if she had taken the wrong street. I was so taken aback—to use a sea term—that I stopped perfectly still, confounded at the rencontre, and she glided past me without even glancing at me, slightly deviating to pass by me as she would have done by a barrel that stood in her path. Her face was concealed by a brown vail, worn, as the fashion of young girls is, double over the face, though for the life of me how they can see to walk so blindfolded is a mystery! After she had passed me I recovered my self-possession which this unprepared-for encounter had in a measure deprived me of, and turned to follow her, resolved that I would never lose sight of her until I knew where she abode, which ascertaining, I determined to take steps to become acquainted with her.

Instead of continuing along Bleecker Street she crossed it, and seemed to be looking for some number. She slowly read the signs on the doctors' window-shutters (if read she could, through her thick barège mask), and, passing on, I saw her linger an instant to glance at the name on *my* window-blind, and then lightly trip up the steps and ring the bell—not Mrs. Bracegirdle's, but *mine!*

I do not know whether surprise or delight the most predominated in my emotions at this. My boy Tim, a red-headed little mulatto, opened the door, and was about to say I was out, when, catching a glimpse of me, he said, loud enough for me to hear,

"He's coming, ma'am! walk in!"

The golden gaiters disappeared lightly in the hall, and I followed with a palpitating heart!

It is not often I receive patients in my room, and never ladies; and the condition of my apartment with all its confusion, cigar-boxes, old hats, empty vials, and chaos generally, rushed upon my thoughts, and I hesitated whether I should go boldly in and "take the responsibility of all," or quietly withdraw and keep out of my visitor's way. But curiosity to know why I was thus honored overcame this hesitancy, and I entered the hall. Mrs. Bracegirdle was just ending a peep through the ajar door into my office at the lady. I saw her look a little rosy as she said, in a sort of apologetic way,

"I thought you'd gone out, Doctor! There is a young lady in your room!"

"I saw some one come in, and returned," I said, with dignity; as if it were nothing to me were the lady old or young.

Upon entering my office the visitor arose, for Tim had invited her to take a chair, and said, in a charmingly-modulated voice, interrogatively,

"Doctor Dodwell?"

"Yes, Miss. Please keep your seat," I said, with my Sunday bow, and my softest, fee-re-

ceiving smile, which, I believe, is ever my blandest.

I glanced to catch another look at the Cinderella boots, but "the mice" were now nestled out of sight; so I tried to catch a glimpse of her face, but the double vail still concealed it like an iron mask.

For the benefit of my female readers I will describe her dress, premising that it was the month of September—near its close. In height she was about that of the Venus of Canova, which is five feet two inches—Beauty's standard. Her form was slightly but elegantly moulded, in just and poetical proportions with her "beautifully less" stature. Nothing in symmetrical grace could surpass the beauty of her neck, the lovely fall of her shoulders, the moulded roundness of her arms, which, betrayed by her sleeve, exposed itself at the wrist, adorned by a simple gold band for bracelet. Her hands were just like those elegant tapering-fingered affairs which we have presented to us every month in the pictures of the ladies who illustrate "the Fashions." They were nicely fitted by a pair of claret-colored gloves with gauntleted wrist-guards. She wore an open-work straw, which was trimmed with flowers of some sort, and straw, and buds, and claret-colored and lemon ribbons, and lace (I was never a hand to describe the bewildering graces of a lady's costume), all mingled together in bewitching confusion, producing a *tout ensemble* that would, without doubt, have set off the beauty of her face in the most charming manner, provided her face could have been seen, but *that* vail, falling from the front, destroyed all possible effect. Her dress was a greenish brown and claret plaid silk, very rich, and all flounced and hooped, and superb in its breadth; and over her shoulders she wore a handsome coral-colored merino shawl, with a border of needle-work in the most expensive style. In one hand she held a claret-colored wrought bag, with a cambric kerchief, elegantly embroidered, peeping out, half revealing a name, neatly enwreathed, of which I detected the letters, "Annie W....." In her other hand she held a claret-colored parasol, closed. Altogether she was very fashionably and elegantly attired, and with the most exquisite taste.

"Yes, Miss, I am Doctor Dodwell. Can I be of any service to you?" I asked, trying to recall my uncle's instructions about dignity, coolness, and perfect self-possession. Without doubt I was a little fluttered. There seemed a sort of destiny in her entering my office, and I could not dismiss from my mind the idea that more would yet come of it than now appeared on the surface.

"I am very desirous of seeing you, Sir, on some private matters," she said, in a voice like a flute—soft, tremulous, and rich. "Are we alone?"

I wondered whether it could possibly be a professional visit. She seemed the incarnation of health and beauty; for that voice was in perfect tune—and the medical man knows that any quickening or depression of the pulse by incipient illness is at once apparent in the voice. "But perhaps she comes for others," I said to myself, and then aloud, "We are quite alone."

I felt my heart flutter as I said this, and walked to the door to see if Mrs. Bracegirdle by chance might be at hand. My suspicions were verified—I found her very tidily gathering up shreds and smoothing my door-mat—that is all. I would not on oath say she was listening. Mrs. Bracegirdle was, I am sure, above this weakness of her sex. Nevertheless I resolved to close my door, which I had modestly left ajar as I entered. Mrs. Bracegirdle caught my eye, and looked a little queer out of hers.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," I said to her, with gravity becoming my great uncle himself; and not waiting to translate for her, as I usually did my Latin labels, I entered my room, and shutting my door, advanced to my visitor. She was reseated, and both of her exquisite little bronzed boots were just visible, sweetly nestled one upon the other.

"You will, no doubt, think me very bold, Sir, but I have called to ask you to prescribe for me!"

"Indeed, Miss! Then it is a professional visit?"

"Unquestionably," with dignity and ease.

This coolness quite put all my philosophy out of my brain.

"Pray may I ask what is your disease?"

"Of the heart, Sir."

I almost bounded two steps backward, I was so taken by surprise.

"Of the heart?"

"Yes, Sir. I am in love. I am told that love proceeds from causes over which medical men have control."

I felt very doltish, and was for a moment dumbfoundered. Was this young beauty quizzing me? Impossible! I was too grave and dignified and self-possessed a person for that. I then recollected I had heard of persons dying of love, of hearts being broken, and all that.

"Pray explain, madam. How can I help you?"

"You had best feel my pulse, Sir. It is not for me to describe my disease. I came to consult your skill, and put myself under your hands for a perfect cure."

"Bless my soul! Indeed, Miss?"

"Yes, Sir." And as she spoke she removed her glove, displaying a charming hand and wrist, and extended the pretty member toward me. As I delicately clasped it with thumb and finger I felt all sorts of emotions. I never experienced such sensations in touching a patient's hand before. In order not to let her arm fall to the ground, I was under the necessity of supporting the warm, soft little hand in my own. It felt like a young, warm robin-redbreast, and it palpitated for all the world just like a little timid turtle-dove. To this day I have not the least idea how many times her pulse beat in a minute. I had lost my presence

of mind so completely that I forgot to take out my watch to time it. I think, though, I must have held that little hand full five minutes, pretending to feel the pulse, and all the while reveling in the delightful possession. I only wished it had been her little foot! But doctors don't usually feel for pulses in a lady's foot, however beautiful and small.

Slowly she withdrew her hand, seeing I retained it longer than was necessary, but not as if displeased.

"I know of no cure," I said, smiling, "but to prescribe the young gentleman."

I heard a merry laugh behind the vail, and it set me quite at my ease.

"Then, Sir, I must take you!"

"Take me!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Doctor. I am in love with you, and have been for a long time."

"Impossible, Madam!"

"It is true."

"Why, I do not know you!"

"Yet I have often seen you. My heart is yours. You alone can heal the wound you have caused!"

I was confounded. I feared I was the victim of a quiz. I was perplexed what to say or how to act. The mystery of it all piqued my curiosity, while my heart and imagination were both ensnared and made captive by the invisible beauty; for beautiful in face I knew she must be! And in love with me! Who could she be? And I rose many degrees in my own self-esteem at the idea of being fallen in love with and by the owner of such pretty feet!

"Will you tell me who you are, or remove your vail?"

"Not now, I have heard that you have repeatedly said you would marry me for the beautiful smallness of my feet, and not ask to see my face!"

I was confounded! What she said was true! I had said so to Hamilton, and half a dozen others! Had they sent her hither to challenge me to keep my word! It could not be that one so lovely and lady-like could be a party to such a scheme! Yet how did she know that I had said so! Perhaps some one I have told knows her, and told her; and she is really in love with me!

These and other thoughts ran rapidly through my mind. She seemed to await my decision. Suddenly I clasped her hand, and said, earnestly,

"Will you marry *me?*"

"Yes."

"But you don't know me?"

"Well enough to know you would make me happy!"

"The very words of Mrs. Bracegirdle," I said to myself. "Now if I commit myself, and she proves as ugly as sin! But that is impossible! She *must* be beautiful! I have full faith in her pretty feet. What I have said, since she has come to me on the faith of it, I will abide by! I shall be sure to have a beautiful wife! But—"

"Am I to hope that you will redeem your promise, Sir?" said the sweet voice, the tones of which thrilled through and through my heart. I was captivated by the voice and feet too.

"Yes," I said, boldly, "on one condition."

"Name it, Sir!" she said, quietly.

"That you unvail!"

"No. I mean you shall take me on your own theory of beauty. If you will run the risk, there is my hand!"

And she extended that bewitching little hand which I had held in my palm like a palpitating and fluttering bird. I grasped it, pressed it, pressed it to my lips, and, moved by a sort of fascination, I answered,

"I *will* marry you, that is—if—if you can show me evidence of your respectability—of your position! Pardon me, but you know that—"

"I perfectly comprehend you. Expecting this demand, I am prepared to meet it;" and opening her reticule she handed me a note. It was from my uncle the M.D. There was no mistaking nor forging his oddly-shaped handwriting. It read as follows:

"DEAR JACK,—The bearer is every way your equal. If you marry her, you will not compromise yourself."

"So, then, my uncle is in this affair," I said, laughing. "My friends mean I shall put my theories into practice. I will marry you!" I said, desperately, and almost fearing she would change her mind.

"Let us exchange rings in mutual pledge," she said, behind that horrid vail.

The exchange was made, and I then said,

"Will you now let me seal my promise on your fair lips."

"Yes;" and she removed slowly her vail, and I started back with horror. Never before had man beheld so ugly a face! I felt as if I should fall through the floor. I fairly staggered with the shock not only to my nerves but to my theory. "Who in Heaven's name are you?" A loud and mirthful and triumphant laugh from behind caused me to turn round, and in the wide open folding doors I beheld my uncle, my fond Harry Hamilton, and my Puritan aunt, and half a dozen of my friends and relatives, who seemed beside themselves with joy.

I stood amazed. I saw I had been victimized! I regarded the stranger before me with anger as the chief party to a conspiracy against me, when suddenly I saw the ugly visage, which was an admirably-fitting mask, fall to the ground, revealing the lovely, beautiful, laughing, charming, mischievous face of my fair cousin!

When the uproarious excitement had a little subsided, and every body had laughed at me as much as they could, I clasped the bewitching Fanny, my cousin (her name was Frances Annie), in my arms and cried,

"Let him laugh, my friends, who wins! But," I added, with a look of doubt, "what about the Bible and your mother, cousin?"

"Here is mother, let her speak for herself," said Fanny, smiling, and looking more beautiful (the pretty-footed witch!) than I ever saw

her in my life! Confound that clever mask! how thoroughly it deceived me!

"Why, I have found that it is not *in* the Bible, only in the last part, put in by nobody knows who, that cousins sha'n't marry," said her mother; "and only in the old English Bibles; so when I saw how it was, and that Fanny loved you, and you would have married her if you dared, I gave my consent; and to please your uncle and some others we got up this little deception; and Mrs. Bracegirdle, being let into the secret three days ago, let us in by the side door into the parlor."

"Yes, Doctor, I couldn't refuse 'em, so I unlocked the folding-doors and slipped out the keys. You know I asked you this morning if you hadn't better take a wife!"

The result of this innocent conspiracy of my relatives, heartily seconded by Fanny, who knew I had loved her from boyhood, was that I got the best little and most beautiful wife in the world, choosing her, after all, by her pretty feet; and so establishing my favorite theory, that (confound that ugly-visaged mask, it well-nigh killed me on the spot!) a pair of pretty feet can belong only to a lovely face and person, on the principle that

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE failure of the attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is the most noteworthy event of the month. It had been intended to commence the operation on the 3d of August—just 365 years from the day on which Columbus set sail from Palos on his voyage in search of the New World. But owing to a slight accident in landing the cable, the sailing of the expedition was delayed until the evening of the 7th. Up to this time every thing had gone on in the most satisfactory manner; the electric current had been passed through the whole length of the cable, and experiments had removed all doubt that any obstacle would arise from the submersion of the wire. Early on the morning of the 10th, the water began very suddenly to grow deeper. In the course of eight miles its depth increased from 550 to 1750 fathoms; and soon after it reached 2000 fathoms. This occasioned an additional strain upon the cable, causing it to run out with a speed greater than that of the vessel. The retarding force of the breaks was accordingly increased to prevent the too rapid paying out of the cable, which still, however, continued to run out much faster than the vessel advanced. At this time there was a strong wind and a heavy sea. At a quarter before four on the morning of the 11th, Mr. Bright, the Engineer of the Company, who had personally superintended the working of the machinery, was obliged to go to another part of the ship, leaving the brakes in charge of another person. In a few moments he heard the machine stop, and when he returned he found that the cable had parted at some distance from the vessel. Of the cable 335 miles had been paid out, being fully 100 miles more than the ship had run. The vessels at once returned. The Engineer, in his report to the Company, attributes the break solely to the amount of retarding strain put upon the cable, and says that had the machine been properly managed it could not possibly have happened. There is, he says, no ground of discouragement; but, on the contrary, there are added reasons for confidence in the ultimate success of the enterprise. He suggests several improvements in the machinery used for paying out, but says that the construction of the cable itself has answered every expectation; and were a new one to be made he should not recommend any alteration. It was not decided, at our last advices, whether another attempt shall be made this season, or whether it shall be postponed another year. Lieutenant Maury fixed upon July and August as the months which presented the most favorable weather for the work; but several eminent shipmasters give the preference to October. The Company which has undertaken this great work has a capital of £350,000—say $1,750,000, divided into shares of £1000 each. The entire cost of the cable has been $1,388,000, in addition to a large sum for machinery, electrical apparatus, and other expenses, which has probably absorbed the remainder of the capital stock.

During the month of August elections for State officers and members of Congress have been held in different States. In *Kentucky* 8 Democrats and 2 Americans have been chosen; in *Tennessee* 6 Democrats and 2 Americans, with two districts doubtful; in *North Carolina* 7 Democrats and 1 American; in *Alabama* the whole delegation, 7 members, are Democrats.—In *Missouri* Mr. Stewart, Democrat, has been elected by about 300 majority over Mr. Rollins. This election is noteworthy on account of the position of Mr. Rollins, who is himself a slaveholder, on the slavery question. He said, in the canvass, that he was in favor of submitting the subject of future emancipation to the laws of climate, of emigration, of labor, and of production. He would offer every inducement to emigration from the North and the South; and if, he says, "this emigration, in the course of years, brings about such a disproportion between the white and the black races, that it is no longer the interest of the people of Missouri to continue it a Slave State, then let it go." His own opinion is, in view of the high northern latitude of the State, and of the constantly increasing disproportion between the white and black population, that, in the course of time, it will become the interest of the slaveholders themselves to abolish the institution.—The Democratic candidates for Governor have been elected in *Tennessee*, *Alabama*, and *Texas*. In *Vermont* a Republican Governor has been chosen.——The new Constitution for *Iowa* has been adopted by the people, rejecting the clause allowing colored persons to vote, which was voted upon separately.—The two Constitutional Conventions in *Minnesota* have agreed upon a State Constitution to be presented for the suffrages of the people of that Territory. It provides that slavery or involuntary servitude shall never exist in the State; that the liberty of the press shall remain forever inviolate; that trial by jury shall extend to all cases at law; and that no religious test shall be required as a qualification for voting or holding office. All male persons of

the age of twenty-one years, of the following classes, who have resided in the United States one year, and in the State four months next preceding any election, are entitled to vote: White citizens of the United States; white persons of foreign birth who have legally declared their intention to become citizens; those of mixed white and Indian blood who have adopted the customs and habits of civilization; and those Indians who have adopted the language, habits, and customs of civilization, and shall have been pronounced by the Courts, after examination, to be capable of enjoying the rights of citizenship. The election to decide upon the adoption of this Constitution is to be held on the 13th of October.—In *Kansas* there now appears to be a growing disposition on the part of the Free State men to vote at the coming election. At a Convention held at Grasshopper Springs, August 26, resolutions to that effect were almost unanimously passed. Mr. Robinson has been brought to trial on the charge of having acted as Governor under the Topeka Constitution, and acquitted.

In reply to an inquiry from the Government of Bavaria, the United States Attorney-General says: "There is no statute of the United States which prevents either a native or naturalized citizen from severing his political connection with the Government if he sees proper to do so, in time of peace, and for a purpose not directly injurious to the interests of the country."

The Treasury Department has just paid between two and three hundred thousand dollars to Maryland, as interest on half a million of dollars, which amount the United States became indebted to Maryland during the war of 1812. The principal was discharged between the years 1818 and 1822.

A number of citizens of Connecticut, among whom were President Woolsey and Professor Silliman of Yale College, addressed to the President a letter, complaining that Governor Walker of Kansas was employing the troops of the United States to enforce the execution of laws in that Territory which had never been made by the people; and representing that the President was thereby held up to the world as violating in an essential particular the oath which he had taken to support the Constitution of the United States. The President returned an elaborate reply, affirming that the validity of the Territorial Government of Kansas had been recognized by Congress, and was as well established as that of any other Territory; that it was his duty to prevent its being overturned by force; and that he had ordered the troops to Kansas for the sole purpose of acting as a *posse comitatus* to aid the civil magistrate to carry the laws into execution. The necessity for sending troops to Kansas, he says, reflects no credit upon the character of the country; but the blame rests upon a portion of the people of the Territory who, unwilling to trust to the ballot-box for the redress of grievances, undertook to create an independent government for themselves. Such a principle, if carried out, would destroy all lawful authority and produce universal anarchy. Slavery, he says, exists in the Territory under the Constitution; but when the people proceed to frame a State Constitution, it is their right to decide whether they will continue, modify, or abolish Slavery. The law passed by the Territorial Legislature for the election of delegates to frame a Constitution was fair and just in its provisions; but numbers of men refused to vote, and the members of the Convention were elected without their intervention. This body would soon assemble, and it is the duty of the President, in the state of incipient rebellion which exists, to employ the troops of the United States, if necessary, in defending the Convention while engaged in framing a Constitution, and in protecting the voters in the free exercise of the right of suffrage, when it shall be submitted for their approbation or rejection. The President expresses perfect confidence that Governor Walker will employ the troops only to resist actual aggression or in the execution of the laws, and this not until the power of the civil magistrate shall prove unavailing. Following, he says, the example of Mr. Madison toward the Hartford Convention, "illegal and dangerous combinations, such as the Topeka Convention, will not be disturbed unless they shall attempt to perform some act which will bring them in actual collision with the Constitution and the laws, and in that event they shall be put down by the whole power of the Government."

A "National Emancipation Convention" met at Cleveland, Ohio, August 26, in order to devise a plan by which the slaves in the South should all be bought up by the General and State Governments for the purpose of liberating them. A society was formed to advocate this measure, among whose leading members are Gerrit Smith, Elihu Burrit, Professor Silliman, and President Hopkins, of Williams College.——The American Association for the Advancement of Science held its eleventh annual meeting at Montreal, commencing August 12. Among the papers presented were the following: On the Zodiacal Light, by Charles Wilkes, U.S.N.; Observations on the Zodiacal Light at Quito, by Rev. George Jones, U.S.N.; On the Influence of the Gulf Stream upon the Climates of the Atlantic Coast, by Dr. Wynne, of New York; On the Alleged Influence of Solar Light on the Process of Combustion, by Professor Le Conte, of South Carolina; On the Formation of Continents, by Professor Peirce, of Cambridge, in which the idea was advanced that the form of the Continents was owing to the action of the sun; and on the Prevention of Counterfeiting, by Professor B. Silliman, Jun. The invention of photography had given rise to new and dangerous counterfeits of bank-bills, to guard against which it was proposed to print them in two colors, between which there was no photographic contrast. Professor Silliman, after examining various plans suggested for this purpose, brought forward a note printed in black carbon ink upon a green tint, made from the sesqui oxide of chromium; both colors being unchangeable by any means now known to chemists, so that the note was safe from alteration, while the want of photographic contrast between the colors rendered it impossible to produce a fac-simile by photography.

A division is likely to take place in the New School Presbyterian Church. The Southern members feeling aggrieved at the course in respect to slavery taken by the late General Assembly, held a convention at Richmond, Virginia, commencing August 27. Resolutions were passed declaring that all censures against members on account of their being slaveholders are contrary to the examples and teachings of Christ and his Apostles, and a violation of the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church; that the relation of master and slave, as such, is not a proper subject for discussion in Church judicatories; that there is no prospect that

this discussion will cease in the General Assembly; and that, therefore, the Presbyteries opposed to the agitation of slavery be requested to appoint delegates to meet at Knoxville, Tennessee, on the third Thursday of May, 1858, to organize a new General Synod. A proposition to unite with the Old School body met with little favor.

A body of deserters from the army of Walker, numbering 260 men, arrived in New York August 19. They left San José July 14, under the auspices of the Costa Rican Government, marching overland to the River Serapiqui, which they descended on rafts to San Juan, whence they were conveyed to New York by a steamer. They were in great distress when they arrived, most of them belonging to the South and West.

An expedition to explore the Rio Colorado has just been dispatched, under command of Lieutenant Ives. The country traversed by this river is reported to possess great agricultural and mineral wealth. Portions of it are rapidly filling up with emigrants.——The camel experiment upon the plains is pronounced to be entirely successful. Besides their power of abstaining from water, they are more tractable than mules, bear heavier loads, are less easily jaded, and live upon food on which other animals would starve.

The Indians are becoming exceedingly troublesome all along our western and northwestern frontiers. Colonel Sumner reports an engagement with the Cheyennes, August 29. Three hundred warriors were drawn up to oppose the advance of our troops. Being charged by cavalry they fled, and were pursued seven miles. They lost a large number of men; our loss being two killed and several wounded. Their village, consisting of 170 lodges, was burned.—In New Mexico an action has taken place with the Coyatero Indians, who lost 41 killed and 45 prisoners; our loss was 7 wounded.—The Indians in Iowa have been fighting among themselves. On the 1st of August, a party of Chippewas attacked a detached band of the Sioux, took 30 scalps, and retreated down the Red River.

Hon. Thomas J. Rusk, United States Senator from Texas, committed suicide a few weeks since. Since the death of his wife he had been very much depressed in spirits. He was one of the ablest men of his party, and his name has been mentioned as a probable candidate for the Presidency. He was 52 years old.——Rufus Wilmot Griswold died in New York, August 27, aged 42. He had been a printer, editor, and clergyman; but was best known by his works connected with American literature. The principal of these are "The Poets and Poetry of America," "The Prose Writers of America," and "The Female Poets of America."——Margaret Rine, the last slave in the State of New York, died recently on Long Island, at the age of 79 years.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* Señor Comonfort is elected President by a very large majority.—A revolutionary outbreak is announced as having occurred in Yucatan. The insurgents, who are reported to be every where successful, are composed of the extreme radical party, who had been defeated at the late election, fraudulently, as they allege.—General Santa Anna denies the authenticity of the manifesto bearing his name, noted in our Record for August.

From *Central America* there is little of importance. The Costa Ricans still hold possession of Nicaragua; and no settlement of the question of the Transit route has been made. Honduras and Guatemala are suffering from cholera, small-pox, and famine. The survey for the Honduras Railway is reported to be making favorable progress. In British Honduras a bitter feeling is springing up against the Americans.

In *Chili* a law granting an amnesty to political offenders has passed the Legislature by a two-thirds vote, in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Government.——The revolution in *Peru* is at a stand-still. The revolutionary forces are at Arequipa, closely watched by the army of the Government, but neither party seems to have sufficient strength seriously to annoy the other.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament was prorogued August 28. The Indian mutiny absorbs the greater share of public attention. In the course of a warm debate in Parliament, Sir De Lacy Evans contended that the preparations made by Government were wholly inadequate to the emergency. He urged that dépôts of coal should be formed along the sea-route, in order that troops might be conveyed by steam from Canada and the Cape of Good Hope, and that the regular army should be recruited from the militia. Mr. Disraeli affirmed that the insurrection was not a mere military mutiny, and that Government was not acting with sufficient vigor and promptness. Lord Palmerston replied that Government was raising troops as fast as possible; that 30,000 men had already been sent out; and that in the event of affairs taking a decidedly unfavorable turn, Parliament would be asked to indicate more decided measures.—The Queen and Princes of Oude, now in England, presented a petition to Parliament, expressing their regret at the revolt, and at the suspicions of complicity under which their relative, the ex-King, had fallen. They were assured that he was entirely innocent, and prayed that the charges against him might be made known, so that he might establish his innocence.—In answer to an inquiry made in Parliament whether the Government was about to comply with a demand from the Government of France to expel certain French refugees who had taken refuge in England, Lord Palmerston replied that no such demand had been made, and that they had no power by law to grant any such application.

FRANCE.

The three Italians, Tibaldi, Bartolotti, and Grilli, charged with conspiring against the life of the Emperor, have been tried, convicted, and sentenced, the first to the galleys for life, the two latter to deportation for fifteen years. The evidence against them consisted mainly in letters found in their possession detailing the plans of the conspiracy; in the lodgings of Tibaldi were also found a number of poniards, knives, and pistols. Bartolotti is said to have made a complete confession to the effect that in London he had two interviews with Mazzini and a Frenchman who he supposes to have been Ledru Rollin, which resulted in his being sent to Paris. His mission, he said, was not to take the life of the Emperor, but to remain on the watch to ascertain at what hours he went out. Grilli at first denied every thing; but on being informed that Bartolotti had confessed, said that he considered himself absolved from his oath, and would tell all he knew. His orders were to kill the Emperor, and in confirmation of his story he revealed

the spot where he had hidden two poniards given him by Tibaldi. Four other persons, among whom are Mazzini and Ledru Rollin, being absent from French territory, were proceeded against by default, and will be pronounced guilty by the court if they fail to make their appearance. Ledru Rollin has published a letter denying all complicity in the plot, and declaring his horror of the crime of assassination for any cause and under any pretext.—The restoration of the Louvre has been completed, and the edifice was solemnly inaugurated with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of the functionaries of state and a vast assemblage of the people. The Emperor made a speech congratulating the country on the stability and prosperity which had enabled the Government to complete this national work, to which so many successive governments had contributed. The character of a people was reflected in its institutions and customs, in the events which excite its enthusiasm, and in the monuments which become the objects of its chief interest. France, monarchical for so many centuries, which always beheld in the central power the representative of her grandeur and of her nationality, wished that the dwelling of her sovereign should be worthy of the country, and the best means of responding to that sentiment was to adorn that dwelling with the master-pieces of human intelligence. The completion of the Louvre was not the caprice of the moment, but the realization of a plan conceived for the glory and kept alive by the instinct of the country for more than three hundred years.

THE EAST.

The mutiny among the native troops in India has extended in every direction. The Bengal Army has virtually ceased to exist, the regiments which have not broken out into open mutiny being considered wholly unreliable. Delhi still held out up to the end of July, to which date advices come, although its ultimate capture seems to be a matter of certainty. The insurgents have made numerous sorties, but were uniformly driven back, not without serious losses on both sides. General Barnard, the English commander, has died of dysentery, and Sir Henry Lawrence, the able Resident at Lucknow, was so severely wounded in a sortie from that place that he died soon after. The English papers are full of details of the most horrible outrages committed by the native troops upon Europeans—men, women, and children. These have been terribly avenged; large numbers of the mutineers having been hung or blown from the cannon's mouth. Several engagements have taken place, in which the insurgents have been uniformly defeated.

From *China* there is little of special importance. The English vessels have captured and destroyed a large number of war junks in Canton River.

The affairs of the Danubian Principalities have occasioned a slight commotion. It appears that the late elections were not favorable to the union of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the representatives of France, Russia, Sardinia, and Prussia demanded that these elections should be annulled. The Sultan, supported by the embassadors of England and Austria, demurred to this; whereupon the embassadors of the other powers lowered their flags, removed their escutcheons, announced that their diplomatic relations with the Porte had ceased, and that they were about to leave Constantinople. The English Government yielded the point, and the Porte will be obliged to conform to the wishes of the four powers.—In *Tunis* a fanatical dervise denounced a Jew as a blasphemer, and the populace fell upon him, chasing him into a public building, into which they followed him, and destroyed every thing upon which they could lay their hands. In the riot which ensued several persons were killed, and the Christian residents were insulted and threatened. The French consul demanded of the Bey troops for the protection of the lives and property of Europeans.—A series of desperate riots have taken place at the gates of Jerusalem, in which more than twenty lives were lost.

It is reported that the Russians have met with severe reverses in the Caucasus. Schamyl has issued a singular manifesto, in which he says that his reason for refraining from assisting the Turks during the late war was, that it is displeasing to God that Infidels should come to the assistance of Islam, which requires no foreign aid; but that the time has now arrived to do battle against the enemies of God and of His Prophet. It is said that a large number of deserters from the Russian army have joined Schamyl.

Literary Notices.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, by HENRY BARTH. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The travels, of which these volumes present the record, were performed under the auspices of the British Government, by a geographical amateur connected with the University of Berlin. Dr. Barth had previously gathered a curious store of African knowledge from personal observation and research. He had accomplished an extensive tour in the region bordering on the Mediterranean, traversed the states of Barbary, made long journeys through desert tracts, traveled all round the Great Syrtis, and thoroughly explored the desolate valleys between Aswan and Koser. While wandering over these vast regions, which are not beyond the means and appliances of European civilization, his imagination was strongly excited in regard to the unknown regions of the interior, which stand in frequent though irregular connection with the coast. During his various journeys he had gained abundant experience of the efficacy of British protection, and on that account, together with his admiration of British institutions and character, he was the more readily induced to join the expedition organized by Lord Palmerston, in 1849, for the exploration of Central Africa. Starting from Tripoli in the north, he proceeded from the settlements of the Arab and the Berber, which present the sombre remains of the vast empires of the Middle Ages, into a country dotted with splendid ruins from the period of the Roman dominion, through the wild roving hordes of the Tawarek, and the negro and half-negro tribes, to the very border of the South African nation.

The interest of this work consists not only in the discoveries made by Dr. Barth, but in the illustrations which he presents of places little known and

almost forgotten, which yet have no small degree of historical importance. His account of the ancient city of Agades is an instance of this. This is an ancient capital founded by the Berbers, and dating back as far as the year 1460. It was conquered by Mohammed Askia in 1515, and at that time might have numbered at least 50,000 inhabitants. Toward the close of the last century, the greater part of its population emigrated to the neighboring towns, and left Agades in a state of deplorable desertion. Originally, it was the entrepôt for an extensive gold-trade. At present it contains from six hundred to seven hundred houses, and a population of about seven thousand. It still preserves its character as a trading metropolis, and hence a large proportion of the male inhabitants are always absent from home. Two or three hundred boys are gathered in five or six schools, where they receive the rudiments of education, and are an intelligent and well-mannered set of young Africans. No money whatever is current in the market. All traffic is carried on through the medium of millet. The people are a contented, cheerful race of dark-colored mortals, with none of the wretchedness which is often met with in towns that have declined from their ancient glory. The situation of the town is on an elevated plateau eminently favorable to health.

Of Kano, another African city, which excites the enthusiasm of every traveler in the interior, we have a picturesque description. It is the central point of a large commerce, and forms a convenient resting-place for travelers intent on the exploration of more distant regions. The whole scenery of the town, as it appeared to Dr. Barth, presented a strange and exciting picture. A collection of clay houses, huts, and sheds, formed the prominent feature in the scene. Oxen, horses, camels, donkeys, and goats, in motley confusion, found a tempting pasture in the green open places about the city. Deep hollows contained ponds overgrown with showy water-plants. Brilliant specimens of the vegetable kingdom spread their dazzling colors to the sun. The people in all varieties of costume, from the naked slave to the magnificently appareled Arab, gave animation to the landscape. On one side a row of shops, filled with articles of native and foreign produce, attracted buyers and sellers in every style of dress, complexion, and figure, and agreeing only in the desire to cheat one another. Near by was a large shed, like a hurdle, full of half-naked, half-starved slaves, torn from their native homes, and arranged in rows like cattle, anxiously staring upon the buyers, to see into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In another part were to be seen all the necessaries of life—rich epicures buying dainties for the table, the poor looking wistfully on a handful of grain—here a wealthy governor dressed in crimson silk, mounted on a gaudily-caparisoned horse, and followed by a host of idle and insolent slaves—here a neat, cozy cottage, with its clay walls nicely polished, a shutter of reeds against the low door, and a cool shed for the daily household-work, shaded during the hottest hours of the day by a fine alleluba tree—the matron in a clean black cotton gown wound round her waist, her hair neatly dressed with some native ornament, busy preparing the meal for her absent husband, or spinning cotton, and urging the female slaves to pound the corn—while a merry group of naked children were playing in the sand, or chasing an inexorable old goat that had strayed away from the flock. Here was a caravan just arrived with the desired kola-nut, chewed by all who have a pittance to spare from their necessary wants, or a caravan laden with natron or salt for the neighboring towns, or some Arabs leading their camels heavily laden with the luxuries of the north and east—and there a troop of gaudy, warlike-looking horsemen galloping toward the palace of the governor, to bring him the tidings of some new inroad of his ancient foe. Human life, in its varied forms—the most cheerful and the most gloomy—were every where most closely mixed together; every variety of national complexion and figure—the olive-colored Arab; the dark Kanuri, with his wide nostrils; the small-featured, light, and slender Ba-Fellanchi; the stout, large-boned, and masculine-looking Nupe female; and the well-proportioned and handsome Ba-Haushe woman.

With the researches of Andersson, Overweg, Livingstone, Knoblecher, and the present intelligent traveler, great accessions have been made to our authentic knowledge of the interior of Africa. They all agree in representing the native tribes as in a singularly depressed degree of civilization, with hardly a vestige of the nobler traits of humanity, and, both by organization and by habit, apparently in a hopeless state of degradation. Dr. Barth writes like a shrewd observer and a man of excellent sense and information. His book is a valuable addition to the library of foreign travel.

Brazil and the Brazilians, by Rev. D. P. KIDDER, D.D., and Rev. J. C. FLETCHER. (Published by Childs and Peterson.) The authors of this work are well qualified by experience and personal observation to furnish an authentic account of the interesting country to which it is devoted. They have resided in Brazil for several years, in the discharge of important public functions. Devoted to the distribution of the Bible and other religious labors among the portion of the population to which they had access, they have enjoyed rare opportunities for obtaining a knowledge of the various phases of Brazilian society. In the history, geography, and statistics of the country they have made use of various sources of information, consulting every important work in French, German, English, and Portuguese that could throw light on the subject, in addition to the memoirs and discourses read before the Geographical and Historical Society of Rio Janeiro. Their work bears internal marks of accuracy in its consistency and uniformity, and possesses the attraction of an animated, and often of a picturesque style. One of its most valuable chapters is devoted to the literature of Brazil—a topic on which the public had previously possessed but scanty and defective information. The present Emperor is a person of decided literary and scientific tastes; and, under his auspices, a fresh impulse has been given to the progress of knowledge. So slow, indeed, has been the advancement of mental cultivation heretofore that, prior to 1808, there was not a single printing-press in the whole of what was then the colony of Brazil. The policy of Portugal toward her possessions in South America was in the highest degree restrictive, and under such influences any thing like general enlightenment was impossible. Even now the prevailing taste for reading is mostly confined to newspapers and to translations of the lighter class of French novels. The Empire is but scantily supplied with authors in any branch of learning. Some provin-

cial histories, treatises in different departments of science, and one or two works on the general history of Brazil have made their appearance within the last few years. French publications are to be found in abundance on the shelves of the booksellers, especially on scientific, historical, and philosophical subjects, many of the last often being of a skeptical character. A variety of interesting books are produced under the authority of the Government, consisting of the reports of the Ministers of the Empire—Finance, Justice, Foreign Affairs, War, and the Navy. These are prepared with great care, and contain much valuable matter for the statesman and the general reader. The periodical literature of Rio includes a *Medical Review* and a *Brazilian and Foreign Quarterly*, the latter of which is conducted with ability, and promises to be of national service, although it relies too much on translations in comparison with the efforts of native talent. Journalism flourishes in Rio, is respectably sustained in a literary point of view, and pays well. The external appearance of the newspapers is like that of the Parisian journals, except the Brazilian dailies are of a larger size and of superior mechanical execution. The bottom of each sheet has its *feuilleton* for light reading, and on every Sunday the principal journal has several columns of local and personal gossip. The newspaper press is very prolific, issuing four dailies, several tri-weeklies, and from six to ten weeklies and irregular sheets. Verbatim reports of the proceedings of the National Assembly are published at length on the morning after their occurrence. Some of the journals take much pains to give full and correct reports of commercial intelligence, while none of them are encumbered with standing advertisements. On the contrary, the advertisements are renewed almost every day, and by their piquancy and variety furnish matter for several entertaining columns. There are also in Rio a number of public institutions for the cultivation of literature and science and the diffusion of knowledge. The National Library contains 100,000 volumes. The English, German, and Portuguese residents have established subscription libraries for their own use respectively. The National Museum has a valuable collection of mineralogical specimens, and many curious aboriginal relics. Almost all the leading men of Brazil belong to the learned professions. No high position in the state is filled by either a merchant or mechanic. Other topics of great interest are treated of in this instructive volume, which will at once take a high place among our works of reference on the Brazilian empire. It is brought out in a neat edition, with unexceptionable type and paper, and a variety of appropriate illustrations.

Souvenirs of Travel, by Madame Octavia Walton le Vert. (Published by S. H. Goetzel and Co.) The author of these European recollections is famed throughout the United States for her personal accomplishments, attractive manners, and social popularity. A favorite wherever she is known, and the idol of her intimate acquaintance, she was received in European society with a genial cordiality which naturally prevented her from seeing any thing but the brightest aspects of the brilliant living panorama which passed before her admiring and enthusiastic gaze. Her experience in the capitals of Europe appears to have been a succession of triumphs. Courted, appreciated, and honored both in the gayest and the wisest circles, it was natural that she should bring away only the most rose-colored impressions. Hence the tone of her book will strike indifferent readers as too encomiastic, too jubilant, nor will they at once respond to the facility with which she takes them into her most private confidences. The warm expressions of gratification and delight with which she records the attentions that she received from the paragons of English and Continental humanity, though well suited to the temperature of a friendly correspondence, are rather too personal in their nature for the bleaker and less hospitable atmosphere of the world. They speak better for the kindliness of her disposition than for the severity of her discretion. Her volumes are largely occupied with the details of society. They present little new information on topics of important bearing, and do not pretend to the authority of a guide-book or a treatise on statistics. Her writing is most successful when she describes scenes of every-day social interest in which she bore a prominent part. When she leaves the personal sphere for the statement of more general facts, she often repeats well-known circumstances, assuming too little information on the part of her readers. Her reflections and comments always betray an amiable frame of mind, but are not remarkable either for acuteness or originality. One can easily imagine the delight with which such letters would be welcomed in the kindly family circle, and if the outside reader is tempted to complain of their light and superficial character, he should bear in mind that they were not originally intended for publication. The introductory remarks by the publishers, urging the pretensions of the authoress in the most extravagant manner, are in bad taste, and will tend to damage her work in public estimation.

Guy Livingstone (published by Harper and Brothers) is the title of a racy English novel, written with a terse vigor of expression; though not without a dash of the melodramatic in certain situations, and remarkable for the brilliant intensity of its character-drawing. The materials are drawn from exceptional phases of human life, and are wrought up into a narrative of uncommon power and interest.

The Romance of Western History, by James Hall, is a new collection of papers by that indefatigable explorer of Western traditions, life, and history. It is not surpassed in interest by his previous works on the same subject. (Published by Applegate and Co., Cincinnati.)

The Five Gateways of Knowledge, by George Wilson. (Published by Parry and M'Millan.) A popular exposition of the processes of the senses considered as the avenues to the intellect. It is an ingenious and pleasing work, as well as a highly-instructive one.

A Manual of Business, and Guide to Success. (Published by Fowler and Wells.) The closing number of the popular series entitled "Hand-Books for Home Improvement." They comprise a variety of practical directions on various important subjects, and are well adapted for general utility.

Ticknor and Fields have issued, in their uniform of blue-and-gold, an edition of Leigh Hunt's *Poems*, comprising all the acknowledged productions of that honeyed bard, and collected under his own supervision and advice. It is introduced by a neat preface from the pen of the American editor, Mr. S. Adams Lee, and is embellished with a portrait of the author.

Editor's Table.

THE AMERICAN MIND.—In studying literature and history, we are at first attracted by particular events and individual minds, and we rise but gradually to the conception of nations and national minds—including, of course, under the latter phrase, all the great moving, vital powers expressed in the phenomena of a nation's life. The external history, the political institutions, the literature, laws, and manners of a people, are but its thoughts in visible or audible expression, and ever carry us back to the Mind whence they proceeded, and from which they received their peculiar national character. We can not form just notions even of individuals without viewing them as related to their age and country—as expressions, more or less emphatic, of the National Mind, in whose depths their personal being had its root, and from whose vitality they drew the pith and nerve of character. Thus Pericles, Scipio, and Chatham lose much of their raciness and genuineness if not considered as related in this way to Greece, Rome, and England, who bore them, nurtured them, colored and directed their thoughts and passions, clothed them with power as with a garment, so that Greece saw in Pericles the mirror of her own supple strength and plastic intellect; and Rome beheld in Scipio the image of her own fixed will and large reason; and England recognized in Chatham's swift Norman energy and solid Saxon sense the child who had drained honesty, intelligence, and imperious pride from her own arrogant breast. It thus requires a great people to bear a brood of great men, for great men require strong incitements; a field for action; courage, power, glory, and virtue around as well as within them; and if powerful natures do not start naturally up, to meet any terrible emergency of a nation's life, we may be sure that the National Mind has become weak and corrupt, has "lost the breed of noble bloods," and that external enemies, like empirics dealing with consumptive patients, only accelerate a death already doomed by interior decay.

Thus, when we would comprehend in one inclusive term the intellect and individuality of Greece, or Rome, or England, we speak of the Greek, or Roman, or English Mind. A national mind implies a nation, not a mere aggregation of individuals or states; and we propose now to consider the question, Whether or not there is such a thing as an American Mind; and if so, what are its characteristics and tendencies; what is the inspiration, and what the direction it gives to the individual man in America?

In treating this subject, it is important that we avoid all that blatant and bragging tone in which American conceit thinly vails its self-distrust; that a deaf ear be presented to the exulting dissonance of the American chanticleer; that the Pilgrim Fathers be disturbed as little as possible in their well-earned graves; and that the different parts of the discourse be not found, like the compositions of certain eminent musicians, to be but symphonious variations on the one tune of "Yankee Doodle" or "Hail Columbia!"

And, first, in view of the variety of races and interests included under our government, can we assert the existence of an American Mind? We certainly can not do this in the sense in which we say there was a Greek mind, whose birth, growth, maturity, and decay we can take in at one grasp of generalization; or in the sense in which we say there is an English mind, full-grown and thoroughly organized in manners, institutions, and literature. All that we can assert is that the thoughts, acts, and characters of Plymouth Puritan and Virginia Cavalier, through two centuries of active existence, have been fused into a mass of national thought, character, and life; and that this national life has sufficient energy and pliancy to assimilate the foreign natures incessantly pouring into it, and to grow, through this process of assimilation, into a comprehensive national mind. At present we can discern little more than tendencies, and the clash and conflict of the various elements; but the strongest force—the force to which the other elements gravitate, and by which they will all eventually be absorbed—is the Saxon-English element, in its modified American form. The Celt, the German, the Englishman, the Italian, can exist here only by parting with his national individuality; for he is placed in a current of influences which inevitably melts him down into the mass of American life. But while this absorption changes his character, it modifies also the character of the absorbing force; for the American Mind, with every infusion of foreign mind, adds to its being an element which does not lie as a mere novelty on its surface, but penetrates into its flexible and fluid substance, mixes with its vital blood, and enriches or impoverishes, elevates or depraves, its inmost nature; and so organic in its character is this seeming abstraction of a nation, that for every such infusion of a foreign element each citizen is either injured or benefited, and finds that he acts and thinks the better or the worse for it. The balm or the poison steals mysteriously into him from all surrounding circumstances: from the press, from politics, from trade, from social communion, from the very air he breathes, come the currents of a new life, to warm or to chill, to invigorate or deaden, his individual heart and brain. This fact goes under the name of a change in public sentiment; and have we not often witnessed its miracles of apostasy or conversion wrought on men whose characters we fondly thought fixed as fate?

The American Mind thus promises to be a composite mind—composite in the sense of assimilation, not of mere aggregation. Its two original elements were the Englishman who came here to found, repair, or increase his estate; and the Englishman who was driven here by political and ecclesiastical oppression. Of these, the stronger of the two is undoubtedly the latter; and the last probe of historical and critical analysis touches him at the nation's centre and heart. This Puritan Englishman was all character: strong in the energy, courage, practical skill, and hard persistency of character: with a characteristic religion, morality, and temper of mind; at once the most forcible and the most exclusive man that the seventeenth century produced. Yet from this bigoted, austere, iron-willed, resisting, and persisting Saxon religionist—intolerant of other natures, from the very solidity and lowering might of his own—has sprung the flexible, assimilative, compromising, all-accomplished Yankee, who is neither Puritan nor Cavalier, Englishman, Irishman, Frenchman, nor German, but seems to have a touch of them all, and is ready to receive and absorb them all. A Protean personage, he can accommodate himself to any cir-

cumstances, to all forms of society, government, and religion. He is the staid, sensible farmer, merchant, or mechanic of New England, with his restlessness subdued into inveterate industry and power of rigid application; but he is also Sam Slick in the provinces, and Nimrod Wildfire in Kentucky, and Jefferson Brick on the frontier. Through all disguises, and in every clime visited by sin and trade, peep the shrewd twinkle of his knowing eyes and the multiform movements of his cunning fingers! Let him drop down in Siberia or Japan, in England or Italy, in a Southern plantation or Western settlement, and he seems to say, "Gentlemen, behold the smartest man in all creation! one who will put your brain into his head, get at your secret, and beat you in the art of being yourselves; so please fall into rank, deliver up your purses, acknowledge your born lord and king!"

We have not time to discuss here the question, how a national mind, which is distinguished above all others for mental hospitality and general availableness, had its root in a Puritanism as unaccommodating as it was powerful. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say, in explanation, that the Puritan, narrow and isolated as he seems, had one side of his nature wide open to liberal influences. His religious creed, it is true, was authoritative; he submitted to it himself, he enforced it upon others; but in political speculation he was audaciously independent. In the art and science of government he had no European equal either among statesmen or philosophers, and his politics, constantly connected as they were with his industrial enterprise, eventually undermined his despotic theology. But our business here is with the American Mind as it now is, and as it promises to be hereafter. This mind we must consider as having its expression in the nation's life; and certainly the first survey of it reveals a confusion of qualities which apparently elude analysis, and defy generalization. This confusion results, as in the individual mind, from the variety of unassimilated elements in contact or collision with the national personality; and accordingly its harmony is disturbed by a mob of noisy opinions, which never have, and some of which we trust never will, become living ideas and active forces. The consequence of this juxtaposition of mental organization with mental anarchy, in a national mind hospitable to every thing, and now only visible to us in its fierce, swift, devouring growth, is a lack of solidity, depth, and tenacity in comparison with its nimbleness, and a disposition to combine a superficial enthusiasm for theories with a shrewd hold upon things throughout the broad field of its restless, curious, inventive, appropriative, scheming, plausible, glorious, and vain-glorious activity. But the two grand leading characteristics of its essential nature are energy and impressibility;—an impressibility all alive to the most various objects, and receptive of elements conflicting with each other—and a primitive, inherent energy, too quick, fiery, and buoyant to be submerged by the wealth of life which its impressibility pours into it; an energy which whelms in its stream all slower and feebler natures with whom it comes in contact, and rushes onward with the force of fate and the intelligence of direction.

In estimating the quantity and quality of this mental energy, we must ascertain the different channels of work and production into which it is poured. Work of some kind is the measure of its power and the test of its quality; but we must avoid the fallacy of supposing that art and literature are the only expressions of a nation's intellect. It would, indeed, be a grotesque libel on some ten millions of educated people to declare that American literature represented more than a fraction of American intelligence. That intelligence has received a practical direction, and is expressed, not in Iliads and Æneids, not in Principias and Cartoons, but in commerce, in manufactures, in the liberal professions, in the mechanic arts, in the arts of government and legislation, in all those fields of labor where man grapples directly with nature, or with social problems which perplex his practical activity. To describe the miracles which American energy has wrought in these departments would be to invade a domain sacred to caucus speeches and all kinds of starred-and-striped bravado, and perhaps they speak for themselves with far more emphasis than orators can speak for them, having hieroglyphed, as Carlyle would say, "America, her mark," over a whole continent; but it is not generally admitted that mind, analytical, assimilative, constructive, creative mind, is as much implied in these practical directions of intelligence as in abstract science and the fine arts; so that, if a sudden upward ideal turn were given to the national sentiment, the intellectual energy which would leave contriving railroads, calculating markets, and creating capital, and rush into epics, lyrics, and pastorals, would make Wall Street stare and totter, and our present generation of poets strangle themselves with their own lines. Indeed observation, reason, and imagination are powers which do not lose their nature in their application to widely different objects. Thus Sir William Hamilton, the acutest analyst of Aristotle's mental processes, declares that abstruse and seemingly juiceless metaphysician to have had as great an imagination as Homer; and though we are prone to associate imagination with some elevation of sentiment, Shakspeare has given more of it to Iago, and Goethe has given more of it to Mephistopheles, than Nature gave to Bishop Heber, the purest of England's minor poets. Applying this principle to business, we shall find much to disturb the self-content of second-rate *litterateurs* and *savans*, who are accustomed to congratulate themselves that, if others have the money, they at least have the brain, if we should sharply scrutinize the mental processes of a first-rate merchant. Is it observation you demand? Behold with what keen accuracy he perceives and discriminates facts. Is it understanding? Look at the long trains of reasoning—the conclusion of each argument forming the premises of the next—by which he moves, step by step, to an induction on whose soundness he risks character and fortune. Is it will? Mark him when a financial hurricane sweeps over the money-market, and observe how firm is his grasp of principles, and how intelligently his cold eye surveys the future, while croakers all around him are selling and sacrificing their property in paroxysms of imbecile apprehension. Is it imagination? See how, to him, in his dingy counting-house, the past becomes present, and the distant near; his mind speeding from St. Petersburg to London, from Smyrna to Calcutta, on wings which mock the swiftness of steamers and telegraphs; or, bridging over the spaces which divide sensible realities from ideal possibilities, see him blend in one consistent idea and purpose stray thoughts and separate facts, whose hidden analogies the eye alone of

imagination could divine. Is it, in short, general force and refinement of mind? Behold how comprehensive and how cautious is his glance over that sensitive, quivering, ever-shifting sea of commercial phenomena—so wide as to belt the globe, and so intimately connected that a jar in any part sends a thrill through the whole—and note with what subtle certainty of insight he penetrates beneath the seeming anarchy, and clutches the slippery and elusive, but unvarying laws. There is, indeed, a commercial genius, as well as a poetical and metaphysical genius—the faculties the same, the sentiments and the direction different. Wealth may be, if you please, often insolent and unfeeling; may scorn as visionary things more important than wealth; but still it is less frequently blundered into than artists and philosophers are inclined to believe.

But though we can thus trace the same radical mental energy in industrial as in artistical labors, the force and durability of a nation's mind still demand not only diversity in its industrial occupations, but a diversity in the direction of the mind itself, which shall answer to the various sentiments and capacities of the soul. It is in this comprehension that most nations fail, their activity being narrowed by the dominion of one impulse and tendency, which leads them to the summit of some special excellence, and then surely precipitates them into decay and ruin. Such narrowness is the death of mind, and national exclusiveness is national suicide. Thus the genius and capital of Italy were disproportionately directed to the fine arts; its wealth is now, accordingly, too much in palaces and cathedrals, in pictures and statues; and its worship of beauty, and disdain of the practical, have resulted in an idle and impoverished people, without persistency, without energy, without even artistical creativeness, and the easy prey of insolent French and Austrian arms and diplomacy. Such a country can not be made free by introducing acres of rant on the rights of man, but by establishing commerce, manufactures, and a living industry. Again, the higher philosophy of Germany has been directed too exclusively to abstract speculation, altogether removed from actual life; and the reason is not to be sought in the assertion that the German mind lacks solidity, but in the fact that an arbitrary government has heretofore refused all freedom to German thought, unless it were exercised in a region above the earth and beyond politics, and there it may be the chartered libertine of chaos or atheism. By thus denying citizenship to the thinker, the State has made him licentious in speculation. He may theorize matter out of existence, Christ out of the Scriptures, and God out of the universe, and the government nods in the very sleepiness of toleration; but the moment he doubts the wisdom of some brazen and nonsensical lie embodied in a law, or whispers aught against the meanest official underling, he does it with the dungeon or the scaffold staring him in the face; and the grim headsman reminds him that he lives under a paternal government, where he is free to blaspheme God, but not to insult the House of Hapsburg. Now, as the German's metaphysics have been vitiated by his lack of political rights, and as the Italian's exclusive devotion to art has extinguished even the energy by which art is produced, so there is danger that our extreme practical and political turn will vulgarize and debase our national mind to that low point where the energy and the motive to industrial production is lost. There can be no reasonable fear that the beautiful in art or the transcendental in thought will overwhelm our faculty of making bargains; but there is danger that the nation's worship of labors whose worth is measured by money will give a sordid character to its mightiest exertions of power, eliminate heroism from its motives, destroy all taste for lofty speculation, and all love for ideal beauty, and inflame individuals with a devouring self-seeking, corrupting the very core of the national life. The safety of the American from this gulf of selfishness and avarice is to be looked for, partly in the prodigious moral, mental, and benevolent agencies he has established all around him, and partly in that not unamiable vanity by which he is impelled, not only to make money, but to do something great or "smart" in his way of making it.

This living and restless mass of being which forms the organic body of American life—decent, orderly, respectable, intelligent, and productive—with Economics as the watchword of its onward movement, has, from the intensity of its practical direction, roused the diseased opposition of two classes on the vanishing extremes of its solid substance; namely, a class of violent reformers who scorn economics on the ground of morality, and a class of violent radicals who scorn economics on the ground of glory; and these are in irreconcilable enmity with each other, as well as in distempered antagonism to the nation. The first class, commonly passing under the name of "Come-outers," have almost carried the principle of free-will and personal responsibility to the extent of converting themselves from individuals into individualisms, and they brand every man who consents to stay in a wicked community like ours as a participant in the guilt and profits of its sins. The Come-outer, when he thoroughly comes out, protests against the whole life of society, from certain abstract propositions condemning all its concrete laws, customs, morality, and religion, and strives to separate himself from the national mind, and live morally and mentally apart from it. But this last is a hopeless effort. To the community he is vitally bound, and he can no more escape from it than he can escape from the grasp of the earth's attraction should he leap into the air for the purpose of establishing himself away off in space. The earth would say to him, as she hauled him back, "If you dislike my forests, fell them; if my mountains trouble you, blast through them; plant in me what you will, and, climate permitting, it shall grow; but as for your leaving me, and speeding off into infinite space on a vagabond excursion round the sun on your own account, that you shall not do, so help me—gravitation!"

It is needless to say that the Come-outer, in his zeal for abstract morality, glories in a heroic indifference to consequences, and conscientious blindness to the mutual relations of rights and duties. Intrenched in some passionate proposition, he exhibits a perfect mastery of that logic of anarchy by which single virtues, detached from their relations, are pushed into fanaticism and foam into vices. Virtue consists in the harmony of virtues; but, divorcing moral insight from moral sentiment, he ignores the complexity of the world's practical affairs, and would go, in the spirit of Schiller's zealot,

> "Right onward like the lightning and
> The cannon ball, opening with murderous crash
> His way to blast and ruin."

Indeed, he sometimes brings to mind the story of that wise man who, when he desired to make a cup of tea, could hit upon no happier contrivance for boiling the kettle than by placing it in the kitchen and setting his house on fire. Again, he is sometimes raised to such a height of feverish indignation as to mistake his raptures of moral rage for prophetic fury, and anticipates the stern, sure, silent march of avenging laws with a blast that splits the brazen throats of denunciation's hundred trumpets. In view of the evils of the world he seems hungry for a fire from heaven to smite and consume iniquity. His prayer seems continually to be, "O Lord, why so slow?" and though this discontent may be termed by some admiring enthusiasts a divine impatience, it appears to be rather an impatience with Divinity. It is the exact opposite of that sublime repose in the purposes of Providence expressed by the philosophical historian, that "God moves through history as the giants of Homer through space: he takes a step—and ages have rolled away!"

Doubtless, in this class of extreme social protestants—a class whose peculiarities we have doubtless heightened, in attempting to individualize its ideal—there is much talent, much disinterestedness, much unflinching courage, and if they would make a modest contribution of these to the nation's moral life, they and society would both be gainers; but they are "self-withdrawn into such a wondrous depth" of hostile seclusion, that they are only visible in their occasional incursions, or when they encamp in the community during Anniversary Week. They are not, in fact, more narrow, more ridden by their one idea of morals, than many of our practical men, who are ridden by their one idea of money; but their extravagance of phrase, almost annihilating, as it does, the meaning of words considered as signs of things, prevents their influencing the people they attack; and after beginning with a resounding promise to reform the world, they too often end in a desperate emulation among themselves to bear off the palm in vehemence of execration, launched against all those organized institutions by which society is protected from the worst consequences of its worldliness, selfishness, sensuality, and crime.

As the class of persons to which we have just referred push the principle of individualism to the extent of forswearing allegiance to the community, so there is another class, on the opposite extreme, who carry the doctrine of a Providence in human affairs to a fatalistic conclusion, which they are pleased to call Manifest Destiny; a doctrine which baptizes robbery and murder as providential phenomena—what kind and condescending patrons of Providence these blackguards are, to be sure!—of inherent national tendencies; considers national sins simply as necessary events in the nation's progress to glory; and by treating every direction given to the public mind as inevitable, is sure to inflame and pamper the worst. This dogma—the coinage of rogues, who find it very convenient to call man's guilt by the name of God's providence—mostly obtains on the southern frontier of our country, where the settlers, amidst their forests and swamps, have a delectable view of the land flowing with milk and honey, which destiny manifestly intends they shall occupy, on the clearest principles of the argumentation of rapine. It must be admitted that this class of our fellow-sinners and citizens, by holding up endless war and hectic glory in the faces of our shrewd and prudent worldlings, scare them much more than the hottest and heartiest invectives of the reformers. We bear, it seems, with bland composure the charge of being robbers and murderers, tyrants and liberticides; but our blood runs cold at the vision of a bomb descending into Boston or New York, or the awful calamity involved in the idea of United States sixes going below par!

Manifest Destiny is, of course, a tempestuously-furious patriot, whose speech—ever under a high pressure of bombast—is plentifully bedizened with metaphors of his country's stars and stripes, and rapturous anticipations of the rascal's "good time coming." Among other satanic felicities he has one, conned out of the devil's prayer-book, called, "Our country, right or wrong!" a stupid fallacy at the best, when we consider that the activity of every nation is bounded by inexorable moral laws as by walls of fire, to pass which is to be withered up and consumed; but especially fallacious from his lips, when we reflect that, practically, he inverts the maxim, and really means, "Our country, wrong or right, with a decided preference for the former." Spite of all professions, we must doubt the fidelity of that sailor who, in a hurricane, shows his devotion to his ship by assisting her tendency downward; and, on the same principle, we may doubt Mr. Manifest Destiny's all-for-glory, nothing-for-money, patriotism.

The fallacy, indeed, of the fatalistic scheme, as applied to nations, is the same as when applied to individuals; and its doctrine of inevitable tendencies comes from considering mind as a blind force, not as an intelligent, responsible, self-directing energy. A plastic, fluid, impressible national mind, like the American, receives a new impulse and direction for every grand sentiment, every great thought, every heroic act, every honest life, contributed to it; and that philosophy which screams out to reasonable citizens, "The tendency of the nation is toward the edge of the bottomless pit, *therefore* patriotically assist the movement," is the insane climax of the *non sequitur* in political logic. Why, we can shield ourselves from such a conclusion, with no better reasoning than that employed by the grave-digger in Hamlet, in discussing the question of suicide: "Here lies the water; here stands the man: if the man go to the water and drown himself, it is—will he, nil he—he goes; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life." We may be sure that no nation, which goes not to the fire, will ever have the fire come to it. Heaven is liberal of its blessings and benignities, but it practices a rigid economy in dispensing its smiting curses, and lets loose its reluctant angels of calamity and death only as they are drawn down by the impious prayers of folly and crime!

If the too exclusive direction of the American mind to industrial production has not been much checked by the two antagonistic extremes of radicalism its money-ocracy has provoked, and for whose excesses it is to a great degree responsible, we must look for a healthier opposition to it in the various classes of moderate dissentients and reformers, who are not so much disgusted with the community as to lose all power of influencing it, and who are steadily infusing into their own and the national character loftier ideas and more liberalizing tastes. Our churches, collegiate institu-

tions, and numerous societies established for moral and benevolent ends, are connected with the national mind, and at the same time are inspired by influences apart from it; but still, we must admit that, just in proportion as the nation's life circulates through them, is their tendency to temporize with Mammon. The Church, for instance, exercises a vast and beneficent influence in spreading moral and religious ideas; but do we not often hear sermons in which industrial prosperity is unconsciously baptized with great pomp of sacred rhetoric? and prayers, in which railroads and manufactories hold a place among Divine favors altogether different from the estimate in which they are held above? Do we, mad as we all are after riches, hear often enough from the pulpit the spirit of those words in which Dean Swift, in his epitaph on the affluent and profligate Colonel Chartres, announces the small esteem of wealth in the eyes of God, from the fact of his thus lavishing it upon the meanest and basest of his creatures?

Our theology is closer to the public mind, both to act and to be acted upon, than our literature. Indeed, if we take the representative men of those classes whose productions, ethical, poetical, and artistical, we call American literature and art, we shall find that the national life is not so much their inspiration as it is the object they would inspire. Channing and Allston, for instance, have a purified delicacy and refinement of nature, a constant reference to the universal in morals and taste, and a want of ruddy and robust strength, indicating that they have not risen genially out of the national mind, and betraying, in all their words and colors, that surrounding influences were hostile rather than sustaining to their genius. Their works, accordingly, have neither the exclusiveness nor the raciness and gusto characteristic of genius which is national. The same principle applies to our poetical literature, which worships Beauty, but not beautiful America. If you observe the long line of the English poets, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Pope, Byron, with hardly the exceptions of Spenser and Milton, you will find that, however heaven-high some of them are in elevation, they all rest on the solid base of English character; idealize, realize, or satirize English history, customs, or scenery, English modes of thought and forms of society, English manners or want of manners, English life and English men—are full, in short, of English blood. But our most eminent poets—Dana, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell—are more or less idealists, from the necessity of their position. Though they may represent the woods and streams of American nature, they commonly avoid the passions and thoughts of American human nature. The "haunt and main region of their song" is man rather than men; humanity in its simple elements, rather than complex combinations; and their mission is to stand somewhat apart from the rushing stream of American industrial life, and, assimilating new elements from other literatures, or directly from visible nature, to pour into that stream, as rills into a river, thoughtfulness, and melody, and beauty. Their productions being thus *contributions* to the national mind, rather than offsprings of it, are contemplative rather than lyrical, didactic rather than dramatic. And is it not better that it should be so? If our economics were sung as well as lived; if, instead of "The Humble Bee," and "Thanatopsis," and the "Psalm of Life," we had "Odes to the Brokers' Board," and "Lines on the Sudden Fall of Reading Stock," would we not be giving stimulants where it would be better to give even morphine or chloroform? It is from this fact, that the ideal and romantic are elements of thought to be introduced from abroad into the American mind, that we have not a strictly national literature, and that so many of the clumsy attempts at purely American poetry and romance remind one of the fraternizing Frenchman, who rushed up to a ragged Indian in New Orleans, clasped him to his breast, and joyously exclaimed that he had at last found the true native American—the real *red* republican!

Perhaps the fairest and least flattering expression of our whole national life may be found in our politics; for in limited monarchies and in democracies it is in politics that all that there is in the public mind of servility, stupidity, ferocity, and unreasoning prejudice is sure to come glaringly out; and certainly our politics will compare favorably with those of Greece and Rome, of France and England, in respect either to intelligence or morality. In no country is the government more narrowly watched; in no country do large parties, bound together by an interest, more readily fall apart on a principle: and when we consider that, in practical politics, force and passion, not reason and judgment, are predominant—that men vote with a storm of excitement hurrying them on—this fact indicates that the minor moralities have to a great extent become instincts with the people. It would be impossible to give here even a scanty view of this political expression of our national mind, with its sectional contests, its struggles of freedom with slavery, its war of abstract philosophies on concrete interests, its impassioned moralities, and no less impassioned immoralities; but, perhaps, a few remarks on three great statesmen, who are marked by unmistakable local and national traits, and who were genuine products of American life, may not be out of place even here. We refer to Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. These, though "dead, yet speak;" and we shall allude to them as if they still occupied bodily that position in our politics which they unquestionably occupy mentally. Such men can only die with the movements they originated.

Of these three eminences of our politics, of late years, Webster may be called the most comprehensive statesman, Clay the most accomplished politician, and Calhoun the nimblest and the most tenacious sectional partisan. Webster, on the first view, seems a kind of Roman-Englishman—a sort of cross between Cincinnatus and Burke—but, examined more closely, he is found to be a natural elevation in the progress of American life, a man such as New Hampshire bore him, and such as Winthrop and Standish, Washington and Jay, Hamilton and Madison, had made him; a man who drew the nutriment of character altogether from American influences; and, especially, a man representing the iron of the national character as distinguished from its quicksilver. The principal wealth of New Hampshire is great men and water-power; but instead of keeping them to herself, she squanders them on Massachusetts, and Webster was one of these free gifts.

If we compare Webster with Calhoun, we shall find in both the same firm mental grasp of principles, the same oversight of the means of popularity, and the same ungraceful and almost sullen self-assertion, at periods when policy would have dic-

tated a more facile accommodativeness. Their intellects, though both in some degree entangled by local interests and opinions, have inherent differences, visible at a glance. Webster's mind has more massiveness than Calhoun's, is richer in culture and variety of faculty, and is gifted with a wider sweep of argumentation; but it is not so completely compacted with character, and has, accordingly, less inflexible and untiring persistence toward an object. Both are comparatively unimpressible, but Webster's understanding recognizes and includes facts which his imagination may refuse to assimilate; while Calhoun arrogantly igneres every thing which contradicts his favorite opinions, and would be a great reasoner did he not so often take paradoxes for his premises. The mind of Webster, weighty, solid, and capacious, looks before and after; by its insight reads principles in events, by its foresight reads events in principles; and, arching gloriously over all the phenomena of a widely-complex subject of contemplation, views things, not singly, but in their multitudinous relations; yet the very comprehension of his vision makes him somewhat timid, and his moderation, accordingly, lacks the crowning grace of moral audacity. Calhoun has audacity, but lacks comprehensiveness.

As Webster's mind, from its enlargement of view, has an instinctive intellectual conscientiousness, the processes of his reasoning are principally inductive, rising from facts to principles; while Calhoun's are principally deductive, descending from principles to facts. Now deduction is doubtless a sublime exercise of logical genius, provided the principle be reached—as it is reached by Webster, when he uses the process—by induction; for it gives the mind power to divine the future, and converts prophecy into a science. Thus, from the deductive law of gravitation we can predict the appearance of stellar phenomena thousands of years hence. Edmund Burke is the greatest of European statesmen, in virtue of his discovery and application of deductive laws applicable to society and government. But the mischief of Calhoun's deductive method is, that, by nature or position, his understanding is controlled by his will; and, consequently, his principles are often arbitrarily or capriciously chosen, do not rise out of the nature of things, but out of the nature of Mr. Calhoun; and therefore it is frequently true of him, what Macaulay untruly declares of Burke, that "he chooses his position like a fanatic, and defends it like a philosopher"—as Clay chooses his like a tactician, and defends it like a fanatic.

If we carefully study the speeches of Webster and Calhoun, in one of those great Congressional battles where they were fairly pitted against each other, we shall find that Webster's mind darts beneath the smooth and rapid stream of his opponent's deductive argument at a certain point—fastens fatally on some phrase, or fact, or admission, in which the fallacy lurks—and then devotes his reply to a searching analysis and logical overthrow of that, without heeding the rest. Calhoun, of course, has the ready rejoinder that the thing demolished is twisted out of its relations; and then, with admirable control of his face, proceeds to dip into Webster's inductive argument, to extract some fact or principle which is indissolubly related to what goes before and comes after, and thus really misrepresents the reasoning he seemingly answers. To overthrow Calhoun you have, like Napoleon at Wagram, only to direct a tremendous blow at the centre; to overthrow Webster, like Napoleon at Borodino, the whole line must be routed.

In the style of the two men we have, perhaps, the best expression of their character; for style, it has been well said, "is the measure of power—as the waves of the sea answer to the winds that call them up." Webster's style varies with the moods of his mind—short, crisp, biting, in sarcasm; luminous and even in statement; rigid, condensed, massive in argumentation; lofty and resounding in feeling; fierce, hot, direct, overwhelming, in passion. Calhoun's has the uniform vigor and clear precision of a spoken essay.

Clay—the love of American economics, as Webster was the pride—had all those captivating personal qualities which attract men's admiration, at the same time that they enforce their respect; and was especially gifted with that flexibility—that prompt, intuitive, heart-winning grace—which his great contemporaries lacked. The secret of his influence must not be sought in his printed speeches. We never go to them, as we go to Webster's and Calhoun's, for political philosophy and vehement logic. But if Webster as an orator was inductive, and convinced the reason, and Calhoun deductive, and dazzled the reason, Clay was most assuredly seductive, and carried the votes. The nature of Clay, without being deficient in force, was plastic and fluid, readily accommodating itself to the moment's exigency, and more solicitous to comprehend all the elements of party power than all the elements of political thought. His faculties and passions seem all to have united in one power of personal impressiveness, and that personality once penetrated a whole party, bound together discordant interests and antipathies, made itself felt as inspiration equally in Maine and Louisiana, concentrated in itself the enthusiasm of sense for principles, and of sensibility for men; and these, the qualities of a powerful political leader, who makes all the demagogues work for him, without being himself a demagogue, indicated his possession of something, at least, of that

> "Mystery of commanding;
> That birth-hour gift, that art-Napoleon,
> Of winning, fettering, wielding, moulding, banding
> The hearts of millions, till they move as one."

But the fact that Clay never reached the object of his ambition, proves that he was not a perfect specimen of the kind of character to which he belonged; and his personality—swift, fusing, potent as it was—alert, compromising, supple as it was—still was not under thoroughly wise direction; and a sense of honor morbidly quick, and a resentment of slight nervously egotistic, sometimes urged our most accomplished politician into impolitic acts, which leveled the labors of years.

Perhaps the best test even of a man's intellect is the way he demeans himself when he is enraged; and in this Webster was pre-eminent above all orators, while Calhoun was apt to lose his balance, and become petty and passionate, and Clay to exhibit a kind of glorious recklessness. Most of the faults of Webster proceeded from his comprehension of understanding not being ever accompanied by a corresponding impetus from sentiment and character; and some of his orations are therefore unimpassioned statements and arguments, which, however much they claim our assent as logicians, do not stir, and thrill, and move us as men. Com-

ing from but one portion of his own nature, they touch only one portion of the nature of others, and wield no dominion over the will. Such was his celebrated speech on the Slavery question, which so many found difficult to answer, and impossible to accept. Not so was it when passion and sentiment penetrated his understanding; for, in Webster, passion was a fire which fused intellect and character into one tremendous personal force, and then burst out that resistless eloquence in which words have the might and meaning of things—that true mental electricity, not seen in dazzling, zigzag flashes—not heard in a grand, reverberating peal *over* the head—but, mingling the qualities of light and sound, the blue bright flame startles and stings the eye at the moment the sharp crash pierces and stuns the ear. No brow smitten by that bolt, though the brow of a Titan, could ever afterward lift itself above the crowd without being marked by its enduring scar; and it was well that a great, and not easily moved nature, abundantly tried by all that frets and teases the temper, should thus have borne within himself such a terrible instrument of avenging justice, when meanness presumed too far on the moderation of that large intellect, when insolence goaded too sharply that sullen fortitude!

The three great statesmen to which we have referred, taken together, cover three all-important elements in every powerful national mind—resistance, persistence, and impressibility; and each, by representing at the same time some engrossing industrial interest, indicates that practical direction of the national energies to which we have all along referred. In this region of industry the nation has been grandly creative; and by establishing the maxim that the production of wealth is a matter secondary to its distribution, it promises to be as grandly beneficent. But, perhaps, in the art and science of government it has been more creative and more beneficent than in the province of industry. The elements of order and radicalism it embosoms are in a healthy rather than destructive conflict, so that we may hope that even the problem of Slavery will be settled without any widespread ruin and devastation. The mischief of radicalism in other countries is, that it commences reformation by abjuring law; accordingly, it opposes political power on the principles of anarchy, and wields it on the principles of despotism. Here the toughest problem in the science of government has been practically solved, by the expedient of legalizing resistance; and thus, by providing legal inlets and outlets for insurrection and revolution, we reap the benefits of rebellion, and avoid its appalling evils. A nation which has done this can afford to bear some taunts on its vices and defects, especially as its sensitive vanity impels it to appropriate the truth contained in every sarcasm under which it winces.

It now remains to ask how a national mind like the American, with its powers generally directed by its sentiments to commerce, industrial production, law, and politics—which are the most lucrative occupations—and but relatively directed to reforms—which are the most unprofitable—how it appears when tested by those virtues which are the conditions of a nation's durable strength? The question is not one of particulars, because, in every social system, no matter how far advanced in humane culture, there will always be individuals and small classes representing the vices of every grade of civilization which history or tradition has recorded, from cannibals all the way down to dandies. We have our share of New Zealand and our share of Almacks; but in viewing a national mind we must fasten on the strongest elements and the average humanity. Looked at from this liberal point, American life would bear comparatively well the tests of prudence, moderation, and benevolence; a little less confidently those of veracity, steadfastness, and justice; and considerably less those of beauty, heroism, and self-devotion.

But it is not so much in the present as in the future that we have the grandest vision of the American mind. We have seen that its organic substance, as distinguished from the unassimilated elements in contact or conflict with it, is solidly and productively practical; and as it is a sleepless energy, resisting, persisting, and impressible, we may hope that it will transmute into itself the best life of other national minds, without having its individuality overwhelmed; that it will be strong and beautiful with their virtues and accomplishments, without being weak with their vices and limitations; and that, continually enriched by new and various mental life, it will result in being a comprehensive national mind, harmoniously combining characteristics caught from all nations—so that Greece might in it recognize beauty, and Rome will, and Germany earnestness, and Italy art, and France vivacity, and Ireland impulse, and England tenacity. It is in this contemplation of America as a conquering Mind that we should most delight—a mind worthy of the broad continent it is to over-arch—a mind too sound at the core for ignorance to stupefy, or avarice to harden, or lust of power to consume—a mind full in the line of the historical progress of the race, holding wide relations with all communities and all times, listening to every word of cheer or warning muttered from dead or thundered from living lips, and moving down the solemn pathway of the ages, an image of just, intelligent, beneficent Power!

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE in America had scarcely buried our foremost practical statesman, England had barely turned from the grave of her brilliant wit and satirist, when the note of national bereavement was caught up and prolonged in the universal sorrow with which the French people followed to his last home the most popular of poets. The death of Béranger revives all the souvenirs of all the changing fortunes of France during its last fourscore years of change. He was one of the rarest products of that strange convulsive epoch so prodigal of great geniuses. The metaphorical sea of Time, like the veritable ocean on which we gaze from Newport or Nahant, often sends to the shore, with its burden of wreck and destruction, some gem of its own most fanciful creation. The same dismal wave which broke over France in the horrors of Revolution and the Reign of Terror, bore into being this bright child of song, with all his overflowing wit and humor and genial human sympathies, like a gleam of sunlight on the crest of some storm-lashed breaker just poised for the final desolating sweep. Nature, in Béranger, epitomized the French character in its sunniest type, and avenged herself for such grand deformities as Danton, Robespierre, and their colossal colleagues. He was revolutionary and democratic by instinct; but he had no thirst for blood or plunder,

and the kindliest elements were mingled in his composition. His temper was gay enough and warm enough for that perfumed and painted era of the Regency which he just escaped, but whose passions throb, with only half-abated fervor, in the voluptuous verses which he scatters, somewhat profusely, among his national lyrics. With him, Bacchus and Venus were still, as in the days of Louis XV. and Madame du Barri, divinities not altogether to be driven from the shrines of the old idolatry. He hated the old worshipers, Kings, and courtiers, and parasites; but it was the priests and not the divinities of whom he would purify the temple. He might have underwritten with glowing verse the *Pilgrimage to Cytherea* or the *Fêtes Galantés* as those famous pictures came from the hand of Watteau, that famous painter of powdered coquettes and profane lovers, drunk under Arcadian bowers, among roses and violets, with music, and wine, and beauty; or Lancret, who surpassed even Watteau in the art of seizing and transferring to the canvas the sensuous graces, the butterfly bloom, and the delirious abandonment of that intoxicated dream which preceded the waking terrors of the Revolution, might have painted the counterpart to some of those gay refrains of the poet, in which he celebrates, not the glories of the Empire or the abuses of the Restoration, but the Bacchanalian joys of Parisian life at twenty, the sparkling draughts of the choicest vintage, and the fresh charms of the fairest of grisettes.

Something, too, in his declining years, and the calmness of his final exit, reminds us of the philosophy, semi-pagan, semi-Christian, of Diderot and Helvetius, and the sages of the *Encyclopœdia*. He believed in *le Dieu des bonnes gens*—the God of honest people—but he offered his devotions, goblet in hand, as the ancient worshipers poured their libations to their tutelary Deities; and he accepted the good and the ill of life, its changing fortunes and its final scenes, with a serenity partly Stoical, partly Epicurean, partly Catholic. On this side of his character we find him still thoroughly French—a true reflection of the prevailing sentiment of his age.

But he was honestly a man of the people—one of the few genuine Democrats who loved Liberty for her own sake, and were willing to follow wherever she led. And the people, as well as the men in power, knew that he was sincere in this, and they loved and hated him accordingly. Demagogues and place-hunters might learn a wholesome lesson as to the secret of true popularity in the career of this singer of songs, who, when he was elected, in 1848, by two hundred thousand votes to the National Assembly, refused to peril his reputation in a public career. The Assembly declined to accept his resignation. Upon this he wrote a most touching and noble letter, "supplicating them, with clasped hands, not to drag him from his obscurity." "This is not," he adds, "the desire of a philosopher, still less is it that of a sage; it is the wish of an old rhymer, who would imagine that he had survived himself were he to lose, in the tumult of public affairs, his independence of mind, the only treasure which he has ever coveted. For the first time, I have something to ask of my country. Let not its worthy representatives reject the petition which I address them in reiterating my resignation, and let them kindly overlook the weakness of an old man, who can not conceal from himself the honor which he sacrifices in separating himself from them."

Such traits as these carry us back to a higher style of character than any which marked either the revolutionary or the anti-revolutionary epochs; and, with something of the homage which we pay to the old Roman patriotism, we unite in the cry which followed the funeral procession along the streets of Paris—"Honor to Béranger!"

The Season is over, and the summer ended at last, and the great family of the Everybodies is in town again. We looked in upon them a short time since, and found that they had fairly resumed the business of housekeeping at the old city stands. They were full of July, August, and September experiences, brought from salt watering-places, fresh watering-places, mineral watering-places; from farm-houses, and family homesteads; and the recital of the various trials through which they had passed, in their desperate struggles after enjoyment and recreation, was enough to move more stoical sensibilities, and melt a harder heart than the sensibilities and the heart which belong to this sympathizing Easy Chair. We sat, and they poured the touching tale into our listening ears. There were doleful instances of cruelties perpetrated by relatives in the interior upon juvenile city delinquents who turned up their young noses at salt pork and buttermilk; of starvation in country boarding-houses; of despotic waiters at hotels, not to be bribed except by douceurs of fabulous amount; of sufferings on feather beds and corn-shuck mattresses; of perils by railroad, perils by stage-coach, and perils among Yankee tavern-keepers. Wherever the Everybodies had been they had found phalanxes of crying babies, platoons of disagreeable people, and the most unaccountable weather ever known. The gay places had been dull, the quiet places unhealthy, the select places overrun with *such* vulgar sets—and all of them ruinously expensive. The Everybodies drew a long sigh in concert, thanked their individual stars that the summer was over, and broke into the chorus of "Home, sweet Home!"

The Everybodies all agreed in one particular. They had never dreamed that their city houses were so large, so convenient, so crammed full with luxuries, until they went into the country. They have come back, some of them, to twenty or eighteen feet fronts, and find them expanded into palatial dimensions and magnificence. They have gone about through the old rooms, and have opened closet doors and bureau drawers with as much surprise and delight as if they had never seen or heard of such things before. They have seated themselves in the old arm-chairs with amazement at their newly-discovered comfort; and one of the elder Everybodies assured us that, upon the occasion of his first home dinner, the sensations which he experienced in realizing that there was no gong in his house, no bill-of-fare, and no head-waiter, and that there were such things as tender beef-steaks in the world, can not be expressed in words, and caused a tumult of grateful emotion in his bosom from which he did not recover until after his third glass of sherry. He dwelt on the latter branch of the subject with great pathos, and occasioned on our part some misgivings as to the state of his intellect by broaching an insane theory that the great rise in dressed hides, and leather of all descriptions, in the summer months, is owing to the demand which exists for them at the watering-places for the manufacture of beef-steaks.

Notwithstanding all this, the benevolent heart

of the Easy Chair was rejoiced at observing that the little children of the Everybody family, whose blanched cheeks and listless limbs, in the early summer, told a sad story of confinement among the brick walls and stone pavements, and the unhealthy city habits and hours, which begin so soon to do their work of destruction upon our boys and girls, had brought home a fresh bloom, and a new infusion of life. It was a pleasure to kiss those ruddy cheeks and pouting lips, just retouched by the loving Master-hand which paints the myriad hues of field and flower. It was a pleasure to hear their laugh again, all the cheerier for the long play-hours among the pine-woods and along the ocean sands, of which they have so much to tell; and their little hands clasped the arms of the Easy Chair with a firmer grasp for having gathered through so many sunny days the shells and the pebbles beside the beach, or clung, in their merry sports, to the long branches of the elms and the willows. They come home from the country and its rare delights as from some wonderful theatre, where Nature has been the showman, and has shifted the scenes so skillfully that the last was always the fairest. For the sake of the children we regret that there is no more summer, and sigh for the green groves and running streams, for which, in our eyes, troops of happy children are a fitter tenantry than all the fabled nymphs and naiads of the old mythology.

The Everybody men and women, too, though they all grumble and complain about it, have had, on the whole, a pretty good time. They come back with improved color and loosened waistcoats and belts. They have had their intervals of enjoyment between those periods of miseries preluded by the gong and administered by marching waiters, and have got more nearly the worth of their money than they are willing to admit. One thing is very certain: that toward the end of next February they will begin to ask each other where they are going for the next summer, and its returning heats will find them all again in the same places, suffering the same privations of which they now complain. People are fond of fancying themselves victims and martyrs. There is a native longing in us all for misery, real or fancied, and the facilities afforded for its exercise in the summer resorts are rather in favor of their popularity. About a million and a half of dollars, lawful money of the United States, are left at Saratoga alone every season in exchange for the privilege of doing penance in the cells of its mammoth hotels during the hot weather, and grumbling about it during the cold weather.

But whatever are the evils which we suffer from our country friends, they deal with us much better than we deal with them when they come to town. They give us the best they have, and cook it as well as they know how, and charge as much as they dare; but they play no drop-games nor panel-games upon us; they exhibit no patent safes; they seduce us into no mock auctions; they tempt us with no extravagances; they publish no quotations of fancy stocks; they have no bulls or bears running loose in the street. When we think of all that our country cousins suffer at our hands, there seems to be room for a theory of retribution in the tough chickens and leathery beef-steaks which they visit upon us and upon our children.

When we hear the cry of "Stop thief!" within sound of our Easy Chair, we involuntarily turn to the window, and look in the direction from which it comes. So do all our neighbors, right and left; so do all the passers-by in the street below, old and young, men, women, and children, and the whole movement of the moment suspends itself while we watch the pursuit. No matter what has been stolen or from whom, the thief has been scented, tracked, and is in full view, and must be stopped; and as the cry gathers strength at every corner, and finds an echo under every door-way, the excitement becomes intense, and every one longs to have a hand on the collar of the culprit, and to help in dragging him to justice. But suppose it turns out that the shout was raised out of pure malice or wantonness; suppose the so-called thief is as honest a citizen as any one of the hundreds on the sidewalks, and as soon as he perceives that he is the object of so much public attention, turns and confronts his slanderers, and they slink off without attempting a syllable of proof or explanation, and without any word of retraction or reparation, might not the crowd on curb-stone and door-step, and from the open windows, justly prolong the cry of "Stop thief!" and turn it upon those who were thus caught in the very act of an attempted larceny of that good name, the value of which, compared with one's purse, we might quote Shakspeare to illustrate, if the quotation were not familiar enough to save us the trouble, and if there needed any authority to point our meaning.

Now there are other things besides pocket-books and gold watches which may become the subjects of larceny, petty or grand, and in respect to which also the cry of "Stop thief!" may be raised—sometimes with truth, sometimes in such a way that the accusers find themselves, instead of the accused, in the pillory of public ridicule. There is a great deal of loose, unclaimed thunder lying about, which is easily carried off. Some people are so unfortunate as always to have their ideas stolen without themselves suspecting the loss until they recognize them in the possession of somebody else. There never yet was a successful invention which was not claimed by a score or two of people who invented it long before the original inventor, and who whine piteously when the Patent Office and the public unite in stupidly refusing to recognize their claims to all the glory and all the profits, though backed by their own unaided assertion. There has rarely been a successful book in which thousands of people have not discovered the very thoughts which they themselves had before it was ever in print, which they would have expressed if they had only known how, and published if they had only had a chance. These unfortunate beings generally resign themselves to their fate; and the grand burglars and highwaymen, such as Milton and Shakspeare, and the lesser thieves, such as Dickens and Thackeray, though well known to have been famous appropriators, go unexposed and unpunished. Sometimes, however, when an offender of less note is found among the light-fingered fraternity of authorship, the cry of "Stop thief!" is all of a sudden raised about his ears with a clamor which shows him what bad company he has got into.

We had an illustration of this in the recent hue and cry got up, aided by the respectability of band and surplice, and the juvenility of pinafore and ringlets, touching the authorship of a very popular poem. The public were gravely asked to believe

that the author did not write it, but that a young lady of fifteen dropped the idea and the beginning and end of the poem (which, by-the-way, Byron says are the most difficult parts), at a corner of the street somewhere up-town, and only awoke to a consciousness of her loss when she discovered what a tremendous body had inserted itself between the lost extremities, and was parading in all the effrontery of print before her eyes.

It is usual for claimants of stolen goods to "prove property." This little formality is quite essential when there are two claimants, and the one in possession is reputable, has never had his title questioned, denies flatly that any body else is entitled to it, and plants himself on his simple casting back of the charge. In the present instance, the propriety of proving, or attempting to prove, the charge does not seem to have entered the heads of the accusers, and not a particle of evidence is furnished to justify us in holding up the youthful claimant, as we might have done had the story been true, to the admiration of the world, as the first female writer who, at fifteen, ever wrote or planned a satire on her own sex!

Our old friend, Fustic, who has been on the Prize Composition Committee at divers times in Sundry Institutions devoted to the embroidery, trimming, and fancy decoration of the intellects of young ladies, says that he has repeatedly been amazed at discovering the originals of striking essays by Addison, Hannah Moore, and equally distinguished authors, and of poems by Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, and the other Modern British Poets, in the efforts of the rising female generation at these seats of learning, and he declares, that if he only had the ability to put it in proper style, he could produce, from his experience, a surprising magazine article on the Obligations of English Literature to American School-girls. He shakes his head over this new claim of authorship, and says, dryly, that there is more imagination displayed in the story of the lost manuscript than there is in the real poem itself.

Mr. TINSHINGLE, who has practiced in the legal profession in the city and county of New York for the last forty years, and who has so identified himself with our commerce that his name and opinions on the subject of bottomry and ship-chandlery are mentioned with respect off Cape Horn and in the China seas, paid us a domiciliary visit a few days ago. Mr. Tinshingle goes about like an old alchemist, turning every thing he touches into law, Whatever he does partakes of the character of a legal proceeding. He carries the odor of the courts about with him as hostlers do the smell of the stables. His most casual conversation is a summing up, his invitation to dinner is in the nature of an arrest, and his most friendly call is a sort of special session. He put his hand into his pocket and we expected a *subpœna*, but he produced instead a pocket handkerchief, and after wiping his brows, seated himself, and only replied to our salutation when the time to answer had fully expired. We perceived at a glance that Mr. Tinshingle was not in a very good humor.

"Rather brisk times, these, for gentlemen of your profession," we remarked; you manage to keep the courts busy in vacation, to pit the judges against each other, and the newspapers are bristling with your *points!*"

"Not *my* points, if you please," responds Mr. Tinshingle; "I wash my hands of such proceedings as these. They are all irregular and unprofessional. Here are a parcel of young fellows who have got hold of injunctions, and mandamuses, and certioraris, and are employing them with just about as much discretion as children would exhibit with lighted candles among an assorted stock of fireworks. They are setting off their rockets, and Roman candles, and wheels, and crackers, in all directions, making a great whizzing, and phizzing, and banging without any useful result and at public expense; and, what is worse, hitting and hurting somebody at every shot. In the good old days we should all have been up at Saratoga at this season, attending the Court of Chancery or the Court of Errors, and drinking Congress water, instead of stewing and Special Terming it here in New York. But what can you expect from the present order of things? The Code and the Elective Judiciary were the two gunpowder plots against the peace and dignity of our profession, and unfortunately they both succeeded. To change the subject, have you read the opinions of the Judges of the Court of Appeals in the great case of the North American Twist and Bamboozle Company?"

We remind Tinshingle that an Editorial Easy Chair is presumed to have read, marked, and inwardly digested every thing which has ever appeared in print and attained a circulation of more than one copy.

"Very well," asks Mr. Tinshingle, "are you prepared to defend them?"

We quietly ward off this blow by inquiring of Mr. Tinshingle whether he is prepared to attack them.

"New law—new law," says Mr. Tinshingle, with an expression of face which indicates that to an old lawyer the very idea of new law is poisonous. The Court is beside itself; it has turned a complete summerset, swallowed its own decisions, upset its own dicta, and kicked its own precedents out of doors. I want you to enlighten the public about the matter."

"New law or old law, it seems to us," we reply, "a very honest and wise conclusion that has been reached, and one which reflects great credit on our Judiciary. All that the public care particularly to know about it is what they know already, that certain heavy creditors (many of them foreigners, unacquainted with our laws) of an insolvent corporation, who have been pursuing their claims for fifteen years against all manner of technical objections and through all the labyrinthine delays of the law, have at last succeeded, and will get the money which is due them, or whatever is left of it after so long a litigation; and that the law of this State is to pay and not to repudiate honest debts."

Mr. Tinshingle shakes his learned head. "You are in a state of gross darkness about the whole matter," he observes, "and you overlook the most important fact, that in this case there was a—Fund, and a—Receiver, and when you have a Fund and a Receiver you must know that questions of honesty or dishonesty, of paying or repudiating, don't enter into the question. Let me enlighten your ignorance. Here was the Twist and Bamboozle Company, which was got up for the express purpose of borrowing money of every body. When it had borrowed every body's money it failed. It had stockholders; it had creditors; it had assets. Now if there had been assets enough to pay all the creditors and all the stockholders, they would both have

been satisfied, but by some unavoidable accident it turned out that there was not half enough to pay the creditors, to say nothing of the stockholders. The officers of the Company had put the most of its property in the hands of Trustees to protect the largest creditors; and while the other creditors and the stockholders are looking wistfully at the remaining assets, along comes the Chancellor and puts them into the hands of a Receiver—and a Receiver," continued Mr. Tinshingle, pausing and throwing himself back in his chair as if more perfectly to enjoy the idea which the word suggested, of a being quite too

"bright and good
For Human Nature's daily food"—

"a Receiver is one of the most interesting and, I might say, sublime objects which can be presented to the legal mind. He is the offspring of Chancery and Insolvency. He is inseparably identified with a Fund. He acts only by advice of counsel. He subsists on motions and interlocutory orders. He is always petitioning the Court, and asking that something or other be granted with costs. He is the good genius of attorneys and solicitors. He moves in an atmosphere of taxable items and commissions, and special proceedings and general equity. He is, if I may be allowed the expression, the grandest embodiment of a legal fiction. Now what was the duty of the Receiver in this case?"

"Very simple, we should suppose; to turn the assets into money, deduct his commissions, distribute the balance among the creditors, and go about his business."

"Spoken like an unsophisticated, ignorant Easy Chair. No! A Receiver owes his first duty to the Fund which has created him. The course of proceedings you suggest would have displayed the grossest incompetency and ingratitude. What! distribute the Fund and put it out of existence? Do you suppose a Receiver guilty of such conduct could look his solicitors in the face, much less a Court of Equity? The duty which the Receiver in this case owed to the Fund was to keep it in Chancery, to resist all the claims made upon it by the creditors, to swell it by attacking the trusts which covered the other property, setting them aside, turning out the trustees, getting possession of the trust moneys, adding them to the Fund, and then keeping the Fund in Court to the end of time. If there were such things as great legal spiders who could spin webs day and night around the Fund, and around the trustees, and around the creditors, and around the Courts, and entangle them all with suits and cross-suits, with bills and cross-bills, and answers and demurrers, replications and hearings, and decrees and references, and motions and appeals, until the creditors were worried out, and worn out, and badgered, and beggared, and in despair, and begged for mercy, he ought to have set them all at work to protect the Fund. The Court of Appeals ought to have protected it; they ought to have stuck to their old law, and upset all the trusts, and declared all the debts void, and the creditors usurers, and kept the money in the country instead of letting it go back into the Bank of England, or into the pockets of Englishmen to swell the aggregate of British gold. It came out of their pockets originally, you say! To be sure it did, but what of that? The Court should never have looked behind the Fund. It is a monstrous decision; and if you can not see the enormity of it, permit me to say that I should take pleasure in moving to put your whole establishment, types, presses, machinery, plates, sheets, and books, into the hands of a Receiver to conduct the business and edit the Magazine under the order of the Court."

There is a returning gleam of sunshine on Tinshingle's face as he closes his argument, which lights into certainty what we had surmised all along, that this wily veteran of the Bar had been feeling the pulse of public opinion through its great artery, the Easy Chair, and, concealing his own satisfaction at the decision he denounced for the purpose of assuring himself of the satisfaction of the community in general. We accuse him of the stratagem, but he pulls out his watch, and says he must go to a Reference.

"Tell us, before you go, what you think of the official tactics in the Cunningham case—the government aid which enabled the criminal to perpetrate the crime, if, in a technical sense, there was any crime."

"It was rather irregular," says Mr. Tinshingle; "an old fellow such as I am looks upon these exploits as Dr. Francis might upon a Homœopathic experimentizer who had nothing to show in support of his practice on a patient except a perfect cure. The success of the thing has nothing to do with its quality as right or wrong, but it demonstrates its necessity and value. So long as we admit the principle in our Detective Police system of dealing with crime on its own plan, we allow and demand precisely this kind of strategy, which is as necessary in the conflict with villainy as in the grander operations of warlike campaigns. The same sort of thing is done constantly on a smaller scale in the ferreting out and exposure of crime. Bear in mind that, in this instance, the crime, so far as *intent*, which gives it its moral essence, is concerned, was fully ripe, and that the strategy by which it was aided related only to the development and manifestation of the guilty forethought, and did not prevent the criminal at any moment from abandoning the wicked scheme, and stopping short in its execution. I can give you an instance from recollection of a proceeding somewhat analogous, and which, in the time of it, was very notable.

"Nearly forty years ago a man in one of the interior counties of this State was suspected of having forged the signatures and certificate of acknowledgment to a deed conveying a valuable tract of land. The name of the magistrate by whom the certificate of acknowledgment purported to have been signed, was such an exact imitation of his veritable signature that he would have been unable to pronounce it a forgery but for the absence of two dots, which he was in the invariable habit of adding to his official signature. The accused was arrested, indicted, and brought to trial. The ablest lawyer in the State, a man unsurpassed, at least, in the management of a criminal defense before a jury, appeared as his counsel. The prosecution was conducted by a more successful competitor for public honors, who was afterward elected President of the United States. The principal witness for the prosecution was the Justice whose signature had been forged. He was positive that the handwriting was not his, but chiefly from the absence of the customary dots. On cross-examination he was obliged to say that it looked like his writing; that if the dots had been there he should have said it was his. The case for the prosecution was evidently a weak one. The prisoner's counsel opened to the jury in very sanguine style. He was prepared to demonstrate the

innocence of his client. A witness was in Court who was present when the certificate was signed, and saw the magistrate who had just left the stand sign it with his own hand. The witness was accordingly called, and sworn, but his evidence was like thunder in a clear sky to the Court, the jury, the prisoner, and his counsel—to every body, except the District-Attorney. He stated clearly and distinctly the method by which the crime had been committed, and the time and place of the forgery, and exhibited letters of the prisoner admitting the forgery, and instructing the witness how to testify in order to clear him. The forger had suborned the witness to perjure himself, and the witness had promised to do it; *but he was in league with the District-Attorney;* his consent to the perjury was to entrap the criminal into fatal confidence, and secure his inevitable conviction. The game was played out, the disclosure came like the flash of retribution, and there was no escape. The prisoner's counsel threw up his brief, and the Court sentenced his client to imprisonment in the State Prison for life. The case was different in some respects," says Tinshingle, "from that of Mrs. Cunningham, but the principle is the same."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is coming to that: we knew that it would: we see it by the old, familiar addresses upon the luggage of the Tomkinses, and the Smiths, and the Browns. Switzerland is growing to be a favorite summer resort for those tired of Newport and Saratoga. The Americans are here in bulk; we hear good Frémont caucus speeches in the coffee-rooms of the Geneva hotels, and good Democratic retorts. New York ladies talk of Mayor Wood and Mrs. Cunningham on the eve of a start for Chamouni.

And why not? Why reckon it far, when ten day's steaming (without change of luggage) will put you down on Havre pier, six hours more hustle you to Paris, and twelve more land you on the door-step of mine host of the *Hôtel des Bergues*, in the very jaws of Lake Geneva, and within view of the rosy tip of Mont Blanc?

Would you believe it that we met Mr. ——, broker, of Wall Street, only yesterday, in a summer duck from Devlin's?

"How d'ye?" said we.

"How d'ye?" said he.

"When did you leave New York?" said we.

"*Last week*" (we met Friday). "Left town for a month, except they telegraph me back!"

There was audacity in leaving Wall Street for a month's run into Switzerland, but what should we say of a count upon the great telegraphic cable before the wire was fairly coiled into the steamer's hold!

There are one or two capital things to know, which fast American travelers, men and women, are apt to learn by a trip hither: First, how small a wardrobe is really necessary for a summer's jaunt; and, next, that a certain degree of repose and quietude of action make the travel of a season far more beguiling.

All the flurry is in the start; after it the fever haste subsides; it finds no sympathy to feed upon; it does not come again till the New York cabmen point their whips at you and bawl in your ear.

And what a delightful escape it is from our universal scramble! What a rebuke the mountains are! How they seem to say: "Time enough, gentlemen; no hurry!" How Mont Blanc tames us! In the first, far-away glimpse of him, there on the Juras, he seemed to say, "Quiet—be quiet, gentlemen!" And from Geneva, whence he leans over the Savoy heights looking into the lake, he says louder, "Keep quiet!" And when, down by the bridge as you go to the bourg of Chamouni, he stands in the path, he says dreadfully, "Be quiet!" And if you attempt to climb him, and get as far as the Grands Mulets, under his white brow, and feel his breath—how he takes off the edge of your hot haste, and awes you into quietude!

Somebody, not long ago, wrote a paper for *Blackwood*, called "Æsthetics among the Alps," intended to be very masterly. What the critics may have said about it we don't know or care. We should be sorry to carry about with us any Alpine teachings derived from such a source. Æsthetics among the Alps are like one of Mr. Martin's seven-mile palaces on ten feet of canvas. Æsthetics don't belong in the Alps. "Delicate perception" is impertinent where all perceptions are drowned in awe. Æsthetics live in a level country, and redeem it. Delicacy of taste has no wing for mountains; it is hushed, and sinks, with the mist-wreaths, to the valley bottoms. In the Alps, God talks; we tremble, and hold our tongue, and listen.

When you come to Gex—as you will do, if you travel over the Juras, by the loveliest road in the world—you should loiter and pass a night, if you can spare it (always have a night to spare in Switzerland), at Ferney, a miserable little village, where Voltaire lived, and where he cultivated a farm of some nine hundred acres, and built a chateau, which you can enter (with a fee), or see where he slept. Behind the chateau is an overgrown garden and a bowered walk of beech-trees, where he used to lounge, in view of Mont Blanc, and dictated to his secretary. He drove out in a gilt coach, with four horses; and sometimes there were thirty visitors in his chateau, who had come to do him homage, and to enjoy his petulant hospitality. You will see no gilt coach in his village nowadays, but very pretty dun cows, and bare-legged boys driving them through the village streets to the pastures outside the town.

It is a pretty walk of five miles from Ferney into Geneva. Hedges skirt the road, and there are scattered country-houses, which remind one of England. There are orchards, and open meadows; and, to the left, from time to time, views of the lake and of the mountains beyond.

When you have entered the town, given up your passport to a Genevese policeman in a cocked hat, and are fairly in the streets, you will be disappointed. You might be in a dirty part of Baltimore; but presently you will come upon a quay which borders the Rhone, and see another town, as it were, rise like an amphitheatre before you, and bridges over which crowds of people are hurrying; and the river-water you will find of such a rich, deep, intense blue as will startle you, and make you think, perhaps, your eyes are at fault. You try them by looking up at a green mountain shoulder which backs the town, and bow them again, lovingly, to that wonderful water.

There is a great ark of baths floating near by, and we enter to wash off the dust of our foot-tramp. After this, what refreshment as, from the window of our hotel upon the edge of the lake, we look over the river and the town, and listen to the hum, and see the bronze Rousseau standing among the trees upon an island garden, and catch the murmur of

the ripple which a little steamer makes as she comes puffing out of the hazy distance on the lake —now dashing through the shadow of some near shore, and then sauntering through the sunshine of a bay; quivering and plashing as she comes nearer, leaving a long trail of sparkles in her wake, turning out bright furrows of blue—dashing and splashing on—now in a line with the white chateau where Byron lived and wrote "Chillon," and now over against the old home of Madame de Staël, and now, while we look and listen, drawing toward the town—the quay—where her paddles stop, where she drifts nearer and nearer, backs, splutters, turns up an acre of foam, and rests.

Shall we sail upon her to-morrow? Shall we take *char-à-banc*, and drive down to Chamouni? Shall we idle through the fields toward Lausanne? Or shall we linger here at our window, watching the people come and go, watching the water, watching the clouds that now shroud the mountains, or —what?

Don't you wish you could ask yourselves?

Suppose we step into the coffee-room below and have a look at the "last files." A table by the window, a dish of tea, and—to begin with—yesterday's *Galignani*.

And what a contemptible, interesting paper *Galignani* always is! Such a gossip—such a robber of good things—such a contumacious, impertinent snapper-up of trifles—such a toady of the British—such a toady of the Emperor—such a toady of every thing that represents power—such a careful ignorance of all worthiness that is weak, and of all badness which is secret! How should any body not like to sip *Galignani* with his tea? How we all despise gossips, and how we all listen to them!

And first we find somewhat again about the Spiritualist Hume, who, it appears, is again in Paris, astonishing all who have the rare fortune to see his performances. His hotel is represented as besieged by applicants, noble and vulgar, who entreat his presence at their *soirées*. The other day he was at Fontainebleau, making *diablerie* representations before the imperial circle, and again we hear of him in Paris, in the *salon* of a Polish Count, where his feats seemed to such an extent supernatural that a large number of the lady guests fainted through terror.

We do not learn that the secret of his power has yet engaged the attention of the Academists.

The photograph of the eminent sorcerer is upon sale along all the Boulevard. "There is," says our gossip, "in the physiognomy inspiration and aspiration toward a better world. The looks, directed without affectation to heaven, are at once firm and gentle. One feels that they reach further than those of most men, but always upward."

On the faith of this photograph, those good souls who would have exorcised him as a demon may rest assured that his alliances, if they reach beyond the world, are with good spirits, and not with bad. There is nothing of the charlatan in the countenance, and far less of the demon than of the angelic.

Yet his power is unequal, and fluctuates like the funds at the Bourse. To-day he fails utterly in producing his miracles, and to-morrow he shall startle into movement every object upon which he fixes his magnetic regard.

Here, again, we have chat about Ristori. She is to remain in Paris these three winters to come. Fiorentini now boldly claims her as the first living tragedian, to the great discomfort of poor Rachel; and the British thunderer has declared her equal, if not superior, to Mrs. Siddons. She has purchased a house in Paris for a million of francs, and the Count Montanelli has crowned his late literary honors by writing for her a new tragedy.

Then the company of the *Bouffes-Parisiens* has gone to London, played in London; and the Duke d'Aumale, who has a delightful country-house down by Twickenham, which he calls Orleans House (metamorphosed from an old school-building—the view thereabout being ravishing)—the Duke, we say, heard of the presence of the *Bouffes-Parisiens* in London, and his old mother, the Queen of Louis Philippe, being wth him upon a visit, he conceived the idea of surprising her with a Paris play again. So it was all quietly arranged: a little company, an improvised orchestra, a grass plat for parquette, and a refrain to the final chorus of "Vive la France!" All this, with the French uniform of the line, overwhelmed the old lady so, that the issue came near making true again Madame Girardin's story of "*La joie fait peur.*"

Next we have that sad, strange tale of Miss Glasgow Smith—not in *Galignani* only, but on the lips of English and Scotch people around us. Did she kill her lover? The feeling is—she did. And what sad, weary, never-ceasing punishment will rest upon her! "Not proven," indeed, but *felt*.

And now, let us see what Lord Ellenborough will be saying about the new tide of affairs in India. The old gentleman should be competent to speak to such a point, for he has been in India—has held command there; he is grave, instructed, cool. We think we see him rising to his feet in that august assembly of England's patricians, and seem to listen to an old man who has himself felt the heats of Delhi:

"Milords," he says, after he has deplored the action of particular officers in India and recited certain details of the mutiny—"milords, it devolves upon me now to ask where was the Commander-in-Chief all this time—why was not he in the midst of his troops? He knew the difficulties that were growing up—he knew of the danger that threatened; for on the 9th of April he assembled the troops at Umballah, and addressed them in very sensible terms, endeavoring to undeceive them as to the intentions of the government, and to bring them to a right state of feeling; but having done so, it appears he went away to the hills, leaving behind him the dangers that threatened in the plain. (Hear, hear.) That, my lords, I venture to say, is not the conduct that ought to be pursued. I should say, from all that I have read, that the measures taken by the government of India from the time that the danger became apparent—from the time they knew of the retreat upon and the occupation of Delhi by the mutineers, have been judicious and proper; but, my lords, I do question their conduct in being blind to that which was obvious to all, and in omitting to take any precautions until this dreadful calamity actually took place. (Hear, hear.) But what is the position of General Anson? He has at his disposal two European regiments of infantry, two regiments of European cavalry, and an ample force of artillery. He has also two regiments of Ghoorkas, who may be depended upon, and he has, I hope, still faithful two regiments of native troops. My lords, with such a force, independent of other native troops, if he had met the mutineers in the field, he might without difficulty have beat them or double

their force. But, my lords, he is opposed by two enemies far more powerful than the mutineers—the climate at this season of the year, and the almost absolute want of carriage. It is almost impossible for General Anson to move his troops down from their cantonments without means of carriage transport, and carriages are, I believe, unobtainable; his only resource is to press men from the hills. In this way he may possibly bring down 2000 or 3000 men to carry burdens, but to obtain the necessary carriages and animals for moving an army a distance of 80 or 100 miles I believe to be impossible. Then there is the season, which, as I have said, is the most severe of the whole year. This is just the conclusion of the hot weather. During the prevalence of the hot winds we know that Europeans can not venture abroad in the sun. No European soldier is able to do his ordinary duties in the sun. Your lordships will recollect that on one occasion when the late Sir C. Napier was compelled to go into the field during the hot season, 45 Europeans were struck down in one day, and of the whole 45 he was the only one that survived the stroke. This is the most serious danger we have to meet. But, my lords, I will assume that General Anson is able to bring his troops in front of Delhi—and if he can do so, he ought by this time to be in possession of that place—he ought to be in possession of it, not in consequence of any attack by his artillery, but by the most simple of all means—namely, by changing the course of the canal by which Delhi is furnished with water, and turning it so as to deprive the inhabitants of their supply. Toward the conclusion of the dry season there is but very little water in that canal, and the population of Delhi, 160,000 or 170,000 in number, are annually subjected to great inconvenience and difficulty from that cause. They are then compelled to go a considerable distance to the Jumna for their water. To obviate that difficulty in some degree, when I was in India I established in connection with the palace an immense tank, which contained sufficient for supplying the whole of the inhabitants with water for three weeks; but I regret to say, with that spirit which has marked the government ever since I left to obliterate as far as possible every thing I ever did or attempted to do for the benefit of that country, that tank has been allowed to fall into ruin, and at this time the inhabitants of that place can not obtain water without having recourse to the canal. When I left India I left police battalions, which were formed to enable the government, in case of emergency, to move all the troops out of their cantonments upon any particular spot. By this means, when the invasion of the Sikhs took place, General Hardinge was enabled at once to move on three battalions from their cantonments to the scene of action, which he could not else have moved without leaving the places from which they were drawn unprotected. But General Anson had no such police battalions to fall back upon. He must either leave an imposing force to protect the extensive cantonments at Meerut, Umballah, and other places, or, as the force moves away from Umballah, their cantonments will be burned down behind them. And we know that no European troops can stand in the full blaze of an Indian sun without shelter. It is not only at Meerut and Delhi, but in the Punjaub, at Ferozepore, and in every part of Bengal, that this disposition to mutiny exists. I regret to say that I fear at the present moment we can not with safety rely on the fidelity of any of the regular regiments of the Bengal army."

So we wander from Twickenham to India, from Miss Smith to Ferozepore, and back again to our tea and toast by our window of the Hotel des Bergues.

Shall we stroll by the lake, now that the sun is setting?

An English girl, in broad, brown flat, and with light rod of Alfred's make, is throwing a fly upon the water; she makes a deft cast, the action showing a lithe figure and firm, in most happy attitudes. Think of a New York girl, in the eye of the loiterers from a great hotel, indulging in such amusement! Think of one (if you can) capable of such vigorous casts as she is making yonder!

Some duenna—it may be a mamma, it may be an elder sister—is seated upon the parapet near by, catching the last sun's rays for a new consultation of her "Murray." A tall man, thoroughly British, in blue-spotted cravat, with red cheeks and yellow gaiters, is sauntering near by, with two chattering little girls, who are entreating a sail upon the lake. An elegant Miss Simpkins, in blue, red, and yellow silk, of the latest Parisian cut (we fear she may be American), is exhibiting the art of her *modiste*, and exclaiming, in pretty, romantic commonplace, upon the beauty and the quiet of the scene.

The resonance of a vesper-bell from a gray tower beyond the Rhone is floating and dying on the water. The sun has slipped away from all the west windows, where just now it blazed—has slipped from the house-roofs, and from the towers, and all the nearer hills; and, as we look, has faded from the Savoy mountains, leaving them gray and cold, and has fastened upon the peaks of snow beyond Chamouni—sixty miles away as the crow flies—tinging them with rosy red.

Shall we stray thither to-morrow? 'Tis a sudden fancy, and by the time the young English girl has withdrawn her tackle and disjointed her rod, it has grown into determination. We will go straightway and book ourselves for Chamouni. A half coach half diligence traverses the road and leaves at six; we secure an outside place, and stroll back to our inn, where once more, by candle-light, we resume our outlook through the journals upon the gay and perplexed life of Paris.

What do we see now? A magnificent procession; soldiers by tens of thousands; martial bands waking echoes of a dirge between the houses. Onlookers sad and earnest, and grouping in fearful multitudes. Five hundred thousand are upon the walks, the balconies, the roofs. Women we see, with black scarfs, black vails—any token to show grief.

In the front of the *cortége*, upon which all eyes are turned, we see a company of the Sergents de Ville, the police of Paris; after these a squadron of the mounted guard; then two dark, plain carriages, within which we catch glimpse of surplice and of crucifix; another company of the police of the city; and after these a funeral car—heavy, dark, simple—with black plumes and white, waving with every motion. Above the heads of those who follow—a stricken little group of family mourners—we see the great plumes waving still; and over the heads of city dignitaries in their robes, who follow, still we see the great plumes nodding; a brilliant aid-de-camp of the Emperor, with gold epaulets

and jingling sword-chains, does not shut off, or make us cease to watch, the mournfully-nodding plumes of black and white which wave over the bier. And now we have a carriage of the imperial stables—four horses with funereal deckings—but the windows are closed; no one is there. If it were a king going to the grave, still none would ride after in the imperial carriage.

Nearly every shop is shut where the procession trails by.

And whose body is lying under the plumes which wave yonder, far now by the column of the Bastile?

Only a poet's!

Only a songster's!

Yet what a poet and what a singer was Béranger!

"As to my funeral obsequies" (he wrote latterly thus to his friend and publisher, M. Perrotin), "if you can avoid all public demonstration, do it, I beg you, my dear Perrotin. When I lose friends, I have a horror of public clamor and of discourses at their tomb."

And of this dying wish the Emperor has become self-appointed executor. There were only a few friends, indeed, admitted within the grave-yard inclosure, and no speech there; but in all else, what a magnificent lie!

Loving friends, who dare not come near; loving voices, that dare not speak; and all that army of Paris, which the dead poet loved as men and scorned as soldiers, appearing only in musket mockery—a kind of machine pomp—with no word, no look of the silent and tender sympathy that bound their hearts to the songs of the dead man!

Was there ever such a painting of a corpse! and painting it in colors most odious to the poet when alive!

It is hard for a man not a Frenchman to understand the regard in which Béranger was held every where in Paris and in France. The poor, struggling, ambitious, honest Scotchmen, who toss off an annual bumper to Burns, know something of it. But the Béranger feeling is the Burns feeling intensified. It is a Burns's Yule-log, always burning.

How is this? Not alone because his songs penetrated the humblest hearts, and kindled love and joy there always; not alone because he assumed their sufferings, and became the expression of their fondest as well as their faintest hopes; not alone because he caught and reflected all the blaze of their endeavor; not altogether because he gave so quick and biting a tongue to their griefs, and such passionate, fearful distinctness to their curses against a damning tyranny, but because *every act of his life was true to his every word!*

He told no grief he did not feel. He pictured no humility he did not act—no poverty whose pinch he did not know—no despotism at which his great heart had not rebelled, in deed as in word. The whole flow of his verse was a translucent river of feeling and thought, whose soul-bed every man knew and saw. He covered no vice to which he had fallen victim; he affected no purity he had not reached. How he sung—

"Lisette, ma Lisette,
Tu m'as trompé toujours;
Mais vive la grisette,
Je bois à nos amours!"

'Twas a great, fond, honest heart he had, and a quick brain for interpreter.

Shall we weary our reader (surely not) if we interpolate here a little song of the dead master, by a translation which is little known, about

MY LISETTE, SHE IS NO MORE?

What! Lisette, can this be you?
You in silk and sarcenet!
You in rings and brooches too!
You in plumes of waving jet!
Oh, no, no, no,
Surely you are not Lisette!
Oh, no, no, no,
My Lisette, you are no more!

How your feet the ground despise,
All in shoes of satin set;
And your rouge with roses vies—
Prithee where didst purchase it?
Oh, no, no, no,
Surely you are not Lisette!
Oh, no, no, no,
My Lisette, you are no more!

Round your boudoir wealth has spread
Gilded couch and cabinet,
Silken curtains to your bed,
All that heart can wish to get.
But oh, no, no, no,
Surely you are not Lisette!
Oh, no, no, no,
My Lisette, you are no more!

Simpering, you twist your lip
To a smile of etiquette;
Not a sign of mirth must slip
Past the bounds your teachers set;
Oh, no, no, no,
Surely you are not Lisette!
Oh, no, no, no,
My Lisette, you are no more!

Far away the days, alas!
When in cabin cold and wet,
Love's imperial mistress was
Nothing but a gray grisette.
Oh, no, no, no,
Surely you are not Lisette!
Oh, no, no, no,
My Lisette, you are no more!

You, ah me! when you had caught
My poor heart in silken net,
Never then denied me aught,
Never played this proud coquette.
Oh, no, no, no,
Surely you are not Lisette!
Oh, no, no, no.
My Lisette, you are no more!

Wedded to a wealthy fool,
Paying dear for leave to fret!
Though his love be somewhat cool
Be content with what you get.
Oh, no, no, no,
Surely you are not Lisette!
Oh, no, no, no,
My Lisette, you are no more!

If that love divine be true,
'Tis when fair and free are met;
As for you, Madame, adieu—
Let the haughty Duchess fret!
For oh, no, no, no,
Surely she is not Lisette!
Oh, no, no, no,
My Lisette, she is no more!

How strange! This plaintive Lisette-lover has five hundred thousand mourners crowding to his tomb! It was not the artist they honored—not the lover—not the democrat even—but the true-hearted man!

Swift upon this mention (the date of the journal is but a trifle later) comes the story of Eugene Sue's death. And what contrast! Yet the Paris world was never more eager for a new song-book of Béranger's than it had been for the Wandering Jew.

But it was for a splendid spectacle those people crowded—of passion, indeed—poverty, may be—life, always and every where. But the man sunk below the artist; he never lived up to the level of his thought. Sue's self-indulgence overcame him; he put all his feeling on paper; his sympathies taxed his imagination only. It was Lisette in satin. Plumes there may be waving in his funeral *cortége*, but no heart-sighs fan them.

And now to bed. One last look upon the night. The stars are out, and dance and play in the water. But the mountains are dim banks, which might be clouds—dim banks, where, in our dreams, we see white glories crowding!

Crick-crack, crick-crack, crick-crack (over the paving-stones), rumble, rumble, rumble (over a smooth Macadam), and we go bowling down the road that leads to Chamouni; passport all right, knapsack repacked, and we eager for the mountains.

There is an American beside us upon the top of the coach; he is chewing a quid; he is unshaven; he wears the air of an independent citizen. It is a grand air to wear, but does not involve impudence or conceit. There are too many who think it does.

"Parley English?" says he, interrogatively.

We tell him that we have that faculty.

"You speak it pretty well," says he.

We bow in acknowledgment. We somehow dread the thought of having this man's talk in our ear as we catch our first near view of Mont Blanc. There seems no hope of escape, however.

"Do you live about here, Sir?" continues he.

No, we do not; we half wish we did.

"Well, now, I shouldn't; I should rather live on a praree" (he spits); "I'm from Ameriky, Sir."

"Ah!"

"P'raps you don't know what a praree is, Sir?"

"A plain country," we venture.

"Well, Sir, it's a plain, to be sure; but you don't have such plains in this country—about as large as all Switzerland, Sir; and the sile about—so deep, Sir" (taking my Alpenstock and measuring about three feet upon the bottom, expectorating violently at the end of his observation).

"Indeed!"

A peasant, upon a hillside near by, is gathering up a little patch of hay; he collects it in a sheet, and bears it off upon his shoulders.

Our quick-eyed countryman observes it.

"Halloa! see there! a feller putting hay into a sheet! I should like to put that feller down plump into the middle of a praree, and just see him stare! Do you suppose now, Sir, that that's all his crop?"

We think it possible.

"And how many cows do you suppose he keeps?"

Not many, we think.

"No, Sir-ee!"

"Perhaps goats."

It is a new idea to our countryman.

"They keep goats about here, do they, Sir?"

We have sometimes seen them.

"And do goats pay, Sir, as things go?"

Do you pity us? How, after this, shall we draw our thoughts into the right mood for Chamouni?

We have it!

We will hum to ourselves (and you, reader) Coleridge's great Hymn:

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly: but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge!—"

"Goats are a pretty tractable animal, ain't they?" says our friend.

"Yes—tractable."

—"But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!—"

COUNTRYMAN. "How fur is the furthest you can see Mount Blank of a clear day?"

EASY CHAIR. "Ninety miles."

COLERIDGE.

—"O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone!"

COUNTRYMAN (*renewing his quid*). "That's an all-fired distance."

EASY CHAIR (*indignant*) quotes Coleridge aloud:

"Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enwrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!"

Our countryman has chewed violently through this; but he is not to be put off the track—not he.

"Do you know Saxe?" says he.

We have not that pleasure.

"He's a fine poet."

Coleridge again:

"Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn!"

My countryman is quieted, and we bowl along, under shade of wooded cliffs, over long reaches of level valley road, until at length, not far from noonday, upon a bridge that crosses by a single arch the turbid Arve, a great gap opens in the mountains before us; and in it—beyond it—filling it—topping it—topping every thing in the view—in your thought—in your anticipations—Mont Blanc! Propped by ridges of *aiguilles*, the great dome shines white in the sun.

We gaze, half hoping our countryman does not see it.

But he does though, "Halloa! I say, that *is* a stunner!"

We fly to Coleridge:

"Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that vail thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me. Rise, oh ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread embassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!"

"I suppose that's Mount Blank?"

Our countryman is right. It is Mont Blanc we see; and at his feet we lay down our pen.

Editor's Drawer.

THE bar and the pulpit are fruitful sources of supply for the Drawer, and the following from the bench are admirable in their way:

Judge Strong, our County Judge, was formerly —well, it was some years ago—given to imbibing more than was essential to the equilibrium of his mental or physical powers. But he was one of the politest men in the world, and never more so than when a little too deep in liquor. With his neighbor, Mr. Bates, a political opponent, he had had many a sharp conflict; but one day, when quite mellow, it suddenly struck him that he ought to "make up friends" with Bates; and stepping up to him in the street he said:

"I say, Mr. Bates, you and I have said a great many hard things about one another, and I am getting old, and feel as if I ought to make an apology for all I have said, and have it settled up."

"Oh, never mind," said Mr. Bates, "let it pass; and if you keep quiet hereafter I'll be satisfied."

"No, no," said the Judge; "I owe you an apology, for I've called you a rogue, a thief, and a liar."

"Well, never mind."

"Yes, but I do mind. I say I have called you a thief, and a liar, and a scoundrel—and—and—I'll be hanged if I don't *think just so still!*"

Judge Doane was another of our County Judges, recently deceased, a very profane man himself, but very sensitive on the proprieties of the court-room. An Irishman, being called as a witness, used so much profanity that the Judge reproved him sharply, and threatened to fine him if he swore again. The Irishman knew the swearing habits of the Judge so well that he thought him only in jest, and soon broke out again.

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, "enter a fine of ten dollars against the witness."

Pat paid up, and, turning to the bench, said:

"Ye are a Judge, are ye?"

"I am, Sir," answered the Judge, quite pompously.

"Well, ye look more like a cre*e*minal, and so ye are; for the little I swair isn't to be thought on by the side of the almightenest blasphaimies of yer honer. Bad luck to yer honer!"

The Judge would have been glad to fine him over again; but there was too much truth in this witness's testimony, and he let him off.

Judge Strong, of whom the first of these stories is told, is the very magistrate who made his mark, when quite a youthful lawyer, by the ingenious counsel which he gave a client, and cleared him entirely and very unexpectedly. He practiced in Jefferson County, and a prisoner being arraigned for theft, who had no counsel, the Court appointed young Strong to that service, directing him to confer with the prisoner, and give him the best advice he could under the circumstances. He retired with his client to an adjacent room for consultation, and when an officer was sent to inform them that the Court was waiting, Strong was found alone, and returned with the officer into the court-room.

"Where is your client?" demanded the Judge.

"He has left the place," replied the lawyer.

"Left the place!" cried the Judge. "What do you mean, Mr. Strong?"

"Why, your honor directed me to give him the best advice I could under the circumstances. He told me he was guilty, and so I opened the window and advised him to jump out and run. He took my advice, as in duty bound, and by this time he is more than two miles off."

LEAVING the bench and the bar, we have some reminiscences of a Georgia constable which are very refreshing:

Houston County, Georgia, boasts of the politest man and the most efficient constable in the State. Captain Spikes, of the 1631st district, G. M., is well known, and so popular that it is not improbable he would have been made Governor, but his services in his present important office could not be readily dispensed with. It would be difficult to hold court if Captain Spikes was out of the place, and one of the Judges of the Circuit, on his arrival at Perry, always makes it a point to ask if Captain Spikes is on hand, for he says if he is not, he shall adjourn over. At the last Spring Term of the Court, a newly-admitted member of the bar made his appearance; and a striking appearance it was, as Nature had lavished upon his ungainly shoulders a head of flaming red hair, so brilliant and blazing as to shine instantly on the eyes of all around him. As he attempted to pass within the bar with the other lawyers, Captain Spikes presented his staff of office, and gently intimated that he could not come in, as the seats were reserved for the lawyers.

"But I am a lawyer."

"I should think not," said Captain Spikes; "the Court won't allow it, and I can not let you in, Sir."

General Warren, a well-known member of the bar, hearing the conversation, interposed, and told the Captain that the young gentleman had been recently admitted, and was a real lawyer.

"Well, 'taint possible—sartingly 'taint possible; but go in, Sir—go in, Sir—I give it up. You're the first *red-headed lawyer* I ever seed!"

Such an officer as Captain Spikes comes, in time, to be an important branch of the government, and assumes the place of Court and jury in certain cases that seem too plain to require a more formal trial.

Twenty years ago the County of Dooly, adjoining Houston, had a hard population, not very scrupulous about the distinction in property, especially in the matter of pigs and chickens, which they would take wherever they could find them. Jerry Barns had been arrested for robbing a roost, and being brought up to Court, where the justice was too slow to suit the summary notions of the constable, Captain Spikes assumed the duty of laying down the law to the jury, telling them if they didn't find Jerry guilty, he should take him into his own hands. The jury left the matter with Spikes, who proceeded to sentence him forthwith:

"You done it, you know you did; and now you may have your choice to go to jail six months or take twenty-five lashes."

Jerry chose the latter; and, after going through the course of sprouts, he said he wouldn't have minded it much if they had trimmed the hickories smooth, but the stubs had stuck in his back, and he was afraid it would make it sore. But Captain Spikes warned him that the next time he was caught he should have the lashes and the six months to boot.

WHILE we are in Georgia let us hear from Morgan County, in which John Sturgis lives, who is said by some to be even more polite than Captain

Spikes. We have heard before of a gentleman who was passing a sitting hen, and said, "Don't rise, madam;" but Mr. Sturgis had never heard of this gentleman, and the other day he came to the trough with his horse, and found a hen in it on her nest. He bowed to the hen, and said, very politely, "Don't disturb yourself, madam; I'm not going to flustrate, no how, madam; lay on—lay on—I'll take another trough!" And touching his hat, he bowed himself out of the presence of the fair fowl.

"At a social party in Cincinnati," writes a genial friend, "a young lawyer observed a young lady approaching whom he had had the misfortune to offend. He extended his hand, and exclaimed:

"'Good-evening, Mary.'

"'Miss Mary, if you please,' said the young lady, bridling up at his familiarity.

"'We can *miss* you, Mary, only when you are absent,' he replied, and they were soon reconciled. It is said that she will soon be missed no more."

Father Haynes, the celebrated negro preacher of Vermont, has been in the Drawer before. A correspondent sends us some personal reminiscences of the man that are well worth preserving:

"Mr. Haynes was settled over the parish of West Rutland, and for several years was happy and useful. At length a council was called to consider the expediency of dismissing him. When they came together, and one of them asked him what was the matter—

"'Oh,' said he, 'matter enough. I have been preaching here these six years, and the people of West Rutland have just found out that I'm a nigger!'

"In the next parish, that of East Rutland, a very worthy man was settled, the Rev. Mr. Billings, who was an old bachelor—at least he was forty years old, and had never yet taken unto himself a spouse. Some members of his flock, prompted, perhaps, by some of the tender maidens, suggested to Father Haynes to advise Mr. Billings to change his condition. Father Haynes undertook this delicate office, and called over to see his neighbor minister, and lay the subject before him. In his study, and in the midst of a cloud of tobacco-smoke, Mr. Haynes began:

"'It is thought by many of your congregation, Mr. Billings, that your usefulness would be greatly increased if you would take a wife.'

"Now it happened that Father Haynes had two or three daughters, 'black but comely,' and Mr. Billings thought to tease the old man by saying,

"'Very likely, Father Haynes; and, by-the-way, you have some fine daughters—what do you say to giving me one of them?'

"'Well, well,' replied the old wag, 'you see I have spent a great deal of money on their education, and I could not consent to see one of them throw herself away!'

"Mr. Billings did not press the suit, and Father Haynes dropped the subject."

Western eloquence is still unrivaled. A correspondent in Kane County, Illinois, sends us the report of a recent murder trial there, from which we take a sketch of the peroration of the counsel's speech in behalf of the prisoners. There were half a dozen of them, men and women, a company of wandering basket-makers, who had got mad at one of their number, and *knifed* him. As they all carried the same kind of knife, and all were equally drunk, and one quite as likely to have done the deed as another, they were tried together, and were quite likely to be hung together.

Fenton was the lawyer whom they employed to see them out of the scrape. He appealed to the jury in strains of magniloquence not to be reported except by a lightning-rod, and having shown that this peaceful company had been compelled to kill the deceased in self-defense, he proceeded to harrow up their feelings by presenting the awful consequences of convicting them of murder:

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, I am going to suppose a case. It ain't so, and I don't want you to think it is so, for I am only going to suppose a case. We have all got done; this Court gives you the instructions; you leave the room, and in a short time you come back—I am only supposing a case—and the foreman hands up his verdict. The Court reads: 'Harlow Helm, guilty—off goes his head; Philo Helm, guilty—off goes his head; James Rowe, guilty—off goes his head; Maria Shepard, guilty—off goes her head; Levina Helm, guilty—off goes her head.' The people won't listen; they will break for the woods; and what on airth will become of you, gentlemen of the jury?"

The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty without leaving the room.

The late John Stanley, of North Carolina, was one of the most brilliant men of the old North State. Judge Gaston relates the following anecdote, to show his extraordinary readiness and intrepidity:

"When General Lafayette was expected to visit North Carolina, resolutions were introduced of a very liberal character, authorizing the Governor, without regard to expense, to receive him as the guest of the State. The Assembly contained its full proportion of those economists and calculators who seek to ingratiate themselves with the people by voting against every expenditure of money, and it was exceedingly feared that if the question were taken by the yeas and nays, all these—however willing that the resolutions might pass—would record their votes against them. It was the fixed policy and earnest object of those who trembled for the character of the State to prevent that mode of taking the question. To their dismay a demand was made for the yeas and nays by a leader of the liberal junto, and if this were seconded, the constitution enjoined that the question should be so put. Mr. Stanley instantly arose—his clear, blue eye bright with unusual fire, his outstretched arm directed to the member who had just resumed his seat, and his noble voice deep and full beyond its ordinary richness. 'Mr. Speaker,' he exclaimed, 'I thank the gentleman for his motion. I rise to second it. It is due to the honor of North Carolina to show, in the most solemn form, that there is not a man among us who hesitates to do all which that honor enjoins; or, if there be such a miscreant in our body, it is right that there should be an opportunity of gibbeting his name high on the pillory of infamy!' Not a word more was said. The question was taken, and all—even the mover of the yeas and nays—recorded their votes in favor of the resolutions."

Two cases of filial affection have recently been communicated to the Drawer, so touching, and to nature so true, that we mention them:

"A youth of seventeen meeting an acquaintance in the street, says,

"'Guess who's dead.'

"'Mr. Jones, I suppose; I heard he was very sick.'

"'No, it ain't; it's my ma! She died this morning.'"

The other: "A man from the country called in at a hardware-store in town, and asked for a new kind of reaping-machine recently introduced. He was requested to walk back into another part of of the store and it would be shown to him. As he was going on, he saw a huge circular-saw, and, tapping it with his hand as he passed, he said:

"'I had an old daddy cut in two with one of them things the other day!'"

Tender-hearted creatures, both these fellows! Who will drop a tear when either of them rots?

THANK God for the Sabbath! After six weary days of toil, and care, and business anxiety, how delightful is the coming of the Sabbath! The wheel of Ixion ceases in its turning revolutions; the stone of Sisyphus pauses upon the hillside; the back is eased of its burden; the mind is lifted from the thoughts of daily cares and avocations to the contemplation of higher and more ennobling themes. The Sabbath is a glorious institution. To the beast at the plow; to the artisan in his work-shop; to the chemist in his laboratory; to the professional man amidst his books; and to the author with his pen—comes the Sabbath with a like blessing unto each.

A CORPULENT clergyman rose at a public dinner to return thanks, which he did by laying his hands imploringly on his stomach, and saying: "We thank Thee for these blessings so bountifully spread, and our *capacity* to enjoy them."

FITTING, and almost sublime, is the epitaph on the tombstone of a soldier, Michael Adams, in a burial-ground in Montreal:

"In peaceful quarters billeted am I,
And here forgetful of all past labors lye;
Let me alone while sleeping I remain,
And when the last trumpet sounds I'll march again."

WHEN is a horse a victim of the Inquisition? When he is fastened to the rack.

WHY are printers liable to bad colds? Because they always use damp sheets.

WHAT disease do reapers often get on a hot day? A *drop-sickle* affection.

FROM a city away almost at the outer verge of civilization a friend of ours sends us a letter, in which he mentions the following conversation, introducing an extract from a *funeral sermon*. It reads to us a little the most extraordinary of any thing in that line that has ever come within the circle of our acquaintance. Our correspondent writes:

"Conspicuous among the heterogeneous company now gathered in this hotel—a company of live men from all parts of this great and ge-lorious country—is a tall Kentuckian, who has made himself a man of mark by his convivial habits, his free-and-easy manners, and his unfailing fund of entertaining stories. Last evening, being Sunday, he and I, and Judge Niles, from Indiana, started for church, but it was so muddy and so hot that we gave it up, returned to the hotel, and thought it would be quite as well to spend the evening in serious conversation. It was natural that the talk should take a turn toward preachers and preaching, and my Kentucky friend said that he himself once heard a sermon in North Carolina that was, in many respects, more striking than the 'Harp of a thousand strings;' and whereas that was evidently manufactured, he could vouch for his sermon, for he was there. It was at the funeral of a man well known in the community, and what he was well known for will appear from the traits of character drawn by the preacher, who said:

"'My friends and neighbors, the deceased, as you well know, had not many virtues whereof to boast; therefore, on that part of the subject, I shall necessarily be brief. But that he had some virtues, among which was good judgment, will appear evident when I inform you that he selected me to preach his funeral sermon. And what I am now about to speak, I wish distinctly understood, is by his own request, and that of the immediate friends of the deceased.' (The preacher here looked to the widow, who nodded assent.) 'That our deceased friend had his failings he does not wish me, his preacher, to deny, as his short-comings were known to you all. But that he was no hypocrite will appear evident when you hear what I have further to say. That our departed friend kept fighting-cocks, and fought them; that he kept race-horses, and run them; that he neglected his domestic duties and obligations, I have the most abundant assurance' (to which last remark the widow again nodded her assent). 'But he was no hypocrite. He wished me to say he did not wish you, his friends and neighbors, to copy his example. He was no hypocrite; he only fell into the sins of the time. Abundant evidence might be found, both in Scripture and in history, to show that men are very liable to fall into the sins of the time, but I need not prove it in the hearing of you, my friends and neighbors, for there is not one of you who has not, like our departed friend, often fallen into the same sins of the time. But I do not claim this as a virtue, for, as I told you at the beginning, he did not claim any virtues. And, situated as he now is, it will be well for me to call your attention to these facts. If you should by any means ever chance to get into heaven, you will see some very strange things. First, you will wonder much at not seeing a great many there who told you they were going there; and again, you will be agreeably disappointed in seeing some whom you did not expect, and among them our departed friend; but the last and crowning wonder of all will be, that you have got there yourselves!'

"With these words of eulogy and consolation the preacher concluded his sermon, and retired with the scattering crowd."

MR. WISEMAN was going over the Liverpool ferry, from this city, in one of the steamers, and bought a splendid salamander safe to put in his state-room, to protect himself and his valuables in case the vessel was destroyed by fire.

"MINE host of the Eagle," Leverett Crittenden, will be remembered by every man who was in the habit of being often in Albany some twenty-five years ago. What a jolly old fellow he was, with

his enormous stomach—a corporation big enough for a dozen little aldermen such as you have in New York and Albany nowadays! "I happened to be standing" (says a welcome correspondent) "on the steps of the Eagle Tavern, kept at that time by this prince of landlords, when Durand, who was to make a balloon ascension that afternoon, came out of the hotel, and extending his hand to Mr. Crittenden, bade him farewell, saying, at the same time, that he wished very much it was in Mr. Crittenden's power to go with him in his aerial excursion.

"The old gentleman threw himself at once into one of his mock-serious and heroic attitudes, and roared out in his loudest tones: 'I wish you to understand, Mr. Durand, that I consider myself *big enough to go alone!*'

"Opposite to the Eagle Tavern, in those days, dwelt an M.D. whom many will also remember. 'Dr. Hinckley, Physician and Surgeon,' was the inscription on the shingle over his door, and so high up as not to be easily read. One afternoon I noticed a couple of verdant youth attentively studying the sign, when one of them exclaimed: 'I've got it! it's Dr. Hinckley, Physicking Sturgeon!'

"'No, it ain't,' said the other, 'it's Dr. Hinckley, Fishing for Sturgeon.'

"The boys were evidently full of Albany beef, as sturgeon was and is now called, and being satisfied that they had got the right of it, decamped."

THE same clever correspondent continues:

"In the fall of 1840 I was traveling, in company with Father Kidwell, from Richmond, Indiana, to Dayton, Ohio, to attend a grand Harrison fandango. Mr. Kidwell was a famous Universalist preacher, and a warm politician. As we were riding along we passed a company of Irishmen at work on the road, when Mr. Kidwell roared out, at the top of his voice,

"'Hurrah for Tippecanoe, and Tyler too!'

"One of the Patlanders responded most profanely by shouting,

"'Hurrah for h—ll!'

"'That's right, my friend,' said Kidwell; 'I like to hear every man hurrah for his own country.'

"We had to whip up briskly to get out of the reach of the stones which followed us in answer to this home shot.

"Some years ago Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced for his text: 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' He had scarcely read the words, when an old coon stood up and said:

"'I tell you, folks, that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in Old Kentuck, in an old log cabin, and there ain't but one room in the house.'

"At another time the same Universalist preacher was holding forth in a meeting-house in Terre Haute. He had gone about half through his discourse when a man came in, quite the worse for liquor, and reeled up in front of the pulpit, where he steadied himself and listened. The preacher was earnest in proving that there is no hell, and urged the Universalist doctrine with great eloquence, till the poor drunkard below cried out to him:

"'That's it, Kidwell, my old friend! Make them words *true*, or if you don't I'm a *goner!*'

"That brought the sermon to a close. It was an application quite unexpected, but all the more forcible on that account."

A SPROUT of evil, ere it has struck root,
With thumb and finger one up pulls;
To start it, when grown up and full of fruit,
Requires a mighty yoke of bulls.

GILES FLETCHER died as long ago as 1623, but his verses live in the love of the few who treasure those gems of soul and song that the old masters made. We would gladly copy the whole of the "Dying Husband's Farewell," but we know that modern taste does not relish these antiques, and we will take the last verse only, addressed to his wife:

"Farewell, farewell! I feel my long, long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing;
Night after day, sleep after labor's best,
Port after storms, joy after long distressing;
So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing;
Both as a widow and a Christian grieve;
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heaven I live."

HERE we have a handful of very clever things by a correspondent who will do us a favor by remembering that one good turn deserves another. H—— writes:

"One of those inconsistent fellows, of whom we have some even in this dueling region, who think it no sin to abuse a man ever so roundly with their tongues but a great sin to fight, received a well-merited rebuke the other day. His old man was up, as it often was, and he wound up his abuse by adding,

"'I would give you what you need, but you know my hands are tied.'

"'Then,' said the other, 'you ought to keep your tongue tied!'"

We think so too. A little the meanest man out is one who pretends to be so religious that he can not fight, but has not religion enough to restrain him from insulting his neighbor.

"Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him:

"'Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. *Don't be afraid of it!*'

"'No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it didn't scare me a bit.'

"There is no end to the sayings of John Randolph, of Roanoke. I send you the following, as one of his best, and I do not know that it has ever been in print:

"Randolph was in a tavern, lying on a sofa in the parlor, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and, standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing a while, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him,

"'Has the stage come?'

"'Stage, Sir! stage!' said the fop; 'I've nothing to do with it, Sir.'

"'Oh! I beg your pardon,' said Randolph, quietly; '*I thought you were the driver!*'"

ANOTHER correspondent—may their number never be less, and their shadows always increase!—has sent a string of pearls, though he lives over the line out of Jersey, where they grow, and in old Orange County, New York, a land flowing with milk and honey. He sends us, first, as cute a Yankee trick as we ever heard of, viz.:

"During the war with Great Britain a Yankee

fishing-smack, off Nantucket Shoals, was chased by a British sloop-of-war. Finding the enemy gaining faster upon them than was agreeable, the Yankees dropped their sails, and all hands commenced *fishing*, as if they were in very shallow water. The trick succeeded—the Englishman was frightened at the prospect of getting aground, and with helm hard up pushed off, leaving the Yankee to himself in twenty fathoms' water."

This one is of domestic manufacture; at least it comes from the writer's own neighborhood:

"A little girl in Orange County, New York, returning from a day's play with a neighbor's child, found in her mother's chamber a new little brother. Having admired its cheeks and handled its fat arms, she suddenly left the room, flew over to her playmate whom she had just left, and cried out, 'We've got a little baby at our house, and it ain't a rag baby neither—it's made of meat!'"

Very natural and very childlike was the inquiry of the little boy who was so proud of his first pair of boots, that, after strutting in them all day, he wanted to sleep in them at night. His good mother told him he must take them off, and as he was still reluctant, she added that if he did not mind his mother he could not go to heaven.

"Well, ma," he asked, very thoughtfully, "do the boys wear boots in heaven?"

Very precise was another little fellow, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who ran up to his father as he rose from his knees at family worship, and asked, "Pa, what makes you always say *Amen* just before you kneel *up?*" He had often heard of kneeling *down*, and why not say kneel *up?*

"In my college days, at Williamstown, Massachusetts, Adams was a great place for the wilder boys to go to when they would have a spree. Two of my class, whom many who read this will remember—Joe and Tom—returned from Adams, and Joe was so much the worse for liquor that Tom had to steady him home, and up to his room-door, which was at the head of the stairs on the second story. Having seen him safely at the top, Tom walked down; while Joe, from above, attempting to bow his thanks, lost his balance, and came tumbling after. Startled almost into soberness by his fall, Joe stammered out, 'Tom, you scamp you, what for you *frow* me down stairs for?'

"Pete Coon is a great character in Williamstown—the peripatetic merchant of canes and the repairer of dilapidated umbrellas. Pete is a stubborn Millerite, or Second-Adventist, always setting 'the last day' some months ahead, and never being in the least disconcerted when he has to postpone the exercises on account of the failure of the principal characters to appear. He loves to argue the matter with the boys, and having more Scripture at his tongue's-end than they have, he often makes short work of them. But one of them stumped him suddenly by saying, 'Well, Peter, what do you make of this: I give you the original; you will find it in the First Book of Virgil, first verse—"Arma virumque cano?"' This was more than Pete could answer, and he was compelled to say, 'Oh, if you go off into the Hebrew, I give it up!'

"Burleigh, the poetical reformer, was one of the earliest to let his hair grow as long as it would, parting it in the middle, and letting his beard flow down to his breast. Some years ago, before Lucy Stone took unto herself a man, she was expecting Burleigh to come on a certain day, to visit her at her father's house. It was some three or four miles from the railway station, and in giving her father directions to meet him and bring him to the house, Lucy told her father he would have no difficulty in telling which Mr. Burleigh was—that he had only to take the ugliest-looking man he found at the station, and bring him along—he would be sure to have the right one. Old Mr. Stone went as his strong-minded daughter directed, and when the train came in he soon singled out the long-haired man as his intended guest, and was not surprised at Burleigh's answering to his name. 'Well,' said the honest-hearted old Stone, 'I've heern Lucy tell of you; she said you looked like the devil, but I declare you look a greal deal worse than I thought you did!'"

We are much obliged to the correspondent who sends us the above, and we should print the other that comes with it, only that we made it ourselves, some years ago, and put it in the Drawer.

A KENTUCKY correspondent says—and probably he is right about it—that Tom Marshall is now made the father of all the good hits that have been made in that region for half a century past, and then he tells the following:

"General Perkins and Tom Marshall were canvassing the State in a hotly-contested election. The General was a roaring Democrat, and by way of catching the flats, was fond of boasting that his father was a cooper by trade in an obscure part of the State. The great failing of the General was his fondness for old whisky, but the more he drank the more of a Democrat he became, and the prouder of being the son of a cooper. Of this fact he had been making the most, when Marshall, in replying to his speech, looked at him with great contempt, and said:

"'Fellow-citizens, his father may have been a very good cooper—I don't deny that; but I do say, gentlemen, he put a mighty poor head into *that* whisky-barrel!'"

INDIANA sends us this genuine Western story:

"At the Fall Term of the Licking Common-Pleas Court, in the Buckeye State, the grand jury, after a protracted session of three days, returned into court with an indictment against an old man, Hunt, for hog-stealing, reported 'no further business before them,' and were promptly discharged.

"The cause was called for trial at an early day of the term. Judge P——, an eccentric, brilliant lawyer, from Columbus, appeared for the defense. The State proved beyond a '*reasonable doubt*' all the material allegations in the indictment. The fact that the stolen hog bore the mark and brand of the owner, giving it 'a local habitation and a name' not enjoyed by all porkers who roamed the woods at that early day, and that the defendant was familiar with his neighbor's mark, fastened the *animus furundi* upon him in a most overwhelming manner. After the evidence closed, the prosecution read the statute defining the offense and affixing the penalty, and was content to submit so plain a case, without argument, to the intelligent segment of the country then and there impanneled.

"The counsel for the defense, during all this time, had made no particular effort, further than a few sharp interrogatories on cross-examination, to disentangle his devoted client from the meshes of the law. He now arose to address the jury. He stood in silence for a few moments, while surveying the

judge, the jury, and the audience with the commanding air and dignity of a Roman orator, when he commenced. We give the substance of his speech:

"'Gentlemen, when I consider the overwhelming importance of the case you are impanneled to try—when I reflect that, six long weeks since, your sheriff was sent into every township to summon a grand jury, who, in obedience to that mandate, have appeared—received their mileage and per diem, discharged their duties and returned to their homes—that the government has provided, at an annual salary, a judge to administer the laws, and an attorney to prosecute the pleas of the State—that the clerk, sheriff, bailiffs, and witnesses must receive their fees, mileage, per diem, and perquisites—and for what? Why, merely to find an indictment against this suffering, decrepit old man, for driving home a small specimen of unpacked pork! When I thus reflect, I'm reminded of the Christian and the Jew, who, journeying together over the great desert of Asia, were in great extremity for food. Their last morsel had been consumed, except a small piece of pork which the Gentile carried in his knapsack, and from which he cut small slices from time to time, to satisfy his hunger, at the same urging his companion to do likewise; but the Jew, true to the early precepts of his religion, refused to partake of the unclean beast. Finally, on the second day of this involuntary fast, when the ravages of hunger had nearly conquered the famished son of Israel, he called to his companion for the forbidden flesh. He seized the unctuous morsel—his keen knife glanced in the sunlight—the dainty food was already upon his lips—when suddenly his lungs refused to respire, the heavens grew black, the earth rocked to and fro, as though smote by the hand of the Omnipotent. The terrified Israelite threw the accursed meat into the dust of the earth, and, raising his eyes to heaven, cried "*Oh, what a fuss about a small piece of pork!*"'

"The records of the court show that old Hunt went acquit."

"THERE once lived in a neighboring county to this," writes a friend, "old Dr. D——, who, although a man of fine sense, was unfortunately addicted to intemperance. While visiting the city of Hawesville, famous for its coal mines, he was overcome by King Alcohol, and fell into a drunken sleep. The boys of the place, fond of fun, concluded that they would carry the Doctor into one of the coal mines to see what effect it would have upon him when he awoke. After an hour or two the Doctor opened his eyes, and seeing so many black-faced men with lamps in the side of their caps, very naturally concluded that he was in the other world. As soon as the miners discovered that he was awake, one of them approached him with a bottle, and asked him to drink.

"'No, I thank you, Mr. Devil. I quit drinking three weeks before I left the other world!' replied the Doctor."

CHRISTMAS was approaching, and Boggs was boasting at the village inn that he had the biggest turkey fattening for the table there was in town. Jones asked him to dine with him the next day at the saloon, and Boggs said he would, and pay for the dinner, if Jones would *hook* a turkey for the occasion. To this Jones agreed, and Boggs enjoyed the entertainment greatly; washed it down with half a dozen bottles of wine, in the midst of a jolly good company, and found the next day, when he got sober, that his own gobbler had graced the board, and gone the way of all turkeys.

FROM Carlisle, Sullivan County, Indiana, we have the certificate of character which was given to John S. Robinson by his neighbors, that he might go abroad with it and make his way in the world. It seems that John thought it would read well in poetry, and he made it into that article as follows:

To this country our friend returned,
And had a character presented by his friends he had earned;
His friends gave him a friendly greet,
And conferred on him a pass that will cause him friends with all strangers he chances to meet.

Our friend is a respected man,
He is a friend to his friend and native land.

When volunteers were called for, he helped Uncle Sam—
Helped him to buy and pay for California's golden land:
By fighting of his battles down in the Mexican sand;
All for the sake of his friends and his native land.

He is a gallant man—honest and true,
If he promises he means to do.

In war he is a tiger—in peace a lamb,
That was learned of him in helping Uncle Sam
On the fields of the Mexican land.

Soberness is his theme—
Drunkenness in any one he considers mean.
He has lived a moral life ever yet,
And in that way is strongly set.

This man, take him all around,
Is as near right as any man we have found.
Our friend is honest, sober, moral, just, and true,
What more can the world require, or what more should he do?

"Now, Mr. Drawer," saith a Wisconsin scribe, "I shall send you a sample of a Justice of the Peace that will put all your Dutchmen, and even that live Hoosier, to the blush. We are a fast people out here, you may depend; and as to making people fast when they want to get apart so that they can go faster, it is altogether out of the question. I see by the papers that when you Eastern people want to get divorced, as many of you do, you have a long lawsuit and an endless deal of bother to bring it about; but just see how it is done here. I send you two true bills, and you may print them:

"'Know all men by these presents that I, we, and each of us do, for and in consideration of one dollar each to the other paid by each other, hereby agree to dissolve, abrogate, nullify, and render null and void the bonds of matrimony existing between us, and we do furthermore agree that our respective things shall be separated, and we still further agree that we will neither of us object to the other marrying again whenever and whomever we please.

"'Witness our hands and seals this 24th day of March, 1857.

"'JOHN WILSON. [Seal.]
"'SARAH ANN WILSON. [Seal.]

"'Signed in presence of JAMES PETERS, Justice of Peace.'

"'STATE OF WISCONSIN, } Be it remembered that on
COUNTY OF ——. } the 24th day of March, 1857, personally appeared before me the above-named parties, and acknowledged the foregoing to be their free act and deed. And I do hereby consent to the above divorce, and *by the authority in me vested*, pronounce the same *a vinculo matrimonii*, and that it is best for the said parties to live apart.

"'JAMES PETERS, Justice Peace.'

"There, Mr. Drawer, what do you think of

that? Isn't he a Dogberry? Wouldn't you call him a Justass of the Peace? Think of 'the authority in me vested' to dissolve the marriage! The old fool thought, as he could marry them, he could unmarry them just as easily. If he could make, he could mar. He is certainly a character, and you shall have more of the beauties of his administration, if you would be pleased to see them."

Certainly, let us have more of them—the more the better. If Squire Peters's divorces are good enough for the West, we have not a doubt that emigration will take a fresh start as soon as it is noised abroad in these parts.

A SKETCHY Virginian sends us a brace of anecdotes of his own region, and very good they are:

"During a session of the Circuit Court at Lynchburg, an Irishman was indicted for stabbing another on the canal, and the only witness was Dennis O'Brien, who was required to enter into bonds for his appearance at the next Court. The recognizance was read to him in the usual form:

"'You acknowledge yourself indebted to the Commonwealth of Virginia in the sum of $500.'

"DENNIS. 'I don't owe her a cint, Sir.'

"As soon as the clerk recovered from his amusement at the answer, he explained the meaning of the form, and then read it over again.

"DENNIS. 'I tell ye I don't owe her a cint. It's more money nor I ever saw, nor my father before me.'

"At this stage of the matter a brother of Dennis interfered, and said:

"'Ye must jest say it, Dinnis; it's ony one of the forms of the law.'

"DENNIS. 'But I won't. I'm a dacent, honest man, what pays my debts, and I'll spake the thruth, and the divil may drink all my whisky for a month if I say I owe any body a cint. Now chate me if you can.'

"Dennis refused to say it, but he promised to come to court and tell all he knew about the murder."

The other story is still better:

"Near the village of Collierstown lives a man well known all over the county as Sergeant Clark. His greatest failing is a love of good liquor; and the liquor is so good that it gets the better of him, and he gets the worse for liquor. He makes frequent horseback trips to a 'still-house' a few miles off to replenish his jug. And it came to pass that a great two-fisted fellow named Jolly—poor but powerful—waylaid the Sergeant and levied on his liquor, taking not only what he could drink, but filling his own bottle out of the Sergeant's. This was done two or three times, and then Clark screwed up his courage with an extra drink, armed himself with a big stone, and, when Jolly came out to stop him, let drive at the robber, and left him sprawling in the road—not so jolly as he thought to be—nearly dead, but not dead drunk at all. Now Jolly was a desperate character, and Clark, when he reached home, was so frightened at the thought of what he had done, and the vengeance Jolly would take, that he became a temperance man for nearly a month, and never went to the still-house during all that time. A long and dreary month it was after the jug was empty. So when he could stand it no longer, he mounted his horse and rode over, got his jug filled, and also a bottle of yeast, which he put into his breeches' pocket, and returned homeward. As he came by Jolly's he was all in a flurry, and hurried on; and just then and there, bang went the yeast-bottle, and the Sergeant thought he was shot for certain. Putting spurs to his horse he dashed on to the nearest house, and called out at the top of his voice:

"'Help! help here! quick! I'm shot dead as a door; the blood is all running down into my boots!'

"The people came out and helped the old fellow down from his horse, and led him—he was too big to be carried—into the house, and at last succeeded in convincing him that Jolly had not fired at him from behind the corner of his house, but he had been wounded by the discharge of his own pocket-pistol. It has had a good effect on him. That bottle of yeast has helped him to rise, and he seldom goes to the still-house with his jug."

THE following bit of Scotch "Rhymin' blather" was first published in a magazine edited by Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., of Philadelphia, in 1819 and 1820:

ADDRESS TO A LAND TORTOISE.

Guid mornin', frien', ye're earlie creepin'!
Wi' head erect about ye peepin'—
Ane steady gait ye alway keep in,
Aye sure an' slaw—
I doubt the time ye tak' to sleep in
Is unco sma'.

Your crawlin' pits me aye in mind
O' tortles o' the human kind—
How mony crawlers do we find
'Mang sons o' men,
Wi' thoughts unto the earth inclined
Until the en'?

Ah! now ye've shut yoursel' up tight;
I fear ye're in an awsome fright
At seein' sic an unco' sight
As my queer face.
Gang on your gait! I'm no the wight
Wad harm your race.

Ablins I might for *fun* or *fame*
Just carve upon your hard auld wame
The twa initials o' my name,
An' whin I met ye,
And then—nae ither right I'd claim
Than down to set ye.

Ye'll live a hundred years, they say,
An' mony a wearie mile ye gae,
An' mony a hunder eggs ye lay,
Ye queer auld beast,
Whilk gies the snake, your mortal fae,
Fu' mony a feast.

But fare ye weel! I now maun leave ye,
I ken my absence winna grieve ye—
Wi' jingling Scotch nae mair I'll deave ye,
An' ithers too—
Aince an' for aye, I freely give ye
A lang adieu.

THIS is as old as the hills, but, like those venerable objects, worth seeing again:

"An eccentric barber opened a shop under the walls of the King's Bench prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared 'Shave for a penny,' with the usual invitation to customers. Over his door was scrawled,

'Here lives Jemmy Wright;
Shaves as well as any man in England,
Almost—not quite.'

"Foote, who loved any thing eccentric, saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author, he pulled off his hat, and thrust-

ing his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out, 'Is Jemmy Wright at home?' The barber immediately forced his own head through another pane, and replied, 'No, Sir, he has just popped out!' Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea."

THE ROMANY RYE abounds in good things, and this "Jockey's Song" is not one of the worst. The jockey was abusing a craven, cheating, contemptible live lord, whose meanness is set off in the song:

THE JOCKEY'S SONG.

Now list to a ditty both funny and true—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
A ditty that tells of a coward and screw,
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

Sir Plume, though not liking a bullet at all—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
Had yet resolution to go to a *ball*,
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

"Woulez wous danser, mademoiselle?"—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
Said she, "Sir, to dance I should like very well,"
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

They danced to the left, and they danced to the right—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
And her troth the fair damsel bestowed on the knight,
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

"Now what shall I fetch you, mademoiselle?"—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
Said she, "Sir, an ice I should like very well,"
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

But the ice, when he got it, he instantly ate—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
Although his poor partner was all in a fret,
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

He ate up the ice like a prudent young lord—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
For he saw 'twas the very last ice on the board—
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

"Now when shall we marry?" the gentleman cried—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
"Sir, get you to Jordan," the damsel replied,
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

"I never will wed with the pitiful elf"—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
"Who ate up the ice which I wanted myself,"
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

"I'd pardon your backing from red Waterloo"—
  Merrily moves the dance along—
"But I never will wed with a coward and screw,"
  My lord lieutenant so free and young.

OUR old friend Bangs was invited by a friend to his house to partake of a julep, of which he was very fond. It was handed to him in a silver goblet lined with gold. After sipping a portion, B. turned to his host, and remarked that it was astonishing what an addition a strawberry gave to the flavor of a julep. His friend replied that he was very sorry that he did not have a strawberry to put in it.

"But," said B., "there is certainly one in this."

Upon his host's asserting the contrary, he insisted that he saw it distinctly, and drained the goblet to get the berry—when lo and behold, he found that it was only the reflection of *his own nose!*

THE anecdotes related of Nadir Shah are beyond computation. We may be permitted to repeat one or two, which were lately told by one whose grandsire had been a soldier in Nadir's army, and had witnessed the sack and massacre of Delhi. When Nadir invaded India, he arrived first at Lahore; where the Governor immediately surrendered the city to him, and treated him with princely honors. At night, Nadir, whose only couch for months past had been a horse-blanket, with a saddle for a pillow, was conducted to a magnificent bed, with piles of cushions, and twelve young damsels were in attendance to shampoo his limbs and fan him to sleep. Nadir started from his luxurious couch, roared for his secretary, and gave orders that the drums should be beat, and a proclamation made that Nadir had conquered all India. The astonished scribe ventured to hint that the conquest had not yet been accomplished. "No matter," said Nadir; "where the chiefs of the people choose to live in this effeminate manner, it will cost me little trouble to conquer them." And his anticipation was fully verified.

A very common salutation to a friend, whom one has not seen for some time, is to welcome him, and assure him "that his place has long been empty." Nadir had ordered a splendid mausoleum to be built for himself at Mush'hed, in Khorassan; and on his return from India he went to see it. The night before he visited his intended resting-place, some unfriendly wag wrote above the spot destined for the grave—"Welcome, conqueror of the world! your place here has long been empty." Nadir offered a reward for the discovery of the writer; but, whoever he was, he took good care to keep incognito. The place was not long empty, for Nadir was assassinated soon after, and here his remains rested till they were dug up and desecrated by Agha Mohammed.

A SCHOOL-MATE of the writer was noted for his impromptu translations of the Latin authors while in the recitation-room. Our teacher, the Rev. James M'V——, than whom was no better linguist in the country, used to tell his scholars of this brilliant *faux pas* of our hero, and caution them against the habit of trusting to the occasion for help:

"A—— was translating that beautiful passage from Ovid, in which he describes Neptune rising from the cerulean depths. He was brought up standing at the words 'rorantia barba;' but it was only for a moment. With a knowing look, he rendered it, Neptune rose with a '*roaring beard!*' It made the translator immortal."

THE same correspondent writes that, "A long time ago, away down-east, the village poet being on a 'regular bust,' the facetious editor of the *Bangtown Banner* had to indite the annual New-year's Address of the little, weazen-faced carrier, who rejoiced in the name of *Moses*. After inserting his fingers into his hair, and his finger-nails into his head, the editor succeeded in digging out the following classic effusion:

'From Moses to Moses,
There was no other Moses.
Great Moses reposes
Beneath Moab's roses—
And will do so,
The carrier supposes,
Until time closes
On all that he knows is!'"

This should be preserved as a model in brevity and beauty for all future effusions of village bards.

THE serious charge of being a *musician* was brought by a waggish barrister against Nicholas

Purcell O'Gorman, who stoutly denied the same. A jury was thereupon impanneled to try the defendant, who persisted in pleading "Not guilty" to the indictment for melodious practices. The jury consisted of Con Lyne, under twelve *aliases*—such as "Con of the Seven Bottles," "Con of the Seven Throttles," "Crim Con," and so forth. The prosecutor then proceeded to interrogate the defendant: "By virtue of your oath, Mr. O'Gorman, did you never play on any musical instrument?" "Never, on my honor!" replied Purcell. "Come, Sir, recollect yourself. By virtue of your oath, did you never play *second fiddle to O'Connell?*" The fact was too notorious to admit of any defense, and the *unanimous* jury accordingly returned a verdict of Guilty.

"WHOSE child is that?" asked a loafer, last Fourth of July, of a nice, and rather spruce-looking young man, with yellow whiskers, and a little, blue-eyed, cotton-headed doll of a baby in his arms.



"Wa-al, now," says yellow whiskers, with an awful grin, "whose dew you reckin it is? I guess you don't ketch me a toatin' nobody's else's babies. I ain't quite so green as to be a mindin' another man's babies on the Fourth of July!" And baby's papa looked quite self-important, while the very inconsiderate inquirer, whose untimely remark had certainly awakened the sympathies of the crowd in his behalf, took his sudden departure, mortified at his unfortunate blunder.

THE following interesting fact is told so well by a Texan correspondent, that we venture to put the entire *tale of the snake* into our Drawer:

"Judge F—— was presiding over the District Court of W—— County. During a trial in the morning, he very suddenly stopped the proceedings of the court, and called attention to a certain Ben Van—a queer stick of the bar—by ordering the sheriff to fine the said gentleman in the amount of $1.

"The cause of this fine was the creaking of Ben's new boots as he was complacently walking the floor outside of the bar. New boots were such a rarity to him that he delighted to hear them announce themselves to himself and the rest of mankind in general. When he heard the fine announced, Ben stopped in the middle of the floor, begged the sheriff to come and take the fine, declaring that he dared not move either way to get out of the room or to carry him the money, for fear the Judge might charge him *something to boot!*

"His merry eye twinkled as he paid up; and he determined, in good time, to pay off the Judge. After adjournment for dinner, Ben placed himself at the Court-house door, and made himself exceedingly interesting to the by-standers by relating some of his large stock of droll jokes. Just as Ben expected, the Judge came along, and stopped to listen. 'Yes,' says Ben, 'that was the queerest instance of snake-fascination that I ever heard of. Did you ever hear of it, Judge?'

"'Don't know that I ever did,' replied the Judge. 'What was it?'

"'Why,' says Ben, 'there was a friend of mine out hunting in the woods the other day, with his gun and a fine dog. He observed the dog ahead of him to come very suddenly to a stop—stand fixed, with tail straight out, as if he saw something very unusual. Without moving a peg, the dog stood as if entranced. My friend now advanced cautiously toward him, and saw a great big snake, about four feet long, lying coiled near a stump, with his head slightly raised, and pointed at the dog. Each gazed intently at the other, while neither moved. The dog paid no attention to the repeated calls of my friend. At length it struck him that the dog was charmed by the snake. He had heard of such things, and his curiosity was so great that he determined to try the experiment on himself. He thought over in his mind that he would venture to a certain extent—that he would limit the degree of fascination, so that, if he was losing sight of himself, he could then easily withdraw. So, laying down his gun, he seized the dog by the tail, pulled him away, and took his stand before the snake. The moment their eyes met, there arose the most delightful visions he had ever experienced in his life. The snake's eyes sparkled and varied with more than all the colors of the rainbow. He lost all sight of self—perfectly charmed—held fast, without the power of withdrawal. Diamonds and jewels of every description, blazing in the richest hues, passed before him, his mind utterly lost in a kind of delirium, blending objects and fancies the most beautiful and indescribable. He bent his head nearer and nearer to the snake, in a kind of rapture more pleasing than he had ever before known or conceived. Closer and closer he was drawn by an irresistible power utterly beyond his control, till their heads almost touched.'

"The Judge was by this time wrought up to the right point, and stood with open eyes, ears, and mouth, when Ben carelessly inquired how the last case 'had gone,' and received an impatient reply from the Judge.

"'I expect the jury found it hard to agree?' said Ben.

"'Don't know,' said the Judge. 'But the man—the man—what became of the man?'

"'Oh!' said Ben, '*the snake swallowed the man!*'"

JAMES THE FIRST, soon after his accession to the English throne, was present in a court of justice to observe the pleadings in a case of some consequence. The counsel for the plaintiff having finished, the King was so perfectly satisfied that he exclaimed, "'Tis a plain case!" and was about to leave the court. Being persuaded to stay and hear the other side of the question, the pleaders for the defendant made the case no less plain on their side. On this the monarch arose and departed in a great passion, exclaiming, "They are all rogues alike!"

Jinks's Patent Gutta Percha Inflating Costumes.



Gives a magnificent Bust to a narrow-chested Man.



A Thin Man may blow himself up to any size.



Gives Muscular Development to the Arms.



Gives Muscular Development to the Legs.



Enables a Man to frighten Garroters.



In case of a Riot, will resist Brickbats.



Enables a Man to fill an entire Railway Seat;



Thus securing a comfortable Sleep at Night.



Will prevent injury in case of Railway Collisions.



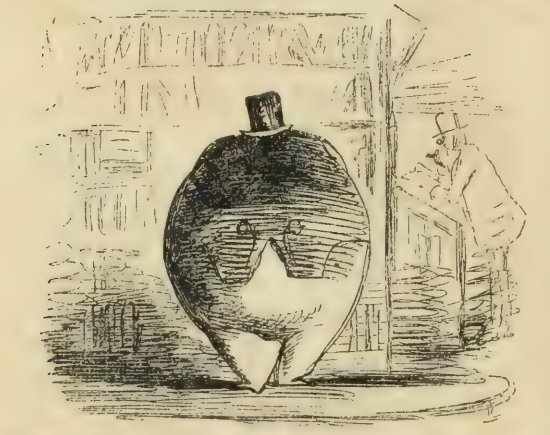
Enables one to jump after a Ferry-boat in Safety.



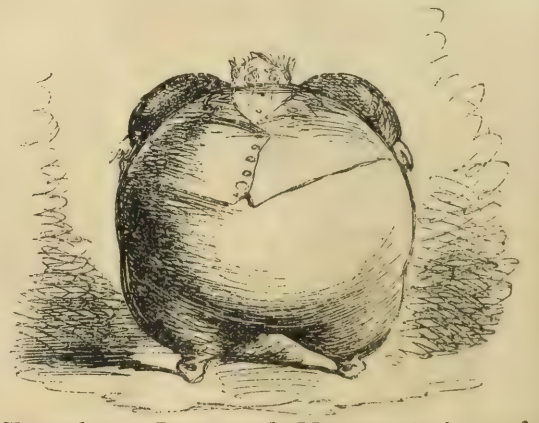
If Lamp-posts will run after a Man when tight, prevents them from hurting him.



Shows that a man must avoid too much Pressure when inflating.



Shows the advantages of the Costume as a Disguise when one wishes to avoid a Creditor.



Shows how a Respectable Man may be instantly transformed into an Alderman.



In exhausting the Costume after partaking of Cocktails, keep away from the Gas-light;



Or you may be blown up, not only by the Gases, but by your Wife.

Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Walking Dress and Child's Costume.

IN accordance with the demands of the season, we present illustrations of two styles of CLOAKS, which we select on account of their novelty and elegance. Figure 1 is a black velvet pardessus, with a pelerine, somewhat cut away in front, and deeper behind. The sleeves, which are very long and full, are caught up in folds upon the front of the arm, and fall in a graceful sweep. The ornaments consist of fancy buttons and a narrow fringe.—Figure 3 is likewise composed of velvet, which is richly embroidered—as given in our illustration—though other modes of embellishment are in vogue. The peculiar style of the hood gives a decided character to this garment.

The CHILD'S COSTUME is intended for a girl of from seven to ten years. The hat is of plush, with satin ribbons, and a fall of white lace. The dress is of salmon-colored merino, with a succession of graduated flounces. The jacket is of green velvet, the sleeves of which are frilled, and cut open at the top to admit the passage of those of the dress; they are then closed by being buttoned. The bands crossing the breast are of velvet, with large pearl buttons or cameos.

Dresses woven with flowers in pyramids, etc., at the sides, are prepared for the Fall. Double skirts will be much in vogue. There is one mode—when



FIGURE 4.—PUFFED SLEEVE.

greater display is desired—of slashing up, at the sides, the upper one, and joining it by means of cross-bands of velvet; thus allowing the ornament wrought upon the under-skirt to appear through the opening. Flounces continue to be much in favor. Plain flowing sleeves are extensively worn, either with frills or of the Venetian style, long and pointed. Perhaps, however, the majority prefer them with frills or puffs; the simplicity of the former recommends them as being in pure taste. Drop buttons and black lace are favorite ornaments.

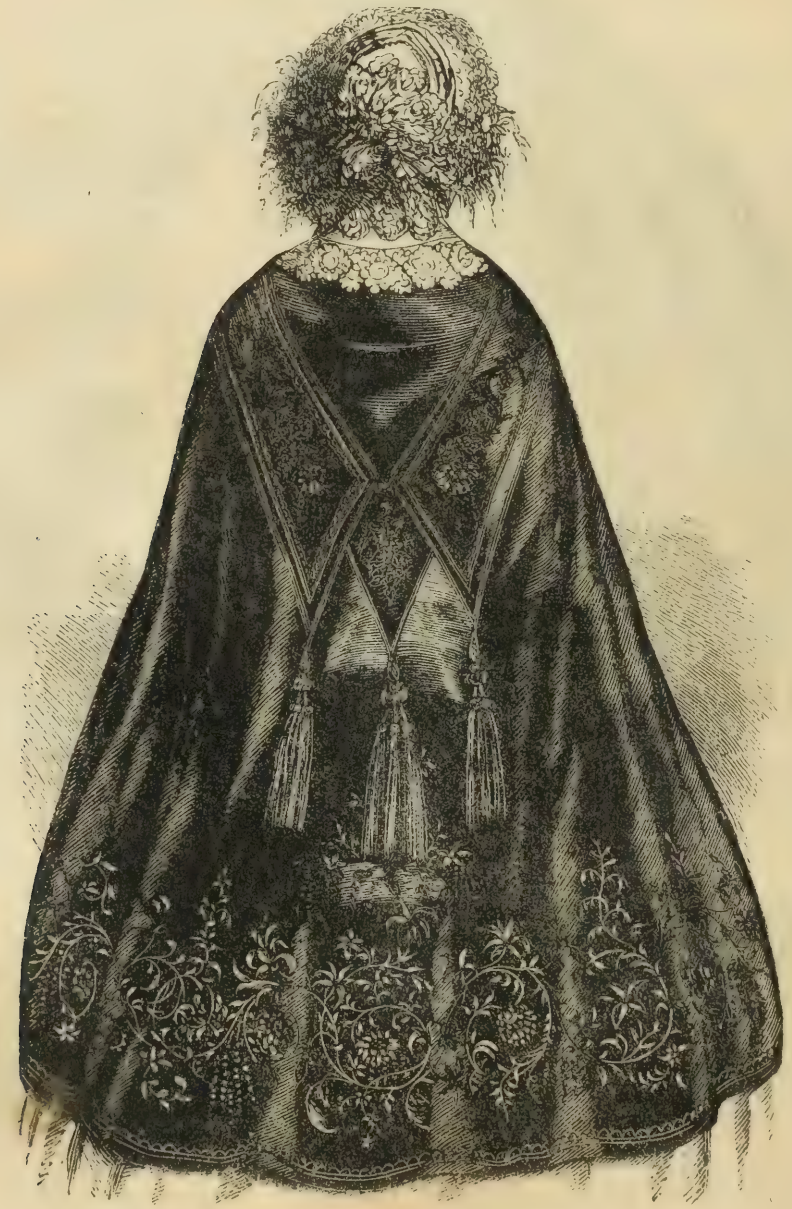


FIGURE 3.—VELVET CLOAK.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XC.—NOVEMBER, 1857.—Vol. XV.



SUMMIT CLIFFS OF THE ROANE.

A WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

Third Paper.

"Yet still even here content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime and all its rage disarm;
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all,
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed."

GOLDSMITH.

JONESBOROUGH, where our travelers decided to fix their head-quarters for a season, is the oldest town in East Tennessee, and is otherwise a place of some historic interest. Here the first log court-house in the State was hewn out of the virgin forest, where justice was dispensed to the hardy pioneers—possibly not less sound and impartial because wanting in the forms and technicalities of more imposing courts. Here the forest soldiers and statesmen convened to devise plans of war and policy against the common enemy, and when triumphant success had rewarded their valor, they met here in factious wranglings and fights to dispose of their new-found independence.

In this neighborhood, too, if we credit the inscription on a venerable beech tree,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

D. Boon
cillED A. BAR on
Tree
in ThE yEAR
1760

"This country," quoth Squire Broadacre, "which has hitherto been so little known or regarded, has a history, interesting as a tale of romance, and, doubtless, a rich store of oral tradition might be gathered from its intelligent, friendly, and hospitable inhabitants."

"Winter is fast approaching," replied the artist. "The books we may read at our leisure—a good fire and hot punch will thaw out the traditions fast enough, even with the thermometer at zero; but those mountains, which rise so grandly to the eastward, we must visit while we may. A week's delay may wrap their lofty summits in snow and ice, and render the roads impassable."

"Ah," said Tiny, "what fun we will have rolling down the hills—they look so smooth and blue!"

"My daughter," replied the Squire, "those mountains which appear so soft and beautiful from here, as you approach them will be seen covered with ragged forest, broken with frightful precipices and horrid thickets, impenetrable even to the bears and wolves that roam their rugged sides."

"And what becomes of the pretty blue?"

"It gradually fades away as we get nearer, my child. It vanishes and is not—even like the delusive vail through which youth and inexperience views the future. Ah, the blue mountains—the blue mountains which rise before us in the morning of life—rough and wearisome enough they are when we come to climb them!"

"But," said Larkin, stiffening himself, "I would not wish it otherwise. I prefer the mountains and the way of life even as we find them. There is a manly delight in cutting one's path through the tangled thickets, breasting the steep ascent, and leaping upon the breezy pinnacle, there to snuff the air that warms while it cuts."

"Disappointment—" said the Squire.

"Disappointment!" repeated Bob, interrupting him, "develops and strengthens the character. It knocks the rust off one's faculties, and shows the pure metal like the blows of a hammer. It invigorates the moral system, as a plunge into cold water does the animal."

"Jim Bug, what is your opinion of these matters?"

Jim made a low bow. "Pluck and luck, master, will carry a man through most any whar."

After spending about three minutes in silent meditation the Squire remarked that Jim was right, and the observation worthy of antiquity. It was consequently arranged that the two gentlemen should start for the Black Mountains next morning, while the ladies, who found themselves in comfortable quarters, should remain where they were. To this they the more readily consented as they had a deal of sewing on hand wherewith to occupy their time, and Jonesborough furnished greater facilities for shopping than they had expected in so remote a locality.

With the appointed morning came clouds and rain, with every appearance of a long continuance; so the journey was postponed until the next clear day, while the travelers consoled themselves with such good cheer as the Eutaw afforded, and those in-door amusements of which their party had ample store.

The heavy rains which for a week continued to deluge Jonesborough at length ceased, and about mid-day on the second of December the clouds which had so long obscured the cheerful sun rolled away. Our friends had made all their arrangements in anticipation of this event, and no sooner did the signs of a general clearing up manifest themselves than Jim Bug was dispatched for the horses. To this requisition that worthy and ingenuous veterinarian Tom Dosser responded by sending a white horse and a black mare, whose appearance was not par-



TIME TO START.



TIPTON'S HOUSE.

ticularly prepossessing, and whose qualities will be set forth in the course of the narrative. The animals were fully equipped, even to the stout blue blanket with a hole in the middle, the ordinary riding-cloak of East Tennessee.

Simultaneously with the horses appeared the gentleman who had kindly volunteered to bear them company on their trip, Mr. Jones of Jonesborough. With as little delay as possible the Virginians took leave of their ladies, mounted their steeds, and the trio rode gallantly forth, sitting stiff in their stirrups, ready for any desperate adventure that fortune might vouchsafe to them. The Tennesseean was a tall man, and slender withal, with a keen black eye and dark beard, clothed, externally, in a slouched hat and blanket cloak, which reached nearly to his feet. He was substantially mounted on a powerful gray, and rode generally in advance, thus doing the honors of the country, and indicating the safest way through the mud holes. Squire Broadacre, astride of Dosser's white, followed next, his portly person buttoned up in a tight-fitting overcoat, his plump legs bandaged with drab leggings tied with green strings, and his grave, dignified face shaded by the brim of a black fur hat a little the worse for wear. An umbrella, which had done its owner some service, was carefully tied behind his saddle, and a span-new red cowhide served to admonish the white when perchance the sight of a comfortable barn-yard or a group of jolly haystacks induced him to slacken his pace too decidedly. The rear-guard consisted of Bob Larkin, mounted on the black, behatted and blanketed after the Tennessee fashion, with a short rifle strapped on his back, and an extremely fat pair of saddle-bags flapping the flanks of his beast at every step.

Thus our adventurers rode out of Jonesborough like knights equipped for high emprise, followed by the admiring eyes and fervent good wishes of all the ladies, to say nothing of the boys and negroes.

And now, having fairly started them on their journey, it becomes the duty of the chronicler to inform the world what they went out to see.

Had they started earlier in the day, we might have commenced somewhere in New Brunswick, and have given a lengthy account of the Apalachian system through all its ups and downs to where it gets swamped in Georgia and Alabama; but as the golden sun has already begun to shoot his rays aslant upon the mountains, and the shadows of Tom Dosser's ponies caper like huge giraffes upon the level ground, we must be brief. The chain of mountains known at different points as the Iron, Great Smoky, and Unaka, forming the eastern boundary of Tennessee, and the prolongation of the Blue Ridge from thirty to sixty miles to the eastward through North Carolina, forms an extensive irregular inclosure, hemming in half a dozen of the western counties of the latter State with walls five thousand feet high. The space thus inclosed is not a valley, as one might naturally suppose, but literally a vast basin filled with mountains, immense anomalous spurs heaved up at random, so crowded together that the streams seem to find their way among them with difficulty, while their summits in many instances considerably overtop those of the external ridges.

Pre-eminent in this vast assembly are the Black Mountains in Yancey County, which, according to measurements made sometime since by Professor Mitchell of North Carolina, and

more recently by Professor Guyot of Boston, are ascertained to be the highest mountains in the United States, attaining an altitude of six thousand seven hundred and sixty feet above the ocean tides, nearly five hundred feet higher than the famous White Hills of New Hampshire.

The fame of these mighty peaks had reached the ears of our artist, and so fired his imagination that they had become the frequent theme of his sleeping and waking dreams. Now so near the realization of these romantic fancies, no wonder that he rode apart, silent and serious, with fascinated eyes fixed upon the landscape before him.

But at length the Tennesseean draws his rein before the gate of a modest-looking country residence, pleasantly situated almost under the shadow of one of the advanced spurs of the Iron Mountains. Here we are on classic ground. Soon after the war of our Independence, young Tennessee, with characteristic impatience of parental authority, undertook to flout her respectable mother, and set up for herself before she was of age under the name of Franklin or Frankland. In those days the people of the settlements did not understand the art of revolutionizing by ballot, or blackguarding a dynasty out of power through the newspapers, but, having recently delivered themselves from a kingly yoke by force of arms, were more ready to resort to the "*ultima ratio regum*," and had faith in bullets and cold steel. Thus it was that the frequent collisions between the authority of the old and new governments were not always bloodless. The last and most famous of these fights took place in 1788, when Colonel Tipton, the chief of the North Carolina party, was besieged in this house for several days by General Sevier, then Governor of Franklin.

As the details of this ignoble strife will add nothing to the renown of the brave and patriotic men who were unfortunately engaged in it, we prefer to pass them over in silence. For while the sterner duties of the historian may require that he should note impartially the evil and the good that men have done in their day and generation, we, in our idle and pleasant wanderings, choose rather to remember the old Governor only as the hero and patriot, and in our recollections of the spot, to associate the pleasant cottage on Sinking Creek with its present accomplished and hospitable occupant.

It rained heavily during the night, but the morning rose blustering and bright; our adventurers were upon the road betimes, and erelong found themselves amidst the ragged defiles of the mountains, with a keen wind blowing in their faces. But in return, the dreary, leafless landscape of the lower country had disappeared, and their road followed the course of a dashing, sparkling, amber-tinted stream, shaded by forests of perennial beauty. There were waving groves of the silver pine mingled with lofty firs and hemlocks. There was the varnished holly, gemmed with its scarlet berries, and the snaky laurel, whose dense evergreen masses oftentimes obstructed the road—a wilderness of rich and graceful foliage, defying the icy breath of winter. About noon they halted upon the sum-



DISTANT VIEW OF THE ROANE.

mit of the Iron Ridge, just on the dividing line between the States. Here they got the first and most imposing view of the Roane, which stands like a mighty sentinel guarding the entrance to a land of giants. Dark-browed and frowning he lifts his head into the calm, blue heaven, inspiring mingled joy and terror. It is a scene to make its mark indelibly upon the memory.

From thence our travelers descended by a winding and romantic road into North Carolina. From the eastern foot of the Iron Ridge their road led them over hill and dale, through field and forest, around the base of the great mountain; but still over the ever-varying landscape the "awful form" of the Roane predominated, and it was from his lonely and mysterious heights they saw the last golden rays of the sun fade out.



THE MOUNTAINEER.

"Good-evening, neighbor! How far to Grey Briggs's?"

"Well, four or five miles, p'raps—and are you the men that have lost a horse?"

"No! thank Fortune, we've only lost a little time."

"Well, now, if I might be so bold, where might you gentlemen be from?"

"From Jonesborough, friend, and we're going to see the Mountains."

"From Jonesborough, I wonder! Well, is there any thing encouraging down your way?"

"Nothing particular, except that they have discovered a brass mine down in Buncombe lately."

"Well, now, that'll be waluable and handy like—to counterfit gold money with and make breast-pins."

"But it's getting dark, and we've a lonesome road before us—good-evening, neighbor."

So our friends put their horses to a trot, and within the next mile encountered a party of three jolly fellows, who had evidently had a recent bout with John Barleycorn or some of his kindred. These gentlemen rushed upon our travelers, whooping and yelling like a troop of Camanches, and when within grappling distance, each singling his man, they simultaneously proposed a horse trade. With equal abruptness and unanimity the travelers requested them to go to a very warm place, and kept on their way without drawing rein. The soberest of the trio balanced himself upon his pony and shouted after them that he had no doubt they were horse-thieves, but the country was up, and they would be sarved with justice in due time.



ONE OF 'EM.

A cold, bright December moon now lighted the dreary path, and a biting wind whistled through the naked forest. From his place among the stars the dark Roane still looked down upon the benighted horsemen.

"I begin to feel a creeping dread of this mountain," said Larkin, "as if it were in reality some monstrous ghoul-like creature, following and watching us."

"Bob, my boy," quoth the Squire, "if your toes were as cold as mine your thoughts wouldn't run upon such nonsense."

"Lights ahead!" exclaimed Jones. "That must be Briggs's."

So it was, and without much circumlocution our travelers dismounted and took possession. The women went to prepare beds and supper forthwith, while the strangers readily accepted the place of honor in front of the wide-mouthed, roaring chimney. In the course of time both horses and riders were fed and made comfortable, and the mountaineer's household gathered around the fire, discoursing of the Roane, the corn crops, and the weather.

"Speaking of corn," said Briggs, "reminds

me of a time I wonst had with a painter in this very mountain."

"Tell us about it by all means," said the Squire.

"P'raps you gentlemen wouldn't believe that a man of my make could outrun a painter in a fair race?"

Now Briggs is a stout, broad-shouldered man, with a long back and short legs; he has a rugged, weather-beaten face, square head, and a nose prominent and red withal—but this latter circumstance most probably has nothing to do with his running.

After scrutinizing his host the Tennesseean ventured to express a doubt upon the subject.

"Well, I did do it," said Briggs, curtly, "and I'll tell you how it was. I was a smart young feller, you see, and thought myself a man if I wasn't one, and I had a sow that was a kind of a pet, you see. And so this sow had pigs, you see, and would stray off in the mountains every day or two, but most ginerally come home at night. Well, one night she didn't come home, and early in the mornin' I gits up to look for my sow, and as I passed the barn I puts two ears of corn in my pocket to toll her home with. Well, there was a little skift of snow on the ground, and I follered up a ridge of the mountain maybe about two mile, but nothing could I see of the sow, nor yet of her tracks.

"So I thought I'd go a leetle further—about a quarter—and reached a pint of rocks, where I stopped and listened. In about a minute it appeared as if I heard a child cry. 'Good Lord,' says I, 'some of the neighbors' children have got lost in the mountain!' And so I listened agin, and heard it agin, closter like. Then I was sure it was a child, and was startin' off to look for it, when I looked up, and behold! about fifteen steps off, was a full-grown painter standin' lookin' me in the face. Well, I said it was cold, didn't I? but I broke out into a sweat as if it was summer; and what do you think I did?

"Why, I hauled them two years of corn out of my pocket, and fired one at the painter's head. It didn't hit him, but just grazed his ear, and so I flung the other right quick, and didn't stop to see where that hit, but turned and run. Well, as I run I looked backward like, and I see the critter gallopin' on my tracks; and so I run faster, keepin' down the ridge, about a half or three-quarters. But presently I heard the creeter pantin' behind me, and I gathered up a little stronger. I didn't make many tracks in a mile—I didn't; but I was gittin' blowed a little; and as I still heard the creeter jumpin' behind me, I couldn't help lookin' back, though I knowed I'd lose time by it. Well, good Lord! there was the dratted thing not three steps from my coat-tail, a-canterin' along, and not a hair turned. So I give a jump down the side of the ridge, and lit in a laurel, maybe about fifteen yards down; and, the cussed thing, it seemed to a missed me, and jumped up into a tree to see whar I was.

"Now, that laurel thicket was borderin' on a clearin', and I got into that, and the beast was



GREY BRIGGS.



CHASED BY A PANTHER.

afeard to foller me. But I didn't stop till I got to the house; and that's what I call beating a painter in a fair race."

"But," said the Tennesseean, "I don't think the panther let himself out."

"He did," said Briggs, indignantly. "He done his best."

"And was that the end of it?" asked Larkin.

"No," said the narrator. "I told daddy and brother about it, and they took the dogs and their guns, and went out and killed it. It was a thunderer, I tell ye."

"I'm very doubtful—" said Squire Broadacre.

"What of?" asked Briggs, straightening himself.

"Not of the truth of your story, by no means, but really whether that panther was—"



THE HORSE-THIEF.

Here the discourse was interrupted by the furious clatter of horses' hoofs upon the frozen road, and anon a loud hallo in front of the house. Briggs hurried out, and presently returned with three strangers, who, after being assured that all was right, informed the company that they were in pursuit of a horse-thief. Now, there is something delightful in the idea of a horse-thief. He is the intermediate between a common rogue and a highwayman. As highwaymen have long since starved out of this country, if it ever possessed them, the horse-thief is the highest order of rogue known, and he is estimated accordingly.

The pursuers were full of mystery and importance, while every body had something to say bearing on the subject. The Squire stated how the mountaineer had asked him if he had lost a horse, and how the drunken men had called him a horse-thief. The statement was listened to with much interest, and was supposed to have thrown some light on the subject. It proved, at least, that the rogue had been about.

Having hastily refreshed themselves and their horses, the night riders mounted, and their departure was the signal for bed.

Long before the morning sun had showed his face in the frosty vales our adventurers had breakfasted, and were on their way toward the summit of the Roane. The party on horseback, swelled to four by the addition of a friendly neighbor, trotted along briskly in Indian file. At their head strode Grey Briggs on foot, skipping from rock to rock with surprising speed and agility, evidently exhibiting himself before the strangers to substantiate the panther story.

"Go it, old horse!" exclaimed the Tennesseean. "He's after you, with his back up!"

"By George," cried the Squire, "if I ever harbored a doubt on the subject of that race, I have none now!"

"If he traveled at this rate when he was a boy," said Larkin, "it must have been a fast panther that followed him."

As the hill became steeper the guide's pace slackened, and after a while he didn't mind riding a spell.

The distance from Briggs's to the summit is estimated at five miles. The path is through an open forest, steep, and sometimes rocky, but a bold horseman would not hesitate to ride the whole distance up and down. Indeed, the feat has been accomplished by several ladies.

The height of the Roane has been estimated at six thousand and thirty-eight feet. Its summit is generally bare of trees, but covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, which in summer affords excellent pasturage for cattle. This undulating meadow is spotted with tufts of laurel and stunted firs, and traversed by numerous rocky gullies washed by the springs which ooze from the soil in many places; rounding gently toward the wooded declivities of the mountain in every direction except the southwest, where it terminates suddenly in a range of stupendous precipices many hundred feet in perpendicular height.

But the scene which meets the eye while standing on this summit, who shall attempt to describe? Any effort to convey to the reader the sensations experienced by the beholder would indeed be but a vain essay, an idle stringing to-



SUMMIT OF THE ROANE.

gether of words. Let that pass. Nevertheless, a plain, unambitious catalogue of what is to be seen on a clear day may not be amiss, and we will give it.

The sweep of the vision in every direction is unlimited, except by the curvature of the earth or the haziness of the atmosphere. The first idea suggested is, that you are looking over a vast blue ocean, whose monstrous billows, once heaving and pitching in wild disorder, have been suddenly arrested by some overruling power.

To the eastward the level country of North Carolina beyond the Blue Ridge may be dimly discerned, while the broad cultivated lands of East Tennessee stretch away to the westward, bounded by the distant ranges of the Cumberland Mountains. Nearer at hand the lofty kinsmen of the Roane are pointed out—the Unaka, the Bald, the Yellow, the Table, the Grandfather, and many a haughty hidalgo whose claim to distinction has been overlooked in the crowd.

To the southward, about twenty miles distant, rises the famous group of the Black, where, surrounded by his court, solemn and silent, stands the dark-browed monarch of the Appalachian system, Mount Mitchell. His dome-like crown is black with a dense growth of balsam fir, and now adorned with many a glittering gem of ice and snow. Professor Guyot calculated the height of eight of these peaks, and gives the following as their elevation above the level of the sea:

The Black Dome.	6760	Hairy Bear.....	6606
Balsam Cone	6668	Bowler's Pyramid.	6340
Black Brother...	6626	Long Ridge.....	6244
Cat Tail Peak....	6615	Deer Mount.....	6213

The Squire and Larkin sat apart from the company, contemplating this imposing scene in silence. The former at length spoke:

"'He that ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow:
He that surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of all below.'"

"It is impossible to tell by the eye," said Larkin, "which of these great peaks is the highest; and it must have been a source of deep mortification to the Balsam Cone when Guyot's barometer decided the question and gave the crown of pre-eminence to the Lord of the Black Dome. We may even now trace upon each gloomy front the jealousy and hate of approved superiority. They doubtless talk of it among themselves; and when those who dwell in the valleys overhear their hoarse whisperings they imagine the wind is blowing, and when it storms their unrepressed growling is mistaken for thunder."

"You have a lively fancy, Robert," said the Squire, elevating his bushy brows.

"Indeed," continued the artist, "it would not be difficult to imagine what they say. The Balsam Cone whispers to the Cat Tail, 'Harkye, princely brother. Do you believe these confounded *savans* can measure so neatly with their instruments as to tell whether he or I is the taller? I once held myself above him.' 'Ah!' groans the Black Brother, 'I was once at least his equal; but he has been so puffed up with his cursed pride, I fear he overtops us now in reality. Since Mitchell measured him he has grown three hundred feet from pure conceit.' 'Hist, brothers!' says the Cat Tail, slyly, 'we are too boisterous. Now do you know I have long doubted whether it was really he the Professor measured, but have good reason to believe it was one of us—myself, perhaps.' 'You?' exclaims the Cone, contemptuously looking down fifty-three feet on the conceited speaker. 'Or perhaps it was you,' suggests the Cat Tail; 'but after all, what mighty difference does ninety-two feet make? Does he think we are valleys for that?' 'A valet, did you say? his valet?' cries the Cone; 'I'd rather be a low morass haunted by terrapins and frogs than such a mountain.' 'Ugh!' growls the Hairy Bear, 'I could tear out his stony bowels until he caved in!' 'Would I were a volcano,' howls the Black Brother, 'that I might spit fire and brimstone in his hateful face!' 'If,' says the Cat Tail, 'we could keep it before the people that he was the wrong mountain, nobody would be the wiser, and one of us might be king.' 'May an earthquake rend him!' roars the Cone. 'Yea, rather than submit to such measures, I would we were all hurled down in common ruin!'"

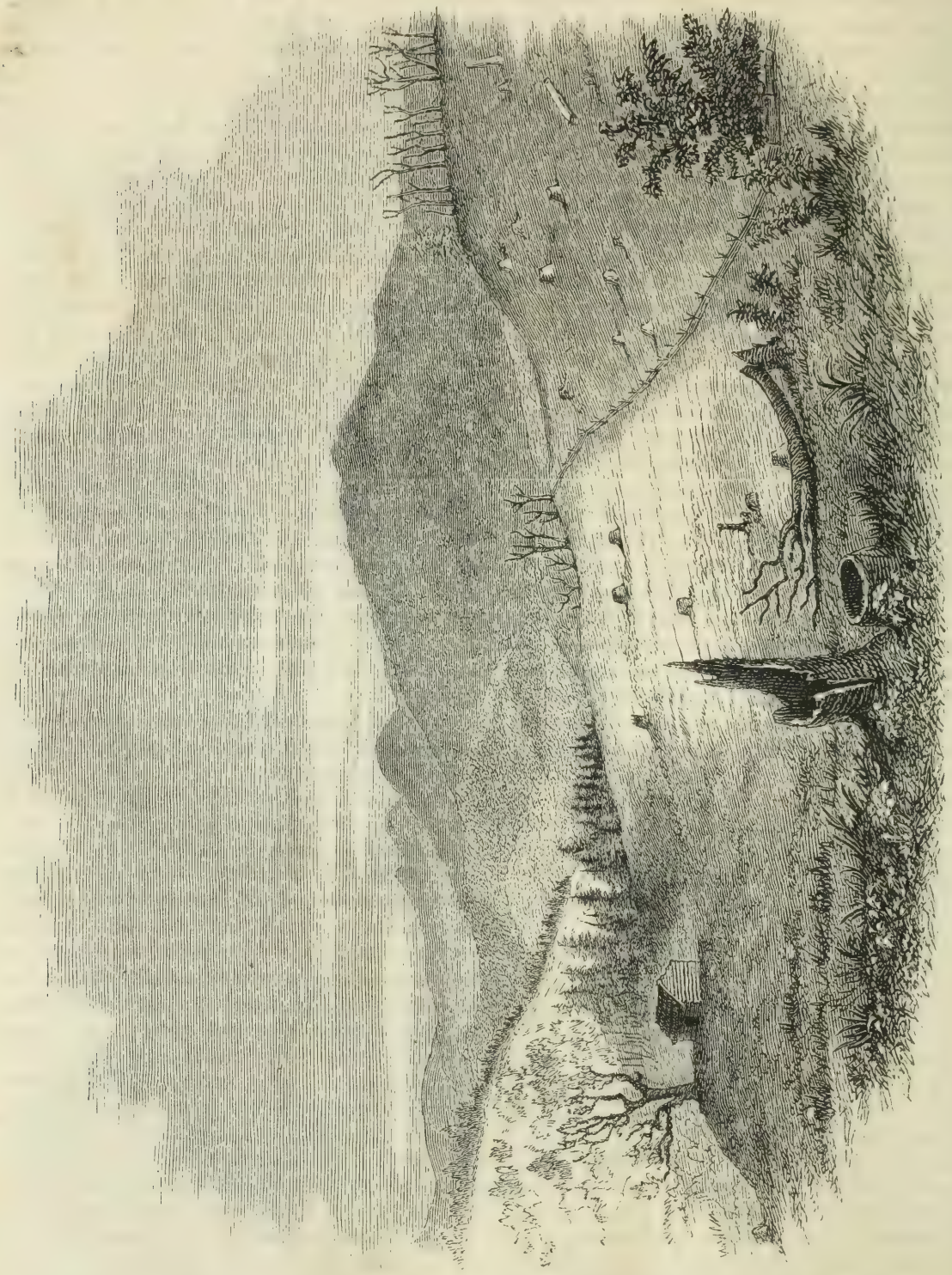
"Robert," quoth the Squire, "your mountains talk as though possessed of the spirit of modern democracy."

Having passed about five hours in the enjoyment of this magnificent prospect, our adventurers concluded to descend, which feat was accomplished without accident. At the foot they took leave of their friendly guides, and pursued their journey toward Bakersville, said to be four or five miles distant. Owing to the length of the miles, or the bad condition of the roads between mud and ice, they did not arrive at their destination until sometime after dark. Here they were received after the fashion of the country, got a hearty supper, and went to bed, where for ten consecutive hours they lay in sweet oblivion of all sublunary delights and discomforts. They were aroused from this long sleep by a summons to breakfast, and descending the steep stair-way which led from their dormitory, found themselves in the presence of their host, the Colonel, and his interesting family.

"Thank Heaven," whispered Larkin, "we are at length in a region where Jew clothiers have not penetrated—those enemies of the artist and antiquarian, who obliterate in their course all that is venerable, original, or picturesque in costume."

"A paradise," said the Squire, "where hoops and crinoline have not entered—those enemies of elegance and grace, those idle occupiers of space."

And then he cast an approving glance upon the Colonel's six blooming, buxom daughters. And indeed they were girls worth looking at; all well-shaped, tall, and handsome, full of fun and frolic, although perhaps a little demure before strangers.



THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

Then there were three boys, the terror of rabbits and ground-squirrels we'll warrant. The youngest, a little rosy-faced, pot-bellied pest, from his stronghold between the Colonel's knees, appeared to rule the household.

"Pap! I want a apple."

One of the boys is dispatched to bring a tin basinful.

"Pap! I want a knife to peel me apple."

"Well, sonney, where's your knife?"

"It's lost. I want yourn."

"But mine will cut sonney's fingers."

"It won't—gimme, gimme hit."

So out comes the big jack-knife, and sonney begins peeling. One of the girls gets a rag ready to tie up his finger when he cuts it. Contrary to the general expectation this does not happen, but the apple pops out of his hand and rolls into the fire.

"Pap! Pap! pick up me apple."

The veteran renders prompt obedience to the order.

"I won't have hit, hit's dirty."

"Only a leetle ashes, sonney," says the old man, wiping it with his sleeve.

"I won't have hit. Gimme another."

"Did you ever see such a case," whispered the Squire to Larkin.

"I think I have," replied Bob, with a significant glance at the speaker.

"What!" said Mr. Broadacre, reddening; "do you mean me and Tiny?"

Bob laughed, and went on with his notes.

The Squire continued. "It is ridiculous, and yet touching, to see how completely instinct masters judgment; how the strong bows to the weak; how the crafty is the tool of the simple; how the dogmatism of experience and the stubbornness of age delight to humble themselves before the feeble capriciousness of a child."

The town of Bakersville, being a place of some mark, should not be passed over without befitting notice; for we are persuaded there are many persons, considering themselves very well informed, who are totally ignorant of its locality and resources. It is situated on the main road from Grey Briggs's to Young's, about eight miles from the former place. Its principal street is built up on one side with a rail-fence, and on the other with two cabins, set back from the street. The back streets and alleys, which are laid off *ad libitum*, contain the stables, cow-sheds, and hen-houses. The only public buildings worthy of note are an apple-jack distillery, where the best may be obtained for twelve and a half cents a quart, and a spring-house, covering a fountain of cool, pure water, which has no commercial value, although some persons affect to prefer it to the former as a beverage. During the dark of the moon the town is lighted with pine-knots; and its police force, consisting of six big dogs, is at all times uncommonly vigilant and active.

Having discoursed on the subject of the Presidency, the crops, and the horse-thief, until ten o'clock, our travelers, reluctantly quitting the cheerful society of Bakersville, mounted their horses and resumed their journey.

To the southeastward, the dark, towering peaks of the Black were discernible from every eminence, and with the principal object of their journey in view, they urged their steeds forward at a stirring pace. About noon they halted to repose and lunch in a narrow valley, well



THE COLONEL.

wooded with beech and maple, mingled with evergreens, and watered by a cool stream. Hard by was a mountain distillery, and on the rail-fence inclosing it sat a little dried-up old man, clad in a bobtail hunting-shirt.



GOUGE, DISTILLER.

What with his queer hat and keen eye, Squire Gouge mightily resembled a crow perched upon the fence, and as the crow is known to be the smartest animal that wears feathers, our friends presently ascertained that the resemblance was not merely superficial. Squire Broadacre opened conversation with the proprietor by asking some civil questions in relation to his business.

These the distiller answered with much politeness, and then proceeded to inveigh bitterly against the perverse morality of the North Carolina Legislature, exhibited in the passage of certain laws interfering with the free traffic in spirituous liquors.

"But," said Mr. Broadacre, "is it not the duty of the Legislature to watch over the morals of the State, and pass such laws as are required to improve them?"

"No! that haint hit," replied Gouge; "hit's this: they go thar to set traps for public offices, and thar they eat and git drunk among themselves, until they're nigh done for; and when they're 'bout to break up, some to save their conscience and some to fool their constituents, they pass sich bills as this durned quart law."

"What is your objection to the quart law?" asked the Squire.

"Why, hit's this. Formerly neighbors mought come, take a civil drink together, and go their ways; now they can't buy less nor a quart. Now a quart of licker is too much for any man; and a poor man don't like to fling away what he has paid his money for, so he is bound to git drunk, and hit's the Legislater's fault."

"But can't he do without it entirely?" said the Squire.

"Was a man sott on this yearth to drink nothin' better nor persimmon beer?" asked Gouge, scornfully. "No! God gin us these things to be used, and not to be abused. Now scripter says God looked upon all he had made and said it was good, and ef so be he hadn't intended us to drink licker, he wouldn't ha' gin it to us."

"God did not give us brandy or whisky, but only apples and corn."

"True," said the distiller, "neither did he gin us bread nor pies, nor yit any thing jist as we use it; but he gin us the ingredients and the smartness to make what we wanted out 'en 'em, and hit's the same as if they were his gifts."

"Man," said Mr. Broadacre, "was created pure and upright, and has of himself sought out many inventions and debased himself thereby."

"True as gospel, stranger; but tell me how do you know that apple-brandy comes under the head o' them inventions, any more than the quart law does, or p'raps the woolly hoss?"

"Then you believe in encouraging drunkenness and making brandy, in spite of my arguments!" exclaimed Squire Broadacre with heat.

"I never git drunk myself," replied Gouge, "nor encourage my neighbors in it, but I can make more out of my apples this way than any other; and didn't Noey set to making wine as soon as he got out of the ark?"

"And got drunk and exposed himself," said the Squire—

"And," persisted Gouge, "wasn't his sons that respected him blessed, and him that made game of him wasn't he cussed and made a nigger of?"

"God help us," quoth the Squire with an air of vexation, "he fights like a raccoon in the water. Good man, what do you ask for a quart of your best?"

"Twelve and a half cents," said Gouge.

"Larkin, my boy, go fill our decanter and let us go on our way."

The three horsemen rode along for some time in silence, till at length the Squire spoke:

"I very much doubt," said he, "the feasibility of legislating a State into greatness or a people into virtue; and am inclined to believe that most of the patent schemes to attain either object have been productive of more evil than good. The causes as well as the cure of most social evils lie too deep to be reached by direct legislation. They are either inherent in the character of a people, or the result of long training and education. Now when we have seen our Legislatures one after another deliberately pulling down the wisely-contrived barriers wherewith our ancient virtue and liberty were fenced about, preferring the vile, capricious sovereignty of the many to the calm, equitable rule of the law—studiously contriving to withdraw the masses from their honest and peaceful employments, to embroil them in a warfare where the choicest weapons are chicanery and lies—flattering that they may lead them, corrupting that they may use, training them at the polls, educating them with newspapers—and after all that, passing laws to make them virtuous—one scarcely knows whether to feel more indignation at the wicked recklessness which has raised the storm, or contempt for the imbecility



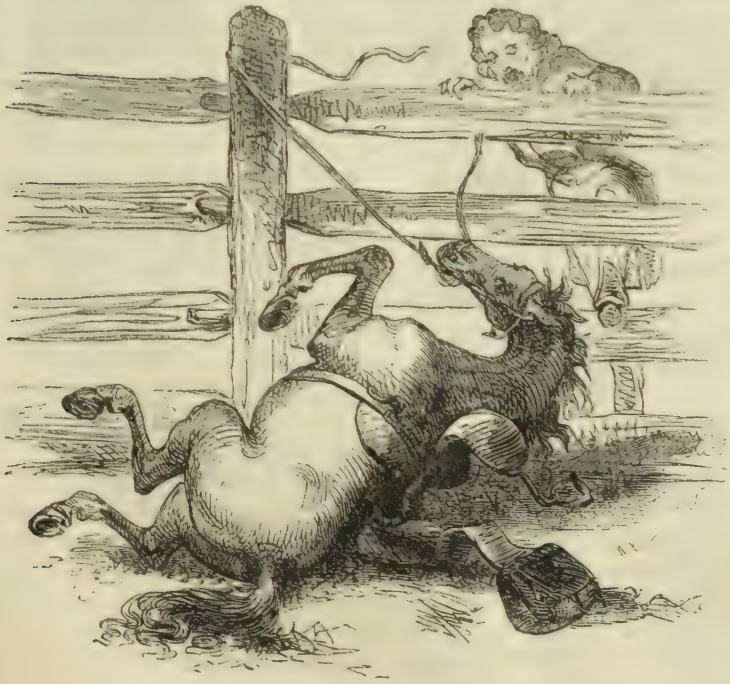
APPLE-JACK DISTILLERY.

which amuses itself in thus darting straws against the wind."

Having delivered himself of the foregoing, the Squire commenced belaboring his hack as if he had been a legislator, and started off at such speed that he was soon out of sight. Our travelers at length arrived at Young's, from the door of whose house they had a magnificent view of the whole chain of the Black Mountains. Larkin took advantage of the halt to sketch the imposing scene, while at the same time the Squire's horse, equally bent on improving his leisure moments, treated himself to a roll in the mud.

Mr. Broadacre and the Tennesseean entered the house to see what information they could get in regard to their route. Now the good man to whom they had been recommended was gone somewhere to a husking, and the madam, who was extremely communicative, told them so much more than was possible that they departed knowing less than when they arrived. Under the circumstances, it was resolved to go on to Burnsville, and to Burnsville they went as fast as their horses could carry them, arriving about sunset.

Being warmed and fed, in due time they held a council to plan their movements for the following day. They were informed that they could go to Tom Wilson's, who lived twelve miles distant, at the foot of Mitchell's Peak, and that he would guide them to the summit, which was six miles further.



AGGRAVATION.

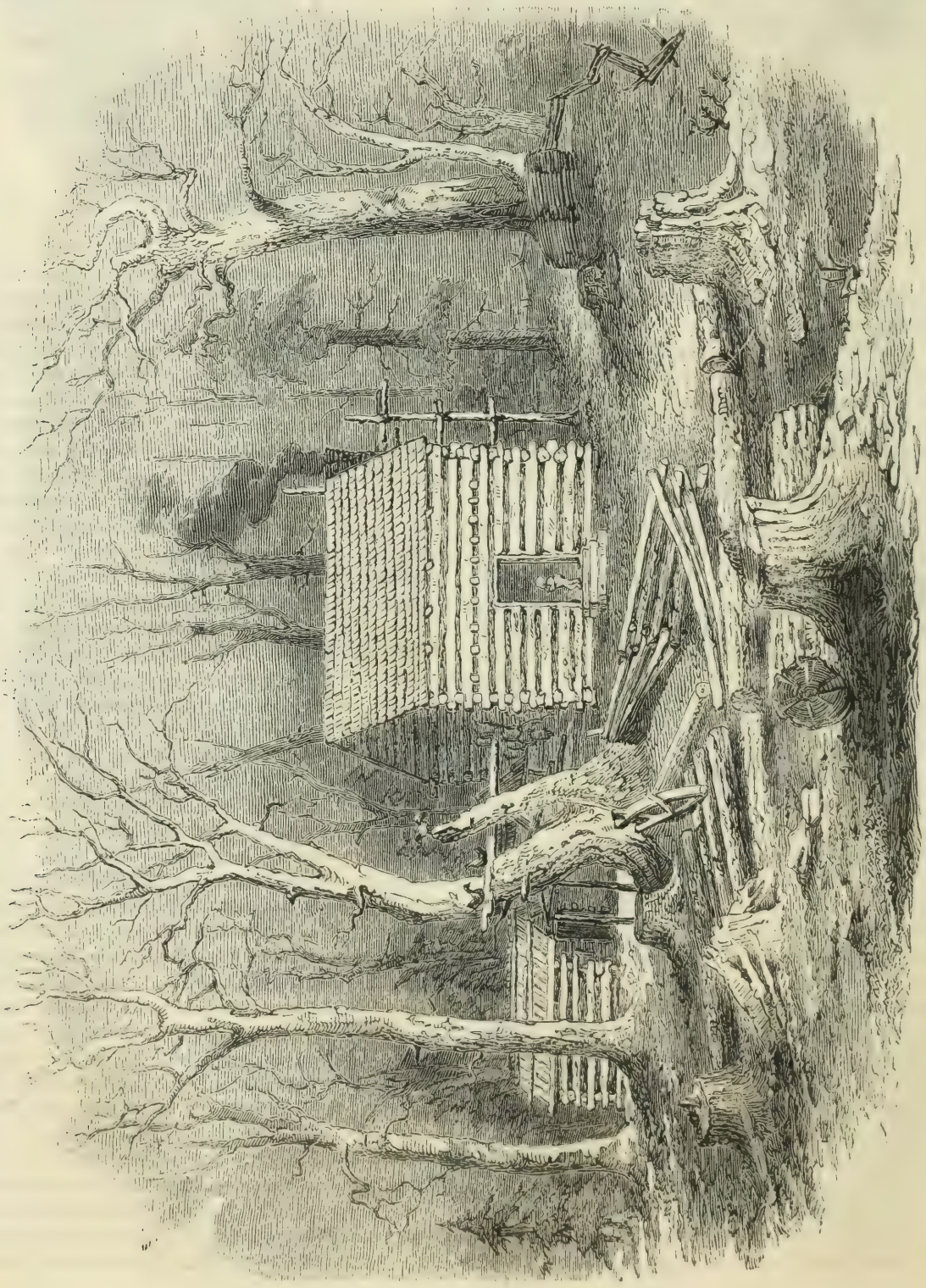
The information was clear and satisfactory, and the question then arose, could they accomplish the ride, the ascent, and return to Wilson's by nightfall? It was necessary that this should be done to enable them to return to Jonesborough by the day appointed.

Their host insisted that it was impracticable. Larkin said by a neat calculation he could prove that it was possible. The Squire, who was sipping a hot toddy, swore that it should be done. The Tennesseean said it would be done. And so they went to bed.

Next morning they were in their saddles by daylight, and went clattering down the frozen road at a hand-gallop. Their ranks were

swelled by a recruit from Burnsville, a handsome, wiry young Carolinian, mounted on a spirited sorrel. The more the merrier. Away they dashed, crushing into ice-bound mud-holes, splashing through shallow fords, galloping up hills and trotting down. Ah, it was glorious! What though the sky was overcast and the earth powdered with snow! what though the morning breeze cut like a knife! There was life and courage in every draught. Then they had set themselves a task, and staked their manhood on its accomplishment; forward, forward! The horses smoked like hot cakes, the riders' beards and ear-locks were white with frost, warm fires gleamed temptingly through the open doors of the cabins, and glimpses of white-clothed tables loaded with smoking viands wooed to repose and luxury. But no; have we not said it?—Forward!

Now they ride the Caney River, whose waters roll clear and cold as liquid ice; now on the further bank their dripping steeds clatter over the pebbles. The ninth mile-board from Burnsville is past, the road has dwindled to a mere bridle-path half lost among thickets of dogwood and laurel. Now their confident advance is checked, for they must grope for the path as it wanders alternately through the stream and among the bushes. At length the Tennesseean rises in his stirrups and shouts triumphantly.



TOM WILSON'S CABIN.



TOM WILSON.

Near the banks of the stream, in a grove of lofty firs, rises a column of blue, curling smoke.

In a few minutes the riders drew rein in front of a cabin fresh hewn from the forest. A short distance from the door stood a stalwart woodman leaning on a rifle, and attended by two dogs. In the door behind him was a group composed of a white-haired sire, two women, four children, and a boy.

But we have no time to go into particulars. This is Tom Wilson, of course; that's his father, his wife and children, his wife's sister, perhaps; and the boy is his factotum.

"Quarter to ten o'clock," said Larkin.

The travelers made known their wishes in few words.

Tom Wilson scratched his curly pate. "Well, I hain't no mighty much to do no time; so I s'pose I ken go. But you'd better light and take a bite of something to eat."

No. They had already breakfasted, lightly to be sure; but they were bent on the accomplishment of their undertaking, and preferred going on immediately. Now Tom Wilson is not a man of "mighty many words," and so, accoutred as he was, he plunged into [the bushes] "and bade them follow."

As they advanced, the guide proposed his plans for the ascent. They could ride to the upper place a mile distant, and leaving their horses there in comfortable quarters, accomplish the rest of the way on foot. The Squire looked at his fat legs, and raised himself considerably in his stirrups, as if to calculate his weight. When arrived at the upper place, Wilson informed them that they might even carry the

horses a mile further if they wished. The Squire preferred it, and the animals, obedient to rein and whip, turning their heads reluctantly away from the fodder stacks, trudged along up the narrow path.

This soon became so steep that every nerve of man and beast was strained to its utmost tension in the effort to hold on their way. The rider was obliged to use hand and foot to keep clear of the rocks and branches on the upper side, while the slightest misstep on the part of the horse would have sent them rolling a thousand feet into the dark gorge below. The snow, which had slightly powdered the lower country, was more decided as they ascended, and increased the hazard of the journey. Every two or three hundred yards a stream would spirt across their path, covering every thing near with ice, and they were then obliged to dismount and carefully lead their animals over. In this way they at length reached a cove from whence there seemed to be no exit upward, except by flight. Making a virtue of necessity, it was agreed to leave the horses here; so they were unsaddled and securely tethered among the bushes, where they could entertain themselves eating moss and twigs until their companions returned.

Tom Wilson, who, during these proceedings, had stretched his stalwart form upon a snow-covered bank, now rose and led the way. Nothing loth our adventurers followed, at first with words of cheer, quick-spoken jests, then silently, then panting and sobbing audibly. Still they strove with hearts of controversy, until the last breath seemed to be leaving their bodies, and they sunk in the path from pure exhaustion. No one had strength to chide his comrade, and all were glad of a chance to stop.

"This is what Professor Guyot calls 'work for a giant.' It is too much for a fat, easy-living man of my inches," groaned the Squire.

"This is no tavern," cries the guide; "we've yet a mighty ways to travel."

And again they breast the slippery steep. After many consecutive efforts they attained a level spot covered with beech-trees. Tom Wilson struck the butt of his gun on the ground, and announced that this was the Bear Garden. "But," he continued, "there hain't no mighty many bar here now," and having thus spoken he again made tracks through the snow. Passing over this level, the path ascends rapidly through tangled thickets of rhododendron and dark forests of balsam fir. The travelers toiled upward in sullen silence, betraying with long-drawn sobs the fatigue which had not yet been acknowledged in words.

After some time the guide showed them a mark upon a tree which indicated that there was water at hand, and with a little search they found a spring bubbling from under a rock. Having partaken freely of this welcome refreshment, our friends suddenly discovered that they were furiously hungry.

It was in fact half past one o'clock. They had breakfasted at five, and in the haste and excitement of starting had eaten but sparingly. In addition, the rapid ride and the frosty air had put the keenest edge upon their appetites, yet unfortunately not a biscuit had been provided. According to the calculation of the guide, the summit was yet a mile and a half distant, and rating their speed by what had been accomplished this was full an hour and a half. Then an hour at least on the summit and three to descend. The prospect was appalling.

Although no one dared to acknowledge fatigue, it was reckoned no disgrace to be hungry, and the complaints on that score were loud and manifold. The guide at length spoke up.

"Men! if we stop here ciphering and grumbling, we'll never see the top of the Black."

The remark was well-timed, and stirred up the dying embers of that enthusiasm which had hitherto sustained them.

"Old Virginia never tire!" shouted Larkin, springing up the slippery path.

"Tennessee is always thar!" yelled the wiry Jones, following with good heart.

"Old North State is generally somewhar when you look for her!" cried Burnsville.

Now Squire Broadacre didn't say any thing, but tugged and toiled after them as well as he could; nathless he thought to himself that if those plump legs of his were elsewhere under some well-loaded dinner-table, he wouldn't begrudge a cool hundred.

Having worried on in this way for half a mile or more the enthusiasm again died out, and now unrepressed complaints of hunger and exhaustion were heard from all.

"Thanks to fortune!" cried Larkin, "I've found something to eat in my pocket."

This announcement was received with eager looks and exclamations by his companions.

"Here are five chestnuts. Let me see, one for each man."

They were served round, and no one had the self-denial to refuse his portion; but each devoured his nut with a satisfaction that was ludicrous, although most sincere. Burnsville, however, uttered an exclamation which wouldn't print well, and rested his head upon his hands with a look of bitter disappointment.

"What ails you now, neighbor?" asked Tom Wilson.

"Ah!" replied he, with a groan, "mine had a worm in it."

> "But the darkest night will have a morning,
> The longest lane will have a turning."

They at length reached the foot of a knoll covered with laurel and stunted fir, where they halted to rest. The guide informed them they were then within two hundred yards of the summit of the Black Dome.

This inspiriting news set them again in motion, when the Squire, who was seated at the foot of a tree, called out,

"It is useless, boys, for me to strive. Time has made his mark upon me, and I can go no farther even if my life depended on it. I will lie here until you return. Only remember, if

Tom Wilson finds any thing to eat on the top, to send me down a share."

"How now! what's the matter? what's the matter?" cried one and all.

"Nothing at all, boys. Go on, go on, see the top. As for me, I have already passed the summit point in life's highway, and am only fit to go down hill."

"But, uncle," said Larkin, "I have with me a mechanical power that will lift you to the top in a jiffey, the true lever of Archimedes."

"How now, you scamp! Why didn't you show it sooner?"

"Because," said Bob, "it is only good in a pinch, but ruinous in a long chase. If I had showed it earlier we would never have got to this point."

The Squire gave a vigorous whistle as he recorked the flask, and immediately rose to his feet.

"I believe," quoth he, cheerily, "I can still go up hill a little further."

In a few minutes they stood upon the summit of Mount Mitchell. Around and beneath them rolled dense masses of vapor, shutting out all terrestrial objects except the rounded knoll on which they were standing. Above, the deep-blue sky was visible, and the sunlight beamed clear and cold upon the stunted shrubs and fir-trees cased in glittering ice.

The summit had been recently cleared by the axe, and in the centre a sort of rude observatory was constructed of pine logs ten or twelve feet in height.

A little circle, of a hundred paces diameter, comprehended all that our adventurers saw from the top of the Black Mountains; yet the triumph of accomplishment illuminated every face, and for a space fatigue and hunger were both forgotten.

As their blood cooled these feelings of exultation passed away, and Nature again began to urge her claims with redoubled force. Burnsville wrapped his blanket about him, and, sinking down at the foot of the observatory, fell into a sort of stupor. A round of brandy stimulated the others to join in an attempt to light a fire. Every thing was wet and frozen; but, by perseverance, they at length accomplished it. The crackling flame did not bring consolation, for although it warmed them, it also suggested cooking, and there was nothing to cook. Hollow-cheeked despair began to settle upon the faces around.

"Uncle," asked Larkin, "is there any nourishment in leather?"



SUMMIT OF MOUNT MITCHELL.



WET BOOTS.

"I have heard," said the Squire, "how the defenders of beleaguered cities have subsisted on soup made of jack-boots; but why do you ask?"

"I observed the fat frying out of your boots, Sir, and it smelled very savory."

"They have been well greased lately; but, my boy, it would never do to eat our boots: without them we could never get down from here."

Burnsville, roused from his trance, now joined the circle, his lips blue and his face wearing a savage expression.

"Gentlemen," said he, "unless we get some refreshment we will never have strength to get down this mountain. There's one thing can save us, and I've made up my mind to it."

The greedy eyes of the party were centred upon the speaker.

"There's Tom Wilson's yaller dog: he's young and fat, and, by blood! if we can do no better—"

At this moment Wilson drew near with an armful of fresh fuel.

"Men! an ideer jist struck me. There's a cabin a little below here, p'raps about a quarter, put up for travelers that come here in the summer to see the sun rise. Now, there might be something thar a man could eat."

"Hurrah for Tom Wilson! Hurry down, and let's have it! Quick, quick!"

"There might, at least, be some hoss feed," he continued.

"Bring it! Bring it! Corn, oats, chop, bran, any thing!"

Tom scratched his head thoughtfully. "I know there's some hay and corn cobs there, for I see 'em about three weeks ago."

"I speak for half a dozen cobs," said Jones; "red ones I prefer, but I am not finnikin."

Tom carefully whistled up his dogs, and sending them ahead presently disappeared in the cloud on his hopeful errand. Hope had thrown our adventurers into a state of excitement, and they eagerly fell to conjecturing the chances of the forage. Some thought of one thing, and some of another; but no one had ventured to suggest any thing above corn meal.

"Great Lord!" exclaimed Burnsville, "suppose he should find a ham!"

"Young man," said the Squire, sternly, "upon what ground do you base such an absurd idea? You do wrong to trifle with the

feelings of desperate men. Besides, in our present condition nothing could be more unwholesome. I hope he'll not find any ham."

Hark! there was a shout. The yellow dog came skipping out of the cloud, and, unconscious of the fell designs which had been entertained against him, went nosing around in the most friendly manner. Wilson soon followed carrying something on his shoulder.

"By all that's blessed, a frying-pan. We can cook the dog anyhow, or make boot soup. What luck? What luck?"

"Oh, only sort o' tol'able. I've got some hoss feed, a peck of corn or thereabouts, and some salted bran."

"Hurrah! That's glorious!"

In a moment the guide was surrounded, and every body was munching raw corn as if it was a prime delicacy.

This gave Tom an opportunity to wash the pan and put about a quart of corn to parch.

"Hands out, men. Leave the corn git done, hit's more wholesomer that a way than raw. I begin to be afear'd," he continued, "that you raley would eat my dog, and that's why I got this corn; for, you see, the cabin was locked, and I had to break in, and so make myself liable to the law. But I wouldn't like to lose that pup, I wouldn't.

"He's mighty keen on a bar trail. Now the corn hain't done yet; jist leave me gin it another turn."

To see the eager hungry boys seemed natural enough, but to see Squire Broadacre watching the pan and grabbing up the "captains" as they hopped out on the snow, was rather ludicrous.

"Ah, Bob, you terrier, you were too quick for me that time."

"Uncle," quoth Bob, handing over a handful, "I was gathering it expressly for you."

"Thank you, my boy, I will remember your heroism."

The browned and smoking mess was now turned out upon a handkerchief and duly mixed with a handful of salted bran to give it flavor. Our adventurers went into it with speechless gusto, while the good-humored guide browned several additional pansful, and then went back to replace the utensil in the cabin where he had found it.

"Blood of my body!" exclaimed the Squire, "I am still unsatisfied, and I haven't the power to give my jaws another wag."

"A sip of brandy, a brief repose, and try it again."

Indeed, although parched corn is a most savory and nourishing mess for a hungry man, it requires an uncommon amount of energy, per-



JOHNSEY.

severance, and power of jaw to get enough of it.

After an hour's hard work, performed with intense satisfaction, the whole supply was devoured, and the travelers declared themselves ready for the descent; but how stout and cheery they were—how jolly and boastful!

"Ah!" quoth the Squire, "for a man of my age and figure to have ascended the highest mountain in the United States."

"To eat a pint of parched corn," suggested Larkin.

"Fond of high living," said Jones.

And down they went spouting wit and poetry, shouting and laughing, apparently as fresh as if just starting out. The horses were regained before nightfall, the dangerous paths crossed, and when they reached the banks of Caney Fork the valley was shrouded in the gloom of night.

Giving the reins to their sagacious steeds they reached Wilson's cabin at seven o'clock, after an absence of nine hours and a quarter.

Having already described one meal at length, we will not dwell upon the supper at the cabin, nor tell what buckwheat cakes and biscuits, what pork and fried chicken, what stewed pumpkins and cabbage, disappeared from the groaning board, nor enumerate the cups of milk, coffee, and persimmon beer that were swallowed during the meal. Mrs. Wilson declared it did her good to see 'em eat—in fact it did every body good; and then, when stuffed until they were nearly blind, and set before the fire to dry, it was a treat to hear the jokes and stories of the day's adventures.

One of the ancients has said, "No man can be considered fortunate until he is dead." The moderns say, "Never halloo until you're out of the woods." We may add an apophthegm of our own, "The troubles of the day are never over until one is in bed." Now it happened that our friend Burnsville's experience verified the aptness of these sayings, especially of the latter. When it was proposed to retire he commenced as usual with his boots, but found to his extreme vexation that they were immovable. After a reasonable amount of tugging, swearing, and upsetting of chairs, he got out his knife for the purpose of "ripping their blasted soles out of 'em." To prevent the desperate deed the company interfered, and Wilson asked permission to try his hand on 'em. Overruled by the general voice, the patient yielded, and stretched himself upon the puncheon floor with the air of a man about to have his legs amputated. Two of his companions seized him by the shoulders, while Wilson took one boot in his hands and placed the other against his knee.

"Now, all together—Yeo-heave-oh!"

Tom bowed himself and pulled till every muscle quivered with the exertion, but the leathern hoof was immovable.

"Hold on!" cried Burnsville, groaning. "Let me cut it; you've loosened every joint in my leg, and filled me with splinters from these blamed puncheons."

"Waggle your heel and toe back and forth," cried Tom, setting himself again.

This time the boot came off, and, by repeating the operation, the other foot was uncased in like manner. The young man managed to crawl into bed, while Wilson consoled him with the following observation:

"Your jints 'ill tighten up by mornin', and the boots hain't hurt a bit."

As the next day was Sunday and our friends intended to ride no further than the town of Burnsville, they slept late and lingered about the cabin for some time after breakfast. While they sat discoursing upon the subject of mountains in general, Johnsey, the first-born and heir apparent of Tom Wilson's cabin, recently washed and combed, entered. Stationing himself in front of Larkin, he regarded the stranger for a space with a look of intense respect mingled with curiosity. Presently, as if he had made up his mind to it, he approached and thus addressed him.

"Look'ee, mister, is them saddle-bags of yourn full of money?"

"Perhaps so, Johnsey," said Larkin, "and if you will stand still for about five minutes longer, you shall have some of it—a dime at least."



A REMINISCENCE OF ROME.

"———A charnel house,
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow, chapless skulls—
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble."

ONCE in my life I saw a place such as imagination pictured to the half-frenzied, irresolute Juliet, as she raised to her lips the phial whose contents would consign her, living, to the Tomb of the Capulets; a vault whose tangible realities seemed to embody all the ghastly conceits and fantastic terrors so vividly expressed in her eloquent ravings—dark, damp, and loathsome—and so "environed with hideous fears," that it might indeed unsettle a brain where fancy too much predominated.

As I sauntered, one bright morning, on the Piazza Barberini, in company with a friend, our attention was accidentally directed to an unpretending edifice which stands upon the square a short distance from, and nearly opposite, the cel-

ebrated Fountain of the Triton. On inquiry we were informed that it was "the Church of the Capuchins," and contained some remarkable paintings, besides other things that were well worth seeing.

As our informant happened to be a pretty flower-girl, we invested half a paul each in a bouquet, and then went to visit the church. Our knock at the portal was answered by a brother far advanced in years, whose venerable temples were shaded by a few silver hairs, and whose smooth crown showed that time had long since rendered the use of the penitential razor unnecessary. His words of salutation were few but kind, and the pallor of seclusion overspread a face full of calm hope, meekness, and benignity. Quietly but cheerfully he conducted us from chapel to chapel, exhibiting the treasures of the temple, and descanting in set phrases on their unequaled merits and beauties. There was the grand combat of St. Michael and the Dragon, by Guido; St. Paul receiving his Sight, by Pietro de Cortona; and a cartoon by Giotto, called "*La Navicella.*" Having admired the paintings sufficiently, in Italian, to please our venerable cicerone, and abused them in English to compensate ourselves for the affectation to which we had been so often constrained by politeness—of praising the faded trumpery of these old masters in art—we turned to depart. Suddenly my companion checked himself:



THE FLOWER-GIRL.

"I think," said he to the porter, "that I have heard of some curious vaults beneath your chapel; can not we see them also?" The old man shook his head thoughtfully, and replied,

"It has not been our custom to show these vaults to strangers, and indeed few wish to see them; but you, gentlemen, are from a far country, and a refusal to gratify your curiosity perhaps would not be courteous."

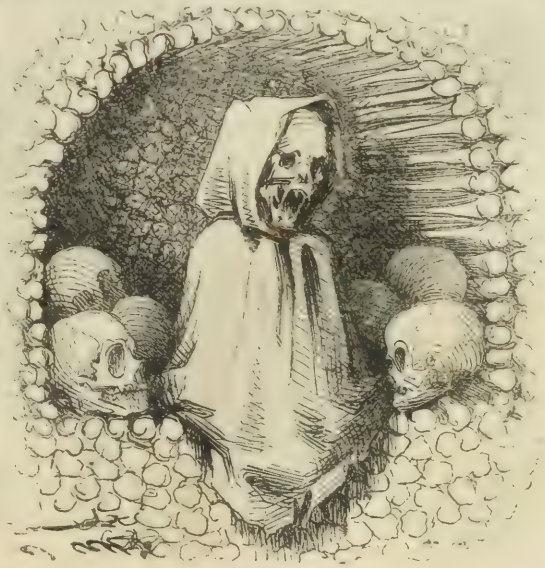
So, without more words, he took down a bunch of ponderous keys, and, lighting a large lantern, bade us follow him. We complied; and after passing through several long corridors and dim passages our conductor at length led us down a flight of stone steps, and unlocking an iron-bound door ushered us into the apartments of the dead. As we entered, the chill atmosphere caused an involuntary shudder, at which the old man smiled.

"Signori," said he, "these chambers are both cold and dark, but then the dwellers here have little need either of light or fire."

The first room we entered was a sort of vestibule, with bare stone walls, into which daylight penetrated through a narrow grating, but



THE PORTER.



SENZA NOME.

as we advanced the monk's lantern was our only light, and we labored in breathing the thick, noisome air. Following our guide along a narrow pavement, we passed through a number of low pitched rooms, the floors of which were thickly set with graves and the walls built of human bones. From time to time the monk would pause and turn his light so as to exhibit the varied horrors of each chamber to the best advantage. The graves were simple mounds of earth ridged side by side, with great regularity, the head of each marked by a black cross with a card, containing the name of the occupant with the date of his death. The walls were built of the bones of legs and arms neatly and compactly piled like cord-wood, and niched, pilastered, and corniced, in all the varied forms of architectural design. The ceilings vied with those of the mediæval churches in the ingenious variety of their patterns. The acanthus-shaped sacrum and os coccygis formed a rich cornice for the walls and arches, while ribs, fingers, toes, and disconnected vertebræ served for the mouldings of the curiously wrought panel-work of the ceilings. Bony chandeliers of intricate workmanship and elegant forms hung from the centre,

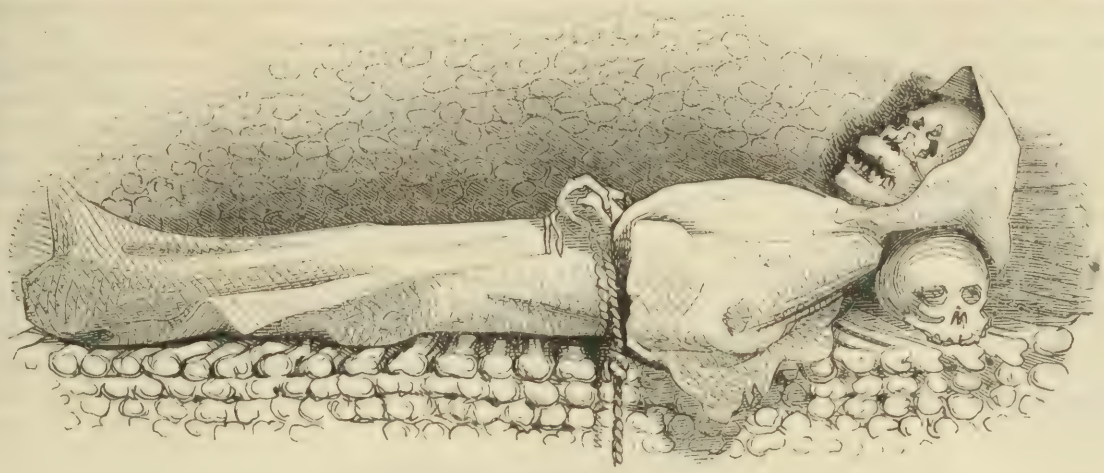


A CHERUB.

and cherubic death-heads winged with shoulder-blades graced the corners. But the ghastly ingenuity of the workman was not confined to these architectural adornments alone. Each chamber contained some design of a more artistic and ambitious character. Some moral or religious allegory done in bone. Here was a skeleton Time, with his scythe and hour-glass.



THE EMPEROR.



REPOSE.

There a grim Justice with sword and scales—a bony Emperor seated upon a throne of skulls, holding a globe and sceptre, represented by a round smooth skull and a white fibula, and wearing upon his naked poll a fantastic osseous diadem.

In the niches and along the walls were the half-mummied bodies of dead monks clothed in the garments they had worn in life, standing, reclining, sitting, and kneeling as if in devotion, each holding a crucifix and rosary in his bony fingers, and wearing the knotted scourge girt about his waist.

Attached to the girdle of each of these figures was also a card similar to that which marked the graves, bearing the name and date of the proprietor's death. Some of them, I observed, were dated as far back as the year 1694.

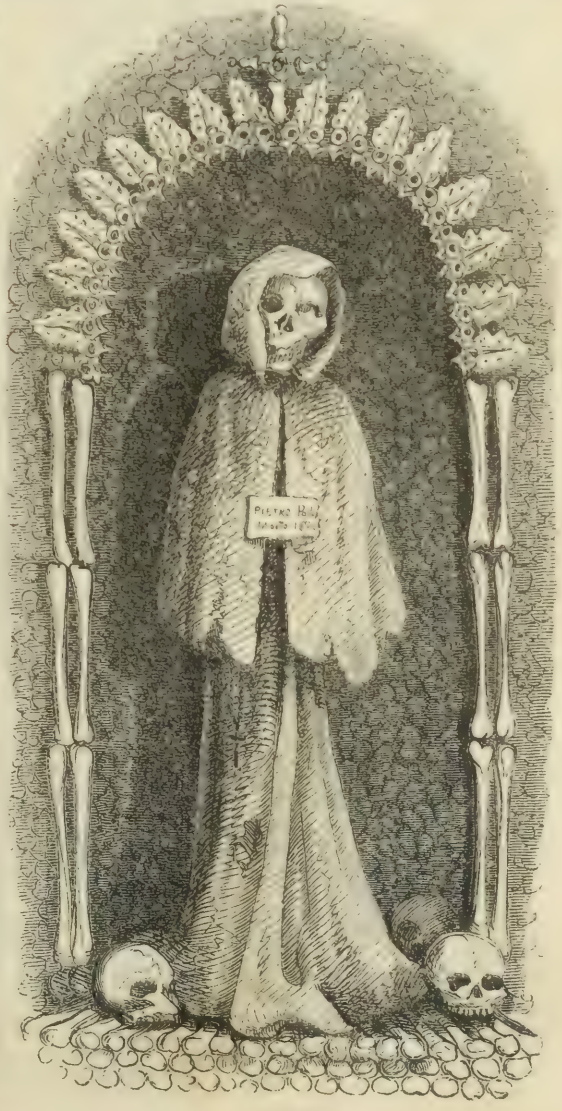
As the space allotted for burial had been long since filled up, it was customary, on the death of a monk, to disinter the body which had lain longest in the ground, and set it in a niche, while the comfortable grave was yielded to the new-comer for a season. As the old man told us this I involuntarily glanced at his curved back and pallid face.

"*Si Signore*," he said, with a placid smile, as if in answer to my thoughts; "it will not be long before the name of old Fra Francesco will be planted there among the rest; and then, when I have slept my allotted time, I, too, must make place for another, and stand like these in the niches."

"Is not that idea too horrible?" said my companion, quickly.

"Young friends," said the monk, straightening himself as far as his age and infirmities permitted, his hitherto feeble voice swelling into tones full, firm, and strong—"when the immortal soul has cast off the decaying weeds of mortality, and has taken its place among the blessed, what matters it how and where the old forsaken garment moulders into its original dust?"

When we at length reached the last chamber in the suite our conductor turned to retrace his steps, but feeling unsatisfied with this cursory survey, we asked permission to remain some time longer for the purpose of making sketches from some of the scenes which had most impressed us. This was readily accorded, and to facilitate our views the wax tapers in the chandeliers were lighted up. As the duties of his place did not allow him to remain longer, and he was forbidden to leave the door of the vault open, our guide told us he would be obliged to leave us then, but would return at the end of two hours to liberate us from our voluntary entombment. Just then my friend discovered that



A NICHE.

he had left his pencil-case at his rooms, and must necessarily go for it.

"But perhaps you would not like to remain here alone?"

"Go along; what an idea! I shall rather enjoy it."

So I sat down quietly to my work, and presently heard the grating sound of the key turning in the lock, and the "thug" of the ponderous bolt as it shot into the hasp. Up to that moment I had looked upon the objects around me with the cool curiosity that accompanies one in a walk through a museum of stuffed animals. I smiled at the grotesqueness, wondered at the ingenuity, but had not realized one sentiment of awe, loathing, or superstitious dread; but the moment the dull reverberation of the closing bolt ceased, an icy chill thrilled through my frame, so sudden that I could not even make an effort to resist it. I dropped my pencils, and rose to my feet, striving to stiffen myself against an awful overwhelming consciousness that pressed upon me, that I was alone, locked in with silence and death.

The hideous mummies leered at me from beneath their moth-eaten cowls; their eyeless sockets seemed to gleam with fiendish intelligence, and their idiotic grinning put on a dev-



THE THREE BROTHERS.

ilish motive and character; ay, in the flickering light of the tapers they seemed to move, and with their gaunt fingers, like the claws of some filthy bird, would sign and point at me. "Come, now, this is sheer childishness," I said to myself; "T—— will be back after a while, and finding that I have done nothing, will laugh at me."

So I endeavored to resume my work. But no! I was stifling. Still the place was aired, for the drafts that came through two dark door-ways waved the lights continually. Oh for a sound! I was choking with silence, yet felt as if I had myself no more power of speech than the mummies by which I was surrounded. Again I essayed by a strong effort to reinstate reason on her throne and resume my drawing; but my eyes were fascinated by the dark places, and every shadow covered something more horrible than that which the light revealed. I was persuaded that if I sat still I should go mad. Then I took the lantern and went peering about in the shadowy corners, flaming the light in the faces of the grinning monks, throwing back their mouldy hoods, mocking their attitudes, and making mouths at them as if we had been candidates at a grinning match. Still, as I went from room to room I was haunted by a consciousness that I should presently scare up something still more ghastly and dreadful than any thing I had yet seen. Ho! here it is—I knew it—in a lonesome corner which the Friar did not show us, half filled with heaps of disjointed bones and dried carcasses not yet arranged in monumental mimicry—and these three damned mockers of life, dressed up and labeled, with patches of dried parchment still clinging to their yellow bones, tufts of mouldy hair hanging about their heads, their sackcloth garments rotted and dropping piecemeal in heaps about their feet, exposing their loathsome shanks to view. "*Evviva!* Brother Bartolomeo, you seem to be in a jolly case for one who has been dead a hundred years. Ho! Fra Pietro! my ill-favored friend! hold the lantern if you please, and we'll have a dance." So I began humming the Devil's Dream and went skipping about the room, kicking a skull to the right, and a set of ribs to the left, all in hornpipe time. "Balancez all—turn your partners." I pitched into Fra Nicolo, and as I turned him his grizzly head tumbled off and rolled into a dark corner, when, with a sudden shudder, I slung the mouldy carcass after it. Now my blood was heated, and I began to get angry. Picking up a stout thigh-bone I had half a mind to batter the pates of the other two for grinning at me. "Do you wink at me, vile carrion?"

"In the name of all the fiends, what does this mean? Are you run mad?"

There was T—— in the door-way white as a ghost, with hair on end, uncertain whether to stand or fly.

I recovered my equilibrium in a moment and dropped the thigh-bone.

"Not mad precisely, T——, but mayhap not far from it."

"I have scarce the strength to stand," said he, supporting himself against the wall.

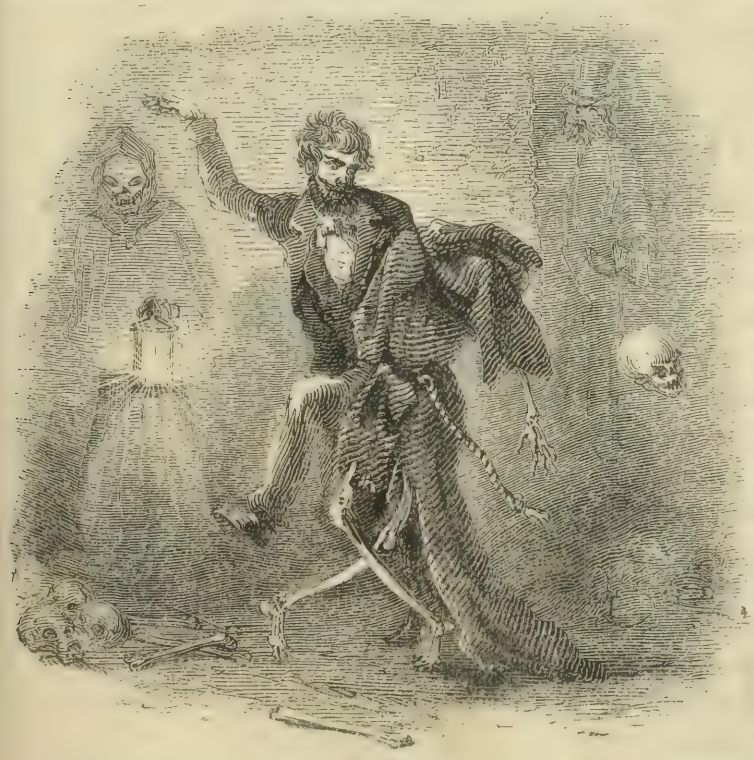
"As soon as the old porter closed the door on me I heard your infernal clatter, and called after him to come back; but I suppose he is deaf, for he made no answer. It then occurred to me that probably the monks had come out of their graves, and were carrying you off to Pandemonium, and by a superhuman effort of courage I came here to your assistance.

"My first glance confirmed this idea, but when I saw you throw the musty Cordelier into the corner and arm yourself with that thumping bone, I concluded you had gone crazy and were yourself the aggressor."

"T——," quoth I, "I was only amusing myself, and now let us go to our drawing."

We then sat down quietly to work; but I am persuaded my companion's mind was not entirely at ease in regard to my condition, until I completed an accurate sketch of the chamber in which we sat and handed it over for his approval. At the appointed hour Fra Francesco came to liberate us, and with him we cheerfully reascended to the sunlit world.

Besides these frightful sketches, the events of that morning furnished me with material for nightmares for many years after, and also gave me an insight into the mysteries of psychology; but upon this subject I do not wish to be confidential with every one.



THE DANCE.



NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris,
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below:

For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marveled no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the STUCKUP'S grand ball—
  Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
  And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
  And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,

And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend,
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the STUCKUP'S, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"
"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-maker
Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich *grenadine*"—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here *I ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling.
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretense—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher).
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder,
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up stairs, in my own easy chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,

On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without any thing new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.
In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long continued, of camels'-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were ingulfed, not friend or relation,
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Can not find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practiced upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance;
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,

Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up Humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? or won't PETER COOPER
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of honor and fame;
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't STEWART, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;

Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!





THE FOAM AT SEA.

IN HIGH LATITUDES.

AWAY up north—in high latitudes, among ice-lands and icebergs—Lord Dufferin, an English nobleman, gives us a pleasant series of letters, full of incident, the results of an adventurous expedition during last summer, in his schooner-yacht *Foam*.

The *Foam* started from Stornoway in the Hebrides. One morning as the "look-out" was watching for expected land, there suddenly shot up toward the zenith a pale gold aureole; then, gradually lifting its huge back above the water, rose a silver pyramid of snow, the cone of an ice-mountain miles away in the interior of Iceland. This mountain was the southeast extremity of the island, the very landfall made by one of its first discoverers in the year of grace 864. That adventurous pioneer, not having a compass nor knowing exactly where the land lay, took on board with him at starting three consecrated ravens. Having sailed a certain distance he let loose one, which flew back; and by this he judged he had not got half-way. Proceeding onward he loosed the second, which, after circling in the air in apparent uncertainty, also made off home, as though it still remained a nice point which were the shorter course toward *terra firma*. But the third, on obtaining his liberty a few days later, flew forward, and by following the direction in which he had disappeared, Rabna Floki—or Floki of the Ravens, as he came to be called—triumphantly made the land.

The real colonists did not arrive till some years later. A Scandinavian king named Harold Haarfager (a contemporary of the English Alfred), having murdered, burned, and otherwise exterminated all his brother-kings—who at that time grew as thick as blackberries in Norway—first consolidated their dominions into one realm, as Edgar did the Heptarchy, and then proceeded to invade the udal rights of the landholders. Some of them, animated with that love of liberty innate in the race of the noble Northmen, rather than submit to oppression, determined to look for a new home amidst the desolate regions of the icy sea. Freighting a dragon-shaped galley—the *Mayflower* of the period—with their wives and children, and all the household monuments that were dear to them, they saw the blue peaks of their dear Norway hills sink down into the sea behind, and manfully set their faces toward the west, where—some vague report had whispered—a new land might be found. Arrived in sight of Iceland, the leader of the expedition threw the sacred pillars belonging to his former dwelling into the water, in order that the gods might determine the site of his new home. Carried by the tide, no one could say in what direction, they were at last discovered, at the end of three years, in a sheltered bay on the west side of the island, and Ingolf came and abode there, and the place became in the course of years, and still is, Reykjavik, the capital of the country.

The panorama of the bay of Faxa Fiord, at the extremity of which Reykjavik is situated, is magnificent. The bay has a width of fifty miles from horn to horn, the one running down into a rocky ridge of pumice, the other towering to the height of five thousand feet in a pyramid of eternal snow; while round the intervening semicircle crowd the peaks of a hundred noble mountains. As you approach the shore you are very much reminded of the west coast of Scotland, except that every thing is more *intense*, the atmosphere clearer, the light more vivid, the air more bracing, the hills steeper, loftier, more *tormented*, as the French say, and more gaunt; while between their base and the sea stretches a dirty greenish slope, patched with houses which are of a mouldy green, as if some long-since-inhabited country had been fished up out of the bottom of the sea. The town consists of a collection of wooden sheds, one story high—rising here and there into a gable-end of greater pretensions—built along the lava-beach, and flanked at either end by a suburb of turf huts. On every side of it extends a desolate plain of lava, that once must have boiled up red-hot from some distant gateway of hell, and fallen hissing into the sea. The good citizens of Reykjavik, and the Icelanders generally, are hospitable to a fault. They are stanch Protestants, of the Lutheran persuasion. Crime, theft, debauchery, cruelty, are unknown among them; they have neither prison, gallows, soldiers, nor police; and in the manner of the lives they lead among their secluded valleys there is something of a patriarchal simplicity refreshing to behold.

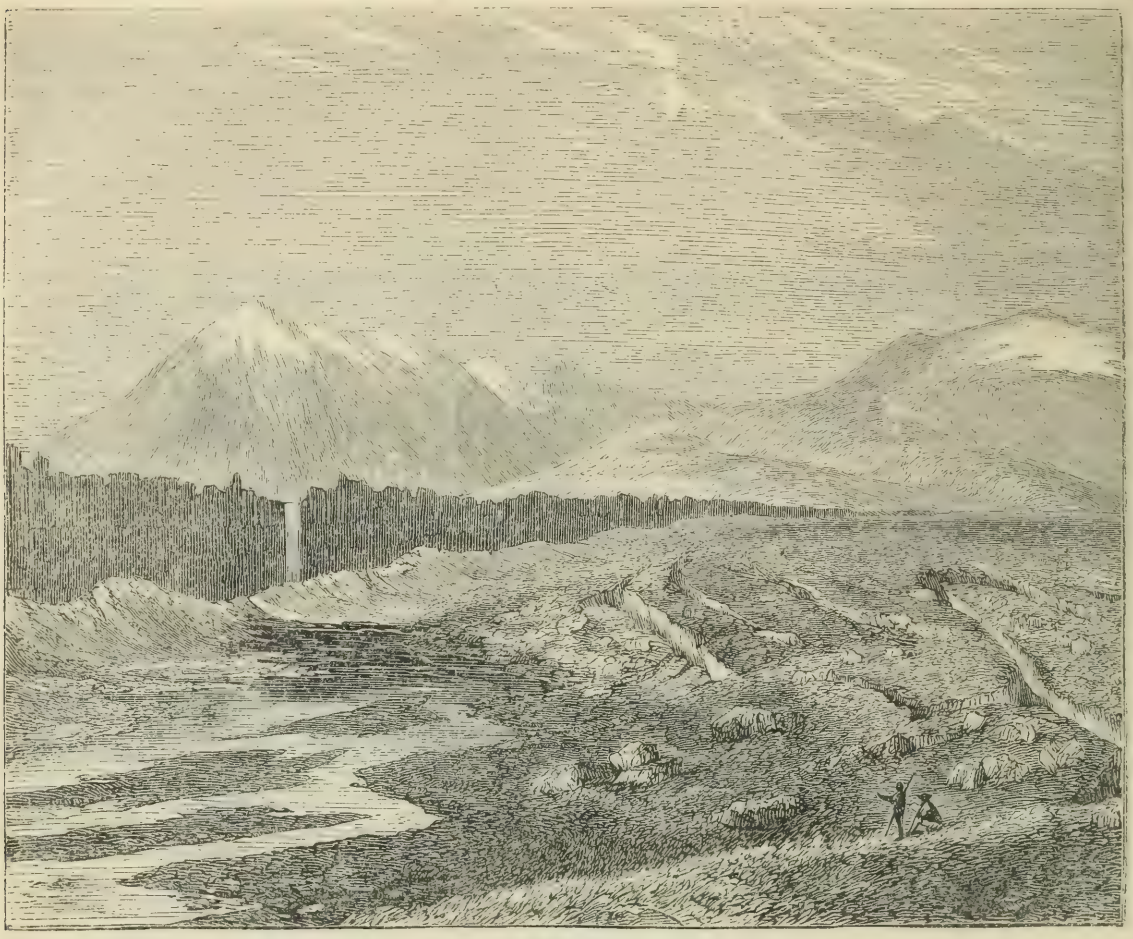


HAROLD HAARFAGER'S SHIP.

The great sight to be seen in Iceland is, of course, the hot springs, or Geysers, as they are called, in the interior of the country. The journey is performed on horseback, for, there being no roads, all the traffic is conducted by means of horses along the bridle-tracks which centuries of travel have worn in the lava plains. About thirty miles from Reykjavik, and between that town and the Geysers, the traveler comes abruptly upon a sight no less extraordinary than the boiling springs themselves. While moving on you are suddenly arrested in your career by a tremendous precipice, or rather chasm, which gapes beneath your feet, and completely separates the barren plateau you have been traversing from a lovely, gay, sunlit flat, ten miles broad, that lies—sunk at a level lower by a hundred feet—between you and the opposite mountains. This is the famous Almanna Gja. Like a black rampart in the distance, the corresponding chasm of Hrafna Gja is cut across the lower slope of the distant hills, and between them sleeps in beauty and sunshine the broad, verdant plain of Thingvalla. Ages ago—who shall say how long?—some vast commotion shook the foundations of the island, and, bubbling up from sources far away amidst the inland hills, a fiery deluge must have rushed down between their ridges, until, escaping from the narrower gorges, it found space to spread itself into one broad sheet of molten stone over an entire district of country, reducing its va-



ICELANDIC TRAVELING COSTUME.



THINGVALLA.

ried surface to one vast blackened level. One of two things then occurred: either, the vitrified mass contracting as it cooled, the centre area of fifty square miles burst asunder at either side from the adjoining plateau, and, sinking down to its present level, left the two parallel gjas, or chasms, which form its natural boundaries, to mark the limits of the disruption; or else, while the pith or marrow of the lava was still in a fluid state, its upper surface became solid, and formed a roof beneath which the molten stream flowed on to lower levels, leaving a vast cavern into which the upper crust subsequently plumped down.

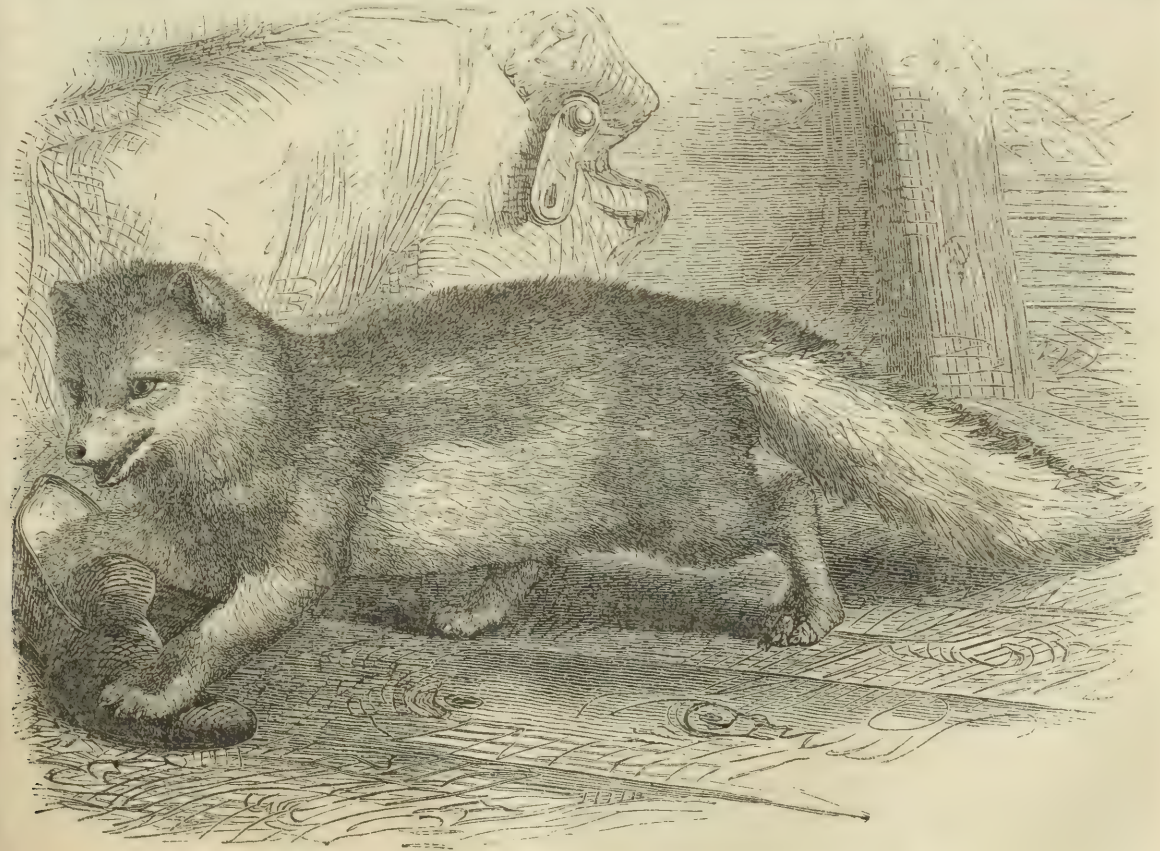
Independently of its natural curiosities, Thingvalla is most interesting on account of its historical associations. Here, long ago, at a period when feudal despotism was the only government known throughout Europe, free parliaments used to sit in peace and regulate the affairs of the young Republic; and to this hour the precincts of its legislative halls are as distinct and unchanged as on the day when the high-hearted fathers of the emigration first consecrated them to the service of a free nation. By a freak of Nature, as the subsiding plain cracked and shivered into twenty thousand fissures, an irregular oval area of about two hundred feet by fifty was left almost entirely surrounded by a crevice so deep and broad as to be utterly impassable; at one extremity alone a scanty causeway connected it with an adjoining level, and allowed of access to its interior. This spot, erected by nature almost a fortress, the founders of the Icelandic Constitution chose for the meetings of their *Thing* or Congress. Armed guards defended the entrance, while the grave bonders deliberated within. To this day, at the upper end of the place of meeting, may be seen the three hummocks where sat in state the chiefs and judges of the land.

But these grand old times have long since passed away. Along the banks of the Oxeraa no longer glisten the tents and booths of the assembled lieges; no longer stalwart berserks guard the narrow entrance to the Athling; ravens alone sit on the sacred Logberg; and the floor of the old Icelandic House of Representatives is ignominiously cropped by sheep. For three hundred years did the gallant little Republic maintain its independence—three hundred years of unequaled literary and political vigor. At last its day of doom drew near. Its chieftains intrigued against the liberties of the people, and in 1261 the island became an appanage of the Norwegian crown. Yet even then, the deed embodying the concession of their independence was drawn up in such haughty terms as to resemble rather the offer of an equal alliance than the renunciation of sovereign rights. But relieved from the discipline and obligation of self-government, an apathy seized these once stirring islanders. On the amalgamation of the three Scandinavian monarchies, at the union of Calmar, the allegiance of the people of Iceland was passively transferred to the Danish

crown. Ever since that time, Danish proconsuls have administered their government, and Danish restrictions have regulated their trade. The traditions of their ancient autonomy have become as unsubstantial and obsolete as those which record the vanished fame of their poets and historians and the exploits of their mariners. It is true, the adoption of the Lutheran religion galvanized for a moment into the semblance of activity the old literary spirit. A printing press was introduced as early as 1530, and ever since the sixteenth century many works of merit have been produced from time to time by Icelandic genius. Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope have been translated into the native tongue, and the colleges of Copenhagen are adorned by many an illustrious Icelandic scholar. But the glory of the old days is departed, and it is across a wide desolate flat of ignoble annals, as dull and arid as their own lava plains, that the student has to look back upon the glorious drama of Iceland's early history.

Onward to the Geysers. Those three snowy peaks which shine in the far distance, cold and clear against the sky, belong to Mount Hecla. The frequent and destructive eruptions of this volcano between the years 1004 and 1766 are too well known to need any recital here. Some reference, however, may be made to the one of 1766, which was remarkably violent. It commenced by the appearance of a huge pillar of black sand, mounting slowly to the heavens, and accompanied by subterranean thunders. Then a coronet of flame encircled the crater, masses of red rock, pumice, and magnetic stones were flung out with tremendous violence, and to an incredible distance. One boulder of pumice, six feet in circumference, was pitched twenty miles away. The surface of the earth was covered for a circuit of one hundred and fifty miles with a layer of sand four inches deep; the air was so darkened by it that, at a place one hundred and forty miles off, white paper held up at a little distance could not be distinguished from black. The fishermen could not put to sea on account of the darkness, and the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands were frightened out of their senses by showers of what they thought must be black snow. Then the lava began to overflow, and ran for five miles; and some days later—in order that no element might be wanting to mingle in this devil's charivari—a vast column of water split up through the cinder pillar to the height of several hundred feet; the horror of the spectacle being further enhanced by an accompaniment of subterranean cannonading and dire reports, heard at a distance of fifty miles.

But alarming as this eruption was, it is tame compared with that of another volcano, called Skapta Jokul, in the year 1783. From this mountain a gigantic river of lava issued, pouring into a great lake, and completely filling up its basin. There, separating into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again commenced its march. One of these streams is considered to be about fifty miles in length by twelve or fifteen at its greatest breadth; the other is forty miles in length by seven in depth, and where it was imprisoned between high hills the lava is five or six hundred feet thick! For a whole year a canopy of cinder-laden clouds hung over the island; and according to the most accurate cal-



THE ICELANDIC FOX.

culations, 9000 men and over 200,000 cattle died from the effects of this one eruption.

Arrived at the famous Geysers, the traveler first notices the appearance of the place. The ground looks as though it had been honeycombed by disease into numerous sores and orifices; not a blade of grass grows on its hot, inflamed surface, which consists of unwholesome-looking, red, livid clay, or crumpled shreds of slough-like incrustations. The Great Geyser has a smooth silicious basin seventy-two feet in diameter and four feet deep, with a hole at the bottom, as in a washing-basin on board a steamer. This is brimful of water just upon the simmer, while a great column of vapor rises high into the air. To see this formidable monster in eruption the traveler may have to wait many days. The event is announced by subterranean thunders. A violent agitation disturbs the centre of the boiling pool. Suddenly, a dome of water lifts itself up, then bursts and falls. Immediately after, a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns wreathed in robes of vapor, spring into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, fling their silver crests against the sky. The duration of this phenomenon is, of course, in proportion to the violence of the eruption. As you watch, you notice that it gradually loses its ascending energy; the unstable waters falter, droop, fall, "like a broken purpose," back upon themselves, and are immediately sucked down into the recesses of their pipe.

While encamped in this locality, waiting to see an eruption of the Great Geyser, the Doctor of Lord Dufferin's party met with an adventure which gives us an insight into some of the very peculiar customs of the Icelanders. The Doctor, in one of his rambles, stumbled upon a human habitation, and counting justly on the hospitality of its inmates, at once sought admittance. "No sooner," says Esculapius, "had I presented myself at the door than I was immediately welcomed by the whole family, and triumphantly inducted into the guest quarters; every thing the house could produce was set before me, and the whole society stood by to see that I enjoyed myself. As I had but just dined, an additional repast was no longer necessary to my happiness; but all explanation was useless, and I did my best to give them satisfaction. Immediately on rising from the table, the young lady of the house proposed by signs to conduct me to my apartment. Taking in one hand a large plate of skier, and in the other a bottle of brandy, she led the way through a passage, built of turf and stones, to the place where I was to sleep. Having watched her deposit—not without misgivings, for I knew it was expected both should be disposed of before morning—the skier by my bedside, and the brandy bottle under my pillow, I was preparing to make her a polite bow, and to wish her a very good-night, when she advanced toward me, and with a winning grace difficult to resist insisted upon helping me off with my coat, and then—proceeding



ICELANDIC LADY.

to extremities—with my shoes and stockings. At this most critical part of the proceedings I naturally imagined her share of the performance would conclude, and that I should at last be restored to that privacy which at such seasons is generally considered appropriate. Not a bit of it. Before I knew where I was, I found myself sitting on a chair, in my shirt, trowserless, while my fair tire-woman was engaged in neatly folding up the ravished garments on a neighboring chair. She then, in the most simple manner in the world, helped me into bed, tucked me up, and having said a quantity of pretty things in Icelandic, gave me a hearty kiss and departed. If," added the Doctor, as he told his story to his companions on the following morning—"if you see any thing remarkable in my appearance, it is probably because—

> 'This very morn I've felt the sweet surprise
> Of unexpected lips on sealed eyes.'

But we now leave the Geysers. Back again to Reykjavik; out once more upon the sea, and sailing north in search of the mysterious Jan Mayen—that wonderful island-mountain of igneous rock, shooting straight up out of the ocean to the height of 6870 feet, not broad-based like a pyramid, nor round-topped like a sugar loaf, but needle-shaped, pointed like the spire of a church.

Found at last, but with much difficulty. One morning the dense fog that hung over the water suddenly split asunder, and through the gap—thousands of feet overhead, as if suspended in the crystal sky—the navigators beheld a cone of illuminated snow. It was the summit of the Beerenberg of Jan Mayen. After a few moments the roof of mist closed again and shut out all trace of the transient vision. But patience until the curtain is lifted

At last the hour of liberation came. And first you distinguish a line of coast—in reality but the roots of Beerenberg—dyed of the darkest purple; while, obedient to a common impulse, the clouds that wrapped its summit gently disengage themselves, and leave the mountain standing, in all the magnificence of its 6870 feet, girdled by a single zone of pearly vapor, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers roll down into the sea! Nature seems to have turned scene-shifter, so artfully are the phases of this glorious spectacle successively developed. The beauty of the view is heightened greatly by the glaciers. Imagine a mighty river started down the side of the mountain, bursting over every impediment—whirled into a thousand eddies—tumbling and raging on from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam—then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless actually seen, it is impossible to conceive the strangeness of the contrast between the tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers and the violent descending energy impressed upon their exterior. And all this upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude that, having approached the spot where, with a leap like that of Niagara, one of these glaciers plunges down into the sea, the eye, no longer able to take in its fluvial character, is content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appears a lucent precipice of gray-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel.

Such is Jan Mayen, discovered in 1614, rarely seen, and still more rarely visited by navigators. The reader probably recollects the story of the seven seamen who were induced by the Dutch Government to winter on the island, and solve the problem whether or no human beings could support the severities of the climate. It is a thrilling narrative. Standing on the shore, these seven men saw their comrades' parting sails sink down beneath the sun—then watched the sun itself sink, and were left in all the gloom of an arctic night. Huts had been built for them, and they were furnished with an ample supply of salt provisions. They left a touching record of their fate. On the 8th of September they "were frightened by a noise of something falling to the ground," probably some volcanic disturbance. A month later it becomes so cold that their linen, after a moment's exposure to the air, is frozen like a board. Huge fleets of ice beleaguered the island, the sun disappears, and they spend most of their time in "rehearsing to one another the adventures that had befallen them both by sea and land." On the 12th of December they kill a bear, having already begun to feel the effects of a salt diet. At last comes New-year's day, 1636. It passed. On the 25th of February the sun reappeared. By the 22d of March scurvy had already declared itself, and on Easter day the first man died. During the next



FIRST GLIMPSE OF JAN MAYEN.

few days they seem all to have got rapidly worse; one only is strong enough to move about. He has learned writing from his comrades since coming to the island, and it is he who concludes the melancholy story. "On the 23d of April the wind blew from the same corner with small rain. We were by this time reduced to a very deplorable state, there being none of them all except myself that were able to help themselves, much less one another, so that the whole burden lay upon my shoulders—and I perform my duty as well as I am able, as long as God pleases to give me strength. I am just now agoing to help our commander out of his cabin, at his request, because he imagined by this change to ease his pain, he then struggling with death." For seven days this gallant fellow goes on striving "to do his duty;" that is to say, making entries in the journal as to the state of the weather, that being the principal object their employers had in view when they landed them on the island; but on the 30th of April his strength too gave way, and his failing hand could do no more than trace an incompleted sentence on the page. Meanwhile succor and reward are on their way toward the forlorn garrison. On the 4th of June, up again above the horizon rise the sails of the Zealand fleet; but no glad faces come forth to greet the boats as they pull toward the shore; and when their comrades search for those they had hoped to find alive and well—lo! each lies dead in his own hut, one with an open prayer-book by his side, another with his hand stretched out toward the ointment he had used for his stiffened joints, and the last survivor with the unfinished journal still by his side.

A dash across to Hamerfest, where Lapp ladies and gentlemen may be seen and examined by the curious, and then again Northward, ho! in right good earnest. Ice, ice, nothing but ice is seen now, and the little yacht runs many perilous risks. A sleepless sun looks coldly down during long days and longer nights, but still the navigators persevere in their attempts to reach Spitzbergen

The northwest passage has been discovered, but a northeast passage still remains an impenetrable mystery. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, in spite of repeated failures, one endeavor after another was made to penetrate to India across these fatal waters.

The first English vessel that sailed on the disastrous quest was the *Bona Esperanza*, in the last year of King Edward VI. Her commander was Sir Hugh Willoughby, and there is still extant a copy of the instructions drawn up by Sebastian Cabot, the grand pilot of England, for his guidance. Nothing can be more pious than the spirit in which this ancient document is conceived, expressly enjoining that morning and evening prayers should be offered on board every ship attached to the expedition, and that neither dicing, carding, tabling, nor other "devlish devices" were to be permitted. Here and there were clauses of more questionable morality—recommending that natives of strange lands be "enticed on board, and made drunk with your beer and wine; for then you shall know the secrets of their hearts." The whole concluding with an exhortation to all on board to take especial heed to the devices of "certain creatures with men's heads and the tails of fishes, who swim with bows and arrows about the fiords and bays, and live on human flesh."

On the 11th of May the ill-starred expedition got under way from Deptford and put to sea. By the 30th of July the little fleet—three vessels in all—were abreast of the Luffoden isles, but a gale coming on, the *Esperanza* was separated from her consorts. Ward-huus—a little harbor to the east of the North Cape—had been appointed as the place of rendezvous in case of such an event, but unfortunately Sir Hugh overshot the mark, and wasted all the precious autumn time in blundering amidst the ice to the eastward. At last winter set in, and they were obliged to run for a port in Lapland. Here, removed from all human aid, they were frozen to death. A year afterward the ill-fated ships were discovered by some Russian sailors, and an unfinished journal proved that Sir Hugh and many of his companions were still alive in January, 1554.

The next voyage of discovery, in a northeast direction, was sent out by Sir Francis Cherie, Alderman of London, in 1603. After proceeding as far east as Ward-huus and Kela, the *Godspeed* pushed north into the ocean, and on the 16th of August fell in with Bear Island. Unaware of its previous discovery by Barentz, the commander of this expedition christened the island Cherie Island, in honor of his patron, and to this day the two names are used almost indiscriminately.

In 1607 Henry Hudson was dispatched by the Muscovy Company with orders to sail, if possible, right across the pole. Although perpetually baffled by the ice, Hudson at last succeeded in reaching the northwest extremity of Spitzbergen, but finding his further progress arrested by an impenetrable barrier of fixed ice, he was forced to return. A few years later, Jonas Poole—having been sent in the same direction, instead of prosecuting any discoveries, wisely set himself to killing the sea-horses that frequent the arctic ice-fields, and in lieu of tidings of new lands, brought back a valuable cargo of walrus tusks. In 1615 Fotherby started with the intention of renewing the attempt to sail across the North Pole, but after encountering many dangers he also was forced to return. It was during the course of his homeward voyage that he fell in with the island of Jan Mayen. Soon afterward the discovery, by Hudson and Davis, of the seas and straits to which they have given their names, diverted the attention of the public from all thoughts of a northeast passage, and the Spitzbergen waters were only frequented by ships engaged in the fisheries. The gradual disappearance of the whale, and the discovery of more profitable fishing-stations on the

west coast of Greenland, subsequently abolished the sole attraction for human beings which this inhospitable region ever possessed, and of late years the Spitzbergen seas have remained as lonely and unvisited as they were before the first adventurer invaded their solitude.

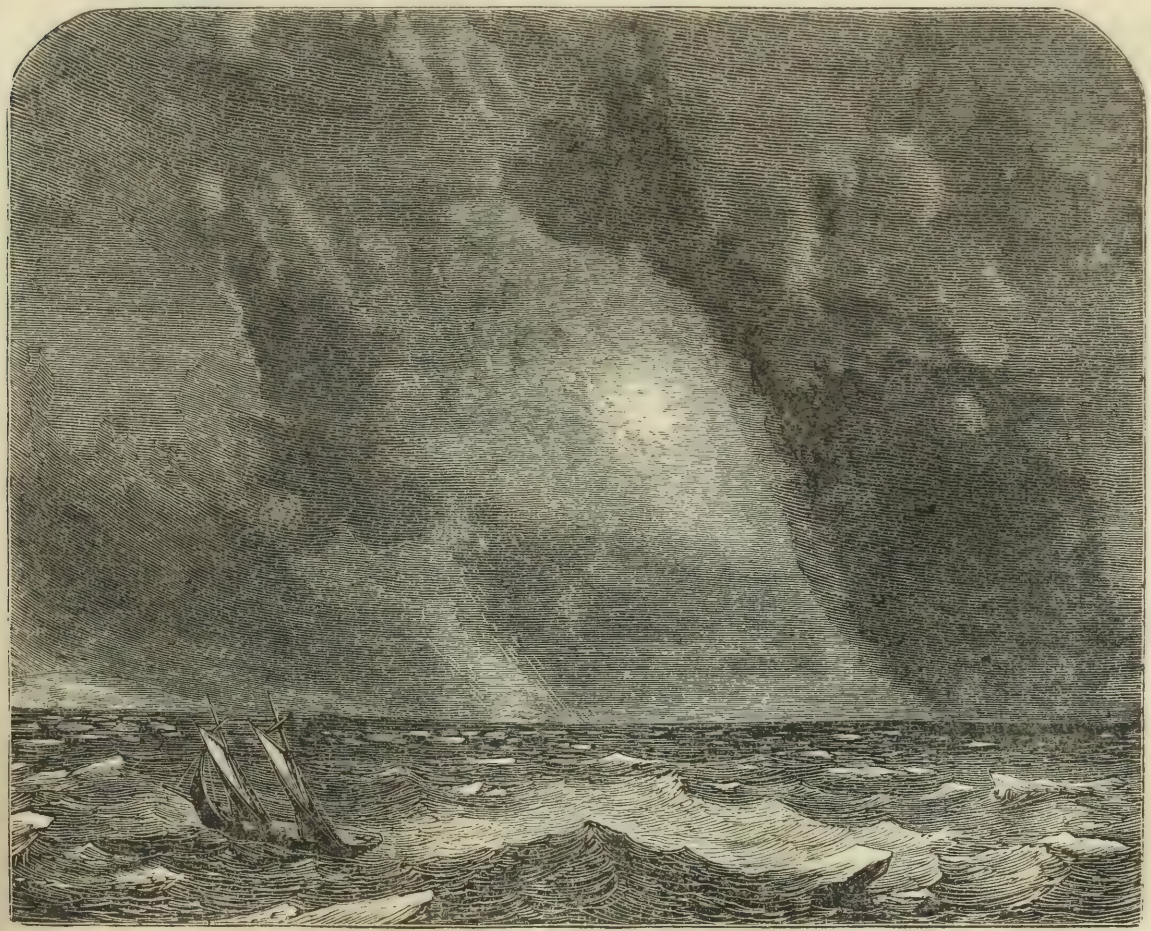
Twice only, since the time of Fotherby, has any attempt been made to reach the pole on a northeast course. In 1773 Captain Phipps, afterward Lord Mulgrave, sailed in the *Carcass* toward Spitzbergen, but he never reached a higher latitude than 81°. It was in this expedition that Lord Nelson made his first voyage. The next and last endeavor was undertaken by Parry in 1827. Unable to get his ship even as far north as Phipps had gone, he determined to leave her in a harbor in Spitzbergen, and push across the sea in boats and sledges. The uneven nature of the surface over which they had to travel caused their progress northward to be very slow and very laborious. The ice, too, beneath their feet was not immovable, and at last they perceived they were making the kind of progress that a criminal makes when upon the treadmill—the floes over which they were journeying drifting to the southward faster than they walked north; so that at the end of a long day's march of ten miles, they found themselves four miles further from their destination than at its commencement. Disgusted with so Irish a manœuvre, Parry determined to return, though not until he had almost reached the 83d parallel. Arctic authorities are still of opinion that Parry's plan for reaching the pole might prove successful if the expedition were to set out earlier in the season, ere the intervening field of ice is cast adrift by the approach of summer.

In the track of these adventurous spirits now struggled the little schooner *Foam*. Days elapsed, and her crew began to fear that they would never reach the land they sought, the fields of ice all around, and especially to the eastward, where the land lay, were so dense, and the brief summer season, too, was now so rapidly passing away.

At length the day was agreed upon when the attempt should be abandoned. During the whole of the night previous the schooner beat up along the edge of the ice in the teeth of a violent gale. About nine o'clock in the morning—but two short hours before the moment at which it had been settled to "bear up"—the *Foam* reached a long low point of ice, that had stretched further to the westward than any she had yet doubled, and there, beyond, lay an open sea, open, not only to the northward and westward, but also to the eastward!

The hands were immediately turned up. "'Bout ship!" "Down with the helm!" "Helm a-lee!"

Up comes the schooner's head to the wind, the sails flapping with the noise of thunder, blocks rattling against the deck, ropes dancing about in galvanized coils, and every thing, to an inexperienced eye, in inextricable confusion,



THE MIDNIGHT SUN OFF SPITZBERGEN.



ENGLISH BAY.

till gradually she pays off on the other tack, the sails stiffen into deal-boards, the stay-sail sheet is let go, and, heeling over on the opposite side, she darts forward like an arrow from the bow, leaping over the heavy seas, and staggering under her canvas.

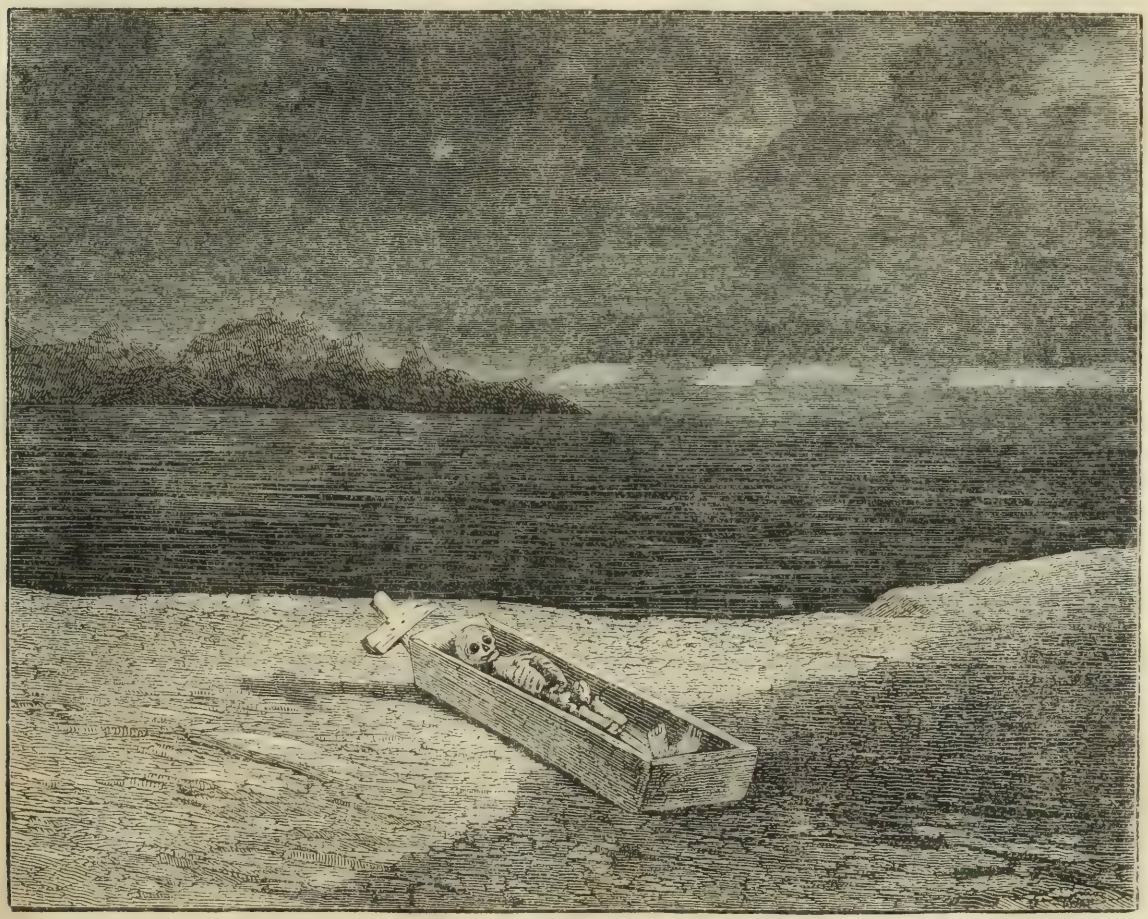
Within an hour the sun burst through the fog, and then, behold! rising above the horizon in the clear atmosphere, a forest of thin lilac peaks, at first sight so faint, so pale, that had it not been for the gem-like distinctness of their outline, they might have been deemed as unsubstantial as the spires of fairyland. They are the hills of Spitzbergen, now warming into a rosier tint as their distance is lessened. Soon Amsterdam Island is sighted; then come the "seven ice-hills"—as seven enormous glaciers are called—that roll into the sea between lofty ridges of gneiss and mica-slate. Clearer and more defined grows the outline of the mount-

ains, some coming forward while others recede; their rosy tints appear less even, fading here and there into pale yellows and grays; veins of shadow score the steep sides of the hills; the articulations of the rocks become visible; and now, at last, the *Foam* glides under the limestone peaks of Mitre Cape, past the marble arches of King's Bay on the one side, and the pinnacle of the Vogel Hook on the other, moves into the quiet channel that separates the foreland from the main, and anchors in the silent haven of English Bay. The little *Foam* has performed no ordinary feat. She has reached almost the northern extremity of Spitzbergen, and has sailed within 630 miles of the pole; that is to say, within 100 miles as far north as any ship has ever succeeded in getting.

But what a wonderful panorama is here presented! Perhaps its most striking feature is the stillness, the deadness, the impassability of this new world. Ice, rock, and water are every where around. Not a sound of any kind interrupts the silence. The sea does not break upon the shore. No bird or any living thing is visible. The midnight sun, muffled in a transparent mist, sheds an awful mysterious lustre on glacier and mountain. No atom of vegetation gives token of the earth's vitality. An universal numbness and dumbness seems to pervade the solitude. In no other part of the world, perhaps, is this appearance of deadness so strikingly exhibited. On the stillest summer day in America there is always perceptible an undertone of life thrilling through the atmosphere; and though no breeze should stir a single leaf, yet—in default of motion—there is always a sense of growth; but here not so much as a blade of grass to be seen on the sides of the bald, excoriated hills. Primeval rocks and eternal ice constitute the landscape!

English Bay is completely landlocked, being protected in its open side by Prince Charles's Foreland, a long island lying parallel with the main land. Down toward either horn run two ranges of schistose rocks about 1500 feet high, their sides almost precipitous, and the topmost ridge as sharp as a knife and jagged as a saw. The intervening space is entirely filled up by an enormous glacier, which, descending with one continuous incline from the head of a valley on the right, and sweeping like a torrent round the roots of an isolated clump of hills in the centre, rolls at last into the sea. The length of the glacial river from the spot where apparently it first originated could not have been less than thirty or thirty-five miles, or its greatest breadth less than nine or ten; but so completely did it fill up the higher end of the valley that it was almost impossible to distinguish the further mountains peeping above its surface. The height of the precipice where it fell into the sea was about 120 feet.

On the left a still more extraordinary sight presented itself. A kind of baby-glacier actually hung suspended half-way on the hillside, like a tear in the act of rolling down the furrowed cheek of the mountain. So unaccountable did it seem that the overhanging mass of ice



ET EGO IN ARCTIS.

should not continue to thunder down on its course, that one's natural impulse was to shrink from crossing the path along which a breath, a sound, might precipitate the suspended avalanche into the valley.

The late Dr. Scoresby, of adventurous arctic reputation, has given us perhaps the best description of Spitzbergen scenery. He succeeded, at great peril, in reaching a mountain top near Horn Sound, the approach to which was by a ridge so narrow that he sat astride upon its edge. "The prospect," he says, "was most extensive and grand. A fine sheltered bay was seen to the east of us, an arm of the same on the northeast, and the sea, whose glassy surface was unruffled by a breeze, formed an immense expanse on the west; the icebergs, rearing their proud crests almost to the tops of the mountains between which they were lodged, and defying the power of the solar beams, were scattered in various directions about the seacoast and in the adjoining bays. Beds of snow and ice filling extensive hollows and giving an enameled coat to adjoining valleys, one of which commencing at the foot of the mountain where we stood extended in a continued line toward the north as far as the eye could reach—mountain rising above mountain until by distance they dwindled into insignificancy—the whole contrasted by a cloudless canopy of deepest azure, and enlightened by the rays of a blazing sun, and the effect aided by a feeling of danger, seated as we were on a pinnacle of a rock almost surrounded by tremendous precipices—all united to constitute a picture singularly sublime.

"Our descent we found really a very hazardous, and, in some instances, a painful undertaking. Every movement was a work of deliberation. Having by much care, and with some anxiety, made good our descent to the top of the secondary hills, we took our way down one of the steepest banks, and slid forward with great facility in a sitting posture. Toward the foot of the hill an expanse of snow stretched across the line of descent. This being loose and soft we entered upon it without fear, but on reaching the middle of it we came to a surface of solid ice, perhaps a hundred yards across, over which we launched with astonishing velocity, but happily escaped without injury. The men whom we left below viewed this latter movement with wonder and fear."

On the coast of this land of splendid desolation the adventurers of the *Foam* stood with feelings of admiration and awe. But what is this that suddenly attracts their attention as they wander alone? Half imbedded in the black moss there lay a gray deal coffin falling almost to pieces with age; the lid was gone—blown off probably by the wind—and within were stretched the bleached bones of a human skeleton. A rude cross at the head of the grave still stood partially upright, and a half obliterated Dutch inscription preserved, at the distance of a century, a record of the dead man's name and age.

"Jacob Moor,
Ob. 2 June 1758, Æt. 44."

He was evidently some poor whaler of the last century, to whom his companions had given the only burial possible in this frost-hardened earth, which even the summer sun has no force to penetrate beyond a couple of inches, and which will not afford to man the shallowest grave. A bleak resting-place for that hundred years' slumber! The wild legends of Scandinavian mythology rise before you as you gaze upon that ghastly skeleton. It is no brother mortal that lies there softly folded in the embraces of "Mother Earth;" but a poor scarecrow, gibbeted for ages on this bare rock like a dead Prometheus—the vulture, Frost, gnawing forever on his bleaching relics, and yet eternally preserving them!

THE MAN WHO WAS NOT AN EGOTIST.

"CHARLES — Charles Tracy — Brother Charles! where are you?"

"Out upon the steps of the back piazza, Pussy."

"And what are you doing out there?"

"Come out and see for yourself, Miss Curiosity."

"So I will;" and the speaker, a fair and bright-eyed girl of seventeen, emerged from the deeply-arched door-way, and stood by her brother's side. "Smoking! by all that's abominable! Charles Tracy, I am astonished at you!"

"Convicted, condemned, and brought to punishment," said the young man, good-humoredly tossing his half-smoked cigar into the grass of the lawn.

"And good enough for you," responded the young sister, laughing as she spoke, "or you would be incorrigible. Charles Tracy, this pernicious habit of smoking grows upon you daily; you are positively old for your years; I should think you were fifty! I should not be surprised to find you had a gray hair!"

"Hush, Pussy! Stop moralizing, and sit down here; I have got something to tell you."

"Have you really, Charles? What, a story?"

"Yes, a story."

"Ah, that's grand!" and the young girl seated herself on the step below her brother, resting her fair round arms upon his knee, and looked up into his face with eyes of eager anticipation. The young man gazed for a moment, half laughing, half lovingly, into that bright, animated face.

"Minnie Tracy, I am astonished at you! This ridiculous love for stories grows upon you daily; you are positively young for your years; I should think you were not five years old! I should not be surprised to find you sucking your thumb!"

"Oh, nonsense, Charles! You are too bad! How can you disappoint one so? Besides, your exordium has not even the merit of originality, which mine certainly had. A poor parody, Sir—a very poor parody! But now tell me, what

were you thinking of when I came out and joined you?"

"I was thinking—of a lady."

"A ladie! faire and younge?"

"Yes, both."

"*You* thinking of a lady! young and fair, too! Oh, Charley, Charley! what an admission from *you*, of all men in the world! Really now—and so you are in love at last!"

"Not a bit of it, Pussy! You never were more mistaken in your life. You know I don't believe in that sweet delusion. I leave all that to credulous young ladies of seventeen and thereabouts, who believe in fairy tales and other popular works of fiction."

"*Don't believe in love*, Charles Tracy?"

"No, indeed. I believe, as Willy Shakspeare says, that 'men have died, and worms have eaten them, but *not for love!*'"

"And what did the worms eat them for, if they didn't love them, Charley? Does Shakspeare tell you *that?* I wouldn't eat what I didn't like, if I *was* a worm; but perhaps they thought it wholesome! I've heard of the 'Diet of Worms;' was *that* the way they dieted?"

"Minnie Tracy! you ought to be sent to some 'House of Correction!' You are enough to make the very bones of Shakspeare turn a somerset in their coffin, with your irreverent absurdities."

"Well, then, to leave these unloving men and worms, and return to the lovely lady—who was she?"

"Who is who, Minnie?"

"Who is the lady you were thinking of when I came out here?"

"I was thinking of you."

"Of me? indeed! A very fit and proper subject. I only wish you thought more of me."

"You have no need to," said the brother, fondly, as he passed his hand lightly and caressingly over her glossy curls.

"Thank you, Charley. But what were you thinking of me just then? May I ask what particularly luminous point in my character was the subject of your admiring meditation at that time?"

"I was thinking, dear, that the other evening, as we were walking home together and speaking of Fred Hazen—"

"Never mind Mr. Hazen, Charles."

"Oh, no! *I* do not mind him in the least, Blossom, if *you* do not. Oh! you need not blush so very red, Miss Tracy! I was only going to remind you that when I said he was an egotist you said *all* men were egotists. Do you remember?"

"No—did I? Well, yes, perhaps I did; I dare say I *did;* but I did not mean you."

"I know it, dear; but I must defend my race; and I met with a story the other day that seemed to me to confute your assertion. Do you want to hear it?"

"I don't know that I care much about being confuted. There is no great pleasure in *that*, that I could ever discover. But then, a story—yes! I'll take the pill for the sake of the sugar-plum. So go on, if you please. Make the confutement short, and the story long."

"Very well. Now, then, I begin. Attention, Pussy! I went to M—— one day last week to take some depositions. You know I have been retained in that forgery case—"

"Yes," interrupted his sister, in a mocking tone of grave banter, "I think I have heard of that fact before. A very important case—large amount of property at stake—very distinguished counsel engaged on both sides!"

"Be quiet, you little monkey, or you will lose your story," said the young lawyer, laughing. "If you put me out again you will lose your case, certainly."

"And be fined for contempt of court besides?"

"I should not wonder! Well, then, I went to M——. Of course I called upon my old chum Russell, who has, you know, opened an office there. We managed to take the depositions of all but one man, who was in Boston, and would not return until late in the afternoon; and then, after Russell had dined with me at the tavern—"

"And smoked a few cigars with you, I suppose?"

"Of course we smoked—he asked me to walk out with him, and see the town. M—— is quite an old place, being one of the earliest settled towns in our State, and held for some time quite a prominent place in the infant colony; but, from some unexplained cause, its rapid growth received a sudden check, and it became stationary, while less promising towns shot far ahead of it, and speedily became places of importance, and ultimately were made cities; consequently M—— has none of the go-aheaditive look of more thriving towns, but wears a staid, composed demeanor, and a quiet air of grave antiquity unlike most of our New England villages. Russell took me a long walk, and pointed out to me various objects of interest, although I must confess that the views we took were more professional than picturesque, and that we discussed more nice points of law than of scenery; and at last, as we drew near home, well wearied, we came suddenly upon such a dear old homestead! Just such a place as you, dear Minnie, would admire. No fuss, no ornament, no show; snug, cozy, and respectable; picturesque from its very simplicity, like a daisy or a cottage-child. The house itself was old, and low, and brown, and homely (that is a good word, Minnie, when applied to a *house*), spread out over an ample space of ground, rambling, and full of all sorts of those delightful *in-and-outnesses* which speak so plainly of the supplied needs and accumulated comforts of succeeding generations—with an odd jog here, and a quaint nook there, just as necessity or inclination dictated—as if the man's dwelling had gradually grown up around his family, and was fitted to his individual wants like the shell of some crustaceous animal. The grounds and out-buildings were

like the house itself in character—plain, unpretending, and substantial; apple-trees, old but thrifty, twisting their quaint arms about, and filling the air with the sweet breath of their profuse blossoms; giant sycamores, which must have been 'of age' before the Declaration of Independence was thought of; and in the background the huge barn, with its wide doors hung hospitably open, speaking of comfort and plenty.

"'Now, Russell,' said I, stopping not unwillingly, for I was weary, and leaning over the well-laid stone-wall, 'this is a fine old place—a very *home!* a place I could well be proud of—I mean to have sprung from, not to own, for I have no taste for farming; but I think any man living might draw a deeper breath, and plant his foot firmer on the soil, and lift his head more proudly among his fellow-men, who could point to that fine old place and say, My father and my grandfather lived and died there.'

"'Yes,' said Russell, 'and there will be a good many men to say and to feel so; for the place has been in one family for four times as many years as you and I can remember, and there is not a finer set of lads in all Massachusetts than those who have grown up beneath the shelter of that old roof.'

"'Indeed! and who owns it?'

"'Deacon Tewksberry, or *Uncle* Tewksberry, as he is almost universally called—a single-minded, kind-hearted old man. There he is himself, sitting on the bench under the apple-trees. Suppose you go and talk with him; he is quite a character in his way. Some of his neighbors pretend to think his wits are rather the worse for wear; but I do not see it. He is a little absent-minded sometimes, I allow, and he says his memory fails him; but I consider him an uncommonly pleasant combination of shrewd common-sense and simple-mindedness. Come, I will introduce you.'

"Nothing loth, for I was very weary, I accepted the offer; and turning into the widely-opened gateway, I followed my companion. As the seat which the old man occupied (a rude bench secured between two mighty apple-trees, whose wide-spread branches formed a verdant canopy of leaves and blossoms above his head) was at some distance from the road, I had ample leisure to study him as we approached. He was tall, muscular, and erect; his skin naturally fair but sun-burned; his features good, and strongly marked; his merry, kindling, blue eye, gaining perhaps something of the keenness of its glance from the fact that an accident had blemished its fellow, and, though not unsightly, it was evidently sightless. An open basket of chips and shavings stood between his feet; and as he held an open clasp-knife in one hand and a piece of wood in the other, I at the first glance supposed he was occupying his gentlemanly leisure with that quiet amusement which observant critics say is the *summum bonum* of an American citizen—whittling! but a nearer inspection convinced me that he was sagely uniting utility with enjoyment, by putting some new teeth to a dilapidated wooden rake which lay upon the bench beside him—an operation of dental surgery in which he seemed to be quite an expert.

"'Good-afternoon, Uncle Tewksberry,' said Russell, as we drew near the old gentleman. 'This is my friend, Mr. Tracy.'

"'Good-day to you, Mr. Russell; good-day to *you*, Mr. Tracy, Sir; happy to see you, gentlemen, both. Sit down, will you—sit down.' And he removed the broken tool and himself, and made room for us on the bench beside him.

"'No, thank you, Uncle,' said Russell; 'I can't stop now. I will call and see you some day soon; but my friend Tracy here is rather tired, and would like to sit and rest a while; so, if you please, I will leave him in your company for an hour or so.' And telling me to come to his office and meet the other deponent at seven o'clock, my friend bowed to the old man, and went whistling down the path again."

"And left you alone with that strange old man, whom you never saw before? Why, Charles, was it not terribly awkward?"

"No, Pussy; at least I didn't die of *mauvais honte that* time. We lawyers have to face more awkward dilemmas than even *that* sometimes. So I told the old worthy I was very tired, and, with his permission, I would sit and rest with him a while, if he was sure it would not interrupt him.

"'Not a mite, not a mite! sit right down; I'm pleased to have you. I was all alone here, and I like to chat a bit, now and then. But maybe, if you're tired, Sir, you'd like a mug of milk, or a glass of our ginger-beer—would you, now? Plenty of both in the house there; you only say the word, and I'll have it here in less than two minutes.'

"Thanking my hospitable entertainer, I assured him I needed nothing but rest, adding: 'My friend Russell has taken me a long walk, Mr. Tewksberry. I have been all around your town, and it is a pleasant location; but I have seen no part of it which takes my fancy like this fine old place of yours.'

"The old man looked up, and a flush of gratified feeling tinged his face, and then he said, simply and quietly, 'I like it.'

"'Like it! you must, indeed. I suppose you were born here?'

"'Yes,' said my old companion, 'I was—all mother's boys were born here.'

"'And your father before you, I dare say.'

"'Well—yes, Sir, he was. Father he was born here; and so, I guess, was *his* father before *him;* I am not quite sure that *he* was *born* here, but I know he lived and died here. And then, you see, my father took it, and he and mother they lived and died here, and then I took it, and I hope to die here. Yes!' he continued, gazing up at the old house, with a long, fond look—'I was born there; we were all born there—all mother's children.'

"'All? was there a large family of you then?'

"'Yes,' said the old man, 'there was; there was seven of us—seven in all—boys and gal.

There was Darnill, and John, and Harnah—mother always said she had a boy for every day in the week, and a gal for Sundays; and our Harnah she was good enough for Sundays, I tell you—and there was Joe (poor Joe! he died up in Canada), and George, and Jim—six boys and a gal.'

"'But that is only six in all, uncle.'

"'No,' said the old man, 'there was seven of us—seven, Sir. Darnill—he was a real smart chap; I guess you won't often find a smarter one than our Darnill was—poor Dan! Well, Darnill, and Joe, and Harnah (and she was a master pretty gal, too—jest like mother!) Where was I? Let's begin again now: Harnah, and John—'

"'Was Hannah the oldest child?'

"'No, no! *she* wasn't the oldest; Darnill, he was the oldest, and real smart he was too! Father and mother were both kind of proud of Darnill—and George, and John, and Harnah, and Joe, and Jim.'

"'Well, that is only six.'

"'Yes, I know—six boys and one gal. Mother always used to say she had a boy for every day in the week, and a gal for Sundays; and Harnah, *she* was the gal.'

"'But you have named only six in all, Mr. Tewksberry.'

"'No, *Sir! seven;* I guess *you* did not *count* 'em right—there was *seven.* Lors! I've heard mother tell it a hundred and a hundred times, and I guess she knew! You jest count again now.' And the old man told them off upon his shriveled fingers as he named them:

"'There was George, and Jim (Jim was the youngest—mother's baby; I know we used to call him "Titman")—Jim, and John, and Joe, and Harnah, and Darnill, and— Well!' said he, stopping suddenly, with a troubled and bewildered look, 'that *does* make but six. There was another fellow now, I know; maybe I did not count John, Sir?'

"'Yes, you did; you named John.'

"'Did I? Well,' said Mr. Tewksberry, looking fixedly off into the far distance, as if he could there behold the shadowy forms of the lost companions of his childhood; 'that is curious enough! now that's redic'lus! there was another chap certainly. I know we *had* seven.'

"'Perhaps,' suggested I, 'one died in childhood?'

"'No, they didn't, Sir; no, they didn't! Mother always said she reared them all; that they all grew up for her to one-and-twenty, men and woman; strong and healthy, smart, good-looking, honest, and respectable; and mother used to say that was much to be thankful for as well as to be proud of, and I think she *was* kind of proud of us. I remember once, when we were all sitting there together, only jest father and mother and us, mother she said, says she, "Ned—"'

"'And who was Ned, uncle?'

"The old man turned his clear, blue eye full upon my face for a moment, with a strangely-mingled expression—half puzzled, half comic—then, with a long, low, whistling sort of laugh, he brought the open palm of his right hand down upon his knee, exclaiming, 'There, now! that's a good one! If that don't beat all! Why, that was *me!* We forgot to count me—*I* was Ned. Well! I declare,' he continued, half in soliloquy and half to me, 'I'm glad we found that other fellow, any how. I knew there was seven of us, for mother always said she had seven children, and so I knew she *had.*'

"'That was a large family to rear; your mother certainly had cause to be proud. And what became of them all?'

"'Oh they all grew up and scattered, some one way and some another. Darnill, he was married, and went out West to settle. Father didn't like that, and mother was dead set against it, for she took a deal of comfort in Darnill, and in Darnill's wife too; but, Lor'! there—it was no use talking—they had knocked their heads against it, and it was all the time, "Go out West! go out West!" Father and mother had to give up at last, for go they would, and go they did. Then Joe, he went up into Canada; and John got into business at the South.'

"'And *you,* uncle—what did you do? I should like to know your history.'

"'*My* history? Lor', Sir!' said the worthy deacon, with that long, low, peculiar laugh of his, 'I haven't got any history to tell you. I never *had* any history. You see, I was jest *born,* and grew up, and married Miss Tewksberry; and we've had six children, and I am getting to be quite an old man now. Why, I'm past sixty, Sir. It don't seem possible, does it, now? but I am.'

"'And have you passed all your life here in your native place then?'

"'Oh, no, no; I've been from home *some.*'

"'Where?'

"'Well, you see, after Darnill married and went off, and John and Joe left, I staid at home here, and helped father on the farm for a spell; but when George and Jim grew up, and were stout chaps, fit and able to help along at home, father said it was time for me to be looking round to do something for myself; and so I thought, as one of us had gone North, and another South, and another West—why, I might as well go East, and then we should have tried all pints of the compass. There warn't much sense in that reasoning, to be sure,' said he, laughing, 'but I kind of run of a notion I'd go down East, and so I went logging one winter down in Maine.'

"'And how did you make out?'

"'Poorly enough! That's a cold country, I tell you; and that was an awful cold winter too. Folks said there 'twas the coldest winter that had been known for two-and-twenty years back. Oh Lord, it was *awful* cold! and it is a hard life, and I was not used to it; I froze both my hands and one of my feet; I lost the use of my little finger on this hand, but then that ain't much, because, you see, 'tis the left hand, and

little fingers are no great shakes at the best; but hands are mighty convenient things, Sir, if you ever happened to think of it—first-rate articles, and no mistake!' said he, turning and spreading out his shriveled and bony hands, where the great veins stood up like whip-cords, and viewing them curiously and admiringly; 'and if ever you should chance to have 'em both tied up useless for a fortnight or more, I reckon you will find out that a man's own hands are more to him than half a dozen pair of other folkses.'

"'And so, Uncle Tewksberry, that venture failed you?'

"'Well, yes, Sir; you may say that failed. I didn't make a good hand at logging, and I lost half of one;' and again he laughed, with that quiet, merry laugh.

"'And what did you do then?'

"'Oh, why then, you see, I came home again.'

"'And then?'

"'Why then—let me see—why then, Miss Tewksberry and I got married, and I settled down about a quarter of a mile from here.'

"'And have you never been away from here since?'

"'Oh, yes; I went out West after that.'

"'Did you, indeed! And how did that happen?'

"'Well, you see, it was on account of Darnill. I told you, you know, Sir, how he would go out there. At first it was all beautiful—beautiful land, beautiful climate, beautiful crops. Oh, there never was any thing like it! He had bought I can't tell you how much land. To be sure he had paid for it nearly all the money he carried out with him, and they were living in a log-hut; but then his land was so good, and so easy tilled, and things grew so easy there, and he had such mighty great crops; and Darnill was real smart, and a good farmer too, and we thought he knew; but, somehow or other, I don't know how it was—for his affairs always seemed *promising*—but still he seemed to keep going behind-hand—seemed to me, when his crops were good, there was no market for them, or else they had sickness just at harvest-time—and they had a power of sickness. Poor Susy! She lost two of her children with the fever, and that broke her down a good deal. Dan made the best of it as long as he could; but his letters were pretty dull, and they grew worse and worse, till at last he quite left off writing to father and mother, and only wrote to me, for, as he said, sure enough, his letters warn't no comfort to any body. Poor Darnill! though he always tried to make the best of it, why, bless you, Sir, it was plain enough to see they were just as poor as rats. Poor fellow! I knew it hurt him to have to write and ask help of me, and he so much older and smarter than I was. I wrote out to him as cheering as I could, and we raked up all the money we could get together, and sent that out to him. But it didn't last. In six months he was just as much in trouble as before. Well, then I sent out more money. It was not much, you may say; but—well! it was more than my family cost me for a year—and I wrote him word to sell all right out, and come home. I told him there was room and a welcome for him and his here, on the old place; that he could be of real help to father, for George and Jim wanted to be off, and father was getting into years, and needed help on the farm.'

"'And did he come home?'

"'No, Sir; he never came home; and I don't suppose he could. I conclude they were awful poor, and in want of a'most every thing; and the money sent out was needed for forty-'leven things before they got it, and spent in every which way before they could get ready to leave. And then they were both of them come of good, honest, well-to-do folks, and they were high-minded like, and would not come off in debt; and they were kind of broken-down, too, by the climate and the sickness; for they both of them had the fever and ague; and I conclude they had not spirit and energy enough left in them to break up and start off for home. I did what I could, and sent out money as often as I could; but, as Miss Tewksberry said, it was like throwing it into the chest of Death—for it swallowed up all I could save, or rake, or scrape, and didn't seem to help them on not a mite! At last Darnill wrote us that his wife was dead, and he himself had been pretty low with the same fever; and then I told Miss Tewksberry I couldn't stand it any longer, and I went out.'

"'And you found them in need, I dare say?'

"'In need, Sir? Why, bless you, they hadn't any thing else but need! Yes they had, too—they had food and firing. It was a timber country, and there was game all round them. They had not suffered from cold or hunger—but bless you! we need a sight of comforts besides food and fire-wood. Poor Darnill! I didn't know him at first. He looked older than father, and so bent, and thin, and gaunt, and sallow! I was glad I went when I did; for he only lived about a week after I got there; but it seemed to be a great comfort to him to set and hold my hand, and talk of old times, and home, and father, and mother—about mother most of all—and I think, Sir, he died easier for seeing me.'

"'No doubt of that, my friend. And what did you do after his death?'

"'Oh! I sold off his land, and what little there was beside, and paid up his debts, and came home.'

"'Did he leave any family?'

"'Only two little boys — two pretty, smart little chaps, only sallow and thin as ghosts with them awful fever and ague chills.'

"'And what became of them?'

"'What, the children—Dan's boys? Oh, they came home with me.'

"'And are you going to bring them up and educate them?'

"'Well, as to that, it's no great thing to bring up boys in this country; learning's free, and living's cheap, and my wife says where there's

six boys in a house, two more don't signify; and they are uncommon good lads, too, both of them, Ned and Dan. Dan, the oldest, is just like his father, real smart—smart again as any of *my* boys. I guess I'll send him to college—I shouldn't wonder if he should be something one of these days.'

"'I hope he may. And what became of the brother who went North?'

"'Oh, that was Joe. He was doing very well up in Canada, but he died there unmarried.'

"'And the one at the South?'

"'John? He got into business, and after a while George went on and joined him. I hear *of* them sometimes—I don't hear *from* them very often. I hear they are getting on in the world—quite rich men—and I guess it's true. I conclude if they were poor they'd manage to let us hear from them oftener—*don't you?*'

"'Like enough! And where is your sister Hannah?'

"'Harnah? She's dead, Sir; she's been dead several years. Poor little Harnah! she was a real pretty girl, and a good one, too; bright as a button she was!'

"'Did she marry?'

"'Yes, Sir, she married at last. I kind of thought she never would, she was so hard to suit. She had lots of chances, too, but she was awful particular; and though she was only a poor man's daughter, she was always very ladified in her ways, and thought jest as much of her behavior as if she had been the President's only child. There was Tim Saunders, Parson Saunders's son—our minister's son—he that keeps the post-office now. Well, he wanted to court our Harnah; but Harnah, she wouldn't look the side of the way he walked. Father and mother, they kind of took his part, for he was the minister's son, and well-educated, and sort of genteel, and, you see, they thought it would be a good match for her; but Harnah she always turned it off with a laugh, for though she was so sort of high and demure abroad, she was just as merry as a grig at home.

"'"He's the minister's only son, Harnah," says father.

"'"Well," says Harnah, "and what if he is? He is not the minister for all that! When they dedicated the church, they didn't dedicate Sam Blount's tan-yard that's next to it; and I suppose when they ordained the minister they didn't ordain his son Tim. At all events, if he is *ordained*, he is not *chosen*, as far as I know of."

"'"Lor', Harnah!" says mother, says she, "they say that's the very way gals always run on about the men they mean to marry. Now I *shouldn't* be surprised if you was to marry Tim Saunders after all."

"'"Mother," says Harnah, "don't you say that again, will you?—for you know well enough it's not true. You know just as well as can be that I wouldn't marry him—no, not if *he lay dead at my feet!*"

"'"Take care, darter," says father; "you may outstand your market. Such things have happened in my day before now; gals have withstood their chance."

"'"Well, father," says she, "if I knew my chance would end with this year, and this was the last week in December—Saturday, in the afternoon, and past sundown—I wouldn't marry Tim Saunders!"

"'Father and mother they both of them laughed, and says father, "Well, Harnah, child, you do take your own time about it, don't ye? And I'm glad you do. It's well for gals to be cautious; and your mother and I are glad enough to keep you at home—ain't we, mother? But I guess you'll go through the wood, and not pick up a stick at last."

"'"Suppose I don't," says Harnah, "that's nothing. I *don't want a stick!* And besides, father, if I am going to have a *good* husband, I guess I can afford to wait for him to come along; and if a *bad* one, why, you know, every day I put it off is one day saved. So, father, don't you be at all concerned about it, for I am not a mite."

"'But at last there was a young man, a house-carpenter by trade, who used to come to father's pretty often, and somehow or other mother found out he was looking after Harnah, and that Harnah rather liked *him*. The old folks didn't seem to like it for a while, for he had nothing but his trade to support her on, and they were kind of ambitious for her, being their only gal.

"'"I've not a word to say against Harry More, Harnah," says father. "He's a sensible, pleasant, civil-spoken sort of a young man; and I never heerd the first word against him; but he has got nothing in the world but jest his head and his hands. This is a hard world to contend with, darter. You've got to fight through it the best way you can; and I guess you'll find the full hand strikes the heaviest blow."

"'"I know," says Harnah; "but Harry and I did not calculate to *come to blows!* And, father dear, if the full hands can fight best, don't you think the empty hands clasp closer?"

"'After that Harnah she said nothing more about it, but seemed to give in, and she was just as dutiful and affectionate to father and mother as ever, and went on just the same—pleasant as a bird to all of us, and cheerful and industrious about her work; and Harry he went on, too, steady and industrious; and when father saw how he went ahead, and how folks were beginning to look up to him, he said to Harnah, one evening,

"'"Well, Harnah, my gal, I guess you're about right; a good husband without a fortin is better than a poor one with; and so you may tell Harry More that that's my opinion."

"'I guess she did not lose any great time before she managed to let Harry know how the wind had changed, and so they were married the next Thanksgiving evening, and father and mother had good reason to be content, for as long as they lived together Harnah never knew a care or want.'

"'You say, as long as they lived together. Were they separated, then?'

"'No,' said the old man, seriously, and speaking with a tone of tender reverence; 'no, they warn't separated—at least, not for long. After they had been married about five years, Harry fell from the roof of a building, and was killed outright, and some of the stupid folks who took him up didn't know no better than to carry him right home to his wife. Poor Harnah! she had a young baby then, her second child, only four days old, and the shock was too sudden for her. Mother said she tried hard to bear up, and she wanted to live for her two poor little babies; but it was too much for her. She had a fever—a *brain* fever, the doctor said it was—and in less than two weeks she followed her husband.'

"'Poor young thing! And her children?'

"'Oh, *we* took *them*—two pretty little lambs, jest like mother and Harnah. I don't know what in the world we'd do for daughters if it had not been for Harnah's gals. We never had any gals; all our six are boys; and I'm sure I don't know what Miss Tewksberry would do with her house-work if it wasn't for her two gals. Why, she sets a store by them!'

"'I dare say she does. And now for the Titman, Jim—is he living?'

"'Yes, Sir, he is—kind of living.'

"'*Kind of living*, uncle! How's that? I never heard of that. What is *kind of* living?'

"'Well, Sir,' said the old man, speaking solemnly, 'it *is* only *kind* of living. Poor Jim has lost the use of his limbs, and lost his mind.'

"'Ah, indeed! I beg your pardon; I did not understand you. And what is the cause of that—fits, I suppose?'

"'No, Sir, it was from an accident. Jim got badly burned.'

"'Ah, that was sad, indeed! When was it, and how did it happen?'

"'Oh, it was some years ago, when we were burned out.'

"'*Who* was burned out, uncle?'

"'Me and my family, Sir; but it was some years ago.'

"'Burned out! That was serious! Lose your house?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'And your barn?'

"'Yes, Sir, the barn was burned, too.'

"'Why, that was an event! Do tell me all about it. How did it take fire?'

"'Well, Sir, you see, our Jim—he was the youngest—mother's baby, like—some folks said that mother spoilt him, but she didn't—you see, he was always a kind of a flighty, harum-scarum, rattle-brained sort of a chap. Mother and Harnah set their lives by him; and he *was* handsome, and generous, and light-hearted, and good-natured. There was not any harm in him of himself, but he was soft-tempered like, and easy, and could be coaxed and persuaded to do 'most any thing; and there's always more folks to coax a young man to evil than to good, ten to one, as I dare say you know, Sir. Well, poor Jim, he fell in love with Mary Hines, a young Irish gal. Mary was pretty—real pretty she was—but she was a highty-tighty, slap-dash sort of gal, and then she was a foreigner, and a Roman Catholic, and our folks could not bear the very sound of her name. Mother and Harnah said they thought she "warn't no better than she ought to be," and I don't suppose she was; but Lord forgive us poor mortals, we none of us *are!* However, some of us are a good deal *worse* than we need be,' said the deacon, musingly, as he rubbed his hand over his chin, 'and I rather guess poor Mary she was one of that sort. Any way, Mary heard all that our women-folks said of her, for there's always a messenger to carry an ill-word, and her Irish blood was up; and she swore "by this and by that" she would marry Jim if she died for it, just to spite his folks; and sure enough so she did. When it came out that she and Jim were really married, we all felt bad enough—Mother and Harnah worst of all; but they could not give up Jim, and so for his sake they did the best they could. They went to see Mary, and tried to be friends with her, but it was not of any use then—it was too late. Mary was a real scold. She felt her power and enjoyed it. She wouldn't let them come into the house, and let loose her Irish tongue at them besides. Well, Jim was a kind-hearted lad, and an affectionate son and brother, and though he had been sort of bewitched with Mary's beauty, he did love his mother and sister dearly; and so became a real bone of contention between the two families. When he went to see father's folks, he was blamed for not coming oftener, and when he went back to Mary, she hectored and rated him for going to father's at all. Things grew worse and worse, and Mary and he quarreled. Jim had been used to mother's quiet, tidy ways, and Mary was always in a muss, and things all at sixes and sevens. Father's table, though plain, was good and abundant; things were good of their kind, and well cooked, and neatly served up; but at his home he had no regular meals, and what he did get was not fit to eat; and so, when he came home hungry and tired, and found nothing to eat, why he took to drink—'twas natural he would. Poor lad! he had not been used to it, and it made him crazy like. And Mary drank, too, worse than he did; and they made such an uproar that their neighbors complained of them, and the town-officers broke them up. They would have taken them both to the poor-house, and as Mary had no folks she was carried there; but I couldn't bear to think of one of mother's boys coming to that disgrace, and so I offered to take Jim home, and take care of him, and they were glad enough to get him off their hands. Poor fellow! he was sadly broken down in health and spirits, as well as character; but Miss Tewksberry and I, we kind of cheered him up, and flattered him on, and coaxed him along from day to day, and we got

him quite steady, and he began by little and little to look like himself again, and even to work at his trade now and then. But after about six months, Mary, who was real smart when she was sober, behaved so well, and made such fair promises, that the poor-house folks let her out again, and, of course, she came right after Jim. Well, I wouldn't tell her where he was—for he was out at work, and I thought they were both better separate—and so she went off, vowing vengeance against us all. That evening she came again, and Jim was in then, and he went out to the gate and talked with her—we couldn't help that, for she *was* his wife; but Miss Tewksberry always said and thought she must have brought him drink then—and before morning my house and barn were burned down.'

"'And do you suppose that Mary set it on fire?'

"'There's no doubt of that, Sir—none in the world; but whether she did it on purpose, or by accident in her drink, I never could quite make up my own mind.'

"'And so your house and barn were both burned down? And did you lose every thing?'

"'Oh no, Sir—bless the Lord, no. I saved my wife and all my family.'

"'And your furniture and your stock?'

"'Well, *them* I lost.'

"'And Jim?'

"'Yes, that was the time poor Jim got his hurt. He was helpless and bewildered, I suppose with the drink. I got him out once, but he was so crazy-like, he hurrahed and run right into the flames again. I got him out a second time, but he was dreadfully burned. One of the burning beams fell on his back, and he has been helpless and silly-like ever since.'

"'And where is he now?'

"'Oh! he's in the house there. He has lived with us ever since—he is quiet and harmless; and Mary went off after that and never troubled us again. Poor creter! I suppose she may be dead before this!'

"'And what did you do then, Deacon Tewksberry? did you build again?'

"'Oh, no, Sir! Father and mother were all alone then, and they were getting old; they seemed dreadful old to me *then*, though I suppose they warn't either of them older than I am now. I wonder if I seem as old to my boys as they did to me? Seems to me I can't. Don't you think, Sir, that folks seemed older then at sixty than they do at seventy now? Father wanted us to come here, and so did mother, for they were lonely here, and the old place was looking rather neglected, and was running out; so I swept up all the ashes at my place, and carted them all onto father's land here, and that was pretty much all I had left to move, but my folks; and I set all my boys to work to scrape these old apple-trees, and do such light chores, and it is amazing how the old place improved. It's easy farming, Sir, when a man has eight good, smart, willing boys to take hold and help him. And we all lived real pleasant together. Father and mother, they had a good, comfortable old age with us; he lived to be ninety, and she eighty-seven. Our boys and gals made the house lively like, and I don't think at last that mother actually knew that they warn't her own children! You see, they had all the old names and the family look.'

"'And so then you settled down here, and have lived here ever since?'

"'Why no, Sir, not exactly so; for I went to Californy after that.'

"'To California! You went to California? And what in the world carried you there? I should say you were one of the last men in creation to want to go to California!'

"The old man laughed. 'You may well say that, Sir; and no more I didn't want to go; but you see the way was this: the Californy fever, as they called it, was raging pretty strong here, and our boys they heered it talked of, at all times and in all places, and at last they got interested, as I expected they would—Darnill's Ned and my George most of all. Every day they were bringing home great stories of fine fortins made in less than no time, and every night they got out great books, and maps, and papers, and all about Californy. I tell you, Sir, my heart was heavy enough; for it seemed to me jest like poor Darnill going out West, all over again; but I didn't say nothing, for I remembered well enough how the more father said against it then, the more earnest Darnill grew; and I thought if I kept still and let them have their own say, maybe it would die out. So I held my peace, though I was most awful oneasy in my own mind. But the accounts grew more wonderful, the gold seemed to grow more and more plenty, and our boys grew more restless. Well, they were young; and it was natural enough. I suppose they thought it would be just as easy digging gold in Californy, as digging potatoes in Massachusetts. And at last they spoke out, and asked my consent to let them go. Well, you see, I'd seen it coming on for some time, and so I had made up my mind what to do; so says I—

'"Boys, I don't at all wonder you want to go; you're young, and it does sound tempting, certainly. But now, look a here: I'm older than any of you, and got more experience" (though to be sure *I* had not *much of that*, but then I had more than them boys, any way). "Now you stay at home and mind the farm, and I'll go to Californy myself and look about first, and if I find things to my mind there, I promise you you shall come out and I'll come home. I guess, boys, you'll trust father to do about what's right by you, won't ye?"

"'When I said that, Miss Tewksberry rose right up on her feet, and says she,

'"Why, Deacon Tewksberry! do tell!—have you lost your wits?—I want to know! for I should say you had!—why, how you talk!" And then she talked, and the boys talked, and they all talked, and the gals cried; but I didn't say much, for I had made up my mind,

and in one week I was on my way to Californy.'

"'And you actually went there—did you indeed? And how did you like the gold country?'

"'Well, it's a beautiful country, Sir—no mistake about that!—a beautiful country to look at, but an awful country to live in! The land is first-rate, and the climate, and the birds, and the flowers—I never did! Why, when I got there, the birds were all a-singing, and the flowers in blow, and the weather so splendid—I declare I thought it was a kind of a heaven! but it ain't though. I staid there long enough to find that out any way. It's a sight more like *t'other place*, which we don't care to see! Why, I saw more wickedness while I was there than I ever supposed there was in the whole earth, from the day the Creator made it down to last Fourth of July! Lying, stealing, cheating, swearing, drinking, gambling, horse-racing, cock-fighting, Sabbath-breaking, forging, counterfeiting, murdering—all sorts of sin—sarving their master every way and every where; I declare, I never! Why, you might set on this bench a whole livelong summer's day, and shut your eyes, and think over all the sin and wickedness you ever heard, or read, or dreamed of, and add to that all you could invent, and Lor' bless you, Sir, it wouldn't be of no account at all in Californy! Why, they'd act out all that and as much more in less than half the time. I got kind of scared at last; I really thought there would have to be another flood, or another fire and brimstone experience, or something or 'nother, jest to purify the land. Oh! how I did thank God I hadn't sent my boys there—our honest, innocent, inexperienced boys—for they were young, and thoughtless, and ignorant of evil, and may be sin wouldn't have showed all its ugliness to them, as it did to me!'

"'And did you go to the mines, Deacon?'

"'Yes, I went there; you see, I was there to *reconotter;* that was what I went for, and I was bound to see the whole figure. Yes, I went to the diggins.'

"'Where?'

"'Well, I went out to Camp Seco, in Calaveras County.'

"'And how did you succeed? Did you make a good stroke of it?'

"The old man looked at me, and laughed again, in quiet enjoyment of a coming jest.

"'No, Sir,' he said. 'I *had* a stroke—a great stroke—but I didn't make it, and I can't call it a stroke of good luck either. I had a sun-stroke.'

"'Ah! And how was that?'

"'Well, I hadn't so much sense as I thought I had (though it's likely I had more *then* than I have now), but I suppose I was too greedy for gold, and I had oughter have known better, at my time of life, too. But I got my punishment right away; and I hold it's very marciful when a man gets his punishment here in this world, and don't let the account run on upon tick, to be paid up in t'other one. I had a good pocket, as they called it, and I worked all one hot day, standing up to my knees in water, and the hot sun shining right down upon my head, and that night I was terrible bad (the blood went to my head). It pleased the Lord to bring me through it; but I suffered a good deal, and I lost all my hair, though, to be sure, that's not much to speak of, because I suppose I should have lost it by old age by this time; and I believe folks think it hurt my wits some, and I rather guess it did, myself.'

"'I do not see any signs of that, Mr. Tewksberry; I think you are pretty bright now.'

"'No, Sir; I never *was* very bright—that is, not bright like Darnill, and George, and some of mother's boys. And it hurt my memory; I can't remember nothing! I mean *little*, every-day things. Why, sometimes when I ask Miss Tewksberry for my second cup of tea, she speaks right out, and says, "Why, Deacon Tewksberry! I'm scared! You've had three cups a'ready!" and I don't know it! And sometimes when I'll say at night, "Harnah, dear, don't forget the buttery-window," Harnah laughs right out, and says, "Why, Uncle Tewksberry! don't you know you shut it yourself, right away after milking?" And sometimes, when I'm real bothered looking round for my glasses, our little Susy will put her soft cheek close to mine, and whisper, "They're up on your forehead, Uncle Ned." Lors! no; my memory! Why you wouldn't think it *was* a memory if you was to see it. I guess you'd think it was only an old colander, somebody had throwed away!'

"'Were you sick any length of time?'

"'No, not a great while. My comrade took care of me the best he could, but that wasn't much; and to be sick in a strange land, away from all your own folks, and to be tended by men, is more when it really happens than it seems, to think or tell of; and when a man is weak and feverish, it is onpleasant to lay and listen to the howling of the bears and wolves, and to hear them painted wild Indians yelling like so many red devils.'

"'But after you got well, did you go to work again?'

"'*No, Sir!* I thank *you.* They told me it was not safe for me, for having had one sun-stroke, I'd be more like to have another; and, besides, I was pretty well satisfied with my experience by that time; I'd seen enough of Californy, and I decided to come home as soon as I was well enough. You see, I had had time for serious reflection while I lay there sick, and I felt that gold was not a circumstance compared with life and home; and so I made up my mind to leave.'

"'And had you been successful? had you made your pile?'

"'Well, I had no reason to complain. I suppose I had been pretty successful. But the doctors' fees there were awful heavy; that took off almost every thing. And then we were shipwrecked coming home, and I lost the rest; and

when I reached home I hadn't gold enough left to make Miss Tewksberry and the gals each a gold ring. But then I'd saved my boys, and so I was satisfied.'

"'And I suppose it was the sun-stroke which injured your eye?'

"'Oh, no, it wasn't; that was not in Californy. I lost that by gunpowder, in blasting rocks. I was blown up, but that was years ago; and I've got on with one very well, indeed. I sometimes wonder, Sir, what we all had two eyes given to us for in the beginning. It does *look* better, to be sure; but a man can see a deal of good and evil both in this world with only one, if he keeps that one wide open. But then it is real handy to have a spare one in case of an accident, and I conclude that's what we had two for; for you see if I had had but one before I was blown up, I suppose I should be blind now, and that would be uncommon inconvenient to *me*, any how. But excuse me, Sir—it is near sunset; our young folks are going to a lecture to-night, and I promised to come in early to supper. Should be pleased to have you go in too, Sir. Miss Tewksberry would be pleased and proud to see you, and maybe you'd like a chance to see how poor folks live, just once in a way, you know.'

"'Thank you, Deacon, thank you. But it is quite time for me to be at my friend's office; I am very much obliged to you. I really had no idea it was so late, I have been so much interested in your history.'

"'No, Sir, no. I told you, you know, I hadn't any history to tell. If you ever come our way again, Sir, I should be pleased to have you give us a call. Good-evening to you, Sir.' And taking up the renovated tool, which by this time 'showed all its teeth' in an orderly condition, the old gentleman gave me a cordial shake of the hand, and walked off toward his house.

"Now, dear Minnie, here was a man who had been east and west, and traversed sea and land—who had rafted logs in Maine, cut hay in Massachusetts, felled timber in Ohio, and dug gold in California; a man who had reared six children of his own, and given the protecting shelter of his roof to his aged parents, to four helpless orphans, and a bedridden and imbecile brother; a man who had been frost-bitten, and sun-struck, shipwrecked, burned out, and blown up with gunpowder!—and yet he had no story of himself to tell; and it was only in their necessary connection with the history of others that he revealed these facts in his own life. Surely, Minnie Tracy, there is one man in the world who is not an egotist!"

HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

I.

A CAUTIOUS French writer has observed that "most men are mortal." The remark is too general to give offense even to the most sensitive, but for my own part, I am not sensitive on this point at all. I belong to the great majority who at once admit their mortality, and plead guilty to all its weaknesses. Now chief among these weaknesses is the disposition to undervalue what we possess ourselves, and to overrate and covet that which is possessed by others. In my own case, this tendency is very marked; a fact which I incline to attribute in part to my overweening modesty. I am vain neither of myself nor any thing that is mine, and I highly appreciate others and every thing that is theirs. For example, though by no means a deformed person, I have not a limb or a feature with which I am content; while if by taking thought I could add a cubit to my stature, I should do so. In this state of mind, I am constantly envying men their *personnel:* I want this man's eye, that one's nose, the third one's chest, and so on.

Now, in one sense, this is an amiable feeling, for it makes me look upon every person I meet (when compared with myself) as singularly fortunate; but it is in no sense a comfortable feeling, for it keeps me in a state of chronic dissatisfaction, and makes me the most dyspeptic and dismal of men.

It is all very well for Harriet Winslow to ask—

> "Why thus longing, why forever sighing
> For the far-off, unattained and dim?"

but how is a body to help it? And as for her benevolent attempt at consolation, thus—

> "Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
> Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
> But with fervent love if thou adorest,
> Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine"—

it is a piece of pure sophistry. I have been a fervent adorer of one thing and another all my life, but I do not yet find "all the world" mine, nor any considerable portion of it; and so long as "other hands" continue to "grasp" it, this state of things is likely to last. Moreover, if all the world *were* mine, I shouldn't care any thing about it; like Alexander, I should sigh for new worlds. These poets, after all, are poor hands at consolation. Emerson, unable to get possession of the land about him (which is owned by a parcel of farmers), congratulates himself that he owns the "landscape!" There is some sense in this, come to think of it, for, at any rate, *nobody else* owns it; but what are we to think of Charles Mackay, who sings:

> "Cleon hath a thousand acres,
> Ne'er a one have I;
> But the poorer of the twain
> Is Cleon, and not I!"

Do you believe it? Does he believe it himself? Offer him an acre or two, and see! Suppose I should sing,

> Harper hath a million dollars,
> Nary red have I;
> But the poorer of the twain
> Is Harper, and not I!

Would you think me in earnest? Or if you did, would you give me my price for this article? Never!

But a truce with criticism, and let us come to the point. Once more, then, I own up that I am not only mortal, but mortally envious. I

want every thing within my reach; or, rather, every thing beyond my reach. Any desired object that comes within that tempting distance I begin to depreciate, and once in my possession I am apt to despise it. Hence, I am always neglecting the "bird in the hand," and running a wild-goose chase (in defiance of the old proverb) after "the two in the bush;" and this brings me to my story, for but for this weakness I should now have been an old bachelor, and (but don't send this number of the Magazine to my house!) my wife would probably have been an old maid. Let me go on in my own discursive way and you shall know all about it.

II.

It is notorious that bachelors, like Jews, are a persecuted race. Their most active persecutors (I speak of the bachelors—I am a persecutor of the Jews myself) are those who are bound in the bonds of wedlock, and who will persist that every body shall be "both almost and altogether such as they are," *including* "these bonds." I was a victim of this persecution for I dare not say how many years, and for a long time was the special care of a society instituted in Connecticut (my native State) for the "conversion and coupling of single men and women."

It was plain from the beginning that I should have to give in. I was a marked man. Stephen Pearl Andrews could not have saved me. But I fought long and manfully against my fate, and fell at last under circumstances which it was impossible to resist. Let the reader judge.

During the long period of my single life my most intimate companion was a young man by the name of Driggs, who was one of my classmates in college. Now if any one of an antithetical turn of mind will describe a character the exact opposite of what is called a fast man, he will describe my friend Driggs to the life. He was the slowest man in the world—slow in thought, slow in speech, slow in gait, slow in every thing but eating, drinking, and paying his scot. But though slow, he was sure. Whatever he undertook he accomplished. You could no more move him than you could move a mountain, but he would move you, or any body or any thing, at will. How he did it nobody knew, but there was no resisting him. He asked nothing, and got every thing. He came upon you when he had an object to gain (as he generally had) unawares, and without observation, and moved steadily on, as though drawn by a million or two snails, who couldn't be hurried on any account whatever; but on the other hand, couldn't be stopped, and carried every thing along with them. One day he resolved to marry. He went to a farm-house, told the farmer he wanted his daughter, told the same thing in course of conversation to the daughter herself, and the next week came in a one-horse chaise, took the young woman to church, and got the minister, after sermon, to marry him to her, which, of course, the minister did, without asking a question; he would as soon have questioned his off-deacon.

As Driggs "never told his love," or any thing else for that matter, his friends found out that he was married by reading the announcement in that beatific corner of a village newspaper decorated (very appropriately) with a transfixed heart. None of us were surprised, for nothing that he could have done would have surprised any body. We all thought that we should like to have seen the courtship; but there was no courtship. He managed the matter in his own way. He didn't "pop" the question like an impulsive lover, but propounded it like a cool-headed lawyer; and the poor girl doubtless said "Yes," because no mortal could have met that stolid face of his with a "No"—said "Yes," and the one and a half (I repudiate the idea of the equality of the sexes) were forthwith made one—and that one Joseph Driggs.

Now Driggs had an affection for me, and a devotion which nothing could shake—not even sitting up with me a fortnight when I had the chills and fever. It was his firm belief that I couldn't take care of myself, and that he was my special providence. He was resolved, therefore, whatever happened, to "put me through"—not that he ever used so fast an expression, but that was his idea—to put me through. Being the exact opposite of himself, he took, or, as Fanny Kemble would say, *cottoned* to me. He was the best scholar in our class, and helped me through all my troubles, though in such a droll way as to make me half suspect that I was helping him; in fact, I got the credit of so doing, though I don't now remember ever having helped him in any other way except through an occasional dinner. And having seen me safely through college, he determined to see me safely through life. Indeed, I found out, the other day, that he had actually secured a place for me at Greenwood, and had composed my epitaph!

Now a part of his plan, it seems, was that I should marry; but, understanding the weak point in my character, he knew very well that I should never fall in love with any woman whom I was at all likely to obtain, though he gave full credit to my sensitiveness (another weak point) to female charms. Unfortunately, I had always found those women most charming who were married, or, at any rate, engaged. The question was, how to obviate this difficulty—for marry I must, if I had to be chloroformed into it. It is needless to say that this resolution on the part of my friend was never even suspected by myself, else he had surely been foiled, and Miss —— had not now rejoiced in the name of Mrs. Crawfish! In fact, though he was always speaking to me about my future, he never once alluded to marriage. I often led him up to the subject, but he didn't appear to like the look of it; it was like leading a horse who had just been drinking to a spring; he would glance at it, pause for a moment, and then turn his long head round at me (very horse-

like, that), as who should say, "How stupid you are!"

Well, about six months after Driggs had set the example he meant I should follow, I met him in Broadway (for we both had settled in New York), with a lady on each arm, and looking for all the world like a steam-tug being towed down stream (in reversal of the usual order) by two little yachts. "Yacht No. 1," said I to myself, "is evidently Mrs. Driggs. What a splendid woman she is, to be sure! What luck some people have in this world! What could she have seen in Driggs?" Yacht No. 2 I didn't much like. I approved neither her cut nor her rig; she looked too much like a smack. I had just got this ridiculous idea of the smack in my head when I came full upon the party, and, hailing Driggs, asked him where he was bound, and (*sotto voce*) how he happened to be under such charming convoy? The result was an immediate introduction all round, one of the ladies turning out, as I had supposed, to be my friend's wife, and the other her sister—Miss Thorp.

"Will you join us?" said Driggs; "we are going to take an ice-cream."

Nothing, of course, would give me greater pleasure; so I offered my arm at once to Miss Thorp (though not without a look at her sister, which said plainly enough that I had no choice in the matter, else, etc.), and in a few moments we were at Maillard's, where we spent nearly an hour—my friend Driggs in such unusual spirits that twice he positively smiled, and I the unhappiest and awkwardest of mortals. The only moment I enjoyed was that spent in congratulating my old classmate, and consequently complimenting his wife, who looked—well, if I must say it, looked divinely. But my chief attention had to be paid to Miss Thorp, whom I decided at once to be very pert, very homely, very matter-of-fact, and, in a word (under the circumstances), a great bore. Still, I deported myself gallantly to her, spilled but one spoonful of cream upon her dress, and doubtless gave her the idea that she had made a most favorable impression. Ice-cream finished, conversation run out, and the hour getting late, we separated, and Driggs invited me to come the next day and dine with him, the invitation being cordially seconded and thirded by the ladies.

Now was ever a man in such a fix? I was positively in love with Mrs. Driggs! In love with my friend's wife! I had never seen a woman who came so near to my ideal. She had all the bloom of the country and all the grace of the city. She was intelligent, refined, and (I had no doubt) accomplished. Her hands, to be sure, were rather large, but their whiteness was ravishing. And then what a neck, and what teeth! Such expression too! Her smile, instead of being confined to her lips, reached to her very eyes; indeed, eye and lip, brow and cheek, all contributed their part to it; and when it grew more and more animated, until at last it broke out into clear ringing laughter, why it seemed as if her happy soul, no longer able to contain itself, had broken loose and flooded her whole countenance!

As for Miss Thorp, I hardly gave her a thought. I really had not noticed her enough to know the color of her eyes. I don't believe I looked her fair in the face once the whole evening. The idea that she was single, perhaps free, and that possibly my friend Driggs imagined she would "do for me," prevented my taking the least interest in her. The only feeling I had in respect to her was that she ought to have been Mrs. Driggs, and that Mrs. Driggs ought to have been Mrs. Crawfish; and I pitched into the Fates that it was not so. What right had Driggs, a dull, slow, unromantic creature, to up and marry an angelic, seraphic being like Kate Thorp? Who would dare to talk to me after this about matches being made in Heaven?

Twice I wrote a note to my friend, pretending that circumstances—"circumstances over which I had no control"—would deprive me of the pleasure of dining with him, but in neither instance had the resolution to send it. The fact is I was conscience-stricken. Suppose a second sight of Mrs. Driggs should make me love her still more—should "feed my guilty passion," as the novelists say. But was it my fault that I loved her the moment I saw her? Didn't Driggs probably do the same thing? Again; if I am so made that a certain combination of features, a certain air, a certain feminine make-up, in fine, a certain style of woman, sets my heart on fire, am I to blame for it? To all which Conscience replied, "Fool that you are, do you not know that you love that woman only because she is another's? That if she were single and attainable you would not, perhaps, deign to look at her? That, in truth, her beauty had nothing to do with the matter, and you ought to cure yourself of this terrible propensity of coveting what is another's?" But I appealed to Conscience to answer me if Mrs. Driggs was not the most beautiful of women; if, therefore, I could help admiring her; if Driggs himself did not introduce me, etc. But it was of no use; the little monitor stuck to its text and I stuck to mine—and went to Driggs's to dinner.

To tell all that passed that afternoon and evening would require a three-volume novel. Driggs shone as he never shone before, and seemed to be the happiest man in the world. Why should he not be, I asked, with such a wife? After coffee we had singing. I had heard Jenny Lind and Grisi, but what were they to Mrs. Driggs? I verily believed that she would have sung either of them off the stage. Miss Thorp sang also; but, to be frank, I took her powers for granted, and retired to the other parlor with Mrs. Driggs. And there, for hours (so the clock said, but it seemed incredible, besides being improper), we talked about every imaginable subject—about the weather, the country, the city, about the opera, the fashions, the last new novel, about poetry, and sen-

timent, and love—until at last one of my hands, without the slightest consciousness on my part (*parole d'honneur!*) had slipped into hers, and the other I verily believe was about to clasp her to my heart when in came—DRIGGS! My hands were transferred to my pocket in a second, and I shrunk from my friend as if I had been stealing his silver. I had not said a word to his wife (so at least she has told me since) which was not perfectly proper, but I felt as if I was the blackest villain in the world. Judge, however, of the state of my brain, of my utter bewilderment, when, as I stepped to the window to hide my emotion—or to jump out were it necessary—I overheard the lady saying to my friend,

"My dear, what a charming man Mr. Crawfish is! How intelligent! He has read every thing. And then how beautifully he talks; and how affectionate he seems. Ah! If I had a husband like him I would be perfectly happy."

This was terrible. I had made her discontented with her husband. It was too much to bear; I seized Driggs by the arm, hurried him into the hall, owned up to him my villainy, asked him a thousand pardons, promised never to cross his threshold again, and then rushed for my hat, when, with the most imperturbable coolness he walked between me and the door, looked me quietly in the face, and said:

"My dear Crawfish, be calm. Come with me into the garden and let us settle the matter at once."

"Settle the matter! What, fight with my old friend Driggs, the dearest friend I have in the world, and fight with him on his own premises! Never. I own up that I have grossly outraged you, and beg your pardon if necessary on my knees. Moreover, if you require it, I—"

"I tell you again, my dear friend, keep cool."

By this time we were in the garden, and Driggs, forcing me into a chair, continued thus:

"Now Crawfish be quiet, and listen to me while I, too, make a confession. I have a secret to tell you. All right!"

The words "all right" relieved me immensely; but what manner of man was this who could use them under such circumstances? The mystery was soon solved.

"My good fellow," said Driggs in a tone severe but kind, "do you really fancy you love Mrs. Driggs? Don't be afraid to answer; tell me honestly and truly. Remember you have met her but twice, and it may after all be nothing but a caprice."

"My dear Driggs, you are cruel. Why torment me thus? Have I not made a clean breast of it and confessed all?"

"Then you *do* love her. Good! I believe you. Listen, now, and hear my story. I sympathize with you most profoundly, for I too, cold as I appear, know what it is to love, and to tell you the truth do this moment love—love with my whole soul—the lady to whom you have hardly spoken a word this whole evening."

"What, Miss Thorp! Impossible! Compared with your wife, she is not worth a thought. Why, she—"

"Hold, my friend, not so fast. You may praise your own love as much as you please, but not a word against mine, for know you I not only love that lady, but she loves me, and in fact is my wife."

"Your wife!"

"Yes, you dunce, and any one but a crazy pate like yourself would have discovered it long ago. So, my good fellow, if you really love her sister now is your chance."

I *did* love her; it *was* my chance, and I improved it; so the reader knows, now, how it was I came to get married, and (I may add) why I now love my friend Driggs more than ever.

EDUCATION OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE education of Woman is one of the great facts of the age. It is a bold, outstanding movement, full of significance and worthy to challenge the profound attention of all thinking people. The heart of American society is all alive to its importance; and whatever fault may be found with the popular systems of Female Education, it is quite certain that there is a well-meaning, earnest, noble spirit behind the enterprise. Viewed as a part of the history of the human race, it is not very flattering to the wisdom and sympathy of our forefathers that this grand work should so recently have been elevated into social and religious prominence, and that men should look upon it, at this day, as a phenomenon, entitled by its startling strangeness to be ranked among the wonders of modern discovery. And yet, practically, this is its position. Female education ought to excite no more surprise than female goodness; and if the world had used its common sagacity, the cultivation of womanly mind would have been as sacredly regarded as the protection of womanly virtue. But the past slumbered over this hallowed trust, and not until the last quarter of a century has female education taken its proper place among the highest of earthly duties.

And yet we must not fail to be just to the generations gone. A charge of specific neglect may be fairly made out against them. But there is a plea in abatement. It requires no strain on logic to prove that our great-grandfathers did much for woman—not precisely in our way, but after a ruder fashion of their own, to which we are large debtors; for they gave us the sentiment out of which the whole effort has sprung. They were pioneers in the path that now stretches so broadly and brightly over the land, and the homely tools with which they worked are not to be despised because of our more polished and showy machinery. Farther back still—in centuries that have left few permanent records on the institutions of society—we find the foundations laid for this late superstructure. Every loyal knight that held his lance near to his heart, every troubadour who

sang the praises of the gentler sex, every feudal castle and every cathedral, contributed to organize and intensify the sentiment that now embodies itself in the care and culture of womanly intellect. Ours has simply been a task of expansion. It is the same line of movement, only wider and reaching a more exalted region.

Our forefathers, then, prepared the way—not fully, but well enough. One generation is never allowed to do the work of another, and great institutions, designed to recast the fortunes of mankind, are destined to enjoy a peaceful advent into the world. Agreeably to this Providential law, when the time came for womanly mind to be recognized in its "help-meet" relations to manly intellect, there was a fiercer battle among the princes of literature than the sex had ever before occasioned. Across the water, in dear old England, the fight waxed hot. By one of those Egyptian mysteries called Traditions, men had come to consider education as their prerogative—a gracious monopoly entered duly and signed on their Bill of Rights, and not to be invaded lest the island should go down to the bottom of the sea. Women had no Magna Charta for their brains. Putting together two maxims, one from Milton—"She for God in him—" and the other not quite as classical—"Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion"—the sturdy opponents of female education made out a case of service to which the ministry of the spelling-book and housewifery was altogether adequate. It was one of those affairs in which the beef and beer of John Bull lay heavy on his stomach and heavier in his head. Sydney Smith gave the nation the sparkling wine of his wit, and digestion and reflection were soon set right. Fortunately for the experiment, we had early learned that a genuine-hearted novelty is as much an element of conservatism as any organic sanctity of the past, and acting on the creed that a new world and newer politics had taught us, we forthwith put the idea of female education to a practical test, so as to see how much soul it carried. Nothing has ever been tested better, and few things have worked half so well. If any man has been disappointed, he must have had too much sunshine in his blood or too much moonlight in his fancy.

The history of this debate on female education is full of suggestive interest to a thoughtful mind. It may be regarded as one of the most romantic chapters in the intellectual records of our race. Viewed in its less favorable aspects, it shows how little the true principles of Christian civilization had penetrated the heart of society, when intelligent and serious men doubted whether education would be a source of happiness and strength to woman. On the other hand, a refined and cultivated public opinion vindicated itself by trusting its own instincts, and a moral impulse won the day against a philosophy that had age and authority on its side. Apart from this feature of the controversy, it will always be interesting from the fact that it was the first great discussion of the claims of woman, considered as an intellectual and moral being. Hitherto she had glided peacefully into the possession of her privileges. By the general progress of civilization, rather than by formal efforts, she had secured whatever rights and honors were in her hands. But in this instance the case was different. A direct issue was made with her capacity for improvement, the equality of her nature was denied, and grave arguments were offered to prove that a stern and unyielding lordship ought to be exercised on principle over her mind and character. Men derive more advantage from circumstances than women; and hence it had been supposed that the inferior position of the sex had resulted from the accidents of society. But it was now seen that her intellectual degradation was not merely a circumstantial thing; it was justified as an organic arrangement of Providence; it was a conservative power in society; and nothing but a false chivalry or a morbid love of reform would interrupt it. Against this short-sighted, humiliating philosophy the advocates of female education prevailed; and while their immediate work was nobly done, they effected still more by infusing a healthy spirit into the public opinion of the age touching the domestic and social merits of women. It is this great debate on female education that defines the transition-period between what woman was and what woman is. Other reforms had been content to remove a withered leaf or exscind a decayed branch from the vine that had entwined its tendrils and hung its foliage around the pillared strength of modern society; but this movement descended to its roots, and surrounded them with a soil fit for their nourishment. The results have shown that a profound principle, entering the human heart with the authority of divine wisdom, performs a great office outside of its own direct connections. Take the mass of benefits conferred on society by the mighty impulse given to womanly mind by means of education—estimate all the good to literature, benevolence, philanthropy—but what are these compared with the new heart that has been created in the world toward woman! The sentiment that has found so vast a sphere of action in female education has far transcended the limits of this field; and moving on with the energy that success here has communicated, it has introduced a higher tone of thought, a broader sympathy, a more spiritual appreciation in respect to womanly character and life. In brief, it has placed her side by side with man in the open arena of progress, as far as progress is synonymous with Providence; and adding the fresh element of her qualities and powers to the calculable forces that act redemptively on human affairs, it has essentially modified the nature and bearing of those measures that concern the advancement of humanity. The recognition of her intellect has secured the full recognition of her agency in all that is beautiful, true, and good. In that acknowledgment she now stands secure. For she has vindicated the claims

put forth in her behalf; she has made the position assigned by manly honor to her merits her own personal property; and henceforth statesmen, philanthropists, and Christians, can not lose sight of her in any movement that has reference to the order, stability, and peace of human society. Cultivated women have now become a necessity to the thought and the hope of the world; and men may depend upon it, that at every step in our progress this necessity will become more and more urgent.

A mere glance at modern society will satisfy any thinker that nothing was so much needed as the calm, earnest, equalizing influence of womanly culture. To go no farther back into the annals of our race, it is perfectly clear that the outbreak of the French Revolution aroused a semi-brutal temper in the mind of the age. There was a coarseness—a hard, horny, grasping of stern sentiments—a tremulous clutching of truths, that were instantly vitiated into falsehoods by the way in which they were held—that was altogether unfriendly to the growth of just political doctrines, and to the cultivation of a genial, inspiring literature. How could it have been otherwise, when the world was called to such a sudden and awful reckoning? Men were uncertain where they stood; doubt, dread, dismay, overwhelmed them. The vaunted pretensions of expediency had been violently swept away; power had been unmasked; courtly robes were used as scarecrows; and phantoms, hideous beyond endurance, darkened the air. Following this convulsion, there was a new enhancement of the interests of materialism and manufactures; trade and commerce rapidly advanced. And what was the effect? Passing over the general results, it is sufficient for our purpose to state, that the intelligent mind of England and America saw the need of a more thorough and reliable balance in the moral and social interests of modern society, as related to usages and institutions. It had learned that there was a fatal weakness in the very heart of the world, and that a strong, tranquil power was demanded to circulate a pure and steady influence through the arteries of life.

Such a feeling—such a prophecy—could not but work out its legitimate fruits. It was one of those master-sentiments that, without assuming the forms of logic or systematizing themselves in set shapes of action, do yet permeate all our modes of thinking, and, insensibly to ourselves, dictate the best means to promote human virtue. And now, reviewing the history of thirty-five years, we can easily trace the progress of this moral movement toward a more complete and satisfying condition of social life. The latent energy of the domestic spirit; the intellectual and religious strength that lies far back of the more palpable instruments of the politician and philosopher; the great instinctive, self-counseling heart of genuine manhood, that Heaven yet holds dear to its love and will not resign to its own feeble sway, has made itself felt in the opinions and practice of the age. Could this uplifting agency fail to exalt and intensify the claims of womanly culture? With a sure intuition, it would seek this aim as worthy of its highest ambition. And how fully it has demonstrated its divine guidance—how brightly the seal of Providence shines all over its work! Not to speak of what women have recently done in literature, art, and science—not to dwell on those contributions to the intellect of the day which have supplied such specific wants as men never could have met, and brought so large a class of books into the ministry of household service—not to elaborate the fact that we now have every topic from domestic management to Christian criticism treated and enforced from a new point of view, and, besides all else, that we have woman's world as seen through woman's eyes—what a virtue has gone forth from the cultivated sex of our time, in words that have not been written or printed—in deeds of patient, uncomplaining, mighty valor, that await enrollment on the scroll which genius shall consecrate to the memory of heroic goodness! Had they done nothing more than enlarge the domain of literature, adding the serene heights of wisdom as well as the flowering landscapes of fiction and poetry to its former territory, that would have won them a most honorable renown, as it certainly would have repaid the zeal that has labored for their citizenship in the republic of letters. For who can doubt that women have largely augmented the world's most valuable stock of ideas? If men were competent to do all the thinking of society, it were yet far better that woman should have her share in the work—better, because she can infuse a personality of taste and spirit, her own soul's self, into her thoughts and sentiments, that men can not hope to equal.

But this is the smallest part of their usefulness as educated beings. The discipline of life is in our silent and unwitnessed hours; in hidden paths sheltered beneath God's deep shadows; in fragmentary glimpses of the ideal or in steady contact with reality; in the offices of earnest love and trustful veneration; in the myriad minuteness of daily existence, which bear a smile, a cheerful tone, a renewing impulse to the welcoming heart; and it is just here that the delicate, refined, elevated woman of intellect fulfills the noblest purpose of her earthly being. She is worth more to the world in her home-character and home-duties than any where else. Men are fitted to act better on masses; women are fitted to act better on individuals. Men are prompted to exert power by enjoying its exercise; women, by enjoying its practical results. Men are made greater by contact with the rough scenes of the open world; by the ceaseless demand for quick observation and clear perception; by conquering some opposing circumstance at every step; by such arts and by such means as check reason from indulgence in abstraction, and imagination from over-delight in reverie; but women expand and grow through those agencies which act on the sensibilities, and

by them on the intellect; their common sense has less shrewdness and more native tact; their wisdom has less experience and more intuitive force; and whatever ability or genius they display is uniformly characterized more by their temperament, rearing, and intimate relationships than by the stamp of the outward world. Nature trains them by unlike methods. Men are aggressive; they are born warriors; they instinctively carry the temper of fighting into every matter; business, politics, diplomacy, are full of manœuvres, evolutions, and countermarches; women are receptive and yielding, never waiting for truth to subdue them, but hastening to render a cordial and joyful obedience—satisfied with knowledge when they can feel its benefits, and not looking to its exterior ends. Owing to these peculiarities of her constitution, womanly mind is much more adjunctive to character and life than the intellect of manhood: it has less to do with the work and more to do with the welfare of the world; and hence, in estimating the bearings of her culture on the interests of society, we must not turn to the more public and demonstrative spheres of rivalship and renown, but to those quieter and purer scenes which lie divinely embosomed in the blessedness of Home.

Now, certainly, there is no point that should be more tenaciously guarded than the one just noticed. The whole philosophy of womanly education is embraced in what she is by the creative ordination of God; in the capacity, scope, and worth of her redeemed nature; in the position assigned her in the providential economy of human society; in the stewardship she has to fulfill; in the trust confided to her hands for the solemn reckoning of the final judgment. Where else but in the immortal mind itself can we find motives and ends for life-giving and life-sustaining action? Where else but in its profound emotions, its quick and far-reaching sensibilities, its restless upheavings, its boundless faculties, its many-colored fancies, and its equally diversified facts? Where but in this vast world of thought, affection, will, aspiration, struggle, sorrow, bliss—bound to earth, bound to heaven—communing with angels, tortured by demons—and every hour, every moment, waking or sleeping, evolving an experience in which natural and supernatural unite or repel; where but in this miracle of spiritual being and eternal destiny, can we find the import and aim of a true and genuine culture? This, then, is the real standard of womanly education—viz., the practical, personal benefit to her character—the work wrought within her—the wisdom and power which it imparts to enable her to develop, control, and elevate her own nature, and make it a fit instrument to accomplish God's plan in its redemption. Suppose this process reversed—suppose that woman is taught and trained to think, act, and live in the open world and for it. The prizes of earthly ambition are held up before her; social position, wealth, luxury, fashion, are rendered intensely attractive, and her stimulated, feverish heart bounds to grasp them. Are the laws of her being executed? Are her instincts met? Are her deep yearnings satisfied? Set aside all the solemn considerations of religion, and take her simply and wholly as a creature of sensibility and action; is such a cold, conventional life a life to her? The firm, adamantine bounds of nature—never sterner than when dealing with woman—interpose their hard restraints. She can not find her own counterpart, her image, her lost inheritance, her offered patrimony, in the outward world; and hence she is doomed to suffer the penalty of her own violated and outraged constitution. No doubt there are exceptional instances in which women are called to serve the world in high achievements of individual prowess and valor. But Providence rarely suspends its organic rules, and in no case are we entitled to argue, from such facts, that we have a right to oppose its established modes of procedure.

The noblest thing that a woman can do is to make herself noble. She has much more power over her own character than over any outward object. It would seem as if Providence had consulted this very end in limiting her external relations to society. Denied the opportunity, no less than relieved of the necessity, of contact with the great world, why is this, but that her fresh energy and buoyant spirit may be concentrated on herself and in her private companionships? It is to this calm, inspiring home-life that she should bring the treasures of a cultivated mind and character. Nor should any conviction be stronger than that she may here find the amplest and most rewarding scope for the exercise of all her activity. No woman that has contemplated home in the light of Divine truth, and appreciated it in the warmth of Divine love, could desire a nobler or better field for personal exertions. And although her usefulness ought not to be restricted within its circle, yet she should always realize that she is most serviceable to humanity in the discharge of such duties as nature has laid nearest to her heart. There is need, just now, that this truth should be pressed on the attention of many well-meaning but mistaken people. A mania for usefulness—for the glare and glitter of public demonstrations—for vast schemes of philanthropy—is beginning to seize the souls of many good women, and to hurry them into false efforts. Various causes have combined to quicken their sensitiveness to existing evils; growing intelligence, generous feelings, religious culture, have made them alive to the wrongs and miseries of society; and it is most praiseworthy that their hearts should respond, in truthfulness of sentiment and propriety of endeavor, to the touching appeals forced upon them. But to what painful excesses of ultraism has this passion for usefulness gone! A morose and vindictive temper; a keen impatience of the presence of wretchedness; a fiery haste to obliterate all traces of error, injustice, and suffering; and, in some instances, a poorly-concealed contempt for

Providence, and its tolerations of depravity, are not rare spectacles among this class of persons. One can not avoid believing, if he is to trust the evidence of his senses, that many of them are positively vitiated by their philanthropy—or, rather, by what passes under that name. What a strange perversion this of their nature! What a mysterious alembic that, which, out of the elements of peace, sympathy, and benevolence, distills the rancor, strife, and bitterness of evil passions! A true, genuine philanthropy, such as the great work of human progress demands, must rest on domestic sentiments. It must be born in hearts that have learned their love and trust at the fireside—at the household altar—in the daily tenderness and devotion of family duty. Whenever it diverts the mind from the paramount interests of home, and, as we have sometimes seen, sacrifices the affections of private companionship for an imaginary public good, it is no philanthropy, but a blighting, withering counterfeit, that will fall a victim to its own idolatry.

Aside from the fact that women are ordained to find their main sphere of action in domestic retirement, there are evils in our civilization that render their watchful ministry at home more than ever necessary and desirable. Our men, from the lowest to the highest, are now, more or less, public characters; and it would appear that we have fallen on an age full of exactions on private leisure and personal service. A monstrous system of taxation covers the whole land, and there is no escape from its rigid hold on your time, purse, and efforts. Once, in years gone, the public used to be a retired, dignified, old-school personage, that had a tender respect for his own independence and was quite chary of accepting too many offices from its kind friends. Said friends were not vassals, but freemen bold and stanch, living after their own strong impulses and rarely called away from private affairs. But a new era has come. The entire framework of society must be reconstructed; individual agency totters and trembles under its mountainous load; and we are half-crazed at the bare idea of what is expected of us. Besides this, men are driven to compress nine lives into one. Moderate labor, steady attention, small gains, and slow profits, are obsolete things. A man, at this day, must keep time with the steam-engine, and swing his muscles as fast as pistons and cranks move. Formerly the night was considered a reserved household right, but the claims of business, societies, and outside interests have played havoc with the once exclusive property of wife and children. Few men are now faithful to their sacred, domestic tasks. Cares, struggles, ambitions, engross them; and as there happens to be a gigantic machinery of proxies, they shift responsibility on professional substitutes, who undertake to do every thing and do nothing. Thousands of homes in our land are mere stopping-places, where husbands call, spend a few exhausted hours, and hasten off to more congenial scenes. All this is utterly wrong, and doubtless the excess will correct itself; but meanwhile what an office devolves on our women? Domestic education, according to the Divine plan, is certainly the work of both parents. The circumstances of the age, however, have thrown it into the hands of our women, and as they have submitted to the onerous burden, our only hope is that they will bravely sustain their trust. Never were womanly offices as important as now; never had they so much to do and to do well; for, apart from the ordinary tasks of household life, the intense excitements of the outward world require a balancing power of domestic nurture, greater than in any previous period of human history. Amidst the crowded marts of business, along the highways of trade, in the seats of commerce, in private walks, in public scenes, by newspapers, by the shop-windows, by the placards on the wall, in every association and connection, in the omnibus and on the steamboat, the growing mind of our country, acute in its impressibility, open in all its avenues, eager for thought and action, is in close contact with the means and agencies that educate its tastes and form its habits. The power of external life over us has been vastly enhanced, far more so than the power of schools, colleges, and books—and it is amazing to observe how much the individual will, the personal directiveness, the silent, solitary, outworking of nature, have been subordinated to the tyrannic type of a common, uniform grasping worldliness. How is this monopoly to be abated? How are the excesses of external education to be restrained? A proper culture at home offers the only hope of remedy; and if this beneficent influence is employed, it must be through cultivated women.

Looking at the present position of American women, and especially considering her as the main stay of our domestic interests, it is not difficult to determine the kind and degree of education which she ought to receive. She needs the culture of common-sense, and she needs the culture of all her highest and noblest faculties. By all means let her acquire the substantial virtues of industry, skill, prudence, in every-day affairs. Every hour of life puts a premium on these great qualities, and whoever is indifferent to their practical value will soon find herself arrayed at the bar of vengeance. But these are "of the earth, earthy." They are valuable in their place, but only in their place. Now it is quite easy to exaggerate this department of womanly life, and as we happen to have an extra share of facility in the art of intensifying any thing that passion or prejudice commends, we have magnified this matter most unreasonably. Judging from the language of some of our writers, and from the tone of thought common to various sections of the country, one would suppose that women ought never to raise their eyes higher than a butter-churn, and always prefer the polish of furniture to the polish of fine manners. If they under-

stand astronomy enough to know when the sun rises, and philosophy sufficient to comprehend the mechanics of a sewing-machine, they need seek no science beyond; cooking-stoves, and yeast mixtures, and self-sealing cans, will supply the rest. To help on the furor in behalf of domestic drudgery, we have an interminable list of books, teaching the theory of keeping house and the practice of driving every body out of it. And then the recipes! The recipes, swarming throughout your habitation, installed in closets, reigning from cellar to attic, and putting your whole dominions under military exactness—so that you must eat, drink, sleep, sneeze, and die by recipe. Doctors are sensible—recipes should be in a dead language.

There is such a popular clamor on this subject of "domesticity" in women, and the kitchen is so eloquently glorified, that we are not surprised at its materializing effect on their character and life. The most of women take the truth of public opinion for granted, and they promptly acquiesce in its dictates. All this hubbub at agricultural fairs over pots of preserves and nice quilts, and the loud emphasis in newspapers and magazines on the grandeur of a good dinner, have been carried to a ridiculous extreme; and we have ceased to be shocked at the taste that can tie together with white ribbon a cookery-book and the Holy Bible as a present for a lovely bride. No man of sense can ever depreciate the domestic skill necessary to a thrifty, managing, successful wife, but pray let it not be pushed to a disgusting excess. Any one who has traveled over the United States, and closely observed its domestic life, will indorse the assertion that there is a false public opinion in this matter—false, not in kind, but in degree. Yielding to its stern requirements, we have known many gifted and noble women "settle down" after marriage in the routine of domestic drudgery, abandon all literature, neglect personal study and culture, lest they should be suspected of the tastes and refinements of elegant scholarship. Nor is any style of speech more common than to hear intelligent men speak of their wives simply as "good housekeepers," and we have known some who thought it no compliment if you spoke of the "better half" in any other strain. One case occurs to us that may serve to illustrate this aspect of American character. Mr. —— had recently buried his wife, a woman of rare excellence, known for her goodness, and appreciated by all. Talking of her to some sympathizing friends, a few days after her death, we heard one of the persons present—a noble-hearted man, who had experienced the keenest sorrow in the loss of his wife—make a touching allusion to Mr. ——'s bereavement. "Ah, Sir," replied the desolate husband, "ah, Sir, she was a capital housekeeper!" Just then another gentleman, not quite overcome by the ludicrous reply, ventured to allude to the worth of the departed wife, and to speak of the irreparable loss which Mr. —— had sustained. "Yes, Sir," said the widower, "she always had my dinner ready by one o'clock, and a clean table-cloth too!"

Where public opinion and private usages bind down women to this extent in domestic care and oversight, the same effects are produced that we find in men devoted to the service of mammon. The heart, owing to the intenser strength of affections and the ceaseless call for the exercise of the gentler sympathies, may not be as rapidly and as thoroughly hardened. But the chilling process goes on; the warmth of generous, glad emotions forsakes the blood; and at last the unhappy martyr to kitchen stoves and shining brass has nothing left but a pair of bony, leathery hands, a worn-out frame, and a vacant brain. Such a history of married life is painful, and next to brutal treatment, is deplorable. Among those evils to which women are subject—evils that involve no deep suffering from malignity or vice—there is scarcely any thing more pernicious to all true growth and culture than this grinding slavishness to domestic routine. It is little short of cruelty to expect and demand this of woman; she was made for something purer and higher; marriage was designed to yield her daily joy and blessedness, by elevating her aims, gratifying her aspirations, and furnishing her spirit with the means of communing with whatever is refined, truthful, and excellent; and if this opportunity is denied her, the real worth of life has been forfeited to a fiction of conventionalism.

Admitting, as all must, the necessity that women should be fully trained to the care and management of the internal interests of the household, there are comparatively few who see how these virtues are to be preserved from degeneration into vices. Nothing is more certain than that all the prudential offices of our nature are to be exalted by the companionship of higher sentiments, and that Heaven has established no other method to save them from weakening the intellectual and moral tone of character. It is this education in the best faculties of her mind that woman needs. She needs it for her own sake, and for the sake of others. First among her obligations are those which she is bound to discharge to her own immortal being—a gift from God which she is to honor with a ceaseless psalm of thanksgiving. To develop the capacity within her—to quicken her inward hearing so that no whisper of truth shall be lost—to purify the inward sight so that every trace of the divine hand, however dim and faint to other eyes, may be clearly seen—to strengthen the will, that it may be competent to every office of decision, fortitude, and courage—to inform and establish conscience so that it may have the might, as it has the right, to rule—to cultivate reason and imagination so that their joint action shall embrace all the scope of available wisdom, reaching from the humblest fact recorded on a clod to the loftiest ideality that in the sacred pauses of life awakens a new and thrilling consciousness of awaiting immortality—to discipline the affections so that they may com-

municate power to the intellect and purity to conduct—to listen to those great intuitions that evermore are struggling to recover their lost language and utter forth their ancient messages of the grandeur and glory of our birth and destiny—to renew, by a spiritual and divine agency, that image which sin and sorrow have darkened in guilt and saddened in grief; this is the law of her nature, stamped with the authority of God, and fraught with the issues of eternity. It is here—in her own soul—that true, genuine power is to strike its roots. Here it must accumulate its resources; here it must gather all its varied agencies and auxiliaries of action. Every hour of life she will need the serene friendship of her own spirit; the deeds of daily existence will return her thoughts and purposes to it for justification, and she will find that experience and struggle—all that makes our circumstances—will continually draw on this source for the interpretation of their mystic meaning and the vindication of their providential designs.

If her nature be thus cultivated, she will find that in forming her mind and character on the ground of her own individuality as related to the divine law, she has acquired the spirit and means of social and domestic influence. Whoever fits herself for the communion of a heavenly life, has adopted the surest and truest plan to fulfill all the obligations springing from the ties of home and country. For although this great work may begin in personal considerations, it soon rises into a higher connection; and self, growing more and more faithful to its developed instincts, and led out toward the ends of moral benevolence, yearns to prove a benediction and a joy to all within its reach. The true, real, vital self, lives as selfishness dies, and its wise heart, taught of God, embraces the grandest law of intellectual and spiritual existence, viz., that whatever it has can only become its own by being consecrated to the use and benefit of others. Receiving those memorable words, "*It is more blessed to give than to receive*," it realizes them, not as a mere statement of the duty of charity, but as the announcement of a central truth, that must be imbedded in the very core of every just, generous sentiment, every noble feeling, every right action. Is it "*blessed*" to open the mind to the inspiring gladness of nature, to learn the lessons of beauty as they are taught in the fresh scenes of each returning day, to bow down before the sublimities of the universe and be exalted by their presence? Is it "*blessed*" to follow the guidance of imagination as it traces the harmony of philosophy, poetry, and religion, and, at last, rests in the completeness of truth as revealed in the perfectness of love? And is it "*blessed*" in those selecter moments of life, when intense feeling floods the mind, to lay the heart close to this redeemed earth, and, gathering the mighty throb of the sea and of the air into its strong pulse, silently sink into a rapture of joy? "*Blessed*" is all this, whenever and wherever felt; but "*more blessed*" to communicate the beauty and purity so inspired; "*more blessed*" to welcome others to be sympathetic sharers in them; "*more blessed*," because more divine, to give yourself to the world than for nature and revelation to give their treasured tributes to you. And never does this cardinal law, the summary of all excellence, attest its virtue more strikingly than in the moral and social history of women. Retired from the world, the instinct of expression desires to breathe itself forth. It is an urgent, painful want, that must be gratified. Confined within themselves they die, no matter how happily they are surrounded with the fortunes of life. They must see their image in outward objects. They must utter their souls in some hallowed work. A moral purpose, full of youthful vigor, is constantly impelling them to embody their inward being in the enduring deeds of goodness. And hence the world has the best possible security that truly cultivated women will exert their talents in a right direction. So firmly are they held to the principles of pure morality, and so intimately are the high, distinctive sentiments of Christian ministration interwoven with their ideal of pleasure, that the general rule must always be as above stated. On nothing can we count with more certainty than that the large body of educated women—educated in nature as well as in mind—will always be found loyal to the spiritual interests of humanity. Radicals, fanatics, Quixotic reformers can not, to any considerable extent, proceed from them. Now and then a disappointed, crushed spirit may rush into some of the protean forms of intellectual lunacy; here, we may have the morbid fruits of a badly-trained childhood, and there, the fierce resistance of a womanliness that has been allowed to experience none of the charms of a free and buoyant being; but taken as a class, they must adhere to the grand old stationary landmarks. Standing on the bold promontories that for ages have overlooked the ocean of life, they will watch those surging waters on which their hearts have launched so many precious freights. Conservative they must be by the intuitions, aims, and hopes of their being; conservative in intellect, faith, virtue, practice; for Heaven will not permit the fireside, where they dwell, to be subjected to those revolutionary agencies that throw down and build up other institutions. It was before statesmanship in point of time, as it is higher than statesmanship in point of wisdom. Home was crowned with womanly beauty and tenderness, long ere kings wore a diadem or princesses were clothed in gorgeous robes. A true antiquity hallows its altar and its worship. It is the antiquity of goodness. It is the antiquity of memories that have descended from Eden, with no profane mixture of traditions; and in kindred union with those associations, responsive to their influence, and instinct with their spirit, women must form a phalanx of protection around the sanctities of home, and execute, as a daily ministry, the offices of guardianship over its love and peace.

Claiming such a culture for our women, we should leave the argument incomplete if we did not insist on the fact that the substantial virtues of the household, and the attainment of a high excellence in all the beautiful forms of wisdom, sentiment, and affection, are perfectly consistent. Men there are who can not see the whole truth on this subject; men, who look along a narrow, mathematical line, and discern nothing outside of it. Idolaters of Utility, they have no idea of God's world beyond a mass of dirt that absorbs water and produces harvests. The beauty of the rainbow is not half so sensible a thing to them as a lady's ribbon; and in this cold, callous spirit, they think of the universe merely as a good piece of machinery, worked pretty well considering how much is to be done. But this brutalizing creed has none of the heart of heaven in it. Far otherwise thought He, the Christ of God, in whose hands the delicate flowers smiled as they breathed a lesson of trust in Providence, and who, not disdainful of the grass beneath His feet, found, in its waving verdure, the sublime truths of eternity. No man who recognizes the workmanship of the Creator in the material objects around him, and marks the adaptation of their multitudinous forces to accomplish the great ends of wisdom, can ever depreciate utility. But if our minds were freed from the tyranny of the senses—if reason could assert its sway over the understanding, and truth demonstrate its superiority to facts—then, indeed, we should see that beauty continues and perfects the office of utility, and is but a more subtle and spiritual influence to purify and ennoble the heart. There is, consequently, no antagonism between them, unless our pride and selfishness create it. Both are divine instruments; both appeal to us in a vast variety of forms, degrees, and connections; both dwell side by side in undisturbed harmony; and both find prompt and willing access to all such minds as comprehend the meaning of God's power and presence in the universe. How often are they beheld in closest union! The clouds of the firmament water the earth, and yet their beneficent service to field and flower does not abate the grace of their shapes nor the majesty of their movements. The dew-drop holds heaven in its bosom, but the pictured image detracts not from the refreshing of grass and herb. So may sense and sentiment, wisdom and beauty, goodness and taste, abide in unity within the mind of a cultivated woman, and qualify her for the full and complete occupancy of that sphere to which Providence has assigned her.

LOST.

THE STORY OF FOUR YOUNG MEN.

I.—I VISIT MARQUIS COTESBURY.

WE had an uncommonly gay time in the good year eighteen hundred and blank! We turned night into day, and day into night. We drank the sun to sleep, and when the morning star began to fade we were drinking still. Our life was one long revel, and we laughed at every thing. The Psalmist says, "The merry-hearted do sigh;" but in the times I speak of I never heard any sighing.

The chief and acknowledged captain of our revels was Marquis Cotesbury; he had worthy companions in Tom Francis, Charley Ashton, and the rest, but all these "paled their ineffectual fires" before Marquis. I had been at college with him, and was now an inmate of his splendid bachelor residence in the city of ——, and one of the jovial company, in spite of my comparative youth.

I shall endeavor to speak of Marquis briefly. He impressed every one from the first moment of meeting. He was the perfect model of physical beauty. I have never seen a man whose personal appearance was one-half as striking. In Greece he would have rivaled, at the court of Pericles and Aspasia, that world's wonder Alcibiades; and I remember, more than once, instituting the comparison in my mind. He was at this time about twenty-six years of age, very tall, of a most distinguished carriage, and characterized by what is called in Europe the *bel air*—that of the perfect, courtly gentleman. It was only upon a closer inspection that you discovered the extraordinary combination of "fine points," so to speak, about his person. He had the hands, feet, and waist of a woman, though fully six feet in height. The delicate extremities did not seem disproportioned, however; his limbs appeared to taper regularly and naturally. A head as faultless in model as that of the old Hellenic Jove, and features of the pure Greek type, worthily completed the picture. In a physical point of view simply, and regarded apart from any mental endowment, Marquis Cotesbury was a magnificent "animal." His manners were such as set off this fine person wonderfully. He had the elegant and impressive affability of the old-school gentleman, in all its perfection. His father, Judge Cotesbury, had been a star of the ancient *régime*, and Marquis not only inherited the immense family wealth, and the prestige of the Judge's high social position—the old gentleman's royal suavity of bearing descended also to his son. It was a courtesy and considerateness which amounted almost to humility. When Marquis bowed to a lady, it was such an inclination as a subject would make at the footstool of a queen; his smile conveyed a mingled veneration and devotion, worthy of a chevalier of the elder day. Such was Marquis in the presence of ladies, and it was only a modification of this manner which made him so conspicuous a figure with those of his own sex. Here his ceremonious air changed, but his ceaseless affability never. He seemed the perfection of good-nature. Never, save on occasions of extraordinary provocation, did I see his sweetness of manner disappear. When a frown knit together those brows, generally so tranquil and smiling, the sight was almost terrible; you shrunk from it as from an aroused lion. But such moments as these were extremely rare with him. He was almost uni-

formly the thoroughly "good fellow," not losing, however, the indefinable tinge of his old-school manner. In his most abandoned revels, when cheering on his companions to the wildest excesses, there was still this peculiar something in his manner, repelling all vulgar familiarity. Persons were never coarsely familiar with him—if it happened once, it was never repeated. No amount of wine ever dethroned his dignity completely, and his iron constitution seemed to bid defiance to the fiercest assaults on it.

My sketch of this remarkable young man extends to too great length, or I should take a melancholy pleasure in speaking in detail of his mental endowments, as I have done of his physical graces. It may seem extravagant to say that he was more remarkable intellectually than in his person. I have never encountered a mind which filled me with such admiration. There was the intuitive glance, flashing like lightning into the obscurest subjects. What others reached by arduous trains of thought, he came to at a single bound, and apparently without the slightest effort. What I have since read of Mr. S. S. Prentiss, the great orator of the South-west, seems equally applicable to Marquis Cotesbury. His mental *coup d'œil* appeared to penetrate the heaviest clouds, to embrace with one glance every detail; and the result was given in sentences of the most brilliant compactness—the club of Hercules wreathed with flowers. To argue, to declaim, to jest, to laugh—there was nobody like Marquis. The most exhausting processes of metaphysical logic became simple and luminous under his handling; the abstrusest problems of the German school were mere play to him; and in law, the subtlest technicalities of trusts and remainders disentangled themselves and stood ranged in order, so clearly and simply that a child might have understood them. I may be thought to amuse myself in drawing a fanciful character—a mere assemblage of perfections for the reader's amusement. Such is not the fact. This wonderful young man lived and moved before me, such as I have described him. Providence created, physically and intellectually, an actual, breathing wonder. My experience has not rendered me desirous of encountering such again—at least, if I am compelled to love them as I loved Marquis Cotesbury.

I have taken up so much space speaking of the chief of our party, that I have little opportunity to describe the rest. Perhaps it is not wholly necessary. Tom Francis, Charley Ashton, and the rest, were young men of ancient families, large wealth, and "generous tastes." That is to say, they had set out with the determination to "see life." Tom Francis, especially, was a *very* gay young man, and seemed to regard life as a race-course—a thing to be gotten over or through at as suicidal a velocity as possible. Grave people said that he was "going to the devil," but these were only surly old merchants who sold the produce of his large estates, cold-blooded individuals who could not appreciate—as Tom would say—the feelings of a gentleman, having long since parted with their souls as far too heavy encumbrances in the race for cash; after which succinct expression of opinion Tom would order fresh juleps and light another cigar, in which Charley Ashton and Marquis would abet him.

The rest were gay young fellows, enjoying life carelessly, and generally deferring to the elders of whom I have spoken, for whom they seemed to have an unbounded admiration.

Their admiration could not exceed my own. I was then about twenty, had just finished my collegiate course, which I had commenced at sixteen, and was, as I have said, on a visit to Marquis. At college he had taken a great fancy to me, in return for my own more powerful inclination toward himself; and in response to his rollicking letter, I had left home soon after my return from college, and taken up my abode at Marquis's, in ——, for an indefinite time. I intended to stay but a week, and return to commence the prosecution of my profession. I was absent from home with scarcely any interruption for half a year—a half year which I shall never forget. It was a carnival so wild and extraordinary that I scarcely realize its veritable existence, looking back now across many years. I almost imagine that I have dreamed this passage in my youth. But actual events of sure recollection soon come to my memory to teach me that all actually happened. It was an absolutely pagan existence that we led. Epicurus in his most enthusiastic moments never conceived a more purely sensuous philosophy than we carried into practice. I have said that Marquis possessed enormous wealth; he had also inherited the old family mansion of his father the judge, and here was spent the greater portion of our time. We rose about two in the day, and commenced existing with a mighty mint-julep, brought by a servant, silent, respectful, and attentive. The name of this servant, Marquis's factotum, was Jugurtha; and Jugurtha's entire duty was to be in call whenever his master wanted him. At three o'clock in the morning, when we were still playing cards, Jugurtha was standing, wakeful, silent, and respectful, near the side-board, ready at a sign to open another bottle of Champagne, to snuff the candles flaring in the tall silver candelabra, or to bring a fresh bundle of cards. Jugurtha never seemed sleepy; he was invariably serenely respectful, and never was known to doubt the possibility of any thing which his master or his guests desired. Did you ask for something not in the establishment: "Yes, Sir; directly, Sir," was Jugurtha's reply. And in half an hour he would glide in, with the desired object, whatever it might be, upon his silver waiter. Lingering a moment respectfully at the door, Jugurtha would then glide out in a deprecatory and modest manner, to reappear, calm and respectful as before, at the very first summons.

But I intended to speak of the days as we spent them. After juleps and a hearty break-

fast, served with elegant simplicity upon the grand mahogany table, as dark as ebony from age, we called a solemn council to take into consideration the manner in which the day should be spent. Generally it was determined to go and pay some visits, due to rich old dowagers for balls and parties to which we had been invited. But riding in the great chariot or walking were both unsuited to the habits of the "pretty fellows" of the day. We rode Marquis's blooded horses, and the fine animals were daily passed in review and criticised with never-failing gusto. Marquis had placed at my exclusive disposal, the day after my arrival, a splendid animal, which no one else was permitted to ride—a young, thoroughbred, chestnut-bay. Upon Starlight, which moved as incessantly as a star twinkles, I went with the rest to leave cards at the houses of the ball-givers, or to talk for half an hour with some fair young dame; and on these occasions the *pater familias* generally regaled us with julep again, and we departed elsewhere, creating every where a sensation. What did we care for those vulgar staring people who looked askance at us? We were the patricians—they the *plebs*. Let them get out of the way, unless they relish being ridden over. So we rode. As I said above, some of the sour, morose old fellows said we were riding to the devil. I will not lengthen out my talk with all the events of the days. We dined splendidly, went to splendid entertainments or the theatre, ate late suppers, and then sat down *to cards*. During the day we drank, drank, drank—wine, brandy, whisky, julep, every thing. We smoked, and then—drank. We rode out, and returned, and—drank. We strolled out to look at the horses, and when we re-entered the house, we—drank. When cards came in due course, however, the excitement of play was a strong inducement to "crack a bottle of Champagne," or any thing else. We accordingly drank. We had an uncommonly gay time; but after a certain hour of the night I do not think that any of us knew very accurately what occurred. At such moments I remember having an indistinct idea that Jugurtha and his subordinates politely gave us their arms and shoulders to escort us to our beds, Marquis following the rest with a gait somewhat unsteady, and his habitual smile. On the next morning, or rather afternoon, Jugurtha would appear at the bedside, as I have said, silent, respectful, and armed with a huge flagon of mint julep, which he poured into cut-glass goblets, carried behind him by one of his subordinates upon a silver waiter; and under the inspiring effect of the draught the ceremony of dressing was gotten through with very leisurely. Before this was accomplished, however, I would hear the voice of Marquis singing in the long passage—then his tap at my door—then he would enter, fresh, smiling, and gay, to give me the compliments of the day. His hand would be cool, his eye clear, his cheek not at all flushed. The debauch of the preceding day and night had passed over his extraordinary frame as a light cloud does over the sun, leaving him fresher and stronger, if such a thing were possible. Then we would descend to the breakfast-room—meet with laughter, to talk politics, or scandal, or literature, in which Marquis and Francis were no mean proficients—and then recommenced the same routine.

Taken altogether, I think you will agree with me that we were an uncommonly gay set of young men, and lived in delightful freedom. We drank and played without stint or care. We were an uncommonly gay party!

II.—CARDS.

Thus far I have been running on at random, in my garrulous way, about the life I led at this period. Perhaps you would like to hear the after history of my friends, Marquis, Tom Francis, and the rest. I shall accordingly proceed to relate it, commencing with a jaunt which we made to the estate of Tom Francis.

This was a fine old plantation and mansion, situated upon a water-course at some distance from the city of ——. There I first saw Ellen Ogilvie. She was on a visit to Caroline Francis, Tom's sister, with whom she had become intimate at school; and the two young ladies, with an old housekeeper and a valetudinarian tutor, who lived in the house on the footing of an heirloom, constituted the whole establishment.

When we whirled up to the door in Tom's elegant equipage the heads of the young ladies were seen at the window, and soon the lovely Caroline was locked in the arms of her brother. I thought she looked deeply shocked when she saw the flushed cheeks and bloodshot eyes of her brother; but she made no other sign, welcoming us with elegant courtesy, and never appearing to suspect that the young gentlemen, now received at the mansion as guests, were "irregular in their habits." This air of unconsciousness was preserved with wonderful success throughout our entire stay, which was extended to very nearly three months.

I do not like to speak of these scenes—it is disagreeable to allude to them even—and I trust that I shall never witness again any thing so wildly, so insanely degrading. At first, a sentiment of respect for Miss Francis and her companion operated as a check upon the company; but as they soon retired to their apartments, and exhibited no knowledge of their movements, the life of the city recommenced with the most terrible additions. The party no longer drank freely—they became regularly intoxicated; they scarcely preserved any of the traits of gentlemen; they were given up to the demon of drink. Especially was this the case with Tom Francis, who was the wildest of all.

Marquis and myself did not join in the revels. On the second day after my arrival I swore a solemn oath that I would never again permit intoxicating drinks to pass my lips, and God has enabled me from that moment to the present one to keep my vow. Marquis also had ceased

his potations. We had both of us fallen in love—he with Miss Francis, I with her friend.

In Marquis, with his really noble nature and excellent heart, this passion, as profound as it was sudden, assumed the form of the most chivalric respect. His tone to Miss Francis was deeply, almost devoutly respectful; his power of interesting women in him seemed all at once to have completely deserted him, and I think a single frown upon her face would have paralyzed him and rendered him unspeakably miserable. The young girl had a queenly way about her which appeared to take from Marquis his entire faculties of conversation, and he would sit by her side for hours, scarcely saying any thing, only gazing into her face—to avert his eyes when her own were turned upon him. I have often since that time reflected upon this singular subjugation of the brilliant converser and accomplished man of the world; and I have pleased myself with the idea that it indicated the true nobility of his disposition—the profound respect which he entertained, through all his woeful life, for a pure woman—and the depth and truth of his real nature.

I shall not speak at length of my own wooing. A kind Heaven enabled me to conciliate the affection of one of the best and loveliest persons in the world; and I have never ceased to return thanks for this great boon—a boon which I declare myself, in all honesty and truth, to have been then, as I am now, totally unworthy of enjoying. Ellen responded to my love, and I soon found that there was no obstacle to our union—a union which one year afterward was consummated at the residence of Mr. Ogilvie, in —— County. But I shall proceed.

In vain did Marquis and myself endeavor to restrain the insane revels of our companions, to the enormity of which our eyes were at last opened. Our entreaties were all met with laughter and jests, and we were asked whether we would "preach on Sunday next at Bethel meeting-house," with a variety of other *facetiæ* indicative of the light in which our sudden reformation was regarded. Tom Francis especially made us the subject of his satire, and a young man named Thornburg was his chief aider and abettor. I often saw Marquis Cotesbury's eyes flash when this person spoke to him, and afterward discovered the reason of their dislike. Thornburg had been for some time a suitor for the hand of Miss Francis, whom he had known in her youth—and in addition had won enormous sums from Marquis at cards, not without suspicion of unfair play on the part of his opponent. You may judge that these two circumstances were not calculated to elevate him in the estimation of his rival; but Marquis restrained himself, and only requested Mr. Thornburg, in a tone of cool politeness, not to criticise any course he was pleased to pursue. At such times I could see the "devil" very plainly in Marquis's eye, and I suppose Thornburg saw this dangerous look too, for after a little time he ceased to utter his jeers, contenting himself with a sneer, and the remark that "Certainly it was no concern of his; if Cotesbury wanted to lead a holy life, he certainly had no objection." The words were muttered rather than spoken aloud, as Thornburg turned away, for he rarely withstood Marquis's glance fixed on him. It now expressed simply a lordly species of contempt; a freezing politeness accompanied his slight bow, and the opponents parted. Marquis was thinking of another species of *affaire* than the threatened one with Thornburg.

He did not prosper in his wooing with Miss Francis. Perhaps she had never seriously thought of marriage, or possibly the silent homage of her dignified suitor did not interest her; certain it is that Marquis did not gain ground, and the circumstance filled him with a gloomy pain.

"The fact is, Will," he would say to me, for we had soon confided to each other our hopes and feelings—"the fact is, I love her so much that I think it makes me stupid. In her presence I don't feel easy, and utter only platitudes, as my father used to say. I used to think I knew women, but this one foils me: she's different, however—an angel almost, it seems to me. She will never look upon my suit."

And Marquis would become silent, resting his head gloomily upon his hand and sighing deeply. In reply to my commonplace encouragements he only shook his head, and then relapsed into his motionless melancholy again. One day he took my arm suddenly, and drew me forth into the old garden. I saw that his brow was flushed with anger, and a threatening flash in his proud eye indicated some extraordinary emotion.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The matter is," he replied hoarsely, "that I have discovered the source of my ill-success with—Miss Francis."

"Ah!—you have discovered—what?"

"Simply that I have a rival," said Marquis with clenched teeth.

"Who on earth can it be?" I asked, for I had seen no one pay Miss Francis the least attention of a marked description. "You certainly deceive yourself, Marquis."

"I do not, Will, and the proof is that this fellow Thornburg—"

"Thornburg!"

"Ah! you start!" said Marquis with a sneer of such haughty contempt as I never before saw. "You think as I do, then. I thought perhaps that I was mistaken in this *gentleman*—had undervalued him! But you agree with me—do you not?—that 'tis something shameful for this black-leg to aspire to the hand of Caroline Francis?"

The words, thus written down, convey not the faintest idea of the mingled wrath and hauteur of the speaker. He went on, growing paler and colder as he proceeded.

"Yes, he's my rival; and he gets drunk, and boasts of his success. I'm nobody, you see! Marquis Cotesbury is a nonentity beside this

worthy nobleman — the representative of the house of Thornburg. By Heavens," cried Marquis, setting his teeth close, "I'll not spare him longer! I'll find the metal he's made of, if he has any—cheat, black-leg, vagabond! I'll no longer be bearded by his insolence, or permit his use of Miss Francis's name. Curse him! I've my scheme, and I'll not forego it!"

My attempt to moderate Marquis's anger, or change the unexpressed resolution he had conceived, was as futile as would have been the endeavor to turn the course of the north wind. He listened with bowed head until I had finished, then nodding shortly, returned to the house.

The evening passed as usual—Miss Francis and her companion retiring early, and then the card-tables were set out. To my great surprise Marquis took his seat at one of them—to my surprise, I say, for latterly he seemed to have lost all relish for play, and even to have registered a vow against it. His present seat was opposite to Thornburg, who had gracefully accompanied the ladies to the door and then prepared for play.

As the game proceeded I could see in Marquis's manner, forewarned as I had been, the indications of intense watchfulness—and this seemed to have been directed more particularly toward Thornburg. For the other two players at the square table on his right and left he seemed to have no eyes; his entire attention was concentrated on his enemy.

The game ended and Thornburg won. It was a large amount, but Marquis did not seem to regard it. He proposed as the stake of the next game an amount so great that the other players, with the exception of Thornburg, drew back shaking their heads. But Thornburg held his ground, and each drew forth and laid upon the table a pile of bank-notes. The cards were shuffled, the other members of the party gathered around the players, and the game began. As it proceeded, and Marquis regularly got the advantage of his opponent, I never once saw him relax his look of intense watchfulness. He cleaned his finger-nails with his penknife as the cards were dealt, but did not look at his hands. The game had nearly come to an end, and I had turned away for a moment, when I heard a sudden crash and a loud cry. My startled glance took in like a flash of light the whole occurrence. Thornburg, seeing that he was about to lose the large stake which he had put up, had done what Marquis suspected him of on former occasions: he had slipped a card which would have decided the game in his favor up the sleeve of his coat, and, rising suddenly, Marquis had driven the blade of his penknife through his opponent's hand, and nailed it to the table.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene which ensued, a confused mass of cries, oaths, and struggles was all that I heard and saw. In five minutes Thornburg, raving like a madman, was expelled from the Hall, and soon afterward was heard galloping away. The incident made the wild young men silent and sober for a moment, but in half an hour they were playing and drinking as carelessly as ever, clapping Marquis on the shoulder, and swearing that they were "infinitely obliged to him for exposing that scoundrel."

From all this ovation Marquis soon retired, silent and gloomy. I followed him, and we walked and conversed by moonlight in the garden, listening to the wild revelry from within. High up in a remote chamber window a light was burning, and from this light Marquis seemed unable to remove his eyes.

"'Tis her chamber," he murmured.

"Yes," I said, "but you had better think of this affair with Thornburg."

"Think of it?" said Marquis, looking at me, "No, Will! I'll not fight him unless some gentleman will take his place."

"He'll assassinate you—take care."

Marquis smiled sadly as he looked toward the twinkling light.

"I don't know if I'd care," he said. "You see I'm crossed in love, Will!"

III.—THE LAST OF THE REVEL.

On the morning after the scene which I have just related, a certain Major Wordell, half gentleman, half village bully, made his appearance at the Hall and delivered a mortal challenge from Mr. Thornburg to Mr. Cotesbury.

"I refuse to meet Mr. Thornburg," replied Marquis, haughtily.

"And why, Sir?" asked Major Wordell, in an insulting tone: indeed, judging from his countenance, he had been fortifying his courage with drink; "and why do you refuse, if I may ask?"

I saw a certain shutting down of the eyelids, which with Marquis always indicated anger.

"I refuse," he said, "on the ground that Mr. Thornburg is a blackguard, and a detected cheat at cards."

"What do you mean, Sir?" said Major Wordell, in a blustering tone. "Do you mean to insinuate that I would bring a message from a blackguard? No, Sir! Mr. Thornburg told me to say that he played fair, and that your act was that of a barbarian, and I agree with him."

The words had scarcely passed the speaker's lips when Marquis threw himself on him. Major Wordell was a powerful man, but he was no match for Marquis. Before he could resist, he was caught up bodily and hurled from the window to the lawn beneath.

He rose, brushing his coat and uttering the most horrible oaths, but even in his hot anger did not seem inclined to renew the contest. Shaking his clenched hand wrathfully at the house, he proceeded to where his horse was tied, mounted and rode away.

On the same evening Thornburg appeared at the Hall and asked for Mr. Francis. The servant returned in a moment with the reply that he was "not at home." Thornburg thereupon went away, uttering suppressed oaths. This occurred at about four in the afternoon, when no one was

at home save the young ladies, Tom Francis, and myself. The rest had ridden out before dinner, Marquis on horseback by himself.

At nine o'clock he had not returned, and much speculation was caused by the event. I remembered my own suggestion of the night before, and became terribly uneasy. As the night drew on this suspense grew insupportable, and I induced the party to ride with me upon the high-road, in the direction which I knew Marquis had taken. We had not proceeded a mile before we saw, by the clear moonlight, a riderless horse grazing by the roadside. At a hundred paces distant we found the body of Marquis, insensible, and apparently dead. With that suppressed breathing which indicates strong excitement every one quickly dismounted, and hastened to the spot. Raising the body we perceived that the wounded man still breathed, and, constructing a hasty litter, he was borne back to the Hall. His wound was a deep one on the head, and a surgeon, who was hastily sent for, declared that he could never recover.

To describe my feelings at this announcement would be impossible. When I saw Marquis lying thus, with a vacant look in his large, clear eyes, his pillow clotted with blood, the most heart-rending grief struggled in my breast with a wild desire for vengeance. This latter sentiment reached its climax at the surgeon's intelligence, and hastily communicating to the rest my belief that Thornburg and Wordell had been engaged in the assassination, I mounted, and, followed by Ashton and Francis, galloped toward Thornburg's house. In an hour we drew up at the gate, and without ceremony rushed in. It was too late. The trembling servants assured us that their master and Major Wordell had set out at full gallop several hours before, in which direction they knew not.

Pursuit was plainly impossible. Overwhelmed with rage and despair, I returned with my companions to the Hall.

I shall not dwell at length upon the month which then passed. The powerful constitution of Marquis triumphed over the well-nigh mortal blow, and he slowly revived. The moment finally arrived when he was strong enough to inform us of all that had passed.

Thornburg and Wordell had met him on the highway, and the latter had exhibited no disposition to approach him. Thornburg, however, carried away by his rage, had suddenly struck at him as he passed, and Wordell had then assisted. The blow which rendered him insensible had been struck with the butt-end of Thornburg's heavy riding-whip—after which he remembered no more. This was Marquis's tale, and it was abundantly verified by the continued absence of Thornburg and Wordell. They did not reappear during my stay; and disdaining to take any public steps to arrest them, Marquis dismissed the whole subject from his mind, and rapidly regained his health and strength.

Marquis's illness had caused an event, however, which it is probable Mr. Thornburg did not anticipate, or take into his calculation of chances. This event was simply a complete change in the sentiments of Miss Francis toward my friend. I never could explain or understand the exact process by which this change was brought about, but it probably grew out of the young lady's softness and goodness of heart—her "pitying womanhood," which filled her with tender sympathy and compassion for the poor, pale sufferer thus thrown upon her hospitality, and depending upon her alone for all those little feminine alleviations of pain and suffering so grateful to the strongest. Miss Francis was unremitting in her gentle offices of kindness; and when Marquis rose from his sick-bed, pallid and thin, but retaining all his noble beauty of person, it was soon observed that they were always together, and I was not surprised when one morning Marquis announced to me, with a glowing cheek, that he was the accepted lover of the young lady.

I have thus brought to a sort of conclusion the events of the period which I set out with the intention to describe as well as I could. I have done this very lamely, but I did not calculate upon the repugnance and pain I should experience in even glancing back at that time of insane revelry and wild intemperance. By a powerful effort I was snatched from the yawning gulf which waited for me. I thank kind Heaven for giving me a pure love, and an almost perfect woman, which alone could have saved me. I shall briefly finish my sad record, passing to after years, but first shall mention a talk I had with Marquis just before my departure.

It was in the library one morning. Marquis was reading and smoking, when I heard him suddenly ejaculate the word "Extraordinary!"

"What is extraordinary?" I said, turning my head.

"Why, look here, Will," he replied; "here is something really strange. In turning over this volume of old Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' I have three times come upon the word '*Lost!*' Opening the leaves at random, in my idle way, this word has thrice stared me in the face. If I were a Greek or a Roman, now, I should regard it as an evil augury."

And Marquis tried to laugh, but for some reason the laugh sounded false and harsh.

"You are neither Greek nor Roman, and need give yourself no concern," I said.

"You think so?" he replied; "well, I differ with you, my boy. Something tells me that this word has a terribly true reference to my life—perhaps prefigures my fate and that of our party—*that we shall be lost to every worthy aim of life.*"

"What on earth do you mean?" I said, gazing with astonishment at the pale and gloomy countenance of my companion. For some moments he remained silent; with drooping head and compressed lips he seemed to be meditating.

"I mean, Will," he said, raising his head and gazing at me with a sadness which made

my heart ache—"I mean that, as far as I am concerned, the taste for drink and cards will probably ruin me. You start—but there is a terrific truth in my foreboding. Listen for an instant: I will tell you what a woeful nature and social position I was born with. My father was a man of distinction and wealth—people said of immense wealth. I was told of it: as soon as I could speak I was told more. These kind friends informed me that in ten thousand youths not one was endowed with such graces of mind and person as myself. I drank in the flattering assurances greedily, and looked upon myself as verily the chief among ten thousand. I went into society: I heard the girls whisper, and saw them point at me as I passed. I was wealthy, aristocratic, handsome, brilliant—the 'best catch' in the State. All this I had conveyed to me in a way perfectly easy to be understood. Well I went to college—I scattered my money—I associated with the 'bloods' of the day. Every where I was received with flattery, adulation, submission. Life was only a succession of triumphs. It was 'What a glorious fellow Marquis Cotesbury is!' 'How generous!' 'What a splendid buck!' I sailed upon a summer sea of caresses and victories. I was told that I was a genius, and need only to show myself to triumph in love, or politics, or literature. And do you know, Will, that I have what you may consider the miserable bad taste to think that these assurances were not altogether false. At the risk of appearing silly, I will say that my Maker gave me at my birth an intellect which, rightly trained, would have been rendered capable of achieving no small benefit to my species. I had, especially in my early manhood, a mind which acquired ideas with the most astonishing ease. I lay open my bosom to you, and add, that I think my Creator gave me the dangerous and unspeakably-fearful gift of *genius*. Pardon me if I seem wretchedly egotistical and vain, but I am dissecting my career for you, for your benefit, since it involves and contains a warning.

"Well," continued Marquis in the same tone, "I came from college with these plaudits sounding in my ears, with the highest diploma in my pocket, gained by shutting myself up for a fortnight before the final examination—a fortnight in which by toiling night and day I grounded myself thoroughly in the entire course. I returned hither, and just in time to hold my dying father in my arms. He died—the 'noblest Roman of them all!' And I? what did I do? I will tell you. I did what I did at college—I *drank*. This word contains my life. From my boyhood drink became my passion. You see, a 'great genius' like myself can't tread the humdrum path of ordinary mortals! I required stronger stimulants, because I was of 'higher nature!' I sneer at myself—it is a sad sneer; it is a woeful thing when one must thus jeer at himself. Well, to drown my grief—I drank. To heighten my joys—I drank. I always drank, drank, drank; and to this I added gambling. I have lost two hundred thousand dollars at cards. I have lost more: the power to stop playing, as I can no longer stop drinking. You look at me with wonder and pity, but it is true. As sure as you sit there, Will, some angel, or devil, has put that word *Lost* before me as a warning or a foreshadowing. Ordinary men live long and happy lives; men like myself burn out at thirty. Woe unto them if they link their lives with others that are purer! Do you understand me? I have determined not to hold Miss Francis to her engagement. Now, do not reply to me. Let us go and join the party."

I did not reply. Overwhelmed with a sad foreboding I accompanied Marquis in silence. On the next day I set out for home. The foreboding had not ceased to overshadow me.

I did not hear from the city of —— for nearly a year. I then received the intelligence that Marquis Cotesbury and Caroline Francis had become man and wife.

IV.—THE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Ten years passed away. In my happy home, surrounded by my wife and children, I rarely gave a thought to the wild days of my youth, and was gradually settling down into a humdrum attorney at law. My profession enlisted all the intellectual energy which I possessed, and for recreation and happiness I did not desire to look beyond the affectionate home circle which met me each day with loving smiles and caresses. If in the midst of my toils, or my evening joys, the figures of Marquis Cotesbury and his companions ever rose before me—if the beautiful face of Caroline Francis, my wife's former friend, smiled in my memory—if, in a word, that old life came back, in a dream as it were, I did not long continue to dwell upon it. As we pass on in life things change in value for us—old ties become looser—we have a lingering kindness for old times, and old faces; but the wife at our side, the children round our knees, soon rout all our dreams, and bring us back to the sweeter reality. To sum up every thing, Marquis Cotesbury and his companions had completely disappeared from my horizon, when one morning a letter was laid on my table which recalled old things.

It was a request from Marquis that I would come to —— at as early a moment as I found convenient; he required my assistance in a matter of important business.

Our Superior Court had just adjourned, and the request, which at any other time I could not have responded to, was perfectly feasible. On the very next morning therefore I took the stage-coach, and set out for the city of ——. In those days traveling was a very tedious affair; and as I should be at least two days upon the road, I determined to arrange my time economically—a portion for conversation, another portion for thought, another for observation of the country.

In the prosecution of this plan I met with but one obstacle. This was the presence of two men upon the outside of the vehicle who were intoxicated, and continued throughout the day

to utter the most disgusting oaths. When the coach stopped for the night these men had an altercation with the driver, who declined attempting a very dangerous piece of road in the pitch darkness. He remained stubborn and immovable, and the quarrelsome passengers finally staggered off to the bar-room of the tavern, where they called for whisky punches, and applied themselves assiduously to the task of "making a night of it."

As they passed me I thought there was something familiar in their faces, bloated and blotched by habits of confirmed intemperance, and the idea occurred to me that I had defended one at least of them in a criminal trial some years before. I could not be certain of this, however, and dismissed the subject from my mind, selecting another apartment for reading my newspaper, and glad to get away from their drunken revelry. At ten o'clock, as I passed the door of the bar-room, I saw the two men wrestling with each other, and uttering oaths mingled with drunken laughter; and then, not wishing to sadden myself further with the spectacle, I retired to sleep.

I had slept two or three hours, I suppose, when a sudden outcry, followed by the explosion of a pistol, suddenly awakened me. I hastily drew on my clothes and descended to the lower floor, where a confused crowd of persons, and lights moving about, indicated some terrible source of excitement. I shall never forget the horrible spectacle which greeted my eyes as I entered the common room. At two paces from the door, one of the two men I had left drinking lay dead, with a terrible wound in his forehead, evidently produced by the ball of a pistol; at the other end of the apartment, his companion was supported in the arms of the landlord—his breast covered with blood, his countenance as pale as ashes. He was evidently dying, and indeed expired in a few minutes after my entrance. But before his eyes became glazed we exchanged a glance which made me draw back, faint and shuddering. I had recognized in that changed look of the dying my friend of other days, Tom Francis. An examination of the other's face revealed also the fact that his companion was the kindest of good fellows—the sunbeam of our old revels—poor Charley Ashton.

For a time my horror and grief were too great for speech; but at last I inquired the particulars of the shocking event. The companions had continued to sit up and order fresh drink long after every one had retired, despite the remonstrances of the landlord; and with each additional potation they grew more wild and ungovernable. Commencing a playful altercation, they had grappled in a laughing wrestle, but the rough play irritated them both. The landlord said that he first comprehended this dangerous change of feeling from their voices, but, quickly as he hastened from his post behind the counter, he had been unable to part them. Drawing a knife from his bosom one of them had plunged it into the other's heart—and then, recoiling with wild horror at the deed, had drawn a pistol, and placing it to his forehead, put an end to his own life.

I shall not attempt to convey an impression of my feelings at this terrible tragedy. The murder and suicide of two men who had been my close friends communicated to my nature a shock which it did not recover from for years. I pray that never while I live a similar spectacle may be presented to my eyes. The dead bodies were solemnly removed, few words were spoken, and on the next day, when we continued our journey, little was said of the occurrence. It was something too awful even for conversation.

I reached —— at four in the evening, and at five had made my toilet, and presented myself at the door of Marquis Cotesbury's splendid mansion, once so familiar.

V.—MARQUIS COTESBURY AT THIRTY-SIX.

I had not been in the well-remembered receiving-room five minutes when Marquis entered. His appearance shocked me profoundly. All his bloom and beauty of countenance had disappeared, his cheeks were sunken and flushed, his eyes bloodshot, and of a lack-lustre appearance, and as he came toward me I perceived that his gait was unsteady, and at one moment he was compelled to catch the corner of a marble table to keep himself from staggering.

"Why, how are you, my dear Will?" he said, shaking my hand warmly, and looking at me with his old kind glance. "It's good for sore eyes to see you, my boy, and you see my eyes are not far from that—rings round 'em, and sunken—drink, drink; I told you how it would be—ha! ha!—but you? You look as fresh as a May morning, my youngster!"

And Marquis gazed at me again with his kind, good eyes, until tears nearly rushed from my own.

"Oh, my dear Marquis! my dear friend," I could not help saying, "it pains me to the heart to see you looking so ill. Ten years have worsted you painfully—very painfully."

Marquis steadied himself by a chair and sat down, with a laugh.

"That's true, Will, my boy. Ten years of drink are enough to hurt any constitution, and mine was of iron. I am really astonished, sometimes, to think of how strong I must have been originally. I think I'll last five or ten years longer—the rest won't."

I was too much pained to reply.

"There was that fellow Thornburg, who had the little affair with me, you remember, in the year ——," continued Marquis, laughing, "drank himself within a foot of the grave, and then, as luck would have it, broke his neck by a fall from his horse, *after dinner*. He was a great rascal—he cheated me at cards, if I recall rightly—I remember something about it, but my memory grows sadly treacherous. Then there was Charley and Tom—poor Tom! They still keep it up. They are both long since ruined, and lead wandering lives. I've tried to reclaim Tom, and—this is a family secret—he

gets piles of money from me; but the devil of drink's got him. It's only a question of sooner or later—poor Tom!—and I cry sometimes thinking of him, thinking to what he may come, poor fellow! Tom's a good fellow!"

And for a moment Marquis looked profoundly sorrowful. I could not find it in my heart to tell him of the terrible tragedy I had witnessed, and turned the conversation. I found that I could easily lead Marquis to any subject, and as the effect of the wine he had taken wore off I thought it as favorable an opportunity as I might obtain to talk upon business.

Marquis declared that the topic should not be introduced until I had been with him for a month; but I vetoed this, and was soon put in possession of the points he desired my opinion upon. It is only necessary to say that these were questions of law, touching the doctrines of wills, and indeed it was to write his complicated will that Marquis sent for me. In spite of enormous losses at cards, his property was still immense, and every day increased in value; and after a general conversation on the subject, dinner was announced.

As I entered the well-remembered apartment, where the great dark mahogany table was set forth, with its splendid service of plate, I almost started at the sight of Jugurtha standing, waiter in hand, behind his master's chair. The sight of the servant's face brought a rush of memories, and when he bowed and respectfully smiled by way of greeting, it was the same bow and smile with which he had handed the pitcher of julep to us, before we had risen, ten long years before.

Marquis apologized for "Mrs. Cotesbury's" non-appearance. She was a little unwell today, and begged to be excused. So we dined in solitary state, surrounded by a dozen servants, silent, and moving noiselessly.

The dinner was superb, and my host did full justice to it. His constitution was indeed an iron one; the immense assaults he had made upon it seemed not to have impaired its capacities of enjoyment, and Marquis ate with the air of a trained epicure. I found by my plate a semicircle of glasses, variously shaped and of different colors, for the numerous wines—Champagne, Madeira, hock, sherry, Val de Peñas, Bordeaux, etc.; but to all Marquis's invitations I turned a deaf ear.

"I have drank nothing for ten years," I said, "and you must excuse me."

"Nothing for ten years!" cried Marquis, filling my glass and his own with Champagne from a bottle which Jugurtha had just opened; "is such a thing possible in the nature of human things? The idea! Why what a dull life! You've kept yourself from a thousand—yes, ten thousand glorious delights, Will!"

"Marquis," I said, looking him calmly in the face, "I've kept myself from perdition; and if you don't imitate me, your own prophecy will come true."

"What prophecy?" he said, sipping his Champagne with a good-natured smile.

"The warning you read in Burton's 'Anatomy.'"

"Why, certainly, I remember!" cried Marquis, shaking with laughter; "I think I came on the word—stop, what word was it?" and with contracted brows he seemed trying to remember.

"I will tell you," I said. "The word was '*Lost!*'"

"So it was; but what are we 'fashing our heads' with all this nonsense for? Let me give you a piece of this duck, and a glass of sherry. No? Well, my dear boy, you're a man of taste, I despise all these slops. Jugurtha," turning his head, "take away these glasses and bring me some whisky."

Jugurtha silently glided to the wine-closet and brought forth a common black bottle, which he presented to his master on a silver waiter.

"After all," said Marquis, pouring out half a tumblerful of the pale yellow liquid, which an attentive servant diluted with ice-water, "after all there's nothing like good old whisky. Your brandies nauseate me, and burn me up, but this is the pure *aqua vitæ*—water of life. When I drink it I am surrounded by all the heathen gods and goddesses—ha! ha!—especially the goddesses—for 'never alone come the immortals!'"

A harsh, cracked laugh accompanied the words, and Marquis drained his whisky at a single draught.

When the dessert was removed from the table Marquis had emptied the whisky bottle, and declared himself growing "companionable." I witnessed with astonishment the extraordinary amount he drank—for another capacious bottle of the heady liquor gradually disappeared before his determined attacks. To have remonstrated with him for this enormous excess would have been purely gratuitous. It was plainly a fixed, daily habit, and I could only sit silent and gaze at my companion, who refused to rise "till he had finished his allowance."

I was compelled to yield; and on that afternoon listened to talk such as, for wild and brilliant vigor, penetrating criticism, and dazzling subtlety, I had never heard from mortal in this world, nor shall hear. The liquids he had drunk seemed simply to warm his intellect to its normal state—to arouse the mental energy of this extraordinary man—and when some weird extravagance marred his vivid sentences, it was not caused by what he had drunken now, but the warping of the brain, resulting from habitual excess. I shall only add, in ending my sketch of a scene acutely painful to me, though crammed with tragic interest, that I have never met with the human intellect which exhibited such splendid grace and strength; never heard the talker who poured out such grand ideas in such gorgeous and imperial profusion. I sometimes sit and wonder now if the Enemy of Souls was not personally present in what is his best emblem—the fiery liquid, and if he did not prompt the speaker in his flights of royal

thought—giving him logic, criticism, pathos, humor, satire, scoffing, and sneers—and laughing from behind the bottle as he listened and wondering at the matchless intellect he had roused to this wild activity.

When we rose there was the same unsteady gait observable in Marquis, and the slight hesitation of speech I had noticed in the morning. Beyond this he exhibited none of the evidences of intoxication. I returned to my lodgings, and on the next day, shutting myself up in my chamber, accomplished the legal business which my friend requested at my hands. It was Marquis's will, as I said, and Providence decreed, in its good pleasure, that many charitable public institutions should know and admire the discriminating benevolence of this singular man.

On the next day, the last of my stay, I was compelled, much against my wishes, to attend a great dinner-party which Marquis had assembled in compliment to me—at which some of the most celebrated statesmen, lawyers, and judges of the day were present—and at this entertainment I saw Mrs. Cotesbury for the only time during my visit. Plainly the intelligence of her brother's awful death had not reached her; or, if she knew of it, her powers of self-control were immense. Marquis was undoubtedly ignorant of it.

The beautiful Caroline Francis of old times was terribly changed. Her countenance had lost all its bloom and roundness; and from the thin, pale face looked forth a pair of haggard eyes, filled with an expression of silent suffering and rigid endurance of pain. Her gait was slow and unsteady, as is seen in confirmed invalids; and when she gravely inclined to me, and gave me her cold, white hand, I felt as though I had exchanged salutations with a ghost. A single daughter had been the result of the marriage, but the child, whose name was Aurora, did not appear at the set dinner.

I shall not dwell upon the splendid banquet, from which Mrs. Cotesbury made her escape at the earliest moment which etiquette would permit—gliding past me noiselessly like a shadow, and impressing me more powerfully than before with the idea that she belonged to another state of being. The company were a set of *bon vivans*, men of the old school, who drank deep and played high, as though to revenge themselves in passionate stimulants for the toil and burden of their public stations. On that evening I saw senators drowse, and heard them stammer witless jests, or unworthy anecdotes; great lawyers exchanged *facetiæ* which I will not repeat; judges nodded under the effect of their potations, and abdicated the dignity of Themis for the cap and bells of Harlequin. It was a wild revel, and the wildest reveler of all was Marquis. The quantities of wine which he drank were perfectly astounding. As before, however, the wine produced merely a slight change in his voice, and a species of unsteadiness in walking, when, the banquet over, he led the way to the card-tables.

Here the playing was on a scale corresponding to the excesses which had preceded it. Marquis and Judge —— engaged each other, and in an hour Marquis had won two thousand dollars. He lit a fresh cigar, and recommenced. When, an hour afterward, the party broke up, Marquis had lost his winnings and five thousand dollars in addition. He scribbled a line in his check-book, and tearing out the leaf, pushed it to the Judge with a gay laugh—the most careless imaginable.

But I shall not dwell further upon the party. In half an hour Marquis and myself were left alone. He drew a full decanter of sherry to him, and emptying his glass, said,

"A jolly set, eh, Will? All men of distinction. What a humbug distinction is! Here's something better!"

And he refilled his glass. I did not reply.

"You saw Caroline," he continued, a slight shadow passing over his face. "Poor thing! she's not in good health. Some people would say that made them drink, but, you see, I'm more candid, my boy. I drink because it's good for me—my youth comes back to me. Hurrah for youth! Confusion to old age, with its cares and its wrinkles! Eat, drink, and be merry is my motto, *mon garçon*, even if to-morrow we die. And that reminds me you're going to-morrow—and haven't seen my little Aurora. Jugurtha!"

The confidential servant glided from the shadow of the door-way, in which he had been lost, so noiselessly that I almost started.

"Tell nurse to bring Miss Aurora."

I remonstrated strongly against taking the child from her bed, and declared that it was most unreasonable. But Jugurtha was gone, as he came, like a shadow, and Marquis greeted my remonstrance with a gay laugh. A strange look, like that of a sleep-walker, began to appear in his eyes as he continued to drink; and I gazed in painful absorption at the curious spectacle. It seemed as if no amount of drink could intoxicate this iron man — he dreamed while awake, that was all.

In a few moments the nurse, who had hurriedly dressed herself, appeared, leading in the girl of seven, who wore only a little figured gown over her night-dress, her small, white feet having been hastily thrust into embroidered slippers. She was a child of rare, almost angelic, beauty, with chestnut hair profusely curling, violet eyes, and lips of a sad sweetness.

At sight of her I saw pass over Marquis's face an expression of the deepest love; and when he held out his arms and spoke to her, his strident voice melted into music. But the child for a moment shrank from him—yielding at last to his caresses with a cold respect, and even, it seemed, some fear. The quick and jealous eye of the father discerned it, and a shadow of acute wretchedness made his brow gloomy. There was no anger, however; and releasing her with grave tenderness, he kissed her brow, and bade the nurse reconduct her up-stairs. She disappeared as she came, bestowing upon me as

she went a look so filled with strange pathos and settled sorrow that it haunted me for years.

As the door closed Marquis let his powerful hand fall upon the delicate stand containing the wine — carried away, it seemed, by a rush of feeling. The table yielded, and its contents were hurled to the floor. Then rising, the unhappy man for some moments paced the apartment with rapid and unsteady steps, passing his hand more than once across his eyes. When he again fell into his seat, I saw that there were fiery tears in them.

"You have seen," he murmured, hoarsely, "my own child is afraid of me!—my Aurora, my little flower, whose slightest happiness I would purchase with my life! They have told her that I cause her mother's sickness, and her heart is already gone from me—wretched me!"

And I saw two scalding tears escape through the fingers covering his eyes.

"I, who love my child more than life—I can not gain her heart! She fears me, shrinks from me, shudders when I caress her, and I love her more than my own soul!"

Never have I heard a cry of such profound wretchedness wrung more despairingly from the depths of the human heart. It was a spectacle of agony unspeakable to listen to the unhappy man thus mourning the coldness of his own child!

I will not repeat what I said to him. I spoke as I should have spoken to one whom I loved and regarded with inexpressible sympathy and compassion. I dare not attempt to detail our passionate interview.

All my words fell unheeded. No human voice ever seemed to affect this strange character. He even appeared to regain his customary carelessness as I spoke, and once or twice he laughed when I painted the wretched effects of his deplorable habit.

"You are right, Will," he said, at last, in a husky voice. "It's killing me. I'm — 'lost' —you remember the word. But there's no help for it. You see, my boy, the devil's got hold of me — but he has not conquered. You see my hand's steady yet!"

And catching the decanter by the neck, he hurled it full in the centre of a magnificent mirror, which burst into a thousand pieces, and fell to the floor with a tremendous crash. I rose sorrowfully, and held out my hand.

"Ah!" cried Marquis, laughing, "don't mind my little jokes! You are going so soon, eh? Well, take care of yourself, old fellow! As for me, I'm not going to bed yet. I haven't commenced drinking. Jugurtha!"

The servant appeared, silent and respectful, like an attendant imp.

"Jugurtha, the whisky!"

VI.—THE END OF THE DRAMA.

My sad narrative approaches its termination. After the scenes which I have just related, Marquis Cotesbury and myself did not meet again for seven years.

They had been seven years of such excesses as we only read of in the strange annals of the Roman emperors. But the long-delayed retribution came on surely. One day I was summoned by a hurried letter from Mrs. Cotesbury to come and see my poor friend. I hastened to ——, and again entered the splendid mansion, which even now conveys to my mind, whenever I pass it, the idea of an arena upon which has been enacted some wild carnival—the stage of a dazzling comedy, ending in tragedy and tears —the scene of some superb banquet, where the revelers wear roses on their hair, and roses wreathe the plate—roses which turn into blood, and then vanish! An imperial music, sounding over orgies dead and gone, is ever in my ears as I pass that house—a wild, mad music, which changes at last to a funeral march—as the joy and laughter of the revelers pass away, and end in sobbing and sighing.

I saw again this strange man of whom I have tried to speak. The carnival of his life was quite over—his cup had come to the dregs—the bubbles, and sparkle, and delicious flavor had all gone — only the bitterness of death remained. If I was shocked on my former visit, when I saw the change in his once noble face, my pain was now a hundred-fold greater—for the informing essence of the mighty structure had gone to complete decay. The grand intellect had nearly burned to the socket to disappear in acrid smoke, the imperial reason was dethroned and lay in the dust, the demon had half seized upon his prey to bear it away into the gulf of despair.

I found Mrs. Cotesbury in a rapid decline, tended unceasingly by her daughter Aurora, now a sweet girl of fourteen. Of the head of the house I scarcely dare speak; it is my task, however, and I must fulfill it briefly.

I found Marquis a raving maniac. It was the result of such a train of excesses—they were afterward described to me—as I wonder did not hurl him, months before, violently into his grave. Of late years, they informed me, he had seemed to be possessed of a burning thirst which no amount of drink could slake. Whisky had been literally his food and drink, for latterly his digestive organs had given way, and no longer performed their functions. The moment came, finally, when even the capacity of swallowing failed the unfortunate man, and his physicians —the most celebrated of the whole State—feared that he would die of simple starvation.

I can not repeat the thousand tales of his mad excesses, his disgraceful courses—courses by which he dishonored the name of his noble father, and hurried his sick and suffering wife into her grave. I would not raise the curtain which rests upon the terrible drama—open the volume containing the woeful record. Something is due to the once noble nature, the generous heart, the lofty intellect in ruins. Let human charity cover such things, not excuse or defend them; we need ourselves such charity for sins differing, it may be, in degree only. I shall not speak, therefore, of the mad extravagances of my poor friend, of his insane revels, his awful acts when crazed by the impossibility

of retaining on his stomach what had grown to be the very necessity of his existence. I shall mention but one sad act, because it concerns my narrative. In one of his mad moments they had introduced into the apartment his little Aurora, hoping that the sight of the child would tend to calm his horrible delirium. It was an ill-advised act, and the result was most afflicting. The unhappy man had not recognized his daughter; his tottering brain had conceived the idea that the figure before him was that of a beautiful fiend come to betray him. In his horror and fear he had broken from those who held him, and, with his hand, struck the child violently, inflicting a cruel wound on her cheek. Aurora fainted and fell, as though struck by lightning, and they hastily bore her from the apartment.

I arrived on the day succeeding this terrible scene, and entered the chamber of the unfortunate man. In a corner, erect, motionless, and silent, stood the eternal figure of Jugurtha, and in his measured and respectful salute I discerned no change. Marquis was in an apathetic state, and two physicians were whispering at his bedside.

I drew the curtain, and looked upon him. I shall never forget that face. It makes me thrill now—the simple memory—with a strange and awful horror and compassion. I would I had never seen it. A deadly pallor quite covered it; the eyes were deeply sunken in what appeared to be immense caverns beneath the lordly brows; the lips scarcely met over the teeth, and the whole countenance was as gaunt and sinister as that of a corpse.

I turned away, and drawing one of the physicians aside—he was a man of great celebrity—asked if there was any chance of recovery?

"Mr. Cotesbury's case is quite hopeless, Sir," was the reply. "We do not anticipate his living throughout the night. No remedies can now reach him."

I bowed my head with a grief and suffering too deep for tears. In response to my further questions Dr. —— said there was little likelihood of any further delirium. Nature was worn out. His passing away would probably be quite tranquil.

And so it proved. At three in the morning he began to sink, and with this giving away of his strength his mental powers seemed to revive. He smiled faintly as his eye met mine, and murmured,

"Thank you, Will—you always loved me."

He then asked for his wife and daughter, They came in hastily. Poor Marquis took a hand of each, and said:

"My wife, my child, I shall soon die; can you forgive me?"

The tones of his voice were unspeakably tender and sweet; and poor Mrs. Cotesbury could only sink upon her knees, and, with long-repressed love, cover the thin hand she held with kisses. A smile of happiness diffused itself over the wan face of Marquis, and then he raised his weak arm and placed it around the neck of Aurora. As he did so the fresh wound upon her cheek caught his eye, and he asked who had hurt his darling?

"No one—it is nothing, dear, dear papa!" cried the child, bursting into tears, and pressing her cheek to his own, with deep sobs. He drew her closer to him, and then I saw from his eyes that he wished to speak to me. I bent down.

"Do you remember, Will," he murmured, "that night? Your words were not wholly vain. Do you know I prayed that night? My child and you broke my stubborn heart! I have prayed often since, with sobs and tears; but my terrible, fatal habit brought me here inexorably. Yes; and yet—and yet I dare to hope—I do not yield to utter despair—'Lost! lost!' that rung in my ears a long time. But 'tis no longer my haunting dread! Will—come closer—you see I'm—faint—"

Here Marquis paused for some moments, overcome by weakness, and gasping for breath.

"Poor and—wretched," he added, in a murmur. "I try—to trust in my Saviour. Will—my dear old friend—take care of my wife—and my child—"

The voice died away, and soon afterward Mrs. Cotesbury and Aurora were warned that too much excitement was injurious to the invalid.

"It is only to spare their feelings," said the old physician as the door closed; "he can not live another hour."

And so it proved. In less than an hour Marquis Cotesbury had passed away; the cold body which lay before me was all that remained of that splendid and matchless being. The soul had fled to the awful account with its Creator. Let me not dare to penetrate that vail and speculate upon the mysteries it shrouds.

I shall pass over a year now, and terminate my narrative in a very few words. I was left the executor of my friend's estate, and his will directed that a life-interest in his entire property should inure to his wife, to revert on her death to his daughter in fee-simple; and in case of Aurora's death without issue the immense property was to go to various benevolent institutions.

Mrs. Cotesbury died in less than a year after her husband, and Aurora never lived to reach seventeen. The unhappy scenes of her childhood seemed to have broken her strength, and she slowly passed away in a decline which terminated her days. I was with her when she died, and we had much conversation about her father, my friend, whose memory she seemed to love and cherish with a sort of fearful fondness, which impressed me strangely.

I remember the smile on her face as she was going away from me; it was like that upon the wan countenance of Marquis Cotesbury. We placed her "pure and unpolluted flesh" in a grave between her mother and her father. There, waiting the final trump, they take their repose. May they rest in peace, and rise to the life everlasting—the roses blooming on their graves be changed to the pure lilies of eternal peace.

OUR WIVES.

I'M a clerk in the office of Plutus Pilpay;
He's thirty—I'm fifty, or near;
His income's at least seven hundred a day,
While mine's seven fifty a year;
Fine broadcloth his coat, while coarse home-spun I wear;
He's booted, while I am but shod;
All's one! with us both, back and feet must go bare
When we travel the highway of God!

His house is a wonder—in fact, I've been told
That 'twas shown at a quarter a peep!
There are gardens and aviaries, velvet and gold—
In short, every thing that's *not* cheap.
There's a chapel, in which 'tis a pleasure to pray;
Religion made easy for lust;
And here, every Sabbath, my master, Pilpay,
Rehearses the sleep of the Just.

His table is splendid with crystal and plate,
His cellar is daintily stored;
And there's no tedious Lazarus begs at his gate
For the morsels that fall from his board.
Seven horses he keeps, though I know that he rides
In a stage every day of his life;
But of all his live stock—and he's others besides—
The most costly, I hear, is his wife.

Mrs. Pilpay's the fashion, as far as the art
Of Madame Le Marabout goes;
Her bonnets break many a feminine heart,
And the neighbors cabal o'er her clothes.
How she rustles along to her pew in Grace Church,
Most smilingly marshaled by Brown!
While poor I for some corner laboriously search
To escape that great autocrat's frown.

Mrs. Pilpay kneels close to the altar, while I
Can scarce catch a glimpse of the shrine;
I wonder if He for whose mercy we cry
Hears her prayers any better than mine!
Does she pray? That's the question. For sometimes I've seen
In her hands books suspiciously bound—
Strange volumes got up in unorthodox green,
And heathenish gilding all round!

Mrs. Pilpay's on every Wednesday "at home"
To all of her sex, save her spouse;
He on such state occasions is bound not to come
Within ten rifle-shots of his house.
For a husband is all very well in his place—
Which means, in his office down-town;
But his presence would carry uxorial disgrace
Were he seen in the circles of Brown.

Mrs. Pilpay a very fine woman is thought—
  Tall, dashing, and haughtily bred;
A splendid complexion—I know where 'tis bought!
  Raven hair—but no more on *that* head!
I've heard people say she was gay, indiscreet,
  And point with a smile at the "boss;"
But, bless you, he's too much engaged in "the Street"
  With his profit, to think of his loss!

Many times at my desk, when the checks I fill out
  For the thousands we daily disburse,
And I've lunched upon crackers and apples, and doubt
  If I've got fifty cents in my purse,
I think, spite of Pilpay's magnificent life,
  Splendid wife, splendid house, and the rest,
I have got a home too, and a dear little wife
  That I would not exchange for his best.

My home's but an attic—a back one, what's more;
  Our carpet was bought second-hand;
Wife makes up the bed, cooks the meals, sweeps the floor,
  Nor e'en to mend shirts is too grand.
And in one of the coziest ends of the room,
  Snugly nestled 'mid curtains of white,
Lies a blest little angel, of heavenly bloom,
  Familiarly called "Heart's Delight!"

My home's rather poor, as you see, but I swear
  There is sunshine all over the place—
A sunshine that breaks from my wife's golden hair,
  And baby's miraculous face!
It gilds the bare wall with a magical tone;
  It turns our plain platters to gold;
Yet we have not got that alchemistical stone
  So sought by the sages of old.

My wife does not purchase her dresses up-town,
  And seldom gets any thing new;
But she makes better show with a dimity gown
  Than I think Mrs. Pilpay could do.
Her bonnet needs no finer roses than those
  That ruddily glow in her cheeks;
Nor has Mrs. Pilpay such pearls as the rows
  That glisten whenever she speaks.

So though I'm a small clerk with Plutus Pilpay,
  And am shabbily-coated, I fear—
And although he is worth seven hundred a day,
  And I seven fifty a year—
I'm richer than he in the treasures of life,
  In spite of his horses and house;
For when I was wedded I married *a wife*,
  While he was fobbed off with *a spouse!*

RACHEL'S REFUSAL.

"The soul has inalienable rights, and the first of these is love."

A JUNE morning blessed the earth with fragrance and dew, and Rachel, standing on the threshold with a little sun-bonnet in her hand, lingered a moment to look; the bonnet was only in her hand, for her pale, dark complexion feared no New-England sunshine.

As she stepped into the scented grass that waved its tiny brown spires about the door-step, the full morning sun lit her heavy braids with that hue beloved of old in the dear Italian land, a gold-threaded darkness, that matched well the fire and sweetness of her deep eyes—eyes that had a blue expression and a black depth.

Rachel was a singular compound—she was neither beautiful nor pretty, but peculiarly attractive. No one passed or met her without asking her name, and every where she went she was afterward remembered with a sudden thrill of interest and feeling. Part of this was owing to her aspect; tall, slight, at times haughty, yet free and careless in action as a deer; eyes that oftenest spoke the soul of softness, yet, forever changeful, could burn with passion, flash with anger, or crystallize with scorn; a head powerful and noble; a figure transfused into gracefulness by the power of vivid emotions; a voice that vibrated to every thought within; a fluency of speech as marked and expressive in her as it is wont to be vapid and insignificant in other women; and a certain picturesqueness of dress and attitude that suited her—and suited me, for I loved her.

We were on our way to the woods that divine summer morning, she said, to gather kalmia blossoms for a wedding in the village. I knew we went for another purpose—to decide once for all how blessed or how bleak my life should be; but that I alone knew.

Slowly we ascended the road up the hill-side, both silent; the sweet odors of June hung delicate spells in the dew-freshened air, the keen mountain-wind slept, and the morning shadows lay long and light across the red road. My silence was heavier than hers, for she spoke first.

"Look there, Fred!"—we were remotely connected, and improved the link into cousinship—"now do you see Gray Lake?"

I followed the direction of her "spirit-small hand," and caught a sparkle of water in the edge of a deep shadow cast by the village mountain.

"Is it there the water-cure is established, Rachel?"

"Yes. Dr. Villeneuve, an old Frenchman, has bought the old Pine Woods factory, and is fitting it up for a boarding-house, and laying pipe from the lake for baths."

"There's an end to the peace of Taunton," said I, as we turned off the high-road into a wood-path dim with foliage, and full of the indescribable forest scents that whoever has trodden therein knows, but can not analyze.

"Why?" said Rachel, wondering.

"Because there will be no end to the peripatetic patients to overrun your woods and hills: sick school-girls; renewable belles; parsons with bronchitis; lame old beaux; superannuated professors; interesting dyspeptics; and, last and worst, strong-minded women."

Rachel laughed merrily at the climax.

"Why do you hate them so bitterly?" said she. "Did you ever see or know one?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"I have," said Rachel, meditatively. "I once saw a Woman's Rights Convention."

"You!" said I, utterly astonished at the idea.

"Yes; I went with full intention to see what this odd and painful insurrection of a sex could mean. I went to find out women's rights, and I only heard their wrongs—not their wrong."

There was a deep, pathetic vibration in her tone as she stopped, and my lips opened to question her further, when with a sudden exclamation of delight she sprang forward like a child, and grasping the stem of a tall kalmia, bent its crowned head down for me to see.

"Is not that lovely?" said she.

"Beautiful!—beautiful and strange," said I, answering my thought rather than her words; for the picture was singularly charming; her face, wan, spiritual, and unearthly in its brilliant and rapid expressions, surrounded by a cloud of those perfectly-tinted, roseate inexpressive blooms. Life, love, intelligence—and for its shadow beauty, proud and fatally honeyed, inodorous, soulless.

Far beyond, the hemlock wood was full of dawn-pink blossoms, each tiny and quaintly-angled cup as perfect as if it were the sole flower of earth—some clusters white as clouds at noon, except for the deep crimson specks and lines within—others delicately flushed like snow-drifts at sunsetting—and others yet of that deep, cool pink that precedes a Spring morning, and foretells an April day of showers.

Soon were Rachel's arms filled; and as the day was yet in its early hours, we wandered down a well-known path that brought us to a rude and rocky seat on the edge of Nepasset brook, which brawled loudly beneath us, and silvered the gray rocks with ripples and foam. I took from Rachel her gay burden, and anchoring the stems with a stone in a tiny bay of the brook, that they might not wither, we both sat down, and for a moment sat in silence — the clean, aromatic odor of the hemlocks, the irrepressible mirth and warble of the water, the soft wind that whispered above us, and then died away in a vague murmur, wandering through the woods—all these, with mystical charm, laid silence upon our lips like a finger; and when Rachel spoke at last, she said,

"I used to come here with Ellen."

Ellen was my dead wife; and now I loved Rachel. Yet I had loved my wife truly, and as a man loves the woman he marries for love. She was tender, impulsive, imperfect; good and gentle to me, if not to others. I did not wor-

ship, but I loved her deeply. She left me one little child, and died.

They misjudge men who say they can love but once. I believe it is true of women; but rarely, almost never, of men.

I loved Rachel now as I had never loved before. I knew her to be my superior in genius, in education, in character, but also to have under these traits the fervent and deep heart that is the pre-eminent heritage of such a character; and while she satisfied my mind and elevated my life by her unconscious greatness and goodness, I knew she had it in her power to fill my heart in its unsounded depths with love so intense, so pure, so vivid, that I trembled at the mere and audacious imagination that it might be mine. Here I had come to ask it; and she had even here spoken of my dead wife softly, tenderly, reverently—for she, too, had loved her, and knew my sorrow at her loss. I took the tiny hand that lay upon the rock beside me and kissed it. She knew that I thanked her, yet she sighed, and cast a little flower I had given her far into the water. Then we both sat speechless.

A sudden start of Rachel's aroused me. Her face was of a deadly pallor, and the teeth set in her small lip, while both hands were pressed upon her side till the veins grew cord-like under the fine skin.

"Rachel, what ails you?" said I, alarmed at her expression of anguish. She turned her large eyes toward me, and tried to smile. She could not speak, but that look was more painful than a shriek.

I dipped some water from the brook in a leaf and brought it to her, and I saw that the living color had returned to her face, the bitten lip was released, and though she panted and was speechless, the stress of pain was evidently past. She leaned her head upon the rock against which the seat rested, and I could see the grasp of suffering release its hold, her hands relax, and her whole aspect assume that languor which follows such pangs. She turned toward me with a lovely smile, recognizing my anxiety, and said,

"It was only a side-ache, Fred."

"But do you see no physician—take nothing for it?" said I.

"Yes, I asked the doctor. He says I must only be patient while it lasts."

"And he thinks it will leave you in time?"

"Yes," said she, but with a strange vibration in the tone that haunted me long after, and now haunts me forever.

I thought then she was nervous possibly, and that my kindest act would be to divert her a moment from herself—an easy task with her, who scarcely had a self; so I said,

"You were speaking of women's wrongs, Rachel. Do you, then, believe their so-called rights to be but the antithetical expression of these wrongs?"

A little spark glimmered in her eye and fired her cheek.

"I think them less than that, Fred. Women's rights are mere pretexts, assumed to cover one deep and unconfessed wrong that is theirs peculiarly. They would all be happy and quiet if men knew how to rule them. Evil or mistaken rule underlies all rebellion."

"What is the matter with man's rule, that you charge it with such entire failure? Are we all tyrants?"

"No, only unconsciously in the wrong, most of you. There is but one way to guide women, and that is to love them enough. Women do not live happily from reason, or in duty merely. Their fullest life is in emotion—a thing that is, in old Sir Thomas Brown's quaint phrase, 'an arabesque,' only to men."

"But your strong-minded women do not say so, Rachel. Indeed, I think they would consider themselves insulted by your view of the subject."

"Very possibly. They do not all know it consciously. They attempt to be reasonable that they may insure a hearing from men, who always call loudly for reasons; and women, having no more rational answer to give than their own instinctive nature affords, go seeking after some more common and better-appreciated truth—rake up from the dust of years all their inequalities in the social scale for a special pretext, and then illogically go on to wrangle for power, hoping thereby to compel peace. Do you suppose any woman would care a straw for her own property or individual prerogative if her husband loved her well and truly enough to make her feel her self lost and gained in him?"

I smiled involuntarily, thinking how Rachel betrayed her habitual views and most peculiar characteristic in this view of the case; but I answered, with grave earnestness,

"Are all women capable of that devotion and disinterestedness?"

"That is begging the question, Fred. I am not speaking of exceptions, but generalities. I know there are some bad, selfish, ambitious, and mercenary women in the world, whom no man could love or rule, because they are far worse than any bad men; but as a general thing, women can be made happy and guided by any men who love them, and are not too proud or too selfish to demonstrate it."

"Rachel! Rachel! what heresy to your sex! Is not a woman a rational creature?"

"Yes, in a measure, but far more an emotional one; and every thing in this world grows as it was made in the beginning, after its kind. If a columbine lives and glitters in the cleft of a rock, fed by sun and dew, will you try to show me that it ought to have tubers at its root because potatoes do, and they are both plants?"

I laughed at the illustration, and Rachel flushed with a little scorn.

"What makes you laugh? I wonder if there was ever a man made, who gave a woman credit for any candor!"

"I do, Rachel; but your illustration amused me. I think you are right in a measure, but recollect, all these women are not dependent on men; how many of the strong-minded are un-

married; what have they to do with loving, or being loved?"

"Very much, for I did not mean to confine the word love to its technical sense; they have fathers and brothers whom they love if they are worth loving, often if they are not; and they have eyes to see the troubles of their married friends. I tell you, Fred, it is no' by luxury and indulgence that women live blessed, but by finer and neglected ministries—looks, tones, caresses; by those pulses of affection that daily forebode the divine influences binding us to one Father; the strength-giving love, which David, in a rare ecstasy, discovered, and declared, 'Thy gentleness hath made me great.'"

"Your theory is beautiful, Rachel, but either because I am a man, or because it is so novel an idea, I do not quite see into the practical results; give me an illustration."

"There are plenty before your eyes, Fred. Look at Flora Larned whom we both know; was there a sweeter, happier little maiden in all Taunton than she when she married Mr. Larned? Now, in spite of every mere outside appliance, how pale and listless she is, just like that blanched weed in the cleft of this stone, and for the same reason, want of sunshine. Mr. Larned admires her, and is proud of her; he tells all his friends what a pattern wife he has, but he never tells her so. He comes home from his office tired and harassed. Flora brings his slippers, pulls his chair to the fire, wheels the table to his elbow, arranges the lamp, hands him the paper, and is too glad if he says, 'That will do.' He brings home all the petty annoyances of the day, and bestows them at second-hand on his wife, who can not knock him down, and will not retort; he is quite safe in speaking to her as he dare not to a man or a client; as politeness forbids him to speak to a lady. Yet at heart he loves Flora, and when she dies, as she will soon, he will be very unhappy; why can not he see this now?"

Rachel pained me more than she knew. I remembered my own failings, I wished to my soul I could have heard these just and practical truths before. I spoke again, in a sort of half-conscious desire to vindicate my sex, if not myself.

"But is there no instance on the other side of the question? does no man whom we know treat his wife as you would have him, Rachel?"

"Yes, not a few either, for I know more uncommon men than most people do, simply because I instinctively shun the commonplace in every thing. There is Anne Clay; her husband is an invalid, in very moderate circumstances; her whole life is a series of hospital services and strict economy; but how serene, how rosy, how cheerful she is! Mr. Clay admires and loves her; and shows it. He is more polite to and careful of her because she is his wife, and in that very word has the strongest claim upon his respect and attention; he knows how well she loves him, and how it strengthens her, as it does all women, to be loved. He shows her all the devotion he can, and receives her care as a blessing, rather than a right. Anne Clay, poor, hard-working, anxious as she is, is the most enviable woman I know."

Rachel did not know how she shook my very soul with the wistful, pensive cadence of that last sentence; but I would hear her through.

"I acknowledge, Rachel, your case is proven; yet I do not see that you are any nearer righting these wrongs than the noisier advocates of women."

"I am not; for any remedy I can see, must take generations to accomplish; first, women must make themselves noble and lovable; then they must train their children to be so; as well as to appreciate both nobility and loveliness. The old French sneer of '*La femme incomprise*,' had, like most sneers, a deep and bitter truth beneath it. When men and women can understand each other; when men are true, and women generous; when the right and lawful authority of man is so love-tempered that a woman's due obedience is sweet and glad,

'Then reign the world's great bridals, pure and calm.'

Then women will have no wrongs, nor any rights, nor any self."

"And men?"

"Men will respect their goodness, love their loveliness, be too proud not to protect their dependence, and too 'tender and true' to be unkind, even in thought, to the sensitive and timid heart that beats only with and for their own."

Rachel's face glowed with a deeper tint than her rose-red flowers imparted. Never had I seen her so lovely, rapt in so warm and lofty an enthusiasm. Certainly my hour was come!

"Rachel!" said I, in a voice broken and pleading, "do your part in this great work. Save one soul alive by the strength of your own. Take me and make me what you will—a man worthy to mate with such a woman as you are. Be my good angel—my wife! Rachel! Rachel! you can make me blessed forever—you can, if only you will. At least, speak to me!"

For as I spoke she had withdrawn to the verge of the rock, and cast herself against the crooked trunk of a hemlock-tree, like one who gropes blindly for protection against some unforeseen ill; her face was pale, her large eyes full of distress, her hands held toward me with a gesture that asked me to cease; but I was impelled by a mad and irrestrainable passion—I would speak, and she did not answer. Then I grasped one of the cold hands, and pressed it to my lips. I felt it shudder; and, looking up, I saw the other hand covered her face, and over the delicate palm fell a slow, heavy drop.

I came nearer, unforbidden, and drew her head upon my shoulder, where it lay quietly, shaken with deep and infrequent sobs. Yet, though she kept that position, a certain indefinable instinct restrained me from any further demonstration. I did not even feel encouraged, though the action seemed to imply so much hope; but with no hope could I dally at that hour. For once I forgot myself, absorbed in her evident distress.

At last she withdrew herself, all weak and trembling, from my arm, and looking in my face with the earnest air of a little child, her long lashes pointed and shining with tears, and her cheeks wet and pale, she said to me, in a heart-broken and heart-breaking voice,

"Dear Fred, I can not possibly marry you."

The very simplicity and tenderness of the answer compelled me to know that it was final; yet that vague and false voice that ever suggests hope to a certain but new despair impelled me to say,

"Rachel, you can not mean so! Why, why must it be?"

She drew herself a little away from me, and said, steadily,

"I can not tell you now."

"Then you love another man!" said I, in a voice half stifled by the anguish of jealousy.

"No, I do not," answered she, with the same true and simple accent.

"Rachel! Rachel!" exclaimed I, "do not make this answer final. If you think that I shall never fulfill your ideal of a husband—because you know that I failed often in patience and tenderness toward Ellen—believe me, you never shall complain of that. I am instructed by a remorseful memory, and I love you as I never loved her—as truly, but with the deeper passion of ripened judgment and disciplined emotions. Dearly as I loved her, I worship you. At least, give me time to hope!"

While I spoke Rachel's face varied with contending thought; blushes, and tears, and pallor swept her features like the flying shadows of torchlight; but her face assumed a fervent earnestness and glow as she answered me:

"It is for no such reason, Fred, that I refuse you. I know you did love Ellen deeply, and I am sure you would love me even more, if I could be your wife. And I believe you could be all I should ask, for I know you; but I can not—I can not marry you! You must not ask me now another question; you shall be told before very long why I must decide as I have done. Till that time let us be friends—can not we?"

She held out her little hand to me with a sweet yet pathetic smile, and I took it; but I was hurt to the quick, and I spoke hastily.

"Friends! No, never! Of all shallow pretenses, that friendship which a woman offers to the man she refuses is the shallowest. Friends! No!—a thousand times, no! All or nothing! Rachel, forgive me. I do not mean to speak in passion, but my heart is burned with a hot iron, and it will writhe."

She looked at me like an accusing angel, her large eyes wide open and shining with dew; her face pale and fixed; her hair had caught upon a little hemlock branch, and falling, hung now in long tresses beside either ear, and the sun that burned in the mid heaven pierced those tangled masses of silk with fine rays of fire, and threaded them with gold. In the great calm of concentred passion, like one who dies drowning, I noted all this; and she spoke:

"We could have been friends, Fred, if you would consent. I am sorry, and I am afraid you will be some time."

She said this in her childlike way—innocently, but not calmly—and her voice struck me, as it were, to the earth, tolling in such blameless accents of sorrow the knell of my dead life. I threw myself along the rock, and if, man that I was, some tears imbittered in that moment the pure wave of Nepasset brook, I care not who hears it, for never had man nobler cause for tears, even such as mine—hot as scalding lead, and as heavy—but their weight in dropping no way lightened my brain.

Rachel stooped and gathered her kalmia boughs from the rock, and said, gently,

"Come, Fred! I can not go home alone."

So I rose sullenly, like a beaten hound, and followed her airy steps and her lithe figure, now for once languid and drooping, till we stood in the porch of her father's house. There I gave her the flowers, which I had hitherto carried, and she asked me to come in.

"No," said I. "The down-train leaves in an hour, and I must be in New York to-night."

I steeled myself in heart and voice, and said, "Good-bye, Rachel!"

"Good-bye, Fred: the word in all it means—God be with you!"

Then she picked from its green, glittering leaves a delicate Ayrshire rose, exquisitely frail, and held it toward me. I took her hand with it and kissed them both, for I could not speak. In an hour the down-train screamed, and tore through the gorge of the Pontoosuc, and from my window I saw the porch of Mr. Guyon's house, the Ayrshire rose-bush, the closed door—not Rachel.

That night my dream was merged in the realities of life, as people call them. Doubtful distinction! Was I, then—a man more living in the chicanery and dirt of stocks, speculations, and Wall Street, than I was inhaling the pure breath of the woods—loving, hoping, or even suffering, and in despair? Let the angels answer that question. I should hazard my reputation as a business man were I to attempt it.

But while I lived this life day by day, and in the stir and collision of men outnoised the pertinacious babble of memory, there were long evenings, longer nights, when I must cheat my Nemesis into silence; and to this end I threw myself into a whirl of amusements. Parties I did not frequent; what could a man do there who neither danced nor drank? Fortunately for me, there chanced to visit the city, after a month or two, the living genius of the drama—a woman whose intellect fathomed the depths of nature, and reproduced them on the heights of art—an actress of such splendid genius, such unearthly aspect, such terrible power, that in her counterfeited anguish I saw my own sounded and re-echoed; and I learned the first lesson of consolation—that what man has borne may be endured by man, and that there is no solitude in the crown of sorrow—the only royalty

that all men share. Night after night I trembled and thrilled over the ever-new spectacle. I saw this woman, now exulting in the glow and revenge of power; now radiant, buoyant with the new beams of girlish love and hope; now haggard and murderous with hate, or lofty with scorn and pride, opening her colorless lips with the desperate, breaking, tortured cry of a lost heart; or full of jealous and insatiate passion; or again glowing with generous and regal womanhood.

I watched her for weeks. I studied her as one studies a painting of profound expression, or a complicated and brilliant piece of music.

The jewels that adorned her lost lustre beside those eyes of Judah, deep-set as stars that pierce the midnight rack of storms, and superhuman in their mystic, luminous gloom, as are the eyes of spirits who revisit earth because neither heaven nor hell may hold them from their idols. Neither the exquisite arts of dress, nor the lavish gorgeousness of gems so well became her as the simplest classic robe. Decorations fell off in ashes from the fire that informed every tone and gesture with matchless and mighty genius; and for me a subtler magic and passion worked in every line and gesture of the *artiste*. I saw through all her personations a strange and startling shadow — a gleam, rather — of my own Rachel.

As in heated iron the central radiance of the mass becomes a vivid and dazzling whiteness, far more intense than the red sparks it throws out—as in floral ashes the shadowy form of the perfect archetype hovers and is discerned by the seeker—so through this world-tortured and self-consumed soul I beheld a tremulous and spiritual glitter of what might have been — a transfiguration of reality; and the shape it wore was the likeness of Rachel Guyon.

So had her deep eyes burned over me, only that no material fire alloyed their divineness; in such aerial motion had she glided over the wood-paths to Nepasset brook; and with such a living sweetness in her smile turned toward me, speaking.

With just such languid grace and drooping lids had she trodden the homeward path from our last meeting; so wan, so tearless, so deeply grieved, yet unrelenting, had she bent upon me a fixed and level gaze at parting; but yet not so—for where the madness of pleasure, untranquil triumphs, stained glories, and the hundred policies of vice had left their marked grasp branded irrevocably upon the actress, there my Rachel was true and pure. She was light; the other, color.

It was as if one hand had sketched from one ideal two antithetic pictures: one, the angel in its spotless calm and power; the other, that same angel, fallen but informed with power still —the infernal strength of evil—red and hissing fire burning in the same veins that once the cool tide of etherial life tinted with translucent blue. I recognized the dramatic nature latent in one that thrilled and transfixed me potent in the other, and I did a deeper homage to the tragedienne for the sake of her deep-rooted and spiritual affinity with the country-girl; while I learned, unconsciously, a more all-sufficing charity, and a deeper insight into the great might of circumstance.

And in gazing at this strange similitude I found a curious peace, and owed to this artist that draught of Lethe such genius alone can give; while I felt my mental vanity and aspirations withered by the blaze that showed my mind to be such an infinitely little rushlight, in comparison with the preternatural powers of a woman.

Yet this did but delay, even as it does in description, the final pang reserved for me. Autumn passed away, bearing with it this, the highest intellectual gratification I have ever known or shall know; and this foreign woman, in whom the mysterious influence of race blent with and enhanced the magnetic power of genius, withdrew herself from America, leaving in many hearts an image of feverish and scathing splendor.

November turned the gay forests sere, and warned southward file after file of clanging birds: it was almost winter: I had heard nothing from Rachel.

One day I left my up-town lodgings as usual for my office down street. There was no sun: the air, full of a foreboding chill, curdled all my veins; and looking up, I perceived the sky was full of an ominous gray scud, drifting slowly and brokenly from the east. Something in the atmosphere was disturbing. That vague apprehension that comes with certain states of the weather settled over me as thick and gray as the clouds above, and I seemed to feel a distinct pressure upon my temples, as of an iron ring; but well knowing that it was only an atmospheric influence, I doggedly pursued my way, and on entering the office, for once, with the same reasonless expectance, went to my desk before removing either hat or coat. There, on its green surface, lay a telegraph notice.

I opened the envelope with a quick hand, and unfolded the printed strip. It ran thus:

"Come by first train. Rachel is very ill—must see you. T. Guyon."

I was at the nearest carriage-stand before I could re-fold the slip. The first train left at nine: it wanted ten minutes of the hour. The driver knew my need and drove madly. I flung him his fare; and as I set my foot on the last car-step it was off. How those next hours passed I never knew, except that a vision of past nights haunted me. I saw the actress in all her *rôles;* but at their tragic height of terror, in the climax of passion, chiefly in the dread personation of death, that mobile and evil face changed with slow shading to the pure and quiet lines of Rachel's features, and in those traits exalted pain, passion, and death to the strength, the transfiguration, the divinity of an unvailed soul. Strange and foreboding hallucination! yet it wore by; and after weary dreams my

mind became one whirl of dread and recollection. I remembered Rachel's frail figure, her want of strength, that fearful spasm of pain, and now recurred to me the brevity with which she spoke of it, her peculiar tone, her languor afterward; and then, as one cheats himself with fancies, fearing a dreadful truth at hand, I said, soliloquizing: "I was troubling myself idly; one of the thousand forms of neuralgia had for a moment grasped her side; it was soon over; and for her sudden exhaustion and weariness, what better reason could I ask than the wear and tear of such a mind as hers on a *physique* never robust?" Presently the cars stopped, but not at a station, the passengers crowded out to find what was the matter; a flue had burst in the locomotive, and for three hours we lay inactive upon the Valley Curve, as they called it, like a crushed snake, now and then panting out a forked tongue of fire against some unseen enemy; and those hours I endured. At length another engine came; my sullen patience grew less and less; the familiar stations nearer Taunton passed one after another; the November sky deepened toward night, and distilled in fine rain, that a strong southeaster bore heavily against the dimmed windows of the car. We had passed Green River factories, we screamed up Pontoosuc Gorge, but I could not see the house—I could see nothing. I was in a fever. I made my way to the platform of a baggage-crate, and before the train fairly stopped I leaped to the station-platform, grasped Tom Guyon's hand, and in one moment more was beside him in the doctor's gig. We drove a mile before I dared speak.

"Is she—?" I could not frame the question.

"No better," said Tom; "a slight attack of fever within two weeks has developed the heart disease rapidly. Dr. Slade is there now," and as he spoke we were there. Her mother met me at the door.

"Not just yet," said she, in answer to my eyes and hand; "the doctor will come for you as soon as it is possible; now come in here and get quiet a little, for you do not look a safe visitor for a sick room."

Her calm, restrained voice also calmed and restrained me. I entered the room she led me to, drank steadily some hot draught she brought, rearranged my aspect to something more like myself than the disheveled and ghastly creature that had looked toward me from the mirror; I was even sitting still in my chair when Doctor Slade came in and shook hands with me.

"Go right up to her room," said he; "it is the first door on the left, at the head of the stairs."

I went with almost helpless tremor, and as I opened the door her mother glided past me, and I saw Rachel. I do not know how to explain the fact, yet true it is that in the very heights of human anguish the human soul has yet a strange propensity to impressions of the most trivial kind. It seems to be cast from its poise by the overwhelming pressure, and, incapable of receiving so great a burden at once, for a moment flings it off altogether, and asserts its absolute and lonely personality in the pursuit of outward, indifferent things.

I speak of this, for I remember how that whole scene was stamped on my brain in the moment that I entered—the cheerful fire on the hearth; the white draperies all about; the scent of a tiny cluster of flowers in a crimson vase on the shelf; the engravings of Scheffer's Christus Consolator, and the St. John of Correggio; the quaint old furniture; the fanciful mirror; the white flame of the candles. Yet I paused scarce a second, taking in once and forever this impression of warmth, perfume, delicacy, purity; while without the mad southeast wind howled, and the storm wept passionate streams, and the river, swollen and turbid, roared over the dam. Without was the tragedienne; within my Rachel.

I sat down beside her, and looked till I could see no longer at that wan, transparent face; those eyes, larger than ever, more spiritually brilliant; those fingers, slight as if moulded of the frailest pearl, and rounded pearl-like at the ends; yet I looked but briefly at that vail of clay, informed and penetrated by the lustrous and glorious soul. I bent toward her parted lips, her slender, burning arms were clasped upon my neck, she drew my head down to hers, and turning to mine that face most like a passion-flower in its pure ardor, whispered—as if I must know the fact first, and then the accessories after, but first the fact, lest it might be lost—she murmured softly yet clearly:

"Fred! dearest! darling, I love you! I did love you then—all the time—dear Fred!"

She sighed, and was silent.

I wanted to die; I had enough of life. Rachel in my arms; her tender face on mine; those words. I could not speak, for my heart throbbed like sobbing. She knew it, for she knew me—oh! how well she knew me! Presently she sighed again, and, withdrawing her arms, bade me rise and lift her. I took her weightless figure from the pillows and put myself in their stead, so placing her that while her head rested on my arm I could see that inexpressibly beautiful face, now rosy with celestial bloom; and when she had ceased panting from the slight exertion, she turned her great bright eyes upon me and said:

"I could not tell you why, Fred, that day; it was very hard, but I did it to spare you. I knew two months before that I had a heart-complaint—that I could not live long; you saw one of its spasms. I told you I should cease to suffer soon, but I did not tell you why. I could not bear to expose you to months of agony and suspense—away from me; and I knew you ought not to be here, so I refused you."

"Oh, Rachel! Rachel!"

"And all the time I loved you with my first, only passion, Fred. I wish it had pleased God to let me live, you would have loved me so much."

I had no answer to that. She went on:

"Don't, my darling! God knows best; and this is sweet. I am not going to die without you."

She did not refer to what I had said about friendship, but now the recollection pierced me.

"Rachel," said I, "can you possibly forgive me what I said about friends?"

She reached her hand to my face and mutely caressed me.

"You did not mean it, Fred." Then she paused, and resuming, said:

"I must hasten every word, for I want you to promise me one thing—that you will try and make your child—Ellen's—a true man, like the men we talked of then, for my sake, Fred; and you must come to me—there?"

"I will!" said I; "I will truly, Rachel, with higher help."

"Yes, and perhaps we can both help you, out of heaven."

She looked as if she were upon its shore already.

"Now put me down," said she.

I replaced the pillows, and again that face sheltered itself against mine, those arms clasped me, that panting heart beat like the drum of a *réveille* against my breast; the storm howled bitterly; the rain dashed on shutter and pane; the fire darkened, smouldered, fell; and a candle flickered and sunk. But presently the war without ceased, the moon streamed past one white wavering curtain, and cast the shadow of a leafless branch upon the wall. Rachel stirred in my arms, her lips parted in a short, sharp cry; she looked up with that same pain-stricken smile and whispered faintly—I heard but one word—it was:

"Darling!"—

"My wife!" burst from my lips involuntarily—passionate assertion of what should have been immortal truth, of what was helpless misery. Another silence, and then another murmur—

"Good-by!" I bent nearer; my lips touched hers—cold, fluttering, parted. So her life vanished.

I do not know what followed. I knew nothing more for weeks, except that I lived. Time, which poets call the Consoler, is not such to me. Week after week my grief deepens, and my life pines for what it lost.

I live for and in my child, to make him what she wished—to fulfill my promise to her.

God forever bless you, Rachel! where you lie in your green grave on Taunton Hill-side; and bring me to be with you—soon—soon!

JOSEPH THORNE—HIS CALLING.

NEVER have I heard any thing so like to the musical, half-uttered wails of a prisoned spirit as the sad, sweet complaints of Ole Bull's violin. Sometimes the spirit lingers tenderly over the memories of old hopes—hopes that long ago faded into memories—and its tones are not all mournful, for a thrill from the past joy trembles through them. Then again the spirit is tortured. It sobs. It shrieks. Fain it would be delivered from its prison-house. Then, hopeless, it sighs itself into silence.

In one of these pauses a story came back to me; a mournful tale of one who died young; a story I used to like to dream over in other days, imagining to myself how every word that told of a dead hope and a dead love had been spoken. The very scent of lilacs and laburnums haunted my fancy. I saw the old farm-yard; the June twilight, so long and bright; the dew-beaded flowers and grass, and the trees, all in blossom, shaking their odorous boughs downward, over the heads of Joseph Thorne and pretty Mabel Emerson.

Can any one describe a lovely woman? Say that she has blue eyes, and fair hair, and a sweet mouth, and it might apply equally to fifty blondes whom you may chance to know, of entirely varying character. I think one gains a truer estimate of the nature of beauty by being told what thoughts it awakens. Joseph Thorne, unknown to himself, was a poet. He had known Mabel all his life, and he said that seeing her always made him think of long summer days, when the blue sky looks not only bright, but deep, and still, and solemn; of lovely flowers, growing all alone in desert places; of a rippling stream, with the stars shining on it; but most, oh, most of all, of sweet music. Perhaps, however, he was the only one who had ever looked into her heart; ever seen, beneath her gay, smiling exterior, the deep-flowing fountains of tenderness and self-sacrifice. Most persons thought her merely a pleasant, light-hearted maiden, whose presence, like a sunbeam, always carried brightness with it, and to whom sorrow and weariness were unknown.

Her mother had died in her infancy, and her father, the richest and busiest farmer in all Westvale, had never found time to learn any thing of her inner nature. Perhaps he was not even capable of understanding her. It was enough for him that she was well clothed and well schooled; that her bright face was always ready to welcome him home at night, her dextrous hands to preside over his early breakfast. Nor had Mabel any female confidants. Kindly and gentle to all, there was a maidenly shyness and reserve underlying her nature which made it impossible for her to unvail to careless eyes the altar of her heart, the very holy of holies, where the love of which she was capable, the dreams and fancies so brightly tinged with the glory of her youth, all lay an unclaimed sacrifice, till the Heaven-elected priest should come, and her whole being should acknowledge him and do him reverence.

Like herself Joseph Thorne was bereft of one parent, but his mother, a true, pure woman, had been spared to him. He had grown up from childhood with one strong, all-absorbing passion. He worshiped music. The earliest delight he could remember was the low, plaintive interludes of the flute and viol between the sing-

ing at church, or his mother's voice as she carroled the ballads of her girlhood.

The first purchase he ever made, with money for which he had worked indefatigably at odd jobs, was a small violin. He had a marvelous delicacy and aptitude of touch, and, as he grew older, a singular power of improvisation. He *talked* through his violin. It uttered all the griefs of his lonely boyhood; all those vague longings that trouble the heart of an imaginative youth after power and fame, or a dim, undefinable greatness and goodness shining afar off, like the pale beauty of a vailed statue.

In all these dreams he was to be a musician. In that way he was to draw near the far-off good. His little violin was to talk to many hearts. The world should hear its cry and obey its teaching. He would do a good work; be a master among men. With all these visions his mother fully sympathized; nay, her simple, unworldly heart was as fully imbued with faith in them as his own. They were poor, but she managed to send him to school all through his boyhood, and afterward to keep herself so neat and comfortable that he should never see she wanted for any thing, that no care for her might ever disturb his progress.

As I said, he had always known Mabel Emerson. As a child he had led her to and from school, or drawn her over the drifts on his little sled. She was dearer to him then than any thing else, save his mother and his violin. She was not yet seventeen when he had learned to place her even before these. As a child, she clung to him with caressing, childish fondness; as a maiden, she loved him with all the strength of her heart. She recognized in him the consecrated high-priest of her life. For him the altar was unvailed, and he looked unchidden upon all the thoughts and fancies of her innocent soul. She possessed, what to such a nature as his was more than all things else, entire faith in him. She believed in his power to do great things; to be not only the noblest of men, but the first of musicians, and it was very soothing to him, so poor, so proud, so sensitive, to turn from the world to her; to be comforted by the singleness of her devotion, the implicitness of her trust. Yet it was many months, even after they each believed themselves dearer to the other than any thing else on earth, before any binding vows of love were spoken. Such utterances are of slow growth in a mind so dreamy and sensitive as Joseph Thorne's. The uncertainty of her girlish ways was so sweet—the coming and going of her delicate color—the fluttering of her fingers when he took them in his own. He hesitated to exchange all this even for the assurance that she would be his wife.

But the charmed hour came at last. I think every human life that is worth living has its hour of fate; its one golden number in the twenty-four, at whose chiming is ushered in every important change, whether of joy or sorrow. To some it is morning, rosy and bright with sunrise and sparkling dew, and vocal with bird songs. Others find it at high noon—the zenith of power and pride and passion, when the sun wooes the earth with his most fiery kisses—the hour in which bold and daring souls recognize a peculiar heritage. For others—men and women of sober, thoughtful, mysterious lives, half superstitious, owning a ready allegiance to the unseen—the hour of fate is the solemn noon of night. For Joseph Thorne, and such as he, it was twilight. On a summer twilight had he been born, and on a summer twilight he told his love.

They stood—those two young things for whom life and sorrow were still invested with a sweet, serious, half melancholy charm—for whom the dark days had not yet risen—under the trees of Farmer Emerson's old front yard. The balmy summer air was burdened with the fragrance of blossoms. The sunset clouds were like that hour of their two lives, all *couleur de rose*, and the chimes of the village bells, mellowed by distance, rung out a pleasant chorus—a sort of consecrated amen to their plighted vows. In that hour no new tale was told—both had been fully satisfied before that they were beloved; the very words were the sweet old words that have trembled all along the discords of so many centuries of years, upon so many loved and loving lips.

But their utterance changed the whole current of Joseph Thorne's life. They made it necessary to him, for he possessed a high sense of honor, to go the next day into the presence of Farmer Emerson, and, telling his story this time to ears that would not be sympathetic, to ask for his Mabel's hand.

It was a terrible ordeal to the young, sensitive musician. He had an intuitive knowledge of the farmer's character. Instinctively he felt that this busy, energetic, matter-of-fact man would look upon him and his music with distrust, perhaps disapprobation. But, fortified by Mabel's solemn pledge that nothing on earth should ever have power to change her love, fortified anew by the trembling touch of his mother's fingers upon his hair—his mother, to whom he confided every thing—and her whispered, "God bless you, my son, for you have been a good boy all the days of your life," he sought the man in whose hands lay his destiny.

It was just after dinner. He knew Mr. Emerson would be resting, as was his habit, on the wooden settee, under the porch at his front door. He walked into the yard with desperate courage and approached him. He was kindly received and invited to sit down.

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Emerson."

"Well, my young friend, what is it? Any assistance about getting into business? I will do all I can for you, gladly, were it only for the sake of your dead father, as good a neighbor and as honest a man as ever sat in Westvale meeting-house."

"No, Sir, it is not that;" and Joseph plunged bravely *in medias res*. "I love your daughter,

and she loves me, will you consent that she shall be my wife?"

Wide opened the farmer's eyes in wonder. "Your wife! my daughter Mabel! What are your prospects? What is your business? What would you keep her on?"

Joseph's tones faltered. "I did not mean just at present, Sir. We will be satisfied now with your consent to our engagement. I hope to be a musician. I think that is my true calling. For nothing else have I so much talent; in nothing else am I so happy."

There was silence for a few moments, and then the old man broke it. His voice was firm and clear, and yet it seemed almost sad.

"I am sorry—I am truly sorry. Mabel is like her mother, and if she loves you she will not love lightly; but, if such is the life you have marked out, I can not give her to you. I do not care so much for money. It is a good thing, though I would let her marry without it; but a musician! a fiddler! It is an idle, wandering, useless life: I speak to you frankly. No good will come of it. I can not give her to you."

A wandering, useless life! Alas, Joseph Thorne, where were your lofty dreams, your high hopes now? You that had aspired to talk to the world through your instrument, to sound upon its delicate strings the awakening calls to a higher, purer life—you to whom this had seemed the noblest of missions. Small wonder your voice faltered as you asked—

"Can you then give me no hope?"

"Yes, I can give you one hope — one test of your love for Mabel. She is my only child; I would not cross her lightly. If you will give up these vagaries about music, and become a practical working-man, you shall have her. I will take you on my own land, under my own eye, and when I think you competent to manage for yourself you shall marry her, and I will give you the Widow Sikes's farm for a wedding-portion. There isn't a snugger little place, or one under better cultivation in Connecticut; and you'll be close by home, too. But I am a man of my word; and unless you give up this foolery about the music, you shall never have Mabel. If you want time to decide, you can take three days."

"I will give you my answer in that time;" and, bowing gravely, Joseph Thorne went out of Farmer Emerson's yard with crushed hopes.

He made no attempt to see Mabel. He went home. His mother read the sorrow on his face, but she was one of those rare women who know when to keep silence. Heavy as her heart was she asked no questions. He went into his own room and sat down by the window. He took his violin, which lay upon a stand beside him. He had been accustomed to translate into music all his griefs, but now that the first real trial of his life had come upon him, its chords seemed dumb and powerless to comfort. He bowed his head over it, and tried to think.

Mabel and music — twin inspirations of his life—how could he give either of them up? No one knew—no one could know—what this gift, which he had fondly deemed his calling, had been to him. Something else he might, indeed, make his business, his profession, but it would be only a *profession* — a living falsehood. To this only God had *called* him. His soul was full of a light, a heaven-bestowed revelation. The world had need of it. How, save through this voice of music, could he give it utterance?

At one moment he had well-nigh resolved to cling to his chosen vocation through every thing. He would go out into the world, and do his duty manfully. This great world should recognize him. He would do it good. But he must grow old; and there rose before him a picture of a lonely, loveless old age; a hearth which no woman's care made bright; a fireside where no wife's sweet presence, no calm brow and holy eyes would linger beside him; a silent house, where no children's light footfall pattered along the floor, no little faces reflected back the vanished light of his own youth. At this picture the humanity of his nature vailed its face, and uttered a wail which would not be quieted. His love was mightier than his genius. He could not give himself wholly to the world. He had a heart that only human tenderness could satisfy. Then Mabel's face rose before him, in the still, summer afternoon—the calm brow, the holy eyes of his fondest dream. He thought of her as his wife—the mother of his children—in bridehood, wifehood, motherhood; and growing old, at length, by his side, yet never old to him, with the smile which age had no power to dim lingering still about her lips, till death should freeze them into the last and sweetest smile of all, and they should be young once more in heaven. And thinking thus, his soul seemed to clasp and tighten round her image, and involuntarily his lips cried out,

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel! Mine own — mine own!"

All the afternoon he sat there, lost in troubled thought, his fingers now and then wandering listlessly over the chords of his violin. At twilight he rose, and went silently down stairs and out of doors. Standing at the window, his mother watched him as he walked with rapid step toward Farmer Emerson's house. The knowledge had come at first to this gentle woman with a sharp pang that her son loved another better than his mother, but for his sake she had conquered it; and now she said to herself, thankfully,

"I am glad he is going over there. Poor lad, he is in heavy trouble, but God grant Mabel may be able to console him."

Mabel was standing under the trees at the gate. He saw her waiting for him as he drew nigh, but he had never seen her face so sad before. He unlatched the gate, and took her trembling fingers in his own. They were icy cold.

"I know it all," she said, with sorrowful calmness, through which thrilled the smother-

ed cry of a breaking heart; "father has told me. I know you can not give up your music, and I can't disobey my father. We must—"

She could not finish the sentence. Her voice broke up into sobs; and Joseph Thorne drew her shivering form to his bosom. Swift as lightning the thought flashed through his mind that thus Heaven had taught him his duty. He had not considered her suffering before. What claim had the world on him, what claim his beloved music, that could be weighed for one instant with this breaking heart—this pure woman's heart, which was all his own? He pressed his lips to the forehead lying against his breast. He said, very tenderly,

"Hush, Mabel—hush, darling! I have decided for us both. God has joined us together, and nothing can put us asunder. I shall accept your father's proposal. What would music be to me without you—you, my soul's best music? If I went forth without you into the world, the thought of Mabel alone and suffering would unnerve me and make me powerless. What could I give forth but utterances of despair? No; God calls me to stay here. Look up, my darling, my pure wife, Mabel! You do not fear I should ever tire of you?"

She raised her eyes, and looked long and earnestly into his face.

"No, Joseph, no! I do not fear you will tire of me, for I know your steadfast nature. I know God has made us one. But it will break your heart to give up your fame, your calling, your beloved music. Better give up Mabel. Better wait a few years until life, troubled human life, is over. I know God will give us to each other in heaven. Go, Joseph; I am not selfish. I will believe that you love me always. It shall be the glory of my life. You *must* go to your career, your duty."

"My career is here. My duty is here. My world is in your heart, your priceless heart. Nay, Mabel, I have decided. Urge me not. How could my heart break for music when the clinging tendrils of your love bound it together? Be satisfied and smile, for I shall be happy."

With these words, and such as these, he soothed her; in some measure he won her from her sorrow, and yet, though the smiles came to her lips at his bidding, in her heart was a prophetic silence of fear, lest, in giving up his music, her lover gave up the best half of himself.

They went together at length to her father, and, holding in his the hand of his betrothed, Joseph Thorne said,

"I require no longer time, Mr. Emerson. I have decided. Your daughter is more to me than all things else. I give up all for her. I accept your offer with thanks. To-morrow I will come and place my time at your disposal."

And then he went home to his mother. It was dark, but there was no light. She had been sitting alone, absorbed in her anxious thoughts. He knelt at her feet as in his early boyhood days, and told her his story.

"All is settled now," he said, steadily. "I go to work at Mr. Emerson's to-morrow. Mabel will be mine. Music must be given up—my dreams—my ambition."

His mother interrupted him with her sobs. She clasped him in her arms. She wept over him; she, who had gloried so in his gift, who, ever since he had been laid, her first-born, upon her breast, had understood him and lived in his life. And he wept with her. He was not too proud, with his mother's arms around him, to weep for the far-off fame—wreaths of which his ambition had vainly dreamed—wreaths which he must never more hope to gather. That night neither of them slept. He laid his head, as in boyhood, upon her motherly heart. He breathed into her sympathetic ears all the hopes and longings which this decision had crushed, and all the other hopes and longings, which were blooming now brighter than ever, which clustered around Mabel's name. And his mother comforted him.

The next morning he commenced his task under Farmer Emerson. His heart was almost buoyant, despite all he had resigned, for he had had a few moments' conversation with Mabel—Mabel, who was to be all his own. She looked so lovely in her fresh calico morning dress! The light of hope sparkled in her eyes, and sat serenely upon her brow. Surely that beloved smile would have power to brighten any fate.

But the task which was set him, light as it seemed, taxed all his energies. The delicate, study-loving youth was not used to labor. The sun scorched his slender hands pitilessly; the sweat stood in great, bead-like drops upon his brow. It was a comfort when the horn sounded for dinner. It was a sorely-needed refreshment to sit in the farmer's porch, while Mabel brought cool, sparkling water to lave his burning, dusty face.

Day after day passed on, and he never faltered. With steady, unflagging industry he performed whatever tasks were appointed, and as rapidly as possible made himself master of all the mysteries of farming. But he drooped under his uncongenial toil. Even Mr. Emerson could see this, but he predicted "the boy would grow stronger and get used to it in time." Mabel saw more clearly, and the hope in her eyes grew less steadfast. Often, when he came to her in the evening, tired and worn, she would say,

"It is no use. You will have to give it up, or it will kill you. Besides, I can see your heart is breaking."

And he would strive to answer cheerfully.

"Nonsense! I *am* tired, but my heart's all right; and you know, dear, it will be so much easier when we get a place of our own. I need only do the lightest work then."

But he could not blind Mabel's clear eyes.

It was during Ole Bull's first visit to this country, and, as the autumn grew into winter, the papers were full of his success. They often read of him together; of his slight, swaying figure, his face so calm and spiritual, and the wonderful music which seemed the voice of his soul.

One morning, with a paper in his hand, Joseph Thorne came to Mabel. His face was kindled with enthusiasm. His eyes flashed, and his manner was eager and hurried.

"See here, Mabel," he said; "he plays at New Haven to-night. Only thirty miles off. I can resist the temptation no longer. I must go. There is not much to do on the farm, and I can borrow your father's horse. Oh, Mabel! it will give me new life."

She entered eagerly into his plans. Her father did not oppose them, and in half an hour he had started. Most tenderly had he bidden his betrothed the good-by which was to be so brief, and she stood at the gate and watched him with a cheerful smile until his eyes, looking back, could discern her no longer. Then she went into the house, and the grief smothered, woman-like, for his sake burst forth.

"Oh," she murmured, "he will never be the same to me again—I feel it. This music will speak to him like a clarion. It will awake him from dreams. His life-work will rise up before him, and the necessity to go forth and do it will be upon his soul. And I—woe is me!—how shall I learn to live without him? Hush, selfish heart! Wouldst thou hold him back from his true life, weak spirit?"

But the chidden agony *would* come back again. The vail was rent away from the pale brow of the future. Swift and sure she saw her fate coming toward her. All that day, all that night, all the next day, she wrestled with it, but still its face was set resolutely toward her—still its steps were onward.

It was almost nightfall when the watched-for figure came in sight. She went to the gate to meet him. He sprang from the horse and folded her in his arms. His kisses thrilled upon her lips, yet even then she felt there had been a change. She drew him into the house and questioned him eagerly. It had been as she expected. The wonderful music had troubled all the depths of his nature. It had bound him captive. In vain he struggled against the chain.

Unfalteringly she gave her counsel.

"Go!" she said; "you *must* go! I told you it would break your heart to give it up; and see, already in these few months you have grown prematurely old, and weary, and feeble. Go! you will be false to the highest part of your nature if you do not serve your soul's master. It is the task God himself has set you; it is not yours to deliberate whether you will accept it."

"But you, Mabel, my life's life—I can not give you up."

For one moment the white face grew whiter. But there came no quiver into her quiet tones.

"You *need* not give me up. I shall be yours only, till I die; nor need we despair. If you succeed, perhaps my father will give me to you. I *believe* he will, he loves me so. And you *will* succeed, you must succeed. For such as you there is no such word as fail. Go, Joseph; it is right."

A troubled, anxious week intervened before he had decided, but Mabel saw how it would be all along. Not for an instant did she beguile herself with false hopes. He went. The farewell kisses of two pure women, mother and betrothed, were upon his lips. Their blessings were the last sound in his ears. Their prayers followed him. He *seemed* to suffer more than Mabel in the prolonged agony of their parting. Twenty times he was on the point of giving up his career, his future, to stay with her, but she would not suffer it. She sustained him, she cheered him; she who knew better than himself how impossible for him was any other life than the one which had haunted all the dreams of his boyhood. When he was gone at length—when anxious eyes, strained ever so widely, could not catch another glimpse of the beloved form—the two women, both bereft of their dearest thing in life, went in silence, each into her own home, to struggle alone with her sorrow. In that hour there could be no partnership of grief.

Mabel suffered most. It was natural for the mother to wish her son to go out into the world, to do and be all that God gave him power; and whatever change came to him the one tie could never be broken—he would be her son always. But to Mabel, despite her strong faith in him, the light of her life seemed to have gone out, and her soul shuddered—alone in the darkness. She had exhausted all her energy in soothing and encouraging him. She had none left to struggle with the grim presentiment which oppressed her own spirit.

She had always been strong, in spite of the extreme delicacy of her figure, and she did not grow feeble even now. She did all her accustomed duties with her usual energy. There was no visible change, save that her lips smiled a little more seldom, and her cheek was white as marble. She seemed to strive to be continually occupied, as if fearful if she gave herself time to confront her grief it would overmaster her.

Her face always brightened after a letter from her betrothed. They were not very frequent, but when they did come they overflowed with love and hope. She felt that now, indeed, was he living his true life. Nor had success been so very difficult to him. Ole Bull had been his friend. He had sought, at once, the gifted Norwegian. In secret, for he was not one to bestow his benefactions in public, the master performer had given him a few hints, a few instructions, that he might know better how to translate his soul's depths into his music.

Soon Mabel heard of him. He was making a tour under an assumed name, to which only those who loved him best had the key, and every where he was—as Mabel had felt he must ever be—successful. The small country places where he was making his first trial of strength were moved as they had never been before. No mind so dull but his tones made themselves understood. The country press was full of his praises. This young performer—they wrote—

so delicate, so almost boyish, but with such a wonderful genius! They told of his face beaming as if inspired; the soft fall of golden hair floating about his forehead; the eyes sweet and bright, yet sad; the slender figure; the almost transparent hands; and, as she read, the prophetic fear in Mabel's heart grew heavier. His letters became more and more rare. It was not that he loved her less. Mabel had never doubted him for a moment. But he was doing his work, and it absorbed all his energies. If it were brief, it must be mighty.

One afternoon in May she sat alone under the trees where they so often sat together. Her thoughts went back over all her life—that young innocent life, where were no blighting plague-spots of willful sin, few even of unintentional wrongs, and yet where, of late, so many tears had fallen. She remembered the long-ago time when Joseph Thorne had been her childish friend and confidant; she retraced the days, unquiet yet so blissful in their uncertainty, when her heart awoke from its maiden sleep, and she knew that she had given him the love for which his words had not yet sued. Then she lived over again the evening of their betrothal, and whispered over and over to herself every tender word which had fallen from his lips. Her father's step along the highway disturbed her reverie. She looked up as he entered the gate, and something in his face startled her. There were tears in his eyes, and his whole expression was full of an unwonted, sorrowful tenderness. She sprang to his side.

"Poor Mabel!" he said, as if speaking to himself rather than to her, "how hard it will fall on her!" Then bending over her, and folding his arm about her as if in terror lest the shock should overcome her, he said:

"Mabel, I have seen Joseph Thorne. He came home this afternoon, as I think, to die. He wants you. Go to him, Mabel. I give you free leave to stay with him to the last. Poor child, it's all the consolation you can have now."

Mabel did not faint. "Thank you," she whispered gratefully, as she withdrew from her father's arm and went into the house. The blow had come so suddenly that she did not realize its force. Mechanically, as one moving in a dream, she put on her bonnet and walked out toward the Widow Thorne's cottage. The cottage door was open, and she stood in it for one moment, silently watching her lover. He lay with closed eyes, upon a lounge. His face was very thin and white. In contrast the pale gold of his hair looked intensely bright, and his eyes, when at length he unclosed them, supernaturally large and brilliant. His mother was kneeling by his side, with her face buried in his bosom. A solemn awe was upon Mabel's soul. She dared not go forward or break the silence. Already he seemed to her like an angel. He was the first to speak.

"Mabel! Thank God! Come to me, darling!"

His mother rose, and, almost without her own volition, Mabel had crossed the room; her arms were folded about his neck, her lips clung to his in a long kiss of love and despair.

For six weeks she was his constant nurse, sharing her duties only with his mother. During many hours of every day they were alone together, and in them all his soul was revealed to her. She shared his triumphs, his successes; success whose contemplation deepened the hectic on his wasting cheek even now.

"But it has been too much for me," he would say, with a sad smile; "the excitement, and, worst of all, the being parted from you. It has worn me out."

All that his art had done, all that his genius had comprehended and struggled to express in his music, his lips whispered to her, in those long, bright days, when she was going down by his side to the darkness of death; down to the river's brink, whence she must turn back in loneliness and sorrow, and he must go out upon the tide. Unspeakably precious were those last hours of soul communion. They lived in those few weeks a fuller life than many souls can reckon in with their threescore years and ten. Mabel felt then how truly she was part of himself—that their two souls, separated though they might be for years, must be reunited before either could be a symmetrical and perfect whole.

His summons came on a June twilight. On that day, twenty-two years before, he had been born into the world of mortals; on that day, God saw fit that he should be born again into the world of spirits. The two women, of both whose lives he was the dearest portion, were alone with him. An unspeakable tenderness breathed in his farewell. His last words were:

"Mother, your son will know you in heaven. Mabel, my life's angel, I will wait for you where it needeth not to marry or be given in marriage."

After that he lay, looking earnestly at his betrothed, as if he would fain carry her features with him to the land of the angels. His violin, beloved even in death, lay on the bed beside him. It had been placed there by his request. Listlessly his fingers began to wander over the strings, and beneath their touch grew, somehow, a strange, wild melody, as if spirits were playing upon the chords. It was like the story of his life. It began in feeble, uncertain cadence. It swelled into love, ambition, hope. Then it grew feebler, slower, more mournful. Low, and sweet, and tremulous, yet wild, it thrilled along the strings, until, at last, with a long sob, it grew mute. With the soul of the music had departed the soul of Joseph Thorne.

His mother soon followed him. Their graves are green under the sunshine of this peaceful summer. Mabel Emerson's work is not yet done. She is wedded to a hope and a memory. Bold, indeed, must the man be who would dare to speak to her of love. Wherever trouble is, wherever hearts are struggling with sorrow, her presence is at the door; and she whom Joseph Thorne loved to call the angel of his life will

go to her last rest crowned with the blessings of those ready to perish. "Her works they shall follow her."

HELEN LEE.

ROSY-CHEEKED, dark-haired October
Through the land was passing gayly,
Crowned with maize-leaves, and behind him
Followed Plenty with her horn,
Calling in the later harvests,
Flattering the chuckling farmer,
Pelting him with ruddy apples,
And with shocks of yellow corn.

He it was whose royal pleasure
Clothed the woods in gold and purple;
He it was whose fickle pleasure
Clothed them, stripped and left them bare;
Then, as if in late contrition,
Summoned back the truant summer,
Wove of smoke an azure mantle
For the shivering earth to wear.

Poor amends the Indian summer
Made, with all its pitying sunshine,
For the loss of leafy glory,
Painted flower, and singing-bird;
So from rocks, and trees, and hedges,
From the fallen leaves and grasses,
Came a sound of mourning, as the
Melancholy breezes stirred.

Yet the train of hale October
Rang with laughter, song, and dancing,
As the young men and the maidens
Sang and danced the harvest-home;
As from many a low-roofed farm-house
Flashed the lights of merry-making,
Rose the note of ready-making
For the merriment to come.

Pleasant was the starry evening—
Pleasant, though the air was chilly—
When the youths and maidens gathered
At the call of David Lee—
David Lee, the hearty farmer,
Who had wrestled with his acres,
And in barn, and stack, and cellar
Stored the spoils of victory.

As the beaks of captured vessels,
Gilded ensigns, suits of armor,
Shone as trophies on the temples
Of the gods, in classic days,
So around the farmer's kitchen
Hung long rows of golden melons;
So along the farmer's rafters
Hung festoons of perfect maize.

Not a child had Farmer David—
He had known the loss of children—
Known a parent's voiceless anguish,
When the rose forsakes the cheek;
When the hand grows thin and thinner,
And the pulses fainter, feebler;
When the eyes are sunk and leaden,
And the tongue forgets to speak.

One bright spring, a pair of rose-buds,
Growing in the father's garden,
Filled his hope with crimson promise—
They were gone in early June.
Then there came a tiny daughter,
Learned to kiss and call him "Father;"
Vanished like an April snow-flake;
And the mother followed soon.

Then his face grew dark and stony,
Then his soul shut up in sorrow,
As a flower shuts at nightfall
From the dampness and the cold;
Till a sister, dying, left him
Her one child, a blue-eyed darling,
Whose dear love and tender graces
Kept his heart from growing old.

Maidenhood stole softly on her,
Like the changing of the seasons,
Till the neighbors came to think her
Beautiful as one could be;
And the young men, when they met her,
Blushed, they knew not why, and stammered,
And would prize a kingdom cheaper
Than a smile of Helen Lee.

In the barn the youths and maidens
Stripped the corn of husk and tassel,
Warmed the chillness of October
With the life of spring and May;
While through every chink, the lanterns
And sonorous gusts of laughter
Made assault on night and silence
With the counterfeit of day.

Songs were sung—sweet English ballads,
Which their fathers and their mothers
Sang together by the rivers
Of the dear old father-land;
Tales were told—quaint English stories—
Tales of humor and of pathos;
Tales of love, and home, and fireside,
That a child could understand.

Most they called on Richard Miller,
Prince among the story-tellers;
Young and graceful, strong and handsome,
Rich in all that blesses life;
For his stories ended happy—
Ended always with a marriage;
Every youth became a husband,
Every maid became a wife.

So he told how Harry Marline
Roved about the world a long time,
Then returned to find the maiden
Whom he loved had proven true—
How he brought home gold and silver,
How they made a famous wedding;
And he closed by saying slyly,
"An example, girls, for you!"

Then said Helen, smiling archly,
"I will never have a husband!"
And the ear which she was husking
Fell into the basket, red;

Whereupon they clapped and shouted,
For a red ear means a lover,
And the maiden, vexed and blushing,
In the shadow hid her head.

Soon the jest was quite forgotten,
And her face again she lifted
To behold his eyes upon her
With a look so strange and new,
That when games and dancing followed,
And she chanced to touch his fingers,
In her hand she felt a tremor,
On her cheek a warmer hue.

When the candles burning dimly,
Flaring, smoking in the socket,
Sent the party homeward, shouting
Through the starlight crisp and clear,
Richard lingered in the door-way,
Took the bashful hand of Helen,
Whispered softly in the darkness
Pleasant words for maid to hear.

When she sought her little chamber,
Long she could not sleep for thinking
Of his looks, his voice, and language,
For the youth had turned her head;
In her dreams she murmured, "Richard;"
When she woke, her thought was, "Richard;"
When she bade "Good-morning, father!"
"Richard," she had almost said.

Oh, the pleasant, pleasant autumn!
How it seemed like spring-time to them!
How the flowers budded, blossomed
In their hearts afresh each day!
Oh, the walks they had together
From the singing-schools and parties,
In the white and frosty moonlight,
In the starlight cold and gray!

Oh, the happy winter evenings!
Long, indeed, to want and sickness,
Short enough to youth and maiden
By the hearth of David Lee;
Looking in each other's faces,
Listening to each other's voices,
Blending with the golden Present
Golden days that were to be.

When the voice of Spring was calling
To the flowers in field and forest,
"It is time to waken, children!"
And the flowers obeyed the call;
When the cattle on the hill-side,
And the fishes in the river,
Felt anew the joy of living,
Was a wedding festival.

Violets and honey-suckles
Bloomed on window-sill and mantle,
On the old clock's oaken turret,
In the young bride's flaxen hair;
And the sweet-briar filled the morning
With its eloquence of odor—
"Life is cold, but love can warm it;
Oh, be faithful, happy pair!"

Solemnly the village pastor
Said the simple marriage-service.
Then came one, with roguish twinkle,
Asking, "Had another heard
Of a certain little maiden
Who would 'never have a husband?'"
And the young bride turned to Richard,
Smiled, but answered not a word.

And as Farmer Lee looked on them,
Down his cheek the tears were falling,
But a light shone from his features
On the circle gathered round,
As he leaned on Richard's shoulder,
Saying, "Friends, be happy with me,
For I have not lost a daughter,
"But a worthy son have found!"

CLUBS AND CLUB-MEN.

WHY does not some great author write the "Mysteries of the Club-houses, or St. James's Street Unvailed?" asks Mr. Thackeray, in whose works the London clubs and their *habitués* play no unimportant part. "History" the great Snobographer does not deal in; but who has not laughed sadly at his club *portraits* in that funniest and most melancholy of books, the Book of Snobs? Who does not remember Jawkins in the coffee-room of the "No Surrender" Club, waving the *Standard*, swaggering and haranguing; or Spitfire, great upon foreign affairs, and oracular upon the treasons of Lord Palmerston and the designs of Russia; or Fawney, with shining boots and endless greasy simper, taking a profound interest in every good-natured man's business and dinner; or Captain Shindy, throwing all the club into an uproar about the quality of his mutton-chop; or Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur, growling together in a corner about sporting matters; or Wiggle and Waggle, the lady-killers; or Hawkins, with his handkerchief and great resonant nose; or Sir Thomas de Boots, the great military swell; or Horace Fogey; or the Major: are they not all written down, and do they not all live?

Looking at the matter seriously, there is no doubt that a faithful history of the London clubs would be a history of London manners from Shakspeare down to the present time, and would throw light on some queer traits of the times, and of the great men who made the times.

The most famous of the earlier London Clubs was the Mermaid, said to have been founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and attended by Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Seldon, Donne, and others, the *élite* of the Elizabethan era. Alas! there was neither a Pepys nor a Boswell at that time to hand down to us the crumbs of wit that fell from the table of those giants of old. We are merely tantalized by Beaumont thus alluding to them, when writing from the country to his friend and fellow-laborer, Fletcher.

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came

Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Another noted club, of nearly the same period, was held in the Apollo room of the Devil Tavern at Temple Bar, on the site now occupied by Childs's well-known banking-house. Ben Jonson wrote in choice and elegant Latin the convivial rules (*leges conviviales*) for this assembly, which were engraved in letters of gold on a black-board, and suspended over the fireplace. The board itself is still preserved by the Messrs. Childs. Over the door of the club-room was placed a bust of Jonson, and a number of verses, commencing

"Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo;
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine;
Truth itself doth flow in wine;
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the King of Skrinkers."

"Old Sim" was Simon Wardloe, the landlord of the tavern, and the original of *Old Sir Simon the King*, the favorite song of the boisterous Squire Western.

The first clubs—known by that name—were political. We read of one, in Milton's time, "at one Miles's, where was made purposely a large ovall table, with a passage in the middle for Miles to deliver his coffee." Round this table, "in a room every evening as full as it could be crammed" (says Aubrey), sat Milton and Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, Nevill, and their friends, discussing abstract political questions.

This was in 1660, only three years after "the black and bitter drink called coffee," as Pepys says, was introduced to England by Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant. While the old party hates lasted, political clubs continued to flourish, and all clubs and coffee-houses had their peculiar class of frequenters, who were pretty sure to sympathize with each other in politics. There were Rump clubs, Royalist clubs, Calfshead clubs, Church of England clubs, Tory clubs, Whig clubs, and so on.

The most famous of the Whig clubs was held at the house of a famous mutton-pie man, one Christopher Katt, from whom the club and the mutton-pies its members regaled themselves withal both took their name of "Kit-Kat." The portraits of the members were painted for old Jacob Tonson, bookseller, and secretary of the club, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, on canvases of the uniform size of thirty-six by twenty-eight inches, since known to painters as the "Kit-Kat size." Shoe Lane, the locality where this club held their meetings, is now one of the lowest and poorest parts of London. The stranger-pilgrim passing through this blind alley finds it difficult to believe that here, some hundred and fifty years ago, used to meet many of the finest gentlemen and choicest wits of the days of Queen Anne and the first George. Inside one of those frowsy and low-ceiled rooms—now tenanted by abandoned women, or devoted to the sale of green groceries and small coal—Halifax has conversed, and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over a bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanbrugh let loose his easy humor, Garth talked and rhymed. The Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, Marlborough, and Newcastle; the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Sir Robert Walpole, Granville, Mainwaring, Stepney, and Walsh—all belonged to the Kit-Kat.

The club was literary and gallant as well as political. Its toasting-glasses, each inscribed with a verse to some "toast" or reigning beauty of the time, were long famous. The beauties have returned to dust, the glasses are long since shivered; but the verses remain. Among those they celebrate are the four shining daughters of the Duke of Marlborough—Lady Godolphin, Lady Sunderland, Lady Bridgewater, and Lady Monthermer; Swift's friends, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Barton; the lovely and witty niece of Sir Isaac Newton; the Duchess of Bolton, Mrs. Brudenell, Lady Carlisle, Mrs. Di Kirk, and Lady Wharton. Dr. B. (whoever he may be) celebrates the majestic Bolton:

"Flat contradictions wage in Bolton war,
Yet her the toasters as a goddess prize;
Her Whiggish tongue does zealously declare
For freedom, but for slavery her eyes."

Mr. Mainwaring neatly insinuates his compliment to Marlborough under cover of this quatrain to his eldest daughter:

"Godolphin's easy and unpracticed air
Gains without art, and governs without care.
Her conquering race with various fates surprise;
Who 'scape *their* arms are captive to *her* eyes."

In 1657 the first coffee-house was established in London by Pasqua Rosee, a Ragusan—the servant of Edwards, who first introduced coffee—in partnership with "one Bowman, coachman to Mr. Edwards's brother-in-law." In 1715 the number of coffee-houses in London was reckoned at 2000. Every class, trade, profession, and party had its favorite coffee-house. A penny was laid down at the bar on entering, and the price of a dish of tea or coffee seems to have been two-pence, which charge covered newspapers and lights. The established frequenters of the house had their set places, and received special attentions. Dryden's winter-chair by the fire, and his summer-chair on the balcony, at Will's, should be remembered by all who pass under the windows of No. 1 Bow Street, on the west side. One loves to picture the glorious old man on his throne, under a bright summer sunset, with the brilliant young wits about him, proud of the honor of dipping a finger and thumb into his snuff-box. Cards and dice were the rule as well as coffee, tea, and chocolate; and as gambling in those days was the universal practice, gamesters and highwaymen found their account in frequenting these resorts, where they found a plenty of dupes and victims.

When M'Lean and Plunket, two dashing highwaymen, were taken in 1750, Horace Walpole writes: "M'Lean had a lodging in St. James's Street, over against White's, and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn Street; and their faces are as known about St. James's as any gentleman's who lives in that quarter, who perhaps goes upon the road too." We all remember the figure of the highwayman in Hogarth's gambling scene at White's, with the pistols peeping out of his pocket, waiting by the fireside till the heaviest winner takes his departure, in order to *recoup* himself of his losings. It was to exclude such characters that many favorite coffee-houses were turned into clubs.

Thus Tom's (one of the haunts of the wits), a coffee-house till 1764, in that year, by a guinea subscription among nearly seven hundred of the nobility, foreign ministers, gentry, and geniuses of the age, became the card-room and place of meeting of the subscribers exclusively.

To understand the large part which club and coffee-houses filled in the life of those days, we have but to refer to those delightful essays which have helped to make the times of Queen Anne almost as familiar to us as our own. Who does not remember the Ugly Club; the Everlasting Club; the Club of She Romps (bless them!); the Parish Clerks' and Lawyers' Clubs; and above all, the Spectator's own Club, with that most lovable personage of all fiction, dear, honest, simple, kindly Sir Roger de Coverley, for its central figure? Steele and Addison were confirmed club-men, tavern haunters, and coffee-house gossips. Mrs. Steele, it is to be feared, had but little of her Dick's company at any time. The tavern in Kensington is still standing to which Addison used to steal away from the grandeur of Holland House and the society of his countess to enjoy a solitary bottle and muse over old times. It was just after Queen Anne's accession that Swift made acquaintance with the leaders of the wits at Button's. Ambrose Phillips has told the story of the strange clergyman whom the frequenters of the coffee-house had observed for some days. He knew no one, no one knew him. He would lay his hat down on a table, and walk up and down at a brisk pace for half an hour without speaking to any one, or seeming to pay attention to any thing that was going forward. Then he would snatch up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk off, without having opened his lips. The frequenters of the room had christened him "the Mad Parson." One evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times upon a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country. At last Swift advanced toward this bucolic gentleman, as if intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what the dumb parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, Sir, do you know any good weather in the world?" After staring a little at the singularity of Swift's manner and the oddity of the question, the gentleman answered, "Yes, Sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say: I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."

Swift passed much of his life, most of his happiest moments, with the members of his favorite club, whom he entitled "The Brothers." "We were but eleven to-day," he writes to Stella (February, 1712). "We are now, in all, nine lords and ten commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby, to be a member; but I opposed it so warmly that it was waived. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys; and we want but two to make up our number. I staid till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost £20, though it was only four dishes, and four without a dessert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house."

In May, we hear how "fifteen of our society dined together under a canopy in an arbor at Parson's Green last Thursday. I never saw any thing so fine and romantic."

One of the best-beloved of "The Brothers" was Colonel—or, as he was commonly called, "Duke"—Disney, "a fellow of abundance of humor," says Swift, writing to Stella in 1713; "an old battered rake, but very honest: not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid-of-honor, who is a little old, 'that since she could not get a husband, the queen should give her brevet to act as a married woman.'" The journal to Stella closes in June, 1713, leaving Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at Chester, on his way to Holyhead. Next year he was again in London, and had formed, with Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, the "Scriblerus Club," to which the world owes those most humorous fragments of satire on human learning which go under the name of the erudite Martinus—"The Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of the Parish," written in ridicule of "Burnet's History of his own Times," and perhaps the germs of "Gulliver." The dispersion of the club prevented the completion of Scriblerus, and robbed the world of much notable humor.

So completely during the first quarter of the last century had society organized itself into clubs, that the *Spectator* tells us of "Street Clubs" formed by the inhabitants of the same street. Of these, but degenerate, was the Mohawk Club, and its successors, one of which was appropriately named the "Hell-Fire Club." These unruly spirits made the streets unsafe at night. It was to protect the worthy gentleman from the Mohawks that a lusty escort attended Sir Roger de Coverley from his lodgings in Norfolk Street to the play-house and back again.

And then, in 1731, was formed the Beefsteak Club—"the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks"—which yet flourishes, and has counted among its members the greatest and most talented spirits of Britain. Garrick was an honored member of the Steaks. Perhaps the hat and sword now among the *insignia* of the club were the identical ones he wore that night, when, announced for "Ranger" at Drury Lane, he lingered at the club so long that the pit began to growl and the gallery to ring with the ominous call of "Manager, manager!" Garrick had been sent for to Covent Garden, where the Steaks then dined. Carriages blocked up Russell Street, and detained him at the crossing. When he reached the theatre he found Dr. Ford, one of the patentees, walking up and down in anxiety. As Garrick came panting in, "I think, David," said Ford, "considering the stake you and I have in this house, you might pay more attention to its business." "True, my good friend," returned Garrick; "but I was thinking of my steak in the other house."

During the winter of 1736 a knot of literary worthies first met at the Turk's Head under the auspices of Reynolds, Johnson, and Burke, and laid the foundation of what is now called "The Literary Club." This society counts among its members more distinguished men than any other of the London clubs. Admission to its brotherhood was, in times past, considered a great honor, eagerly coveted of men aspiring to greatness. At start the number was limited to nine. Surly and self-important Hawkins—for whom the word "unclubable" was invented—had been a member of the Ivy Lane Club, and so was invited to join. The knight having refused to pay his portion of the reckoning for supper, because he usually ate no supper at home, Johnson observed, "Sir John, Sir, is a very unclubable man." Topham Beauclerk, the best-natured man with the most ill-natured wit—the seeds of consumption already planted in his constitution by early excess, but the life and soul of every company he mixed with; Bennett Langton, six feet six inches in height, a hero-worshiper and mild enthusiast; and Chamier, then secretary in the War Office—represented pleasure, fashion, and the West End. Edmund Burke, just freed from his uncongenial service in Ireland under Single-speech Hamilton, took his place by equal right among politicians and professional penmen as the successful author of "The Vindication of Natural Society," and the "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," and as the unacknowledged compiler of "The Annual Register." Burke introduced to the club Dr. Nugent, his father-in-law. The nine were made up by Oliver Goldsmith, recently emerged from the more sordid misery of his early struggles, but still dodging the bailiffs. They clapped him on the shoulder only the year after the club was formed, when the sale of "The Vicar of Wakefield"—thanks to the good offices of Dr. Johnson—rescued him from their clutches.

The nine soon grew to twelve; and by successive accretions the club rose to thirty-five members in 1780, at which number it stood when Boswell published Johnson's Life in 1791. It numbers thirty-seven at the present time. The original hour of meeting was seven every Monday evening; when the members ate an inexpensive supper, followed by a late sitting and good conversation.

The passion for gambling increased enormously during the latter half of the last century. There were play-clubs in plenty, but, aside from these, there was scarce a political club but was at the same time a play-club. "White's" was the most famous—or infamous—of the whole. To show how general was the vice: "The Speaker," writes Walpole (November 22, 1751), "was railing at gaming and White's, apropos of these two prisoners. Lord Coke, to whom the conversation was addressed, replied, 'Sir, all I can say is, that they are both of them members of the House of Commons, and neither of them of White's.'" One of the rules at Brookes's was, that "Every person playing at the new quinze table do keep fifty guineas before him."

The best minds and hearts of the century were drawn into the fatal vortex. The debts contracted almost exceed belief. The follies committed under the impulse of the gambling mania are sadly ridiculous. Walpole writes (August, 1766): "Can you believe that Lord Foley's two sons have borrowed money so extravagantly, that the interest they have contracted to pay amounts to £18,000 a year?" Lord Coleraine and his two brothers, their father having bequeathed to his widow all they had left him (£1600 a year), wheedled the poor old lady out of every farthing, leaving her a beggar, dependent on a friend for subsistence. Soon after, these precious sons told their mother she must come to town on business: "It was," says Walpole, to show her to the Jews, and convince them hers was a good life, unless she is starved." "You must not suppose," he adds, "that such actions are disapproved; for the second brother is going Minister to Brussels, that he may not go to jail, whither he ought to go."

"Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas," so runs an entry in the betting-book at White's, "that Beau Nash outlives Cibber." This Lord Mountford aimed at reducing even natural affection to the doctrine of chances. When asked, soon after his daughter's marriage, if she was with child, he replied, "Upon my word, I don't know; I have no bet upon it." Walpole says of him, "He himself, with all his judgment in bets, I think, would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder."

Fox was notoriously the greatest gambler as well as the greatest statesman of the age. Before he was twenty-four he owed the Jews £100,000. He never won a large stake except once—£8000. But no loss could ruffle him. Topham Beauclerk, calling upon him one morning, after a night of terrible ill-luck, found him

quietly reading Herodotus. Beauclerk expressed surprise at his equanimity. "What would you have me do," said Fox, "when I have lost my last shilling?"

In the betting-books at White's and Brookes's—which are still preserved—may be found bets on all possible or conceivable subjects: bets on births, deaths, and marriages; on the length of a life, or the duration of a ministry; on a rascal's risk of the halter, or a placeman's prospect of a coronet; on the chances of an election, or the sanity of the king; on the shock of an earthquake, or the last scandal at Ranelagh, or Madame Cornely's. Walpole writes, in 1768: "There is a man about town, a Sir William Burdett, a man of very good family, but most infamous character. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's, that the first baronet that will be hanged is this Sir William Burdett."

A man dropped down at the door of White's; he was carried into the house. Was he dead or not? The odds were immediately given and taken for and against. It was proposed to bleed him. Those who had taken the odds the man was dead, protested that the use of a lancet would affect the fairness of the bet. Walpole has a good story of a parson, who, coming into White's on the morning of the earthquake of 1750, and hearing bets laid whether the shock was caused by an earthquake, or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away in horror, protesting that they were such an impious set that he believed "if the last trump were to sound they would bet puppet-show against Judgment."

One Mr. Blake betted £1500 that a man could live twelve hours under water; hired a desperate fellow, and sunk him in a ship by way of experiment. Neither ship nor man reappeared. "Another man and ship are to be tried for their lives," adds Walpole, who is our authority for this story, "instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin."

Those *fast* times are past—no more to return it is to be hoped. The clubs of London of the present day are peopled by a quieter set.

The dandies still muster in the bow-windows at White's to ogle the passers-by, and kill reputations; but the rattle of the dice-box is heard no more in the halls; and the hazard-room has ceased to be. The play has subsided to a quiet whist-party of elderly gentlemen, at guinea points and five guineas on the rubber; hazard is not even mentioned in the rules and regulations of the club.

A better spirit has come over society, and we may safely say it would require greater talents in England to-day than those of Fox and his compeers to unite successfully the two occupations of gambler and statesman.

Let us now take a glance at the interior arrangement and economy of the London club-houses of the present day. A stranger exploring that part of the west end of London which forms, as it were, a sort of neutral ground between the dwellings of the aristocracy on the one side, and the more fashionable business streets on the other, can not fail to be struck by the magnificence of some twenty large buildings, thickly scattered over a small compass of ground. If he inquires to whom these splendid palaces belong, he will be told that they are club-houses; and subsequent experience will inform him that the mansions of the highest nobility, even the palace of the Queen, are inferior, in point of architectural decoration, to many of these remarkable edifices. Further, he will find that their internal arrangements and fittings equal, if they do not surpass, in magnificence the architectural embellishments of the exteriors.

Though each of the clubs has some peculiarities of its own, yet all possess a general similarity of arrangement. A noble entrance-hall is approached from the street by a small and comparatively unornamented vestibule. A portly hall-porter, who receives all letters, and is attended by two or more liveried pages, to carry messages, is the presiding genius of this debatable land, and jealously guards the sacred interior from the profane footsteps of unlicensed strangers. This trusty janitor must know every member of the club, by eyesight at least, and is supposed to be able at all times, but with suitable tact and discretion, to answer all inquiries respecting the whereabouts of any individual clubbist. Thus, he will tell you whether a member be in the house—at what time he generally is there—whether he be in the country, on the Continent, or elsewhere. He does not, however, know the private addresses of all the members, these being required, by the rules of the club, to be given in confidence to the secretary only—many gentlemen, like the renowned Mulligan of Ballymulligan, so pleasantly described by Mr. Thackeray, living "there;" that is, in places differing very much as regards fashionable locality, style, and other obvious et ceteras, from the club-house, to which their letters are directed. Adjoining the vestibule there generally is a small reception-room, where a stranger, who may happen to call upon a member, is permitted to wait, if his manner and semblance satisfy the experienced scrutiny of the lynx-eyed porter. Persons of a doubtful exterior are rigidly excluded; and especially the officers of the law are peremptorily denied admittance to this castle of bachelors. Here the debtor is free from the pursuit of sheriffs' deputies and their writs. Indeed, a learned British judge not long since declared, in his official capacity, that a club-house was a sanctuary inviolable by sheriff-officer, writ, summons, execution—in short, by the whole artillery and small-arms of legal procedure.

From the entrance-hall branch off the various apartments on the ground-floor: one is a spacious morning or lounging room, amply supplied with newspapers and writing materials for the free use of the members. Theodore Hook is said to have written several of his novels on club-paper in the morning room of the Athen-

æum, and his favorite seat is still considered an object of interest by the members of that club. Adjoining this apartment is the coffee-room, differing in little, except its superior magnificence, from the coffee-room of a first-class tavern. Rows of small tables, projecting from the sides, leave a wide open space in the centre. These tables are laid for breakfast and luncheon from about ten in the morning till four in the afternoon; then, like a scene in a pantomime, the whole is at once changed, and arrangements made for dinner. There are also smaller apartments, where members making up snug little parties can dine together, and freely discuss affairs of pleasure, politics, or business, unrestrained by the publicity of the coffee-room. Most clubs have a strangers' room, to which a member can invite a non-member friend to dine with him. The non-member, however, can not go into any other part of the house; still, a club-dinner is no penance to him, though the eater is exclusively confined to the strangers' apartment.

On the basement, beneath the ground-floor, are situated the main vital organs of the establishment—the kitchen and cellar.

From the hall, a grand stair-case leads the way to the drawing-room, on the first floor. Though fitted up in a style of the most costly elegance, this spacious apartment ever has as "lack-lustre" an appearance as the eye of the fool whom the melancholy Jacques met "i' the forest." Could it possibly appear otherwise? A drawing-room without ladies—a universe without its central suns! On "visiting-days," however, ladies are permitted to have a peep at the dreary splendor which they alone could fitly embellish. Adjoining the drawing-room is the library, generally well stored with books, and attended by a resident librarian. One club, the Athenæum, possesses upward of 25,000 volumes, and sets apart the considerable sum of £500 per annum for the library alone. Generally speaking, the card-room is on the same floor as the library and drawing-room.

The billiard and smoking rooms are mostly situated on the upper story. The extra expenses of the card and billiard tables are defrayed by a small fee paid by each member who uses them, and not out of the general fund; it obviously being unjust that members who do not play should be called upon to contribute for the amusement of those who do.

The club is managed by a committee, carefully chosen from among the most scientific gourmands and skilled connoisseurs in wines on the roll of membership. The post is one of honer, but the responsibility is equally great, as the reputation of the club depends chiefly on the skill of the committee in the art of good living. Except on very important occasions, such as the appointment of a new cook, when certain experienced members are selected to assist the managing committee, the latter rule absolute, and command the whole working-staff of the establishment. These consist of a secretary, house-steward, cook, butler, coffee-room clerk, clerk of the kitchen, head and under waiters. The female servants are more particularly under the superintendence of a matron, and comprise a still-room maid, who prepares tea and coffee, a needle-woman, with a number of house and kitchen maids. One of the puzzling peculiarities of club economy is, that the inferior servants are always invisible. Possibly the greater part of the house-work is done at early hours in the morning; but however that may be, a man may be a member of a club for years without ever seeing one of the female servants.

Turn we now to the chief object of the club—the dinner. Here all is conducted with the most perfect regularity and method. A member wishing to dine fills up a printed form of dinner-bill with whatever dishes he may choose to select from the *carte* of the day. The bill is then passed to the head-waiter, who sends it down to the clerk of the kitchen, and the latter appends the established price of each dish as it is sent up to the coffee-room. The bill thus filled up is passed to the butler, who, in turn, charges in it whatever wine the member has ordered; and it is then delivered to the coffee-room clerk, who sums up the entire amount, adding a small charge for what is termed "table-money." This charge, which averages from sixpence to a shilling, according to the rules of the club, is to defray the contingent expenses of the dinner—the clean cloth, vegetables, cheese, and other minor condiments. The bill is then presented to the member, and paid at sight; for however much the various clubs may differ in their regulations, the spirit of the following rule is common to all: "Members are to pay their bills for every expense they incur in the club before they leave the house, the steward having positive orders not to open accounts with any individual."

By way of consolation, however, for this pay-upon-delivery system, the member, if he has, or fancies he has, any complaint to make against the charges, quality of viands, wines, or cooking, can enter his protest on the back of the bill, which is duly laid before the committee, and seriously investigated.

A person who desires admission to a club must be proposed and seconded by two or more members; his name is then placed on the candidates' book; but his election does not take place till—through vacancies occurring in the club by deaths or resignations—all the previous names on the same book have been admitted or rejected. There are at present several thousand names on the candidates' lists of the London clubs. Not long since the Athenæum, which consists of 1500 members, had no less than 1600 candidates waiting in regular order for admission. The election is by ballot. In some of the smaller and more aristocratic clubs, a single black ball excludes the anxious aspirant, but the majority of clubs are not so ridiculously particular; generally speaking, one black ball

in ten is the fatal number equivalent to rejection. Immediately after an election the secretary writes to the successful candidate, inclosing a printed copy of the club-rules, and requesting prompt payment of the entrance-fees and annual subscription for the current year. When these are paid, and not till then, the newly-elected member is entitled to all the rights and privileges of his club. As may naturally be supposed, the entrance-fees and annual subscriptions of the various London clubs differ considerably in amount. The entrance-fees vary from forty to one hundred and fifty dollars. The lowest annual subscription is twenty-five dollars, the highest fifty dollars; in most clubs, however, it is not more than thirty.

The club system, if not peculiar to Great Britain, has yet attained there far greater importance than elsewhere. In America, until within a few years back, clubs were almost unknown; and even now, in our most wealthy city, New York, they hold but a very subordinate place in the social structure, compared with the clubs of London.

Of the New York clubs, the Union, established in 1822, is alike the oldest and the wealthiest. Its grounds and buildings cost over $200,000. It has about five hundred members. One hundred dollars is charged as entrance-fee, and the annual subscription amounts to fifty dollars. Its president is Hon. John A. King, the present Governor of the State of New York. It counts among its membership many men of note in arts, literature, politics, and commerce. Bancroft, Washington Irving, Commodore Perry, the Astors, General Scott, F. B. Cutting, Charles O'Connor, and others, are members of the Union.

The Century Club is composed of authors, artists, and amateurs of letters and the fine arts. The entrance-fee is forty dollars, and the annual subscription twenty-four dollars. The number of members is limited to two hundred and fifty. Most of the best known American authors and artists are members of the Century: Bryant, Taylor, Kensett, Curtis, Bancroft, Butler, Church the painter, Darley, Gulian C. Verplanck—the last named being at present its president.

It may be of interest to note some of the rules and restrictions regarding club amusements in the United States. In the Union Club all games of hazard are prohibited. It is, however, permitted to play whist for as high a stake as five dollars per game of ten points, or two and a half dollars per game of five points. Billiards may be played for a dinner of the value of one dollar per game of a hundred points. The introduction of dogs is peremptorily prohibited. As might be supposed, smoking is allowed in all parts of the house except upon the first floor. No games are permitted to be played on Sunday. In most other respects the rules and regulations and management of the clubs of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston are very similar to those of their prototypes, the clubs of London.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR OF CALIFORNIA.

I, THE narrator of the wonderful things hereinrelated concerning the grizzly bear of California, and which all will hearken to, whether they believe them or not—yes, you with grave incredulous smiles, you also will read them eagerly, in that close unhealthy den you call your office, where, in continually seeking money and learning, you lose yourself in unrealities, book matters, while, in fact, knowledge gathered from the open face of nature is the foundation of all you are seeking with such diligence at second hand; I, the narrator, a qualified believer in Gérard and Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, and in the genius but not in the sanity of that fantastic creature, the dandy hunter-philosopher Toussenel, have heard greater things than any which they have related. I have heard the crow, most intelligent of birds, conversing with his mates; gossiping and chatting, with as voluble and cunning intonations as a French milliner. You do not believe this; and yet, with interest, perhaps with a smile, you listen to it. It is pleasing to hear the most extravagant things said in a confident and quiet manner. "The lie," says a profound author, "in matters of hunting, should commence only beyond the limits of the possible." Do you then scoff at me, because I tell you that the crow, with organs of speech flexible enough to form well-sounding words in Latin, Greek, English, or even German, has a language of its own, with a vocabulary of expression, in which he discusses fluently all topics of corvine life and society?

The true hunter and naturalist "adorns truth because he loves it." "He has felt that it was necessary to dress truth a little, to show her to better effect in a world of false modesty." "But how his respect for truth reveals itself through the slightest details of these ornaments with which he has adorned his idol." When he tells you, as I do, that the grizzly bear of California is a surgeon, and, when wounded, gathers leaves of the bush called "grease-wood" and forces them tightly into the wound; when I have related this, actuated as you are by a secret pride, hating to find intelligence in the brute, you rack your brains for an "explanation." Why not accept the fact, and let it produce such fruit as it will, of poetry or philosophy? You can never disprove it, and you are ignorant. Be content, then, to learn through the eyes and experience of others.

Along the coast of California, from the extreme southern tip, called Cape St. Lucas, to the Golden Gate, there is a continuous range of mountains, throwing out spurs, and advancing steep escarpments upon the sea. These are named the "Coast Range," and are still the chosen homes of the grizzly bear; who, by this selection of ground, commands on one hand the inner plains and valleys drained by those waters which flow out through the Golden Gate, exit of many rivers, and, on the other the ocean,

in whose tumbling and pitiless surf he delights to measure the gigantic force of his limbs.

Before the advent of Man it was the Bear who asserted sovereignty over the animal and vegetable kingdom. But the king of bears reigned in California, where nature has made all things vast, extended, and overwhelming. Plains, over which the eye wearies itself with distances, green and interminable; a river with navigable arms, fed by all the snows of the Sierras, where large and solid streams plunge in unbroken falls over precipices thousands of feet in depth, into valleys where stand trees taller than cathedral spires, and more ancient than the Theban tombs.

The bay salmon is larger than the cod in the bays of California; whales of enormous size rise, like islands, near the shore; the bear attains the stature and double the weight of the bull. All things mark an epoch of grandeur and strength; the creative Angel who shaped this part of earth, in obeying the behest of the Supreme Mind, worked with the feeling of an Angelo, and swept his plastic hand over vast curves.

As if in compensation, the air has telescopic power, bringing near and magnifying remote objects. I dare not relate, at what incredible distances men, horses, and cattle are visible to each other in this magical atmosphere, which at once strengthens the limbs and intellectual faculties of man, while it obliges him to longer journeys and more extended views.

Excepting the sandy desert of the Colorado—natural boundary between Tropical and Northern America on the Pacific—the surface of this immense region is green for at least six months of the year—the winter, or season of rains. All detail of foliage, and the lesser beauties of the picturesque, are lost in chains of surface features whose single links cover hundreds of miles. For example, the insignificant "cat-tail," called *tulé*, covers plains where the eye finds no limit. No less vast, and seemingly illimitable, are the regions of the wild-oat.

Well do I remember the effect of the first view of those endless hills of the coast, when, after shipwreck, I climbed with hand and foot the crumbling face of the mountain. The sound of the heavy surf thundering at the base grew less and less distinct. My companions, faint with hunger, lagged and returned, one by one, and all perished. I alone, covered with the cruel bruises the rocks had given me in being dashed against them by the sea, reached the heights, and looked inland. Ridgy summits, weather-worn, battlemented with mouldering walls of rock, through whose embrasures peered now and then the red eyes and corrugated front of the wild bull, watching remote the movement of his old enemy, the bear, in the ravine; the steady rush of the northwest wind, beginning to bring the afternoon fog from the ocean. Over the hills, north, south, and east, waved every where the thin but nutritious herbage of the wild oat, spreading a gauzy vail of pale brown, dry and withered to the eye, but sustaining countless herds, which seemed to crawl slowly, like companies of flies stiffened with cold, up steep hill-sides, geometrically lined and channeled with their parallel paths, like plowed fields that are grassing themselves afresh.

Vale beyond vale, interminable. Scaling from these, three successive swells of the mountain—watched always dangerously by the wild bulls, that, on the plain, would have attacked and trampled me to death, despising the man on foot as much as they fear him mounted—the sea-fog of the afternoon, growing momently denser and colder; nightfall, and dread of that terrible death in the wilderness, with its attendants—hunger, madness, and idiocy; . . . I rolled myself in my boat-cloak, and lay down on the slope of the mountain. Half sleeping, I heard the distant bark of a dog; it came nearer; and then a human voice; a moment after, the snuffing of the hound over my face and eyes. He rushed away silently, and I heard his bark below in the ravine, mingled with a mournful cry. A bear-hunter, riding slowly homeward through the mist, warned and led by the dog, found me there. He dismounted; and, without a word, I was raised up and placed in the saddle. I thanked him; and we moved on, for hours following steep and devious paths, the dog and horse snuffing the trail, until all at once we heard voices. The dog scours in advance; a light moves toward us; dark, Spanish faces surround me; and soon I am lying quiet and full of content, but wounded and sore, on the hard pallet of the herdsman, covered by his hospitable roof, and tended with the friendliest care.

My host was an Arkansas man—a bear-hunter, graduated in the school of the forest, with his diploma marked upon his body, in shape of ghastly scars. He was master of a cattle-ranch, and of a company of *vaqueros*, or native herdsmen. The fame of the grizzly bear of California, and not of the gold-diggings, had drawn him to these remote regions. He made the voyage of the Cape in 1845, and built a cabin of cedar logs in the "wild oats country," near San Luis Obispo. During two weeks of illness, caused by the hurts of my shipwreck, he and his Spanish people gave me every attention.

On the first day of my convalescence, I sat at evening in front of the house, overlooking the landscape. A green, irregular slope descended before me to the bed of a thin stream, beyond which was the *corral*—a large inclosure of cedar logs, called "red wood," into which the milch cows were driven each morning to nurse the calves. The hungry cry of three hundred calves, the anxious calling and bellowing of their horned kindred, sounded always all night until dawn. Then the people of the ranch—men, women, and children—thronged to the *corral* with milking-pails. The cows were let in, and the calves caught by the little boys with lassos, and their necks tied to the hind-leg of the mother, who then, under a pleasing maternal delusion, allowed herself to be milked.

Beyond the *corral* a plain, undulating, grassy, but parched with summer heats, led the gaze eastward to the blue line of remote mountains. The air was of a pleasant warmth, tempered by the overflow of the cool sea-wind; and the monotone of shrilling grasshoppers and locusts filled it with a soothing music. On the right a chain of hills, covered alternately with tall red-wood in cañons,* and groves of oak on the summits, stretched away into the distance. On the left another range, more soft and rounded, led toward the north; and the sides of these last were filmed with the wild oat. The *vaqueros* now picketed horses on the plain, or drove herds of wild cattle. Under an oak, removed from the ranch, a crowd were gathered, stripping hides from the carcasses of beeves.

The bellowing of the herds and the cries of the drivers, as they rode to and fro over the plain, through the level beams of sunset, reining their swift and docile horses with short turns to check the devious rush of the cattle, or throwing and winding the lasso, sounded remote and pleasing. For the first time I saw and understood the life of herdsmen — unprogressive and unchanged since the first tribe of Caucasians followed the first herds on the farther side of the Caspian.

I lay on a bench of cedar, my head pillowed on a Spanish saddle which glittered with silver embroidery. Over me a wide arbor of the celebrated grape of Los Angeles diffused its transparent shadows, the rich clusters hanging within reach, small, purple, full of aromatic juice, and without a core. I ate them at will, allaying thirst and hunger with this luscious and cooling fruit. My new friend and saviour, Colin Preston, the red-bearded hunter, was extended on a bear-skin on the cool earth beside me, dreamily revolving in his mind the fortune of the chase. Gradually he roused himself. The lines of conversation, thoughts coming forward for expression, formed about his eyes and mouth. He rose upon his elbow and spoke slowly, without accent or enthusiasm. Preston had been a scholar and a lawyer, and his talk was a mixture of the rude and polished. Cool, grave, imperturbable, with eyes so still and fierce they burned into the very soul, he might have been the lord of some barbarous primeval tribe.

Such men exist only on the borders of the New World; incapable of folly and careless of wealth; the Knights Paladin of the wilderness, for whom modern society has no name, no poem, and no place.

"They talk of bears," said Preston, fixing upon mine, with still regard, his large gray eyes; "of bears in Arkansaw. I was bred to the bear as well as to the *bar*, and through ten seasons hunted on the Red River with men of the woods, 'bar' hunters of the border, who have all the forest wisdom. I have read, too, what has been written by the great hunters, but none of them knew the bear of California. He is the sovereign of beasts; in strength, weight, endurance, and sagacity superior to the lion, and I doubt not has formerly destroyed some great and powerful tribe of lions on this continent."

"You are an enthusiast," said I. "You have dwelt so long among bears you fancy them the only wonders of creation."

"Last April," he continued, "I rode out, with my rifle and telescope, alone. Antonio, who should always go with me—and he is a good hunter, but a coward—Antonio was sick, or indolent, so I went alone. From the summit of the low hill on the left of yonder mountain I swept the view with my glass. In the midst of a plain covered with the wild clover, which is deep and close at that season (you can pluck the clover heads with your hand without bending from the saddle), I perceived a mŏvement, and saw that it was a grizzly of enormous size rolling in the clover, with his paws playing stupidly in the air. The cattle on a hill-side not far distant were watching this movement, and a bull advanced toward it, drawn, it seemed to me, by curiosity. The wind carried away the scent of the bear."

"Do cattle distinguish all animals by the scent?"

"Men and the larger animals, when the wind is in their favor. But not as well as the deer.

"The bull drew gradually nearer to the bear, and the herd followed him, grazing as they went. He forced his way through the tall clover until he came within fifty yards, and bellowed, tearing up the earth. The bear moved less, only now and then rolling a little to stir the field. The curiosity of the bull now changed into anger; he came slowly up, snorting and bellowing, and at length stepped suddenly forward, and plunged at the bear, who caught him in his powerful arms and held him down.

"There was fifteen minutes of struggling and roaring, and the two immense beasts rolled over and over, crushing flat a wide area of the field. The herd gathered around, rushed upon them, and bellowed with rage and terror; but the bear never slackened his hold until the bull, exhausted, ceased to strive. Then up rose Bruin, light as a cat, and, striking out as a cat strikes, broke at one blow the shoulder of the bull. He fell as if dead, and the herd ran to the hills, groaning."

"I have been told that the bear is not a flesh eater."

"You shall hear. He stood over the carcass, and tore out the bowels, tasting with his tongue, and champing; but he did not bolt or gorge the flesh as tigers do. It was now the time to ride up and dispatch him. His eyes were smeared with blood, and his nostrils dulled with the strong odor of flesh. Leaving my horse, I crept through the clover, and planted a ball behind the shoulder. A bear shot through the heart falls dead."

"And if you had missed?"

"I seldom miss."

"You said 'seldom.' You should have said

* Gorges, or channels, which separate spurs or buttresses of mountains. The red-wood follows the moist channel of the cañon.

'never,' to be secure. That 'seldom' will one day interrupt you."

"Let us not fret ourselves about the 'one day.' To hunt bears you must hunt them."

"It is a passion."

"An ambition, rather. This region pleases me. There are bears larger, stronger, and more difficult to kill than the lions of Algiers. One of these will sometimes overtake a horse at speed. They are long-limbed, active, and full of cunning. As for their courage, they are seldom disheartened except by fatal wounds. The bear of this country resembles the man who hunts him, and it is this resemblance of character that gives interest to the chase."

"I heard Antonio telling you, yesterday, that a bear was made drunk?"

"Yes; you understood, then, Antonio's bad Spanish?"

"A little."

"We make large and dangerous bears drunk, when they have cubs in February, and are too savage. The bear goes to and from his den or cover—usually a hollow among rocks—by certain paths, called 'beats.' A bear will use the same beat for years, going by night on one beat, and in the day taking another, more circuitous. You will often find a tree fallen across the beat, or you fell one, and wait till the savage has examined the new barricade, and finding that it is not a trap is willing to climb over it. Then you make a hole in it with an axe, large enough to contain a gallon of rum and molasses. Bears are greedy of sweets. In countries where there is wild honey they will overturn all obstacles to get at it. Of sugar and molasses, and sweet fruits, strawberries, mulberries, and the like, they are passionately fond. The bear reaches the log; he pauses over the hole full of sweet liquor; examines it, tastes of it, drinks all at a draught, and is drunk. And what a drunkenness is that! The brute rolls and staggers, rises and even bounds from the earth, exhausts his enormous strength in immense gambols, and falls at last, stupefied and helpless, an easy prey to the hunter. We have killed many in this way, but it is treacherous, and I do not like it."

"How many bears have you killed in California in one season?"

"Seventy large bears, and twice the number of smaller ones. The cubs and young bear of the season are excellent eating, but a man must be hungry to eat the sinewy flesh of a full-grown grizzly."

"Two hundred and ten in ten years!"

"Yes, but they are scarcer now. When I came here first we saw them every day. Now we ride sometimes fifty miles to find a bear."

"I would like to join you by-and-by on one of these hunts."

"Be dissuaded from it. To shoot well with a heavy rifle, to have presence of mind, quickness of aim, good legs to carry you far and fast out of danger, a seat on horseback as if you had grown to the saddle, and, above all, knowledge of the grizzly, his habits and temper, are all necessary. Bear hunting is sport only for those who set little value upon life."

"Is it true that they are taken with the lasso?"

"Antonio took a drunken bear with a lasso, and we tied and dragged him home; but the next morning he broke away, killed two horses, and escaped to the woods. We never venture upon them in that way unless they are drunk. I sometimes fancy the grizzly possesses a degree of human intelligence; for when he has resolved to kill a beeve he selects the best of the herd. A bear of large size will meet the rush of a bull, move aside, and kill him, as does the matador in the arena, with a passing blow."

"I have read somewhere that the bear is emblematic of the savage state."

"The grizzly is emblematic of the backwoodsman. He has a rough surgery of his own, his claws are large and efficient, like the axe and rifle. He has the least fear of man among the greater animals; his motions, seemingly slow, are really rapid; he is the contemptuous enemy of the Indian—the human wolf—and is generally more than a match for him. He loves rum and molasses, bread, fruits, and vegetables; pumpkins especially. In a pumpkin field he selects the largest, makes a hole in it, and sucks out the seeds and pith. Bears hunt singly, or in couples. Each fights on his own hook. Savages, on the contrary, run in crowds, place an ambush and rush all together, with outcries, like the wolf.

"Two men whom I know, one of them Dr. Clemens of this State—lately killed by a grizzly—were in this district bear-hunting three years ago. The bears had been destroying the pumpkins, and these men erected a wooden stage with a platform eight or ten feet high, in the middle of a field, with a wall or wickerwork of brush for an ambuscade, and from this point they watched the bears. The platform stood near a heavy fence of stones and timber. While they watched by moonlight they saw a large bear enter the field and come toward the platform. Dr. Clemens fired upon the bear; who instantly ran to the staging and overthrew it, tumbling our two hunters upon the ground. They escaped over the fence a good deal bruised and not a little frightened."

"I have seen bears in confinement quite tame. From the character you give of the grizzly it should be rather difficult to tame him."

"Not more than the bull, whom it is impossible to make harmless, with all your taming. I have seen a bear weighing twelve hundred pounds harnessed to a truck by a fellow who enjoyed such things, and he drew like an ox. This bear was taken when a cub and kept tame. The draught force of the full-grown bear is equal to that of a yoke of steers; but, like the backwoodsman, he will not endure beating. He has his points of honor. He is not cringing and treacherous like the tiger. In diet, too, he is human, preferring cooked meat to raw, and enjoys the savors of the kitchen. He is domes-

tic in his tastes, stays much about home, is a good parent, and friendly toward kindred. He plows and tears up the earth for roots, using his powerful claws. When acorns are ripe the grizzly grows fat and heavy—his belly drags along the ground. At such times it is easy to kill him; but even then he has a taste for flesh meat. We hunt them at night by the drag."

"How is that?"

"Fasten the entrails of a calf, or deer, to the end of a lasso, tie the free end of the lasso to the saddle, and ride across the country several miles, drawing it after you. Ride over the bear's 'beats,' or paths; bring the trail, finally, to the foot of an oak tree—such as you see on the hill-side yonder—where there is an open space around, and you can see and hear the bear as he approaches from a distance. Fasten the offal to the lower branch, just within reach—perhaps five feet from the ground.

"Night before last, while you were lying in bed here, Antonio and I, after preparing such a bait as that—though it is not acorn time now—took our places in an oak, just over the lower branch. It was late when we climbed into the tree, and we waited till the moon rose—near twelve o'clock—and no sign of a bear. See, then, how patient you must be in this kind of hunting."

"But would he not climb the tree and attack you?"

"Not at all; bears are not savages; they seldom attack without provocation."

"Would the bear, finding a trail of offal, know which way to follow it?"

"Yes. He judges, I suppose, by the appearance of the trail.

"I was seated on a branch, just over the offal, which offended my nose prodigiously. Antonio fixed himself—the coward—a little higher up, on the dark side of the tree. He has been a bear-hunter these twenty years, and afraid of nothing so much as a bear."

"Antonio is, perhaps, ambitious."

"Not a bit of it. A paltry coward, Sir—as cowardly as an Indian; but he hates the bear because he fears it, and follows the killing through malice, and with the ingenuity of a devil.

"Antonio was sleepy, and, in spite of my warnings, he would lay his head on the branch. In fact, we had been out three successive nights, and I found it difficult myself to keep awake, watching so long, and straining sight in the distance.

"A dusky object appeared moving toward us in the direction of the drag, and I spoke in a whisper to Antonio. He woke up suddenly, and, losing presence of mind, fell over forward upon the ground, his rifle catching and hanging in the tree. The fall waked him very thoroughly, and, by way of accelerating his climb, I hinted, very slightly, that the bear would arrive in a few seconds. Antonio is a person for whose feelings I have a regard—a man, Sir, highly sensitive on the subject of bear. He ascended the tree with astonishing ease and rapidity when he understood my hints—not caring to be found below by Bruin, with whom he had so many unsettled accounts.

"The bear came up the hill slowly, scenting the drag through the wild oak; but my sympathy for Antonio, and admiration of his quick climb, diverted me from the bear, and produced a violent disturbance of the risible muscles. 'Antonio,' said I, in a whisper, 'if the bear eats you, look below, as you ascend toward the gates of Paradise!'

"'Why must I do that, Señor?' whispered the shuddering Antonio.

"'Because, like children when they go to bed in the dark, you will see the ghosts of some hundreds of grizzly bears whom you have sent to the lower world ready to lay hold upon your feet; and, thereupon, you will so move St. Peter with admiration of your quickness in climbing the gate, he will let you pass without scruple, for the sake of laughter, among the saints.'

"'Ah, Señor, the bear is here!' whispered Antonio; and there he was, pressing to the foot of the tree.

"We had our rifles ready—Bruin was only thirty paces off when, to my utter amazement, over went Antonio a second time, rifle and all, and, striking the earth with a bound, fled into the darkness. The incident was more unexpected and ludicrous than any thing I had seen in hunting, and I sat upon the branch paralyzed and trembling with suppressed laughter. The bear paused a moment when he heard the fall, and then rushed forward and rose on his hams to seize the offal. I placed my rifle at his ear, fired, and saw him go down; but what with the kicking of the heavy gun, and my own unsteadiness, I, too, rolled off the branch, and fell heavily, striking my shoulder against the bear's head. Terrified now, in good earnest, I rolled myself off and ran—nor stopped till I was safely in the ranch. The bear was dead, or he would have followed me—I have known them overtake men when a portion of their head had been shot off, and with balls in the body. My left shoulder is still stiff and sore with that fall."

"I suppose the bears of the Rocky Mountains are larger and more dangerous than the grizzly. Were you ever east of the Sierras?"

"The brown bear of the Rocky Mountains is a formidable brute, and at some seasons of the year as vicious and destructive as the bear of California; but you will never find the grizzly east of the Great Desert, nor any brown bears on the Pacific coast."

Not many days after this conversation I was able to mount a horse, and from that time my strength returned rapidly. At length I took leave of my friend, who pressed me to return in the spring, and promised a full initiation into the mysteries of bear-hunting.

The remainder of that season and the winter I passed in San Francisco, and the February succeeding rejoined Preston on the ranch.

He was in fine health and spirits, and predicted good hunting.

Two weeks elapsed before we heard of a bear. One morning Antonio wakened us at daylight, and we rode fifteen miles to a cove or shingle, on the shore of the sea. The surf rolled in heavily; a cool, stiff breeze came from the northwest. We picketed our horses in a hollow among the sand hills, hidden from the beach; and then, Antonio leading the way almost on his hands and knees, we stole along to the edge of a sand ridge, and looking over saw two grizzlies; one very large, feeding on dead fish along the edge of a marshy inlet, the mouth of a mountain stream: the other, a small bear, not more than two years old, sunning itself at full length, like a lazy cat, in the shelter of the hill, seeming to watch the motion of the other, whom Antonio pronounced to be a female with cub. Preston pushed the sand up with his hands, so as to form a breast-work upon which to rest our rifles, the distance to the small bear being not more than a hundred yards.

I found myself trembling violently when I tried to take aim. All shot together, and the balls took effect under the shoulder. The bear rose to his feet with a tremendous roar, bounded into the air, and fell dead. We did not move however, not knowing what course might be taken by the large bear to avenge the fall of her companion. As soon as I had recovered presence of mind enough to take a view over the ridge, I saw her making off with long strides along the edge of the inlet toward the breakers. She pushed through the heavy surf, disappearing and reappearing as it rolled over her; and in a few minutes we saw her swimming straight out to sea, as if bound on a voyage to the Sandwich Islands.

Meanwhile Preston consulted with Antonio as to the proper mode of meeting her on the return. It was determined that we should go down to the shore and give her a broadside as she came in; hoping by this plan to disable her, at least, by a broken shoulder or a wound in the foot. If she did not fall at the first fire, we were to run to our horses among the sand hills, and follow her cautiously, getting each an occasional shot, and leading her to the steep sides of the hills.

During all this time Antonio, as Preston assured me was habitual with him, manifested excessive fear; his lips were ashy pale, and his face, naturally dark brown, became of a dirty chocolate color. How he could shoot correctly was a marvel; but that he did so I was satisfied by finding three balls in the body of the small bear, near together. He was a sinewy little man, past forty, with a small square head, and a trace of negro blood in his veins. Like all "greasers," he had a savage, unfinished look about the mouth, and while the bear was in sight his upper lip lifted itself nervously, with a horrid grin, showing a row of superb teeth, sharp, square, and white as pearls. This grin gave Antonio the appearance of a death's-head, and was purely a manifestation of the fate he apprehended from his old enemy the bear. From a careful study of Antonio, I arrived at the conclusion that cowards with strong wills may be good soldiers.

While we were standing about fifty yards apart, waiting for the return of the grizzly, who was now swimming slowly toward us, rising and sinking on the long waves, I began to be disturbed with a violent rumbling in the bowels, as though attacked with cholera. Subsequent inquiries satisfied me that this was a very ordinary symptom of inexperience among bear-hunters, and was a moral much more than a physical phenomenon. Nature, like a kind and anxious mother, makes an effort to rearrange the interior of the body, so as to put it in the best condition to escape from danger. Not to run away is a question of will, like standing up to be shot at in a duel. And by the same token a man who can await the coming of a grizzly will receive the fire of an enemy without flinching. Antonio looked alternately at the bear and at Preston, and if his master had backed or yielded, I believe he would have scoured away like a deer.

The bear paused and floated on the sea a while when she understood that we were waiting for her coming with hostile intent. She was old, cunning, and had doubtless many balls in her clumsy carcass, and understood the nature of a rifle. At length she began to strike out boldly, making straight for Preston, who was on my right. I had consequently to shoot to the right, which is difficult either with the pistol or rifle. She struck ground about one hundred yards from us, and I raised my gun; but Preston called to me not to fire till the bear was in the last breaker. I could but just hear his voice above the thunder and simmer of the sea. And now she came on with a rush, charging upon our centre. I saw out of the corner of my right eye that Preston had raised his rifle, and I did the same. The sea drew back, and the huge mass of hair and muscle began working up the beach, ready for a charge as soon as it could overcome the undertow. The rifles cracked successively; the bear turned and looked at her flank, gave a great roaring cry and sprang forward. Antonio darted up the shore like a deer. I rushed toward the sand hills, and looking behind me an instant saw Preston lying at full length flat upon his face on the edge of the sea, and the bear coming after my blessed self with a limp in the left fore paw, but making excellent time. Fear lent wings to my feet, and being a good runner, in five minutes I was lost among the sand hills. A craggy tree, jutting out from the side of a slope, presented the idea of security, and in less time than it takes to write this I was hidden close in the middle of its wind-worn branches. To breathe and reload the rifle were the first acts dictated by nature and the small remains of reason left by fear.

More than an hour I remained in the tree, and during this interval had plenty of leisure

to look quietly around upon the face of nature in this desert and desolate wild. The tree stood in the centre of an indentation of the mountains occupied by sand hills. Inland I recognized the bluff we had descended in approaching the shore. By the direction of the wind, which blew with even force from the northwest, I made out the points of the compass.

Descending from the tree and keeping the rifle cocked, with a sharp look-out, I moved slowly toward the shore, and looking northward saw my two companions mounted and riding away along the beach. Preston looked back and waved his *sombrero*, and in fifteen minutes' time we saluted each other; Antonio being now quite bold and secure, and ready to laugh at me for running away. Preston, on the contrary, gave me his warmest congratulations, and confessed that he had not expected to see me again. He said that the bear knocked him over with her broken paw, and then pushed on in pursuit of myself. After skinning the small bear, on our way homeward we found the horse I had ridden lying dead, where he was picketed, with his bowels torn out, but saw nothing of the wounded grizzly.

This adventure gave me a distaste for bear-hunting. Preston urged another trial — he praised my coolness and presence of mind. "You shoot well," said he; "you ride tolerably, and have a good pair of legs."

"Some men," I replied, "are born bear-hunters; others have bear-hunting thrust upon them. I am of the latter class."

He laughed. "You must take home with you a bear cub of your own catching. I know of an old she-bear who has had cubs every year in a cave about twenty miles from here; you can see the crest of the mountain where she ranges yonder toward the southeast. We will go there in a few days and bring away the cubs."

Antonio lay upon his back on the earthen floor while Preston talked about the cubs, and I saw his meagre visage relax into a smile. It is astonishing how small a matter will decide one at such a moment. I have known men naturally cowards jeered into the "forlorn hope;" but I never believed, until that moment, that the smile of such an insignificant poltroon as Antonio could have sent me a step out of my predetermined path. Three days after we selected good horses, and set out in search of the old bear and her cubs.

The horse I rode was of the California breed, which has been acclimated for two centuries on the Pacific coast. The original stock was taken, I suppose, from Andalusia to Mexico, in the seventeenth century. We rode rapidly, ambling, loping (the gate of the wolf), and running, but our horses never broke into a trot, except for an instant, when checked on a descent. Each of us wore spurs, originally gilt, the rowels three or four inches in diameter, but not sharp, like the small, cruel English spur. They were firmly fastened to the heel and instep, and served a double purpose: to guide and urge the horse, and to prevent the rider from being thrown from his seat by a sudden swerve or turn. We rode furiously up hill and down, and over all kinds of country; through valleys where the water courses were shaded with willows, and up long hill-sides, seemingly miles in length, covered knee-deep with blooming malvas, asclepias, and a variety of low annuals, such as I have seen in gardens in New England; but which here spread a carpet of orange, red, and yellow blossoms, pretty enough, but after a time wearisome by reason of monotony.

From the summit of a long mountain, bare of trees, we began galloping down, it seemed to me, a declivity of twenty degrees, on a ridge, or natural road, not more than thirty feet wide, with precipices on either side. Far down I saw a valley of sycamores, at the foot of the mountain; but this terrible plunging ride almost deprived me of my senses. I could only cling to the saddle and follow my leaders, who seemed very much at their ease.

"A beautiful run for the horses, that ridge," said Preston, reining up at the bottom, two miles from the summit.

"Yes, but there is not a jockey in the Eastern States who could have been tempted for a thousand dollars to run down as you did, making me follow."

"An affair of habit," said Preston. "We gallop our horses up and down hill, and they never stumble; have you noticed the breed?"

"It has some good points; but the neck is hollow and weak, the breast narrow, and the frame too small. I think them bad horses for any other service than the one you put them to— I mean hunting bears and cattle with the lasso."

"Good for little else," said Preston; "but the greasers seek no other qualities in a horse but to mind the spur and bridle, make a quick turn, and never stumble. They are tyrannical and cruel with their horses, break their spirits in training, and the eighth year they are used up and unserviceable. The horse I ride was broken in a week, exhausted himself, is only five years old, and looks ten. California is a horse country, the finest in the world; but the greasers have ruined the breed. In herds the poorest naturally outnumber and spoil the better class of horses."

Chatting about horses we entered a valley of sycamores, and selected a place of encampment for the night. Antonio built a fire of dead wood and brush, and we roasted pieces of jerked beef over the coals, using a stick for a toasting fork. It was now noon. Preston took his rifle and rode away. In about three hours he returned, dragging the entrails of a deer behind him, but stopped and fastened the drag to a tree about sixty yards from the encampment. He then informed us that he had crossed the beat of a large bear about two miles off, followed it to a ledge of rocks, and saw three cubs sunning themselves on a flat stone, but no sign of the old one.

"Why did you not bring away the cubs?" I asked, innocently.

My companions looked at each other, as much as to say, "What does *he* know of bears?"

"Had I taken the cubs," said the hunter, "the mother, who is never long absent, would have discovered her loss before nightfall. She would then be the attacking party instead of ourselves, and would kill one of us, or one of our horses—which is the same thing, as she could easily overtake a man on foot—or tire out the horses on the long ridge yonder, catching us on the other side. A man who steals bears' cubs is much surer to suffer than one who kills a traveler on the highway."

We resolved to remain quiet the afternoon. The horses were picketed in a bushy meadow, where there was fresh grass. Preston and I lay down and slept, while Antonio kept watch. At sundown I was awakened by the howls of wild beasts. I opened my eyes and saw Antonio in the tree overhead, and Preston kicking me to wake up.

I sprang to my feet, took my rifle, and followed him across the meadow. The horses had broken away. An eighth of a mile farther on was a waterfall; and with the sounds of the torrent came mingled the growls of two wild beasts, alternate and furious. We moved cautiously along the channel, pushing aside willows and grape vines that embowered the sparkling waters, till we reached the fall and could look over. The torrent plunged foaming down a declivity of thirty feet into a ravine filled with a green, transparent pool of water, over which had fallen a large tree, making a bridge with its trunk.

On the right hand, squatted on one end of the bridge, was a small, male grizzly, and opposite to him, at the other end, a full-grown panther, who was tearing up the bark of the trunk, and gathering and relaxing herself as if for a spring. The alternate roaring of these infuriated beasts filled the valley with horrible echoes.

We watched them a minute or more. The bear was wounded, a large flap of flesh torn over its left eye, and the blood dripping into the pool. My companion bade me shoot the tiger, while he took charge of the bear. We fired at the same instant; but, instead of falling, these two forest warriors rushed together at the centre of the bridge, the bear rising and opening to receive the tiger, who fixed her mighty jaws in the throat of her antagonist, and began kicking at his bowels with the force of an engine. At the instant both rolled over, plunged, and disappeared. We could see them struggling in the depths of the pool; bubbles of air rose to the surface, and the water became dark with gore. It may have been five minutes or more before they floated up dead, and their bodies rolled slowly down the stream.

Antonio had some difficulty in catching the horses, which he found feeding in a little green valley a mile distant from our encampment. It was midnight before he returned and we could lie down to sleep. It was my turn to keep watch while my companions slept. The moon rose about one o'clock. I paced backward and forward through the sycamores, listening with nervous attention for the footsteps of wild beasts. A deer walked dreamily into the glade, glared at me with his green, phosphorescent eyes, and glided away. Sometimes I seemed to hear footsteps remote, and tales of Indian ambuscades flitted through my memory. But there were no Indians here. The footstep of the bear is soft and rolling. He treads upon the heel and wrist, and drags and sways himself along. The impression of his foot in soft earth is like that of a large human hand.

At the first streak of the morning I roused Antonio and lay down to sleep. When I awoke the sun was two hours high. Antonio had skinned the bear and panther. We then took breakfast in the manner of hunters, after which Preston meditated:

"The small bear yonder," said he, "at the Falls, was mate of the old she-bear. It is well to have *him* out of the way. He was keeping guard against the panther, who is quite as fond of bear's cub as we are. We have next to kill the mother, for I see no possibility of escape if we carry off the cubs while she is alive."

"Take two of them," I suggested, "and leave the other to amuse her."

"Too cunning for that," replied the hunter. "Whatever be the talent of other animals, bears can count; they know each cub, and will always save the pet where there is a choice."

"It strikes me then, my friend, that we are under a necessity of killing this troublesome she-bear, who interferes so impertinently with our arrangements for the cubs whom we intend to remove and bring up in civilized society. She is a civilizee, with injurious tendencies to isolation and familism."

"In regard to our necessity," replied Preston, "you have spoken wisely and like a true hunter. As for the words 'civilizee' and 'familism,' I do not know their meaning; but I foresee that the killing of this brute is to give us trouble, and we must go about it, reconciled to every possibility."

"She is in no humor for fresh meat," I observed. "Our drag has either not been discovered or she neglects to follow it."

"I explain that by the presence of the panther, who may have prowled about here several days, hoping to carry off a cub. To prevent this the mother keeps herself near home, and will not follow the trail."

"In that case have we to begin the attack?"

"Of course. But let us first see that the rifles are clean and in good order."

At the word he began unscrewing the lock of his rifle. In half an hour we had cleaned the guns; and at three hours after noon were ready for the march. We made our approaches up the hill in three lines, converging upon the den of the bear. This was a correct military disposition, much better than any I saw in Ni-

caragua. I took the left and Antonio the right of Preston. We advanced on horseback, moving up a hill with gentle slope, through an open grove of large oaks, and could now see the front of rock under which was the cave of the bear; when Preston gave the signal to halt.

"She is coming," he said, in low voice, and at the same moment I saw both my companions raise their rifles. The cave may have been one hundred and fifty yards distant; an interval of fifty yards between myself, Preston, and Antonio, placed the bear as she approached under a cross-fire upon both flanks. I spurred my horse forward a few steps, and saw the huge beast coming slowly down the hill. We fired almost together. My horse trembled violently and snorted, but did not move until I had fired; but then wheeled suddenly and dashed off to the left, bringing my breast, after a run of sixty or seventy yards, in violent contact with the extreme branch of an oak, which brushed me from the saddle like a fly. At any other time the force of such a blow would have made me insensible; but so intense was my excitement, I can not even remember how I rose to my feet. Glancing along through the oak openings, I saw Antonio swinging by his hands from a branch, up which he was deliberately climbing, his horse scouring away through the forest after mine. The bear, wounded in front and in both flanks, had fallen back upon her haunches not thirty paces from Preston, who had wheeled his powerful horse to the left flank, my own position, and was whirling the lasso, which the next moment flew over the head and shoulders of the bear, and in less time than it requires to read this was turned on the bole of an oak-tree a dozen paces from the bear, and Preston's horse pulling at it with frantic energy.

When the hairy savage found herself encumbered by a noose, tightening sharply and powerfully around her body and forefeet, she rose upon her hind legs with a tremendous roar and made a dash at Preston; but held back by the radius of the lasso, rolled over and over almost touching the hind legs of his horse, who looked back at the hairy avalanche near his heels, and made a terrified bound forward, drawing the bear of course nearer, perhaps within ten feet of the tree. Preston still, however, maintained the requisite control over his steed, and wheeling to the right rode around, making one turn of the lasso about the tree, turned the horse to a dead halt, and began reloading his piece. It was fortunately a breech-loading gun, and could be charged in a few seconds.

Meanwhile a crash from the tree and another roar and bound of the hampered bear, who had lain quiet for a moment, to recover the strength which she was fast losing—the dark blood pouring from her mouth in torrents —showed that Antonio had not been idle. By this time, with some bungling, I had driven a charge home in the barrel of my own awkward, old-fashioned piece. Preston, in a sharp, clear voice, which even now rings in my ears, called out to me: "Shoot quick, and then take to a tree; the lasso is breaking." I ran to the left of the bear, came within ten feet of her, and aimed at the head. At the same instant she rose again, roaring; the lasso burst with a sharp sound; I fired wild, and turned to run, but the beast fell along dead upon the ground; by singular good fortune my chance shot had sent a ball through her heart. Not trusting to appearances, I rushed to the nearest tree and swung myself up by a depending branch with marvelous agility, climbing from branch to branch much higher than was necessary.

With the breaking of the lasso, Preston's horse bounded away; but he presently succeeded in turning him, and coming close to the bear made the event of the battle sure with another ball through the enemy.

When Antonio saw that the bear was dead, he gave a shout and dropped off his branch upon the ground like a ripe pear. Preston called to me to come down, which I did with some difficulty, because of the bruise on my chest. The pain of this bruise was severe, and followed me a long time after, but I did not feel it while ascending the tree.

As we stood looking at the dead bear, Preston attempted to dismount, but found it impossible to do so, his right thigh being severely bruised by the lasso, which pressed upon it with the entire force of the horse in his last desperate spring. We lifted our companion from the saddle, and laid him down fainting and helpless. Antonio then took his master's horse, and went in search of our runaway steeds. Meanwhile, leaving my friend somewhat relieved by a draught of rum and water from a hunting-flask, I went up to the rock, and found the three cubs sleeping quietly in a heap like kittens.

Antonio came back in high spirits with the two horses after an hour's search, and presently building a fire of dry sticks, we roasted some jerked beef, and after a hearty meal, lay down to sleep about sundown, using our saddles for pillows. At daylight we awoke, and, after skinning the bear, secured the cubs and skin upon Antonio's horse, and helping Preston into the saddle went over to the old encampment. Here we packed the two other skins, and made the best of our way to the ranch, Antonio leading his own horse by the bridle.

Preston was laid up by this accident, and during his confinement I had an opportunity of requiting some of his former attentions to myself. His conversation had always been intelligent and pleasing, but became varied and delightful while he was confined to his couch. Conversation, especially story-telling and the relation of characteristic anecdotes, is an art which flourishes in perfection only where there is leisure and the buoyancy of exuberant animal spirits. In remote and desert places we find few men of wit, and none of that class who make the merit of conversation depend on choice of words or oddity of expression. Mimicry, on the other

hand, and the gift of describing in compact, rough-hewn, picturesque sentences, are the talents of the Indian and the border man. With this, a cool manner in speaking of the most frightful dangers, and a power of depicting natural scenery by simple, unadorned description —saying no more than is required to place the objects before the eye — were the traits of conversation which, in Preston, held me motionless for hours of each day.

He spoke often to me of Colonel William Butts, of San Luis Obispo, who had been wounded in a hand-to-hand fight with a bear, in the spring of 1853. Colonel Butts was educated in the office of Colonel Benton, of Missouri; entered the army, and served with distinction under Scott, and then passed into the border service as a commander of mounted troops in the Indian territories. Growing weary of the half-idle life of the army, he removed to California, practiced law, owned a cattle-ranch at San Luis Obispo, and a newspaper at Los Angeles; keeping up the old habit of seeking danger for its own sake by an occasional bear-hunt. Preston was enthusiastic when he spoke of Butts, whom he regarded as a man, born soldier and hunter, with equal qualities of action and command. He described him as of medium height, rather slight in person, with an eye betokening great courage and self-control. He had had eight or ten years' experience of war in Mexico and on the Plains, and knew the interior of the continent like a garden. "This man," said Preston, "if he be still living, is the best example of a Missourian I have met with. People of his kind are usually rough; but Butts is quiet, correct, and agreeable, both in manners and conversation.

"On the 29th of March, 1853, Colonel Butts —then on his ranch at San Luis Obispo —was making preparations for a voyage to San Francisco, and thence to the eastward. An old man, named Pacheco, who resembles Antonio in every particular except age, came into the house, and said that he had wounded an old she-bear, who had been known for several years in the neighborhood. She had made a spring at Pacheco, and caught his hand. Fearing to miss the steamer, Colonel Butts at first refused to go; but on the assurance of the old hunter that the bear was close at hand and badly wounded, he took his knife and rifle, and started on horseback to make a finish of the hunt.

"They rode together to the summit of a hill near the ranch, but finding that the bear had gone down a ravine on the other side, they followed the trail. The brushwood and briers were almost impassable in the ravine. About half-way down the bushes forced them to the edge of a deep gully, which the horses could not get over. Colonel Butts then tied his horse and crossed the ravine, Pacheco forcing his way down through the bushes on the opposite side. After they had gone on a hundred paces or so, the Colonel reached an open space on the edge of the steep side of the gorge, and fearing they might fall unawares upon the grizzly, he called out to Pacheco to stop.

"He then went to the edge of the ravine, which was a water-way trenched in the soft earth, and while he was looking over, the bank caved in under his feet, and he fell into the gully. Fearing that the concealed enemy might choose that moment for attack, he rushed up the bank, and at the same instant looking back, saw the bear coming behind close upon his heels — man and bear reaching the height at the same instant. Pacheco, who sat upon his horse on the other bank, and saw this movement, did not fire. He seemed to be paralyzed with fear.

"Colonel Butts carried a gun with a hair-trigger that required to be 'set' — a bad instrument for a hunter. Unfortunately, he had forgotten to set the trigger. The bear, as he turned upon her, seized the gun in her jaws and bit it, bending the barrel like a leaden rod. He jerked away the gun, however, and broke it over the head of the bear, who, at the same instant, seized his left leg in her mouth. Colonel Butts fell forward upon her, and seizing her wool with a strong grasp, the two rolled over and over down the bank of earth to the bottom of the ravine.

"The enormous weight of the animal drove the breath out of his lungs, and he became insensible; but was instantly roused by the surgical aid of Bruin, who retained her hold upon the leg, and now sat upon her haunches deliberately chewing and shaking it as a dog shakes a rat. Just as his senses began to return, the bear, who was suffering from the wound Pacheco had previously given her, let go the leg and walked slowly down the ravine.

"Colonel Butts now called out to his terrified follower to fire, but he did not do this; and the wounded grizzly, exasperated afresh by the sound of a human voice, turned and came back. Raising himself and leaning upon his left hand, Colonel Butts drew a long hunting-knife and awaited the second attack with sullen determination. The thought flashed over his mind that if he could cut out an eye of the grizzly, she would again retire, and Pacheco might by that time recover his aim and courage. The idea was a good one. As she advanced he struck at the right eye and cut it out. The enemy fell back, the eye hanging from the socket, and again turned and moved down the gully. A third time Colonel Butts called upon his follower to shoot, but without avail; and the bear, startled as before by the voice, wheeled and made another charge.

"'It is all over with me,' thought the hunter, 'unless I can cut out the other eye.' On came the bear, jaws open, and roaring. Again the knife smote sharply in the hunter's sinewy hand, but glancing upon the heavy brow of the beast, sank deep into the right side of the neck, and severed the carotid artery. The wounded brute pushed over and again seized the broken leg and craunched it; the blood spouted from the artery over the head and eyes of the hunter,

blinding him so that he could not see to strike another blow. He fell back as if dead, passing his left hand over his eyes to wipe off the blood, and when he again opened them the bear had retired a few steps, faint, and bleeding from the mouth and throat.

"His evil genius suggested to him to call again upon the wicked coward, Pacheco, commanding him to shoot; but the sound of the voice, as before, only animated the dying rage of the bear, who now made her final charge, but as she came on, her hind-quarters fell, through weakness. She pushed forward, moaning with fury, and Colonel Butts, animated by a shadow of hope in the midst of despair, put out both hands, and seized her by the thick wool on each side of the head. In this attitude she pushed him along over the ground two lengths or more, and staggered and crawled over him, when, with a long reach and vigorous repeated thrusts, he laid open her belly, striking in the knife to the handle, and drawing it forward until the bowels of the bear fell out and dragged along the ground. This was the last act of the bloody drama; the bear turned again, seized the back of his head in her mouth, biting away a portion of the scalp and the right ear, and then rolled over and died.

"When the bear crawled over him the last time, Colonel Butts lost his sight with the torrents of gore that poured from the animal. Her huge weight, treading and dragging over him, exhausted his little remains of strength.

"When Pacheco saw the bear fall and die, he got off his horse, came down into the ravine, took up the mangled and exhausted hunter, and bearing him to a spring, washed the blood from his face, so that he could see. Pacheco wished to leave him and go home for a litter, but Colonel Butts had still force enough left to cling to the saddle, and actually rode home in that condition. Six months after he was going about with a cane, but a wound from the bear's tooth had paralyzed the left side of his face; nor did the injured leg, so often broken, recover quite its natural solidity. Had not the bear been weakened with loss of blood, her last bite would have crushed the head of the hunter like an egg-shell."

"Did you ever talk with Pacheco about this fight?"

"No; but Antonio has questioned him. He reports that Butts did not seem larger than an infant beside his huge antagonist, and that, when the brute fell upon him, he disappeared; nothing was visible but a writhing mass of blood and hair, in the midst of which Pacheco could only see the rapid gleams of the knife."

"What excuse does Pacheco give for not firing?"

"A very shrewd one; that, if he had fired again and wounded the bear, his master would have had no chance for life; and that Butts's determination to kill the bear, at all hazards, was the cause of his extreme suffering and danger. He reports that each time the Colonel called to him to fire, his voice sounded clear and ringing, as if he were ordering a charge of cavalry. Of such stuff are hunters made."

"Whose valor do you respect most—a Gérard's and a Butts's, or the courage of a bear?"

"In beasts the body fights, in man the soul."

A STRAY HOUSE.

"HAVE you seen ary house going along here?" was shouted suddenly at me through the darkness by some one whom I could not see. But before I had enough recovered from my surprise to answer, a boat drove upon the wet turf at my feet, and the speaker, the headmost of two stalwart oarsmen, half-turning upon his seat, eagerly repeated his odd question. A house is not the most perambulating thing in the world, yet the inquiry was both natural and to the point; and not long before I *had* seen "ary house" go past, and in a most undignified and tumultuous hurry too.

"I say, mister! Have you seen ary house go past here?"

"John Barnard, is that you?" I answered, now first recognizing the voice.

"Mr. Truax?" cried he, excitedly, knowing me in turn. "Yes, Sir, and Liflet."

That is, his brother, Eliphalet Barnard.

"I did see one," I continued, answering his question. "You don't say the old house is off?"

"Yes. For God's sake jump in, Mr. Truax!"

I remembered the rapids and the bridge far below, my knowledge of the river and boatman's skill and strength, the imminent risks into which the sturdy but inexperienced brethren were about plunging; and stepping lightly past them to the stern, I seated myself, took a steering oar, and, without a further word, we glided backward, turned short about, and with powerful, steady pulls, the sharp skiff shot away through darkness, rain, howling wind, and boiling, roaring, muddy flood-water.

While we drive down the stream, I may briefly explain the emergency. The Connecticut River, on which we were afloat, was swelled by a flood—terrific, sudden, and extensive beyond any recorded in memory or history. The house in which the Barnards lived had stood in the level meadow which reached back a little way from the Great River, as the neighbors call it, upon the banks of a small brook, entering the river in the town of Suffield, Hartford County, and near the Massachusetts line. Their father was dead; and they, together with their sister—who, however, had only recently returned from some years' absence as pupil or teacher at various schools—were managing the farm, and caring for their old and bedridden mother. Indeed, the bodily and mental infirmities of old Mrs. Barnard might well be counted as the cause of our night expedition; for, as the young men soon informed me, she had obstinately refused to leave the house in which she had been born, and where all her life had been passed. It was to please her that they had foregone their

purpose of removing her the previous day. Anticipating some possible danger—though not the frightful peril actually now upon their mother and sister—they had loaded the lower floor of their old-fashioned farm-house with stone, and as the water had surrounded them in the night, and cut off all access except by boats, they had again endeavored to remove the old lady. But she would not hear of it, saying that her death was at hand, and that she could not die except *there*. Nor would Miss Barnard, her youngest and dearest child, leave her mother, and the stout farmers were fain to yield. As the only remaining precaution, they had departed in their boat to obtain ropes from a neighbor wherewith to anchor the old building to the strong maples near its doors; and being detained much beyond their expectations, they had returned to find the house absolutely gone, and the flood still rising with fearful speed. Coasting along the cove above the point upon which I was standing, in hopes that the house might be embayed in it, they had found me. I had been there some time, for the tempest and the flood together were too sublime a scene to be lost; and even in the cold and utter darkness of the stormy March morning—for it was three o'clock—I was watching and enjoying; and, besides, I think I experienced some presentiment that my help would be needed. It was while upon this watch that I had seen the house—a dim, indefinite mass—glide swiftly past me, unrecognizable in the darkness, utterly silent, and presumably deserted. If I had supposed that it contained two helpless women I should hardly have remained there to study the sublime!

Thus much I quickly learned of the case of the Barnards, and I endeavored to combat the unaccountable agitation which appeared in the voices of the strong farmers by counting the chances of a rescue.

"It's full three miles to the bridge, and five to the Rapids; we must undoubtedly catch them above the bridge. Besides, the neighbors will hear them; I only wonder I did not."

"'Twas rainin' and blowin' altogether too hard," said John, the elder of the brethren. "And, what's more, that's jest what's likely to be the wust on't. I don't like *some* neighbors."

"What do you mean, John?" I inquired, quite unable to comprehend the evident apprehension under which he spoke.

"Them Cases live half a mile below us," he said; "they'll have the sarchin o' that house as sure as sunrise. There's three thousand dollars in my desk, but I don't care nothin' about that. I do'no as the man would do any thing wrong; but I tell ye, Squire, I do hate to have him any wheres near our Em. I wouldn't 'a mentioned it; you didn't know that Seth Case used to be round after her afore she went off. He come agin only t'other day, and I told him he might as well hunt after the moon. He went off dretful mad."

It was only my knowledge of John Barnard's strong, steady good sense that gave any weight even to an emotion so unaffected and powerful as that under which he spoke; but I could not help a considerable additional feeling of fear, which increased as I considered the character of these Cases.

They were thriftless, half-outlawed wretches, such as haunt many country towns in Connecticut—rustic "short-boys"—living by hunting, fishing, and miscellaneous thefts by land and river. Seth, the younger and more dangerous, I remembered well as a kind of ogre of my boyhood—a ragged, dirty, villainous youth, always tormenting us, his cleaner fellows, and notorious for truancy and boyish wickedness. He had grown up into an evil and dangerous man; a long, lank, shambling, raw-boned fellow, with a small head, harsh features, deep-set dull eyes, a weather-beaten face, coarse straight hair, round shoulders, and a down look. Clad in dingy, ill-fitting gray garments, he and his brother prowled and prowled, seemingly all day and all night, in wood, on mountain, or in hidden meadow, on pond or stream, in sun or storm. They were always prowling, yet never seeming to have found any thing; and it was, perhaps, instinct more than proof, or the lack of other explanation, that charged upon them every theft and nameless mischief. They had been concerned in divers brawls, moreover, and were as little spoken to or dealt with as might be.

This flood was such an occasion as was wont to be their harvest; and who could doubt that they had been out ever since the waters were up, catching timber and waifs—that they had espied the fugitive dwelling, explored it, and pocketed the money? What their treatment of the two women would be seemed more doubtful; for although the brutal, dogged villainy of the men was extreme, so that it could hardly be conceived that one of them should have admired the delicate beauty of Emily Barnard, both human nature and that very admiration justified the trust that the involuntary travelers would escape ill usage and be rescued.

We had been half an hour afloat, driving headlong southward through impenetrable darkness and a roaring northeast storm of rain and wind. My thorough knowledge of the river had been useless; and it was only fortunate guessing that kept us in the current, under the double impetus of the boiling flood and of the four strong arms of the brethren.

"We ought to see a light on Enfield Bridge," I said.

"Heavens and earth!" groaned Eliphalet; "the house could never shoot the bridge with the water up here!"

I was looking straight south, with straining eyes. Before I could answer, a vast black mass seemed to spring up within the abyss of the darkness before us. It was the Bridge.

"Heads down!" I shouted; and, as our good fortune would have it we shot through like lightning, just touching a pier as we swept past. That touch, however, risked our lives, and caused the loss of two more by crippling our

chase. It snapped the two starboard oars, which the rustic oarsmen had not unshipped, short off at the row-locks, and careened the crank skiff so that she shipped water on the other side. But a little more and our dangerous race would have ended under the black beams of the old toll-bridge.

We whirled helplessly through, and surged for a moment into the eddy behind a pier.

"John, sit still. Hand your oar to Eliphalet. Lif, pull ashore; we must see the bridge-keeper, and get some oars."

"Sure enough," said John; and, obeying my readier commands, we succeeded with considerable difficulty in reaching the shore and making fast at one side of the high embanked road.

As we stepped into the carriage-way, the old bridge-keeper came from his door with several lanterns.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hall," I said. "Do you know of any body's going down the river in the night?"

The old man looked up at me in surprise, all haggard and worn, his hard features strangely lit up in the flickering unsteady gleam of his half dozen lights.

"Why, Mr. Truax! I shouldn't 'a thought of findin' you here! How are ye, Mr. Barnard? Any body goin' down the river? *Somethin'* went down, and somebody along with it, I reckon. It waked me, I tell ye! It must have been a house; it was ten thousand chances agin it; but it must have struck plump in the middle of the long arch and went through as if the rotten old timbers had been twine string. I do'no how that break's a-goin' to be fixed; I've hung up those lights three times a'ready; they blow straight out."

"Did you hear any one scream?"

"Yes, *Sir*. It was that woke me. But I couldn't see nothin' on 'em when I come out. They're ten mile off by this time; and there's the Rapids too."

John Barnard groaned.

"The Barnard's house is gone, Mr. Hall; and old Mrs. Barnard and Em in it. We're afraid those Cases are after it; and we just broke two oars in the bridge. Can you lend us a couple?"

The old man would have stopped to wonder and question; but we very quickly got the oars, and unceremoniously dashed off to our boat again, sprang in, put off, and once more were speeding down the wild roaring river, faster and faster; for here the channel narrows, converging toward the contracted passage called, Enfield Rapids.

As we approached the head of the shoot the dim roar of the struggling flood came threateningly back to us against the shrieking of the wind; I thought of the railroad bridge below; the chance was undoubtedly ten to one that we should get by; but we might not. We swept into the foaming waves of the western or main channel, for the river is here split by an island.

"Sit steady, boys; and get ready to drown, if necessary. The house may not have shot the railroad bridge; and we may swamp on a pier. Take the oars in when I tell you."

At thirty miles an hour we went sweeping down the slant, and almost before I had done speaking the lofty bridge rose before us.

"In oars!" and safe, thank God, we floated past it.

"Now then, boys, pull. We must catch them above Hartford. We have no business to expect that the house will escape two bridges there, even if it has come through this."

I would have exchanged places with one of the brothers; but they refused, saying that I knew the river best, and must steer; and for some time the long steady oar-strokes drove us swiftly on in silence and darkness.

Now, a dim and hardly perceptible lifting of the close black curtains of the stormy night indicated the coming of the morning: slowly, slowly, the sphere of vision grew wider around us, through gray, cold mists steaming thinly upon the surface of the flood. We had passed the lower end of the canal and the village at Windsor Locks, and the mouth of Farmington River; and now I could see indistinctly, as we shot along, quite from point to point of the main stream.

"There 'tis, boys!"

For at last I saw the old roof wet into blackness, and all the upper story of the old white house, majestically sailing along far before us. The brothers turned and gazed eagerly upon it; and, with no words, but with glad faces, bent once more, unwearied, to their oars.

"There's a boat fast to the north bedroom window," I said; "an old blue affair with a yellow streak. It's Seth Case's boat, for a thousand!"

"And at mother's window!" added John, in a troubled voice.

The darkness, or some other impediment, must have delayed them more than it had ourselves, or they would have departed before that. What the precise delay was, however, we never knew; it was the second link in the fatal chain which had begun with our accident and stoppage at Enfield Bridge; and it was none too long.

For, as we rapidly neared the floating house, a wild scream rang from within. John Barnard's grave features grew white, and gathered and set into a fearful expression of vindictive anger, and, biting his lip until the blood sprang, yet with no sound except a sort of deep growl, he so lifted at the stout oars that I could almost swear that the two tremendous strokes which drove our bow hard against the clapboards lifted the skiff fairly from the water.

As the last stroke was given John Barnard dropped the oars, turned, and saying to me, what was, doubtless, a wise direction, "Stay in the boat, Mr. Truax, and be ready for us," he cried out, "Come on, Liflet!" and springing past his brother to the bow, he caught the side of the window as the boat's stern struck the

house, with one wrench snapped the double cross-piece of the two shattered window-sashes, to which the other boat was tied, and leaped within, followed by his brother. I remained as I was bid; for, in the little room, I should have added only to the confusion, and the brethren needed not my strength.

There was a confused sound of blows and curses from the inside, and shrieks of women; but the room was so dimly lit that I only saw struggling forms, and the boat swung away to one side and hid the fight. Seth Case's skiff, loosed from its attachment, floated off and passed down the stream. With such strength as only mortal fear could give, Emily Barnard, all disarrayed and pale, brought her crippled mother to the window and grasped the boat's gunwale.

"Hold fast for a moment, Miss Barnard!"

And, swiftly coming from the stern, I hastily tied the boat to a relic of the window fastening. As I cast my eye within, I saw the Barnards in a desperate contest with the robbers. But felon hardihood was no match for the athletic wrath of John Barnard. Even as I looked, with one tremendous effort he threw the elder Case headlong to one side of the room, as quick as thought seized a chair, dealt him a stunning blow on the temple, and turned and instantaneously prostrated Seth with another—thus freeing Eliphalet, who had been hard pressed by his opponent.

"There!" said John, grimly, but, like a true Connecticut farmer, without an oath. Then he added,

"Em, are you hurt?"

"No, John; but make haste and help mother." The two strong men easily lifted the wasted form of the gray and withered old invalid into the boat, where she was laid on a mattress and warmly covered; and then, leaving the house and the robbers to their fate, we made for the shore.

"Here, John," said Emily, "you'd better take this." And she handed him a large, old-fashioned wallet.

"I declare," said he, "I had quite forgot the money!"

The two women had fallen asleep, fatigued with illness and watching, and had not discovered their danger until they awoke to find themselves fairly afloat, and swinging and surging along upon the flood. Emily had tried, by showing lights and screaming, to summon assistance; but the river, in the meadows, is miles and miles across at such a flood, and in the wild, tempestuous night few indeed were abroad; and of those who were, perhaps the very worst were the only ones who had discovered them. The two Cases, delayed, perhaps, in their pursuit, or possibly only discovering the lost house some distance down the stream, had entered, as it appeared, only a few minutes before our own arrival; and being much astonished at finding the two women, had promised to rescue them; but had nevertheless first explored all the upper rooms—the lower being full of water—for things worth stealing, and had then returned and demanded the money, of whose existence, as it appeared, they had somehow become aware. Emily, who had wisely concealed it upon her person, did not equivocate very well, and not being quite ready at lying, had aroused their suspicions. They were proceeding to search her; and, as I gathered from what John Barnard said, used such language and action as indicated even further villainy in pursuance of the gratification at once of sudden passion and of set revenge, when the brethren sprang upon them just as Emily's feminine strength was fast failing her.

As soon as possible the two females were carefully bestowed within the nearest house, and placed in circumstances as comfortable as the case would permit. It was then that I suggested to John Barnard that perhaps it would be the part of a man to look after even such scoundrels as those whom he had left helpless in the floating house, lest he should have blood on his hands.

He hesitated—"I don't know as I could keep my hands off them if I should meet them now, Sir. Go you. You can come up with the house as soon as I. Besides, we must stay with mother at present. She's worse, and I wouldn't leave her now for all the villains that ever were knocked in the head, or ever deserved to be."

He went into the house. I cast off the boat and pulled down the stream again. I did not, however, get sight of the house until it had safely passed through the lofty railroad bridge above the city, and nearly reached old Hartford bridge. From long soaking, probably from some contact with bridge or shore, or for other reasons, the old frame seemed to be loosened, and, to my surprise, had gradually settled in the water until it was submerged nearly to the eaves. The maimed vagabonds within, then, must have drowned, unless they could have reached the shore by swimming.

No; for as I looked, the scuttle on the roof opened, and one of them—which, I could not see at my distance—crept out upon the roof, dragged a helpless figure after him, looked about, saw me, and shouted for help.

Although it was now daylight, no man was to be seen except we three, bearing swiftly down upon the bridge in the midst of the vast, silent stream, and some few early idlers upon the draw at the western end, gazing at the flood. I bent stoutly to my oars for some minutes, and supposed myself close upon the house, when frightened cries made me look round.

The wretch—it was Seth Case—who had been sitting by the body of his brother, was vehemently calling to me to hasten, and in a wild agony of fear, his distorted face all red with his own blood, from the blow that John Barnard had given him, he stretched out his thievish hands alternately to me and to the horrified spectators upon the bridge; for the doomed house was drawing near to the great vortex that sucked roaring through between the two piers next to the draw. No human power could have brought me near enough to reach him, even if

it had been safe to risk my own life in the roaring water-gulf beneath the bridge, so near the great mass of the house, or if the fearful sight had not for the moment paralyzed me. Nearer, nearer; and now the old house, just catching upon the upper corner of the pier, half swung and tilted sideways over, as it plunged headlong at the insufficient passage, and struck with a deliberate, shattering blow full upon the enormous oaken beams of the old roadway. The hither slope of the roof, pushed upward against the outside planks of the covered bridge, rose for an instant, and instantaneously shot down into the black water. As it rose, the body of one of the wretched men—whether dead or alive I know not—slid unresistingly into the abyss. Seth, screaming, sprang frantically straight upward against the smooth exterior of the perpendicular planking, struck face and limbs against it, as if flung out of a giant's hand, and fell also headlong to death.

The shouts of the lookers-on warned me just in season to steer the skiff steadily through—it was too late to avoid the leap; and the buoyant little boat, diving into the wild, black gulf, rode safely in the tumultuous eddying water below.

The fragments of the destroyed house were floating quietly along past Hartford wharves, but, although I watched long, no living being came up among them; the devouring flood carried the corpses far away, they were never found. I speedily returned to my friends, who were all alive, though the excitement and exposure caused the death of Mrs. Barnard, and made Emily sick. The insurance on the house enabled the young men to build another; but this time they set it where it had no chance to run off.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE month has been marked by financial difficulties greater than have been experienced for twenty years. These first manifested themselves in a regular decline in the value of leading Railroad stocks, as shown by the current rates at the New York Stock Exchange. The following table shows the current prices of some of the leading stocks on the 1st of January, June, September, and October, with the difference between the highest and lowest rates:

Companies.	*Jan.*	*June.*	*Sept.*	*Oct.*	*Decl.*
Chicago and Rock Island.	84 ..	96 ..	79 ..	57 ..	39
Cleveland and Toledo ...	75 ..	65 ..	40 ..	28 ..	47
Cleveland and Pittsburgh	58 ..	55 ..	15 ..	9 ..	49
Erie.....	62 ..	36 ..	22 ..	11 ..	51
Galena and Chicago	119 ..	96 ..	62 ..	62 ..	57
Illinois Central.....	123 ..	139 ..	92 ..	79 ..	60
La Crosse.....	75 ..	76 ..	14 ..	6 ..	68
Michigan Central	93 ..	94 ..	63 ..	39 ..	55
Michigan Southern.....	88 ..	57 ..	19 ..	15 ..	73
New York Central	93 ..	86 ..	74 ..	57 ..	36

The pressure became noticeable early in the summer, but the first great blow to public confidence was given by the unexpected failure, in August, of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, which involved many individuals and corporations in serious loss. Still no very serious difficulty was felt until about the first of September, when the failure of a number of banks in the western part of New York was announced. A panic ensued, which became almost universal during the month. The best mercantile paper was at a discount of from three to five per cent. a month, and numerous failures occurred of houses of the highest character. Toward the close of the month three of the leading banks of Philadelphia failed, and the remainder resolved upon a temporary suspension of specie payments. This was followed by a similar step on the part of the banks in Pennsylvania, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and New Jersey. As we write, early in October, the feeling of distrust is unabated, and the condition and course of the New England banks are a matter of doubt. The banks of the city of New York, and generally of the State, remain firm, and there seems no reason to apprehend that they will be obliged to succumb. At all events, the bills of the banks organized under the General Banking Law are perfectly safe, as they are fully secured by public stocks deposited with the Comptroller of the State.

The steamer *Central America*, Captain Herndon, left Havana for New York on the morning of September 8, having on board about 600 persons, passengers and crew. A storm arose during the night of the 9th, which increased till the morning of the 11th, when it was discovered that the vessel was leaking badly. The pumps were immediately put in operation, but the water gained rapidly, overflowing the coal-bunkers, cutting off the supply of fuel, and finally putting out the fires in the furnaces. The passengers and crew were then formed into gangs for bailing; but in spite of their efforts the water gained rapidly upon them. The steamer was now entirely helpless, and labored violently. On the afternoon of the 12th a vessel was seen bearing down toward her. It proved to be the brig *Marine*, of Boston, commanded by Captain Burt, who undertook to lie by, and take off as many of the passengers as possible. One of the steamer's boats had been swept away the previous night, and two more were stove in and disabled in launching; the remaining three were launched. Into these three more than a hundred passengers were lowered, including all the women and children, and safely conveyed on board the brig, which had now drifted to a distance of two or three miles. The bailing was still kept up on board the steamer, and though the water continued to increase, there seems to have been no general apprehension of immediate danger, until nearly 8 o'clock in the evening, when the water swept over the deck. The steamer then made a sudden plunge, and went down in an instant, carrying with her all on board. They appear to have been fully provided with life-preservers, and many upon reaching the surface secured fragments of the wreck. Some three hours after, the Norwegian bark *Ellen*, Captain Johnston, came near the scene of the disaster. This vessel had suffered considerably in the storm, and the crew were almost worn out; but hearing the cries of the sufferers the captain hove to, and launched one of his boats. This was at once capsized by some of the drowning men. It was impossible to

launch the other boats of the bark, but the captain stood back and forth near the scene of disaster, and succeeded in picking up 49 persons. Three more were picked up, on the 21st, by the Greenock brig *Mary*. One of them, Mr. Tice, the second engineer of the *Central America*, had floated for three days upon a plank. He then fell in with a boat half-filled with water, into which he succeeded in getting. Two days after he encountered a fragment of the hurricane deck, upon which were two persons, the only survivors of twelve who were originally on the fragment. During the whole nine days in which they were adrift they were without food or drink, the sea all the while dashing over them. These, with those put on board the *Marine*, making in all about 170 persons, are all who were saved. As the list of the passengers was lost, the number who perished is not accurately known; but from the best information accessible it is supposed to exceed 400. There was a large amount of treasure on board, amounting as is supposed, including that in the possession of the passengers, to more than two millions of dollars. The conduct of the officers, crew, and passengers of the *Central America* was throughout most heroic. No attempt was made by the men to enter the boats until all the women and children had been put on board. The conduct of Mr. Ashby, the chief engineer, who commanded one of the boats which put off, is severely censured by some of the passengers. He was especially blamed for not returning to the steamer with his boat, and a general feeling of indignation was expressed upon the receipt of the first intelligence. He has since published a statement, which is confirmed by others, which appears to exonerate him fully. He says that after putting his passengers on board of the *Marine* he used every exertion, including entreaties, threats, and the offer of a large compensation, to induce the sailors to man the boat and return, but without success; and that it was, therefore, wholly out of his power to return. The schooner *El Dorado* of Boston, Captain Stone, not more than two hours before the steamer sank, came so near her that a line might easily have been thrown on board, by means of which many, if not all, might have been rescued. Captain Stone asked if he could render any assistance, to which Captain Herndon replied that they were in a sinking condition, and requested him to lie by until morning. The *El Dorado* had no boat capable of living in such a sea, but supposing from the request of her captain that the steamer would be kept afloat till morning, Captain Stone made all the preparations in his power to assist. The vessels drifted apart in the storm, though the lights from the steamer were visible to the schooner until nearly 8 o'clock, when they suddenly disappeared. Captain Stone then ran as near the spot as could be ascertained, but could discover no vestige of the steamer or of those on board.—When the rescued passengers reached New York they were in the utmost want, most of them being utterly destitute, and many of the women having on only their night clothing. A subscription amounting to about $20,000 was immediately raised for their relief.—Captain William L. Herndon, who was lost with his vessel, was an officer of great merit in the naval service of the United States. He was well known as the author of a very full and elaborate survey of the Valley of the Amazon, published by our Government.

The Kansas Constitutional Convention met and organized, then adjourned until the 19th of October. The election for delegate to Congress, members of the Legislature, and various county officers, was held October 5. The result has not yet reached us. In view of this election Governor Walker issued a proclamation giving his views in reference to the qualifications required for voting, and other matters of interest. The apportionment for the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention was made before his arrival in the Territory; and though he regretted that by it many counties were unrepresented, he had no power to repair the evil. The remedy lay only with the Convention itself, which could, and he had no doubt would, submit the Constitution framed by it to the ratification of the people. His own opinion was, that a residence of three or six months should entitle a citizen to vote upon the question of the adoption of the Constitution. In respect to the qualification for voters for delegate, he holds that, under the law organizing the Territory, every *bona fide* resident of Kansas, being a citizen of the United States, who has resided in the Territory for six months preceding the election, has a right to vote, irrespective of the provision added by the Territorial Legislature, that he should previously have paid a tax. In this opinion the Governor is sustained by the President and his entire Cabinet. The presence of the United States troops, he says, is a purely precautionary measure, to maintain the perfect freedom of the election. At the request of citizens of both parties they would be posted at points where violence has been threatened or anticipated. He characterizes as an insurrectionary movement the late attempt to form a municipal government at Lawrence, followed up as it was by the passage of a compulsory tax law, and other similar measures. This attempt, he says, differed from the Topeka State movement in that the latter proposed to await the recognition of Congress, while the former not only passed laws, but required their compulsory execution by the seizure and sale of property. So soon as this threatened overt act shall be consummated it will be suppressed by the lawful use, if necessary, of the troops of the United States, acting in aid of the civil authorities designated by Congress. "The honor and character of the country," says the Governor, "and my own sworn duty as the Chief Magistrate of Kansas, require that this first actual example of organized rebellion, as a government, against the authority of Congress, should be suppressed, as it must be; and the sooner it is done by the people of Lawrence themselves the better for the sake of their own interests and reputation."

Reports are current that a new expedition under Walker, against Nicaragua, is about to be organized. The ministers of Guatemala, San Salvador, and Costa Rica have addressed a note to the Secretary of State, requesting that a vessel of war may be sent to the harbor of Bocas del Toro, near San Juan del Norte, where it is said that the landing is to be attempted, and that the one at San Juan may be instructed to prevent any landing there. They also desire that the filibusters may be sent back to the United States, as transgressors of our laws and disturbers of the peace of friendly nations. Instructions have been issued from the State department commanding the government officers on the seaboard to stop all expeditions leaving the United States with hostile intentions against any country with which we are at peace.—Mr. Walker has published a letter, addressed to the Hon. Mr. Jenkins

of Georgia, on the subject of another expedition to Nicaragua. He says that the soil and climate of Central America are such as to render slave-labor essential to the prosecution of agriculture, and argues that the conquest and annexation of that country are essential to the peace and security of the South.—Mr. Jenkins replies, dissenting from the filibustering opinions of Walker, and blaming him for addressing to him a public letter without first obtaining permission.

General Gideon J. Pillow of Tennessee, has published a long letter purporting to give a portion of the secret history of the late Mexican war. He says that President Polk, distrusting the ability and prudence of Mr. Trist, the commissioner appointed to negotiate a treaty, imposed upon him the duty of consulting General Pillow in all his negotiations; that on reaching the head-quarters of the army at Puebla, he was informed by Mr. Trist that negotiations were in progress with Santa Anna, by the terms of which our army was to march to the valley of Mexico, where a battle was to be fought. If we won, an armistice was to be granted, and commissioners appointed to treat for peace. Santa Anna was to receive ten thousand dollars at once as earnest-money, and one million more when peace was concluded. The ten thousand dollars had been furnished by General Scott, who had in his possession the means of paying the stipulated million. General Pillow says that he protested against the whole transaction, as dishonoring to the Government, and disgraceful to the army; while General Scott defended it, both on the score of morals and as conforming to the usages of Government, affirming that in the settlement of the northeastern boundary question half a million dollars had been spent, no one except the officers of Government knew for what, unless it were to bribe the press of Maine. General Pillow says that he supposed the project had been abandoned in consequence of his opposition; but after the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco had been won, and the capital lay at the mercy of our army, he learned that General Scott had resolved to grant an armistice, whereupon he became convinced that the Commander-in-Chief was carrying into effect the Puebla negotiations. The armistice lasted fifteen days, during which time Santa Anna completed his defenses, organized an army of 25,000 men, and then gave notice that the armistice was at an end. The subsequent operations which this armistice rendered necessary cost 1672 men; so that, according to General Pillow, "the army had to atone for the error of the Commander-in-Chief with the blood of many of its bravest men." He had in the mean while written to the President a full account of the proposed negotiations, in consequence of which the authority of Commissioner was withdrawn from Mr. Trist, and General Scott was ordered to send him back to the United States, but this order for his recall arrived too late to arrest the course of events. To his course in this matter General Pillow ascribes the hostility which he affirms that General Scott manifested toward him.—To this letter General Scott has briefly replied, denying that he ever paid, or caused to be paid, a single dollar to Santa Anna, for this or any other purpose. "The blunder of General Pillow," he says, "probably grew out of some hint picked up by him at head-quarters about money paid for important information from the enemy's camp."—Ex-President Tyler also writes, denying that half a million dollars had been paid out of the treasury to bribe the press of Maine at the time of the negotiations respecting the northeastern boundary treaty, during his administration. The largest sum, he says, appropriated in any year during this time to the secret service fund, was 30,000 dollars; and as the negotiation took place during the first year of his administration, there was only this amount from which the alleged half million could have been taken. The secret service fund is as public in most of its outlays as any other fund belonging to Government. It is mainly applied to items which no specific appropriation could well cover. "It often happens," he adds, "that not a dollar is withdrawn from the fund for any confidential object of the Government. Such confidential objects sometimes intervene in our intercourse with foreign countries, and sometimes have their origin within our own limits — contingencies which it may be imprudent at the time to disclose, but which are intimately connected with the preservation of peace and quietude. Some such contingencies arose during my official residence in Washington; and when I left that city I directed the agent of the fund to file away in a drawer of the State Department the vouchers for all the expenditures made under my orders out of that fund; and the day has nearly come when I shall be perfectly willing to have that drawer laid open to the inspection of any one who possesses any curiosity to look into it. Certainly he would find no item for the purchase of the newspapers of the State of Maine, or any other State."

CENTRAL AMERICA.

In *Mexico*, President Comonfort has issued decrees annulling the grant made in 1853 to Mr. Sloo for building the Tehuantepec Railway, and making a grant for the same purpose to the "Louisiana Tehuantepec Company." The Company is to establish communication by water to the head of navigation on the Coatzacoalcos River, whence a railroad is to be built to Ventosa. This is to be commenced within eighteen months, and to be built at the rate of ten leagues a year; and, in the mean while, the Company must build and keep in order a good road for the conveyance of passengers and light merchandise. The Company is to have the exclusive right of transportation, but may not charge more than fifty cents a league for the conveyance of passengers, or more than three cents a league for each twenty-five pounds of merchandise, or more than one per cent. on the value of precious metals and jewels for the whole length of the road. It is to pay twelve cents for each passenger and for each package of merchandise to the Government, who shall exact no other impost or contribution from the road. The mails are to be carried gratis, as well as the employés of the State and General Government, when traveling on public business; and Mexican productions are to be carried for twenty-five per cent. below the regular rate of tariff. The line is to be open for the traffic of all nations; but the freight upon the merchandise of those nations which do not enter into a treaty of neutrality with Mexico is to be increased twenty-five per cent.

A treaty has been made regulating the boundary between *Costa Rica* and *Nicaragua*. A grand Spanish American Congress is to be held at San José. Granada, which was destroyed by Walker, is being rapidly rebuilt. President Mora has issued a proclamation threatening death to all who shall undertake any new filibustering expedition.

A project has been broached of uniting Costa Rica and Nicaragua under one government, with a President to be chosen by the people.——The cholera is making fearful ravages in *Guatemala*. Among those who have died is the Hon. W. E. Venable, of Tennessee, the American Minister to Guatemala. ——The Legislature of Panama has imposed an additional tax of forty per cent. upon commercial and other business houses. Those whose capital does not amount to three hundred dollars are by this law exempted from all taxation, and as business on the Isthmus is wholly in the hands of foreigners, the taxes now fall almost exclusively upon them.——A corps of scientific men have reported in favor of the practicability of a ship canal across the Isthmus from Aspinwall to Panama.

In *California* the election has resulted in the complete success of the Democratic party, who have elected their candidate for Governor, Mr. Weller, and a large majority in both branches of the Legislature. The partial returns which have been received indicate that the people have voted to pay the State debt, which was decided by the Supreme Court to have been illegally contracted. In San Francisco the municipal election resulted in favor of the "People's Ticket." This is virtually an indorsement of the action of the late Vigilance Committee.——The mining town of Columbia was almost wholly destroyed by fire on the 25th of August. Five persons were killed by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder in a storehouse. The loss of property is estimated at $600,000.—— An overland emigrant train, consisting of ten persons, had been attacked by Indians, and all its members killed, with the exception of one woman, who escaped after having been left for dead. Other Indian murders are reported.——The inhabitants of Carson Valley are about to petition Congress for a separate Territorial organization. They wish to be separated from Utah because they dislike the Mormon supremacy, and also because they are during the winter unable to hold any communication with Salt Lake City, even if they desired it. The present population of the Territory within the proposed boundaries is about 7000, and is rapidly increasing.

EUROPE.

Public interest in Great Britain is almost wholly concentrated upon the affairs of India. The papers are filled with details of the atrocities committed by the insurgents, and with demands for prompt and exemplary vengeance. Government is using every means to raise recruits and forward reinforcements to the scene of action. It is estimated that 70,000 or 80,000 European troops will be assembled in India in the course of the autumn. An official notification has been issued that any gentleman properly qualified, who will raise a company of 100 men shall be entitled to receive a commission in the army.—The Emperor Napoleon has written a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, inclosing £1000 as his own personal subscription toward the fund for the relief of the officers and soldiers who have suffered in India, and £400, the result of a subscription of the Imperial Guard, for the same purpose. The letter contains a graceful recognition of the aid furnished by the Queen and people of England to the sufferers by the late inundations in France. He has also issued an order directing all captains of French ships of war to afford any assistance to English vessels conveying troops to India.——Mr. Macaulay has been elevated to the peerage, with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley.——At a meeting of the British Association, held in Dublin, Sir John Richardson gave his views respecting the fate of Sir John Franklin. He did not believe the story told by the Esquimaux about the death of the crews from starvation at the place where the fragments of the boat were found. He thought that the party had gone further inland, and there perished; that the officers had previously perished, or they would have known of the dépôt of provisions which lay to the north of them. He had no doubt that the men had long since perished, for at the end of three years, for which time they were provisioned, few men would retain strength to enable them to travel far. He thought it probable that if the new expedition should be able to reach the point at which they aimed they would find at least the remains of the missing vessels. Tidings have been received from the expedition under command of Captain M'Clintock. They had reached the coast of Greenland under very favorable auspices, being fifteen days in advance of Captain Inglefield in his famous voyage of 1852. The Danes reported that the winter had been a very stormy one, which would have the effect of breaking up and clearing away the ice from the head of Baffin's Bay.

The session of the States General of *Holland* has commenced. In the King's speech it was stated that the question of the abolition of slavery in the West India colonies would be again brought before the Chambers.

THE EAST.

From *India* our intelligence comes down to about the middle of August. Its general aspect is far from encouraging. Although the mutiny is general only in the Presidency of Bengal, isolated outbreaks in that of Bombay show conclusively that the native troops are nowhere to be depended upon in an emergency. At Cawnpore, one of the most important places on the Ganges, a mutinous spirit early appeared among the Sepoys, to check which there were only about fifty European troops, under the command of Sir Hugh Wheeler. In order to prepare for the worst, he constructed an intrenched camp, to which the European women and children were removed. This was bravely defended against the attacks of some thousands of mutineers. In the neighborhood of Cawnpore is a small fort called Bithoor, which was held, by the permission of the Government, by Nena Sahib, the adopted son of the last chief of the great Mahratta Confederacy. He had long been on terms of great intimacy with the Europeans, for whom he professed a warm attachment. He was placed at the head of the mutineers. Sir Hugh Wheeler having fallen, the Europeans who were in the camp being reduced to the last extremities, accepted the overtures of Nena Sahib, who swore upon the waters of the Ganges—the most sacred oath of the Hindoos—that, if the garrison would surrender, they should be sent in safety down the river to Allahabad. They accordingly surrendered, and were put on board boats; but no sooner had they reached the middle of the river than the guns of the insurgents were brought to bear upon them. Some hundreds were killed, and the remainder, principally women and children, retained as prisoners. This was about the 1st of July. On the 9th General Havelock left Allahabad with about 1300 European soldiers, and marched for Cawnpore, pushing through a country swarming

with mutineers. On the 12th an encounter took place at Futtehpore, midway between Allahabad and Cawnpore, in which the insurgents were routed, and fled toward Cawnpore. Two days later another engagement took place, with a similar result. On the 10th General Havelock came up with the whole force of the enemy, under the immediate command of Nena Sahib. They numbered 13,000 men, and were strongly posted, while the Europeans counted only about one-tenth as many. Nena Sahib was defeated, with immense loss, and on the 17th Havelock marched into Cawnpore, which the enemy had abandoned after blowing up the magazine. A pitiable spectacle met his eye. In a stone courtyard clotted with two inches of blood lay the clothing of the women and children who had been massacred the day before by the fugitives from the battle. The naked bodies of 130 women and children were found in a well, into which they had been thrown. Three women only escaped. Nena Sahib took refuge in his fort of Bithoor, but fled upon the approach of the English, leaving behind him 13 guns. General Havelock, having received some reinforcements, pushed on toward Lucknow, the capital of the newly-annexed kingdom of Oude, in order to relieve the garrison who had been for some time closely invested. When within a single day's march from that place, the cholera broke out with such violence in his army that he was compelled to abandon his object and fall back upon Cawnpore. Delhi still remains in possession of the mutineers. The besieging forces are hardly able to hold their position against the furious sorties made from the city. In fact they are at present quite as much the besieged as the besiegers. Although successful in every actual engagement, they are so greatly outnumbered that their losses, though far less than those of the enemy, tell severely against them. It now seems probable that the capture of Delhi must be deferred until the arrival of reinforcements from England. At Dinapore, on the Ganges, three native regiments, who had done good service against the mutineers, and were therefore still trusted with arms, suddenly revolted, murdering their commanding officers. A detachment of 300 European troops sent against them fell into an ambush, and were forced to retreat, having lost two-thirds of their whole number. A general feeling of apprehension prevailed even in Calcutta, where the Grand Jury had petitioned the Governor-General urging the disarming of the native population before the approaching Mohammedan festival, when the passions of the fanatical Moslem are wrought up to the highest pitch. The Governor, in reply, said that he should watch the dépôts for the sale of arms, and post throughout the city strong detachments of soldiers from the newly-arrived European regiments. So little reliance was placed upon the most favored native regiments, that the Governor-General's body-guard had been deprived of their arms. The atrocities perpetrated by the mutineers exceed any thing upon record. Delicate women and young girls are given up to the lust of whole gangs of ruffians; wives and daughters violated before the eyes of husbands and fathers; children forced to devour portions of the bodies of their parents, and then put to death by slow mutilation. A single case may serve as a type of many: The wife of Captain Tower, of the 64th native infantry, was taken captive, with her two children. These were cut to pieces, joint by joint, before her eyes. She was then given up to the lust successively of three soldiers; she was then put to bed and a sleeping potion administered to her. When she was a little revived, she was again given up to six human brutes, who after satiating their passions flung her out of a window to be scrambled for by the soldiery. When all was over her head was stricken off and impaled upon an iron stake.——The merchants of Calcutta have sent a strong petition to the Queen to take the control of the Indian empire into the hands of the British Government.

The Chinese War is virtually suspended. Lord Elgin, the British Plenipotentiary had reached Hong Kong, where he announced to the residents the course which was to be pursued. The Emperor must either disavow the acts of Governor Yeh, or suffer the consequences. The troops which were to enforce his representations having been detained in India, Lord Elgin himself took his departure for Calcutta.

The United States sloop of war *Portsmouth*, visited *Siam* for the purpose of exchanging ratifications of the treaty lately concluded between that country and the United States. The expedition met with a very favorable reception. Presents of fruit and vegetables were sent on board the steamer, and the officers were treated as guests of the Government, the former palace of the Prime Minister being assigned for their residence while on shore. Just before the *Portsmouth* sailed, the Second King came down the river from Bangkok to the anchorage, thirty-five miles distant, in order to visit the ship; and was so much gratified with his visit that he repeated it the next day, remaining on board nearly the whole of each day. He was accompanied by his son, Prince George Washington, and by a suite of officers and nobles. This is the first time that a King of Siam has ever visited a man-of-war, and it is received as an act expressive of friendship toward the United States. His Majesty was received with the customary salute of twenty-one guns, with manned yards, and with other appropriate demonstrations.

Literary Notices.

The Hasheesh Eater, being Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The intensely interesting "Confessions of an Opium Eater" appear to have suggested the plan of this remarkable volume. Unequal to De Quincy in literary culture and in the craft of book-making, the author of this work compares favorably with him in the passion for philosophical reflection, in the frankness of his personal revelations, and in preternatural brilliancy of fancy. In point of compact and orderly method in the narration of his story he has a decided advantage over De Quincy. The comparative merits of hasheesh and opium as a stimulant to the intellect and the source of wild, imaginative dreams, may be learned from a comparison of the two volumes. But let no one be tempted to verify the accuracy of the representations in either case by personal experience. The use of such drugs of enchantment is one of the most fatal of all diabolic illusions. If any of our

readers are ignorant of the deadly herb whose infernal power is here recorded, let them know that hasheesh is the juice of the Indian hemp, the southern branch of the same family which, in northern climes, grows almost totally to fibre, producing materials for mats and cordage. Under a tropical sun the plant loses its fibrous texture, and secretes profusely an opaque and greenish resin. This has been used for ages in the East as a narcotic and stimulant, and at this day forms a habitual indulgence with all classes of society in India, Persia, and Turkey. The effects which it produces, both physical and intellectual, are of the most extraordinary character. The experience of the author in its use is here frankly and fully related, in a narrative which is equally rich in psychological illustration and in imaginative vision.

Lectures on Temperance, by ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D. (Published by Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.) The devotion of the venerable President of Union College to the cause of temperance is a no less striking feature of his career than his exuberant eloquence, his tenacity of purpose, and his wonderful elasticity of intellect. The lectures, which are here published under the auspices of Mr. M'Coy, a well-known leader in the Temperance movement, and with a characteristic introduction by the learned Professor of Greek in Union College, Mr. Tayler Lewis, are admirable specimens of research, vigor of reasoning, vivacity of style, and a candid, catholic spirit. The chart at the close of the volume, exhibiting the Bible texts which allude to wine, is a document of great interest and value.

The Legal Adviser, by EDWIN D. FREEDLEY. (Published by Lippincott and Co.) It is no part of the design of this volume to assist any conceited ignoramus to set up as a lawyer on his own account, and dispense with the services of the regular profession in case of need. On the contrary, it aims at giving intelligent business-men such information in regard to the elementary principles of mercantile law as may guide them in their daily routine, save them the annoyance and expense of litigation, or at least enlighten them as to the probable issue of a proposed lawsuit. Mr. Freedley has discussed several important topics in a lucid and popular manner, illustrating them with a variety of apposite examples and incidents, some of which are of a singularly curious character. The doctrine of agents and administrators, of commission and guarantee, of partnership, of insurance, and of testamentary provisions, receives ample attention in this volume; but a clear explanation of the principles and processes of mortgage and hypothecation would add greatly to its completeness, and to the value of a second edition.

Life Studies; or, How to Live, by the Rev. JOHN BAILLIE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The influence of religious principle, as illustrated in the biography of several eminently pious individuals, is the subject of this little volume. John Bunyan is made the representative of the "Good Soldier," Gerhardt Tersteegen of the "Christian Laborer," James Montgomery of the "Christian Man of Letters," Frederic Perthes of the "Man of Business," and Mary Winslow of the "Christian Mother." The author has skillfully constructed a series of interesting narratives from the most salient incidents of their lives, producing a work of practical religious value, without the formality and dryness almost inseparable from a merely didactic treatise.

The Life of Handel, by VICTOR SCHOELCHER. (Published by Mason Brothers.) Composed by a distinguished political exile of France, whom the troubles of his country compelled to seek refuge in London, this volume is a genuine labor of love, and bears on every page the enthusiasm in which it had its origin. The author learned to solace his retirement in that city by listening to the oratorios of Handel—he had already been impressed by their sublimity—but a further acquaintance produced fresh admiration—and he at length conceived the wish to possess all the works of the great master to whom he was so deeply indebted. In the accomplishment of this purpose he was led to examine whatever had been written concerning the life of Handel, and his researches finally grew into such magnitude and importance that he decided to embody their results in a volume. The present work is the fruit of that pains-taking diligence. It comprises a great amount of facts and anecdotes relating to Handel with which the public is not familiar, and at the same time throws much light on the musical history of England, especially of the period of the introduction of the Italian Opera. The American edition is arranged somewhat differently from the original, for the sake of avoiding the confusion of method which impairs the London impression. It contains, however, all the matter of Mr. Schoelcher's work, and will be found an instructive and entertaining biography.

Poems, by ROSA VERTUER JOHNSON. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The chief recommendation of these poems is their smoothness and frequent sweetness of versification, rather than any remarkable boldness or originality of thought. They are evidently the productions of a cultivated and refined mind, liberally endowed with poetical instincts, but with no fervent saliency of imagination.

First Book of Chemistry and the Allied Sciences, by JOHN A. PORTER. (Published by A. S. Barnes and Co.) The Professor of Chemistry in Yale College has performed a valuable service to the cause of scientific education in the preparation of this elementary treatise. It is founded on a thorough practical knowledge of the subject, and displays a skill in brief and lucid exposition that is not common among men most eminent for their scientific attainments. The main topics in the rudiments of chemistry are presented in the natural order of succession, and illustrated by a great variety of well-selected and apposite examples. Agricultural chemistry and geology are briefly treated in separate chapters, forming an appropriate conclusion to the main discussions of the work. Like most judicious manuals for juvenile instruction, this volume may be used to great advantage as an authority for current reference.

Floral Home; or, First Years of Minnesota, by HARRIET E. BISHOP. (Published by Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.) The progress of the portion of the great Northwest to which the present volume is devoted, is vividly described in these personal recollections of a lady connected with the Indian missions in that quarter. It is some ten years since she commenced the work of religious benevolence among the natives, and during that interval she has had ample opportunities of witnessing the rapid development of the country. She relates her experience with a certain degree of enthusiasm, but her narrative is highly interesting, full of information, and apparently worthy of entire credence.

Editor's Table.

THE ENGLISH MIND.—It is hardly necessary for us to say that a nation is not a mere aggregation of existing individuals, or collection of provinces and colonies, but an organic living body of laws, institutions, manners, and literature, whose present condition is the result of the slow growth of ages, and whose roots stretch far back into the past life of the people. By a national mind we mean the whole moral and mental life of a nation, as embodied in its facts and latent in its sentiments and ideas. This *body* of mind, the organization of centuries, exercises, in virtue of its mass, a positive attractive force on all individual minds within the sphere of its influence, compelling them to be partakers of the thoughts and passions of the national heart and brain, and receiving in return their contributions of individual thoughts and passions. Now a national mind is great according to the vitality and vigor at the centre of its being, the fidelity with which it resists whatever is foreign to its own nature, and its consequent perseverance in its own inherent laws of development. Tried by these tests, that pyramidal organism, with John Bull at the base and Shakspeare at the apex, which we call the English Mind, is unexcelled, if not unequaled, in modern times for its sturdy force of being, its muscular strength of faculty, the variety of its directing sentiments, and its tough hold upon existence. No other national mind combines such vast and various creativeness, and presents so living a synthesis of seemingly elemental contradictions, which is at the same time marked by such distinctness of individual features. That imperial adjective, English, fits its sedition as well as its servility, its radicalism as well as its aristocracy, its squalor as well as its splendor, its vice as well as its virtue, its morality and religion as well as its politics and government. The unity of its nature is never lost in all the prodigious variety of its manifestation. Prince, peasant, Cavalier, Roundhead, Whig, Tory, poet, penny-a-liner, philanthropist, ruffian—William Wilberforce in Parliament, Richard Turpin on the York road—all agree in being English, all agree in a common contempt, blatant or latent, for every thing not English. Liberty is English, wisdom is English, philosophy is English, religion is English, earth is English, air is English, heaven is English, hell is English. And this imperious dogmatism, too, has none of the uneasy self-distrust which peeps through the vociferous brag of corresponding American phenomena; but, expressing its seated faith in egotism's most exquisite *non sequiturs*, it says stoutly, with Parson Adams: "A schoolmaster is the greatest of men, and I am the greatest of schoolmasters;" and, moreover, it believes what it says. The quality is not in the tongue but in the character of the nation.

This solid self-confidence and pride of nationality, this extraordinary content with the image reflected in the mirror of self-esteem, indicates that the national mind is not tormented by the subtle sting of abstract opinions or the rebuking glance of unrealized ideals, but that its reason and imagination work on the level of its Will. The essential peculiarity, therefore, of the English Mind is its basis in Character, and consequent hold upon facts and disregard of abstractions. Coarse, strong, massive, sturdy, practical—organizing its thoughts into faculties, and toughening its faculties into the consistency of muscle and bone—its whole soul is so embodied and embrained, that it imprints on its most colossal mental labors the stern characteristics of sheer physical strength. It not only has fire but fuel enough to feed its fire. Its thoughts are acts, its theories are institutions, its volitions are events. It has no ideas not inherent in its own organization, or which it has not assimilated and absorbed into its own nature by collision or communion with other national minds. It is enriched but never overpowered by thoughts and impulses from abroad, for whatever it receives it forces into harmony with its own broadening processes of interior development. Thus the fiery, quick-witted, willful and unscrupulous Norman encamped in its domains, and being unable to reject him, and its own stubborn vitality refusing to succumb, it slowly and sullenly, through long centuries, absorbed him into itself, and blended fierce Norman pride and swift Norman intelligence with its own solid substance of sense and humor. By the same jealous and resisting but assimilative method, it gradually incorporated the principles of Roman law with its jurisprudence, and the spirit of Italian, Spanish, and German thought with its literature, receiving nothing, however, which it did not modify with its own individuality, and scrawling "England, her mark," equally on what it borrowed and what it created.

A national mind thus rooted in character, with an organizing genius directed by homely sentiments, and with its sympathies fastened on palpable aims and objects, has all the strength which comes from ideas invigorated but narrowed by facts. General maxims disturb it not, for it never acts from reason alone, or passion alone, or understanding alone; but reason, passion, understanding, conscience, religious sentiment, are all welded together in its thoughts and actions, and pure reason, or pure conscience, or pure passion, it not only neglects but stigmatizes. Its principles are precedents buttressed by prejudices, and these are obstinately asserted from force of character rather than reasoned out by force of intellect. "Taffy," said swearing Lord Chancellor Thurlow to Lord Kenyon, "you are obstinate, and give no reasons; now Scott is obstinate, too, but he gives reasons—and d—d bad ones they are!"

Indeed, the English mind believes what it practices, and practices what it believes, and is never weakened in its active power by perceiving a law of morality or intelligence higher than its own practical morality and intelligence. It meets all emergencies with expedients, and gives to its reasons the emphasis of its will. Bringing every thing to the test of common-sense and fact, it is blind to the operation of the great laws of rectitude and retribution objective to itself, but trusts that the same practical sagacity and practical energy which have heretofore met real dangers, will meet impending dangers when they become real. It has no forecasting science of right, but when self-preservation depends on its doing right, the most abstract requirements of justice will be "done into English" in as coarse and as sensible a way as its old hack-writers translated Juvenal and Plutarch.

In the mean time it prefers to trust

"In the good old plan,
That they should take who have the power,
That they should keep who can."

Indeed, such a complete localization of thought, morality, and religion, was never before witnessed in a civilized nation. It is content with the relative and the realized in manners, laws, institutions, literature, and religion; and it disowns the jurisdiction, and sulkily disregards the judgments, of absolute truth and morality. If its imperious and all-grasping tyranny provokes a province into just rebellion, national statesmen send national warriors to put it down, and prayers are offered in national churches for the victory. The history of its Indian empire—an empire built up by the valor and crimes of Clive, and preserved by the serene remorselessness of Hastings's contriving intellect—is as interesting as the "Pirate's Own Book," and exhibits the triumph of similar principles; but whatever is done for the national aggrandizement is not only vindicated but baptized; and when Edmund Burke made the most desperate effort in the history of eloquence to induce the highest court of the realm to apply the Higher Law to the enormities of Hastings, he not only failed of success, but the English mind condemns him now for vituperating the character of "an eminent servant of the public." There is no crime in such matters but to *fail* in crime. We have heard, lately, many edifying and sonorous sentences quoted from English jurists about the law of God overriding the law of man; but it is not remembered that when an English jurist speaks of the law of God, he really means that fraction of it which he thinks has become, or is becoming, the law of England. To make a true Englishman responsible for any maxim which is essentially abstract, *in*organic, *un*precedented, and foreign to the interior working of the national mind, is to misconceive both his meaning and his nature. No great English humorist—that is, no man who sees through phrases into characters—has ever blundered into such a mistake. The true localizing principle is hinted by Goldsmith's braggart theologian: "When I say religion, I of course mean the Christian religion; and when I say Christian religion, I would have you know, Sir, that I mean the Church of England!"

Now it is evident that a national mind thus proud and practical, thus individual and insular, making, as it does, the senses final, and almost deifying rank and property, would exhibit in its manners and institutions a double aristocracy of blood and capital. Hence results the most hateful of English characteristics—the disposition, we mean, of each order of English society to play the sycophant to the class above it, and the tyrant to the class below it, though from the inherent vigor and independence of the Englishman's nature his servility is often but the mask of his avarice or hatred. The best representative of this unamiable combination of arrogance and meanness is that full-blown Briton, or, as Parr would have called him, that "ruffian in ermine," Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who could justly claim the rare distinction of being the greatest bully and the greatest parasite of his time. But this peculiarity is commonly modified by nobler and sturdier qualities, and the nation is especially felicitous in the coarse but strong practical morality which is the life of its manners. The fundamental principles of social order are never brought into question by the average English mind, and even its sensuality is honest and hearty, unsophisticated by that subtle refinement of thinking by which a Frenchman will blandly violate the ten commandments on philosophic principles, and with hardly the disturbance of a single rule of etiquette. In the domestic virtues likewise—in those attachments which cluster round a family and a home—the Englishman is pre-eminent. The Frenchman is wider and more generous in his generalities, more of an universal philanthropist; but his joy is out of doors, and he would not dine at home for the salvation of mankind. But political liberty is only for those who have homes and love them; and though the Englishman's theories are narrow, they are facts, while the Frenchman's, if more expansive, are unrealized.

The leading defect of English manners, however, is consequent on their chief merit. Being the natural expression of the national mind, all the harshness as well as all the honesty of the people is sincerely expressed in them; and they press especially hard on the poor and the helpless. In the mode of conducting political disputes, in the ferocity and coarseness of political and personal libels, and in the habit of calling unpleasant objects by their most unpleasant names, we perceive the national contempt of all the decent draperies which mental refinement casts over sensual tastes and aggressive passions. The literature of the nation strikingly exhibits this ingrained coarseness at the foundation of its mind, and its greatest poets and novelists are full of it in their delineations of manners and character. Chaucer and Shakspeare humorously represent it; Ben Jonson and Fielding, the two most exclusively English of all England's imaginative writers, are at once its happy expounders and bluff exponents; and Swift, whose large Saxon brain was rendered fouler by misanthropy, absolutely riots in the gutter. This robust manhood, anchored deep in strong sensations and rough passions, gives also a peculiar pugnacity to English manners. No man can rise there who can not stand railing, stand invective, stand ridicule, "stand fight." Force of character bears remorselessly down on every thing and every body that resists it, and no man is safe who can not emphasize the "me." This harshness is a sign of lusty health and vigor, and doubtless educates men by opposition into self-reliance; but woe unto those it crushes! Thus a friend of ours once strayed in the early part of the present century into the Court of King's Bench, where Lord Ellenborough then sat in all the insolence of office, and where Mr. Garrow, the great cross-examining advocate, then wantoned in all the arrogance of witness-badgering. The first object that arrested his attention was a middle-aged woman, whose plump red face and full form displayed no natural tendency to disorders of the nerves, but who was now very palpably in a violent fit of hysterics. Shocked at this exhibition, he asked a by-stander the cause of her extraordinary emotion. "Oh!" was the indifferent reply, "she is a witness who has just been cross-examined by Mr. Garrow."

As English manners grew naturally out of English character, so England's social and political institutions have grown naturally out of English manners, and all are hieroglyphics of national qualities. They express, in somewhat grotesque forms and combinations, the thoughts and sentiments of the ruling classes from age to age. Springing originally out of the national heart and brain,

we may be sure that, however absurd and even inhuman some of them may now appear, they served a practical purpose, and met a national want, at the period of their establishment; and though the forms in which the national life is embodied are clung to with a prejudice which sometimes boils into fanatical fury, and though the dead body of an institution is often fondly retained long after its spirit is departed, this sullen conservative bigotry gives stability and working power to the government amidst the wildest storms of faction, and its evils are moderated by a kind of reluctant reason and justice, which in the long-run gets the mastery. Thus the constitution of the House of Commons before the Reform Bill of 1832, was not fitted for the altered circumstances of the nation, and the reformers really adhered to the principle of English popular representation in their almost revolutionary changes in its forms; but it would be a great error to suppose that in the unreformed House of Commons legislation did not regard the interest of unrepresented constituencies, because it abstractly had the power to disregard them. Such an impolitic exercise of political monopoly would have reformed the representation a hundred years ago. So was it less than half a century ago, with the horrible severity of the criminal law, which made small thefts capital crimes, punishable with death. Conservatives like Eldon and Ellenborough opposed their repeal as vehemently as if the national safety depended on their remaining as scarecrows on the statute books, though as judges they would no more have executed them than they would have committed murder. It is understood in England that when the national mind outgrows a law, "its inactivity," in Plunket's phrase, "is its only excuse for existence," though to propose its repeal is to incur the imputation of Jacobinism. "The wisdom of our ancestors," is the Englishman's reverent phrase as he contemplates these gems from the antique; but we should do injustice both to his humanity and his shrewdness, did we reason deductively from them to results, as though they were still living institutions issuing now in ghastly facts. He keeps the withered and ugly symbols of his old bigotries for ornament, not for use!

Indeed, this unreasoning devotion to organic forms, even after they have lost all organic life, is ever accompanied by a sagacity which swiftly accommodates itself to emergencies; and the sense of the people never shines so resplendently as in avoiding the full logical consequences of its nonsense—which nonsense we shall find had commonly its origin in sense. Thus the abject theory of the Divine Right of Kings was a politic and convenient fiction, in the early days of the English Reformation, to operate against the Jesuit theory of the sovereignty of the people, by which the papists hoped to re-establish Romanism; but when Protestant Kings carried the theory out into practice, the genius of the people as easily extemporized a divine right of regicide and revolution. But while the original theory was politic, either as a weapon against Romanism or faction, it is curious to observe how eagerly it was inculcated by the national church as a part of religion. South, speaking of deadly sins, refers to "blaspheming God, disobeying the King, *and the like;*" and even the heavenly-minded Taylor asserts, in perhaps the greatest of his sermons, "that perfect submission to kings is the glory of the Protestant cause;" and this perfect submission, not to the constitution and the laws but to the king, he proceeds, with superb sophistries, to invest with the dignity of one of those Christian works which are the signs of Christian faith. But the moment that James the Second laid a rough hand on the established safeguards of the property, lives, and religion of the nation, the whole people fell away from him; the Tory who preached submission as a duty, and the Whig who claimed rebellion as a right, were both instantly united in a defense of their common English heritage; and a tempest of opposition arose whose breath blew the monarch from his throne.

And this brings us to the consideration of the concrete and national character of English freedom, which, having its foundation deep in the manners of the people, and slowly organizing its ideas into protecting institutions, has withstood all assaults because it has ever been intrenched in facts. The national genius embodies, incarnates, realizes all its sentiments and thoughts. Establishing rights by the hard process of growth and development, it holds them with a giant's grasp. Seeing in them the grotesque reflection of its own anomalous nature, it loves them with the rude tenderness of a lioness for her whelps. It cares little for abstract liberty, but it will defend its liberties to the death. It cares little for the Rights of Man, but for the rights of English man it will fight "till from its bones the flesh be hacked." It cares little for grand generalities about liberty, equality, and fraternity; but, swearing lusty oaths, and speaking from the level of character, it bluntly informs rulers that, loving property, it will pay no taxes which it does not itself impose, and that, being proud, it will stand no invasion of its inherited property of political privileges. It will allow the government to exercise almost tyrannical power provided it violates no established forms of that Liberty, "whose limbs were made in England." Its attachment to the externals of its darling rights has a gruff pugnacity and mastiff-like grip, which sometimes exhibit the obstinate strength of stupidity itself—a quality which Sheridan happily hit off when he objected in Parliament to a tax on mile-stones, because, he said, "they were a race who could not meet to remonstrate." So strong is its realizing faculty, so intensely does it live in the concrete, that it forces every national thought into an institution. Thus it found rough rebellious qualities seated deep in its arrogant nature, and demanding expression. These first found vent in bloody collisions with its rulers, but eventually battled themselves into laws by which resistance was legalized; and thus the homely but vigorous imagination of the English Mind, organizing by instinct, at last succeeded in the stupendous effort of consummating the wedlock of liberty and order by organizing even insurrection, and forcing anarchy itself to wear the fetters of form. This, we need not say, is the greatest achievement in the art of politics that the world has ever seen; and England and the United States are the only nations which have yet been able to perform it. Any child can prattle prettily about human rights and resistance to tyrants; but to tame the wild war-horses of radical passions, and compel their hot energies to subserve the purposes of reason, is the work of a full-grown and experienced man.

We now come to a most delicate topic, which can hardly be touched without offense, or avoided without an oversight of the most grotesque expression

of the English Mind. The determining sentiments of the people are to war, industry, and general individual and material aggrandizement—to things human rather than to things divine; but every true Englishman, however much of a practical Atheist he may be, feels a genuine horror of infidelity, and always has a religion to swear by, and, if need be, to fight for. He makes it—we are speaking of the worldling—subordinate to English laws and customs, *Anglicises* it, and never allows it to interfere with his selfish or patriotic service to his country, or with the gratification of his passions; but he still believes it, and, what is more, believes that he himself is one of its edifying exponents. This gives a delicious unconscious hypocrisy to the average national mind, which has long been the delight and the butt of English humorists. Its most startling representative was the old swearing, drinking, licentious, church-and-king Cavalier, who was little disposed, the historian tells us, to shape his life according to the precepts of the Church, but who was always "ready to fight knee-deep in blood for her cathedrals and palaces, for every line of her rubric, and every thread of her vestments." Two centuries ago, Mrs. Aphra Behn described the English squire as "going to church every Sunday morning, to set a good example to the lower orders, and as getting the parson drunk every Sunday night to show his respect for the Church." Goldsmith, in that exquisite sketch wherein he records the comments made by representative men of various classes on the probable effects of a political measure, makes his soldier rip out a tremendous oath as a pious preliminary to the expression of his fear that the measure in question will ruin the Church. The cry, raised generally by cunning politicians, that "the Church is in danger," is sure to stir all the ferocity, stupidity, and ruffianism of the nation in its support. Religion in England, is, in fact, a part of politics, and therefore the most worldly wear its badges. Thus all English warriors, statesmen, and judges, are religious men, but the religion is ever subordinate to the profession or business in hand. "Mr. Whitfield," said Lord George Sackville, condescendingly, "you may preach to my soldiers, provided you say nothing against the articles of war." Mr. Prime Minister Pitt spends six days of the week in conducting a bloody war to defend the political, and especially the religious institutions of England against the diabolical designs of French Atheists and Jacobins, and on Sunday morning fights a duel on Wimbledon Common. Sometimes the forms of religion are condescendingly patronized because they are accredited marks of respectability. Percival Stockdale tells us that he was appointed chaplain to a man-of-war, stationed at Plymouth, but found it difficult to exercise his functions. He at last directly requested the captain to allow him to read prayers. "Well," said the officer, "you had better, Mr. Stockdale, begin next Sunday, as I suppose this thing must be done *as long as Christianity is about.*" But perhaps the quaintest example of this combination of business and theology is found in that English judge, who was condemning to death, under the old barbarous law, a person who had forged a one pound-note. Lord Campbell tells us, that after exhorting the criminal to prepare for another world, he added: "And I trust that, through the mediation and merits of our Blessed Redeemer, you may there experience that mercy, which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to hope for here." Indeed, nothing could more forcibly demonstrate how complete is the organization of the English Mind, than this interpenetration of the form of the religious element with its most earthly aims; and therefore it is that the real piety of the nation, whether episcopal or evangelical, is so sturdy and active, and passes so readily from Christian doctrines into Christian virtues. In its best expressions it is somewhat local, but what it loses in transcendent breadth and elevation of sentiment it gains in practical faculty to perform everyday duties.

We must have performed this analysis of the level English Mind with a shameful obtuseness if we have not all along indicated and implied its capacity to produce and nurture great and strong men of action and men of thought. It has, in truth, been singularly fertile in forcible individuals, whose characters have the compound raciness of national and personal peculiarity, and relish of the soil whence they sprung. Few of these, however cosmopolitan may have been their manners or comprehensive their reason, have escaped the grasp of that gravitation by which the great mother mind holds to her knee her most capricious and her most colossal children. Let us look at this brood of giants in an ascending scale of intellectual precedence, fastening first on those who are nearest the common heart and represent most exclusively the character of the nation's general mind. Foremost among these is Sir Edward Coke, the leviathan of the common law, and the sublime of common-sense—a man who could have been produced only by the slow gestation of centuries, English in bone, and blood, and brain. Stout as an oak, though capable of being yielding as a willow; with an intellect tough, fibrous, holding with a Titanic clutch its enormity of acquisition; with a disposition hard, arrogant, obstinate, just; and with a heart avaricious of wealth and power, scorning all weak and most amiable emotions, but clinging, in spite of its selfish fits and starts of servility, to English laws, customs, and liberties, with the tenacity of mingled instinct and passion; the man looms up before us, rude, ungenerous, and revengeful, as when he insulted Bacon in his abasement, and roared out "spider of hell" to Raleigh in his unjust impeachment, yet rarely losing that stiff, daring spirit which drafted the immortal "Petition of Right," and that sour and sullen honesty which told the messenger of James I., who came to command him to pre-judge a case in which the king's prerogative was concerned, "when the case happens, I shall do that which will be fit for a judge to do." Less hard, equally brave, and more genial, Chief Justice Holt stands before us, with his English force of understanding, sagacity of insight, fidelity to facts and fear of nothing but—the tongue of Lady Holt,—wise, and with a slight conceit of his wisdom—a man who has no doubts that laws should be executed and that rogues should be hanged, and before the shrewd glance of whose knowing eye sophism instantly dwindles, and all the bubbles of fanaticism incontinently collapse. Thus he once committed a blasphemous impostor by the name of Atkins who belonged to a sect, half cheats half gulls, called "The Prophets." One of the brotherhood immediately waited on him and said, authoritatively, "I come to you, a prophet from the Lord God, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *nolle prosequi* to

John Atkins his servant, whom thou has sent to prison." Such a demand might have puzzled some judges, but Holt's grim humor and English sagacity darted at once to the point which betrayed the falsity of the fanatic's claim. "Thou art a false prophet and lying knave," he answered. "If the Lord God had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for He knows that it belongeth not to the Chief Justice to grant a *nolle prosequi*. But I, as Chief Justice, can grant you a warrant to bear him company," which, it is unnecessary to add, he immediately did. The masculine spirit of Coke and Holt is visible in all the great English lawyers and magistrates, refined into a graceful firmness in Hardwicke, caricatured in the bluff, huffing, swearing imperiousness of Thurlow, and finding in Eldon, who combined Thurlow's bigotry with Hardwicke's courtesy, its latest representative.

In respect to the statesmen of England, we will pass over many small, sharp, snapping minds, eminent as red-tape officials and ministers of routine, and many commanding intellects and men versed in affairs, in order that we may the more emphasize the name of Chatham, who, though it was said of him that he knew nothing perfectly but Barrow's Sermons and Spenser's Fairy Queen, is pre-eminent among English statesmen for the union of the intensest nationality with the most thoroughgoing force of imagination and grandest elevation of sentiment. Feeling the glory and the might of his country throbbing in every pulsation of his heroic heart, he was himself the nation individualized, could wield all its resources of spirit and power, and, while in office, penetrated, animated, kindled the whole people with his own fiery and invincible soul. As a statesman, he neither had comprehension of understanding nor the timidity in action which often accompanies it; but, a hero and a man of genius, he was fertile in great conceptions, destitute of all moral fear, on fire with patriotic enthusiasm. Possessing a clear and bright vision of some distant and fascinating but seemingly inaccessible object, and bearing down all opposition with a will as full of the heat of his genius as his conception was with its light, he went crashing through all intervening obstacles right to his mark, and then proudly pointed to his success in justification of his processes. In a lower sphere of action, and with a patriotism less ideal, but still glorious with the beautiful audacity and vivid vision of genius, is that most heroic of English naval commanders, Nelson. Bearing in his brain an original plan of attack, and flashing his own soul into the roughest sailor at the guns, fleet after fleet sunk or dispersed as they came into collision with that indomitable valor guided by that swift, sure, far-darting mind. His heroism, however, was pervaded through and through with the vulgarest prejudices of the common English seaman. His three orders to his men when he took the command on the opening of the French war, sound like the voice of England herself: first, "to obey orders implicitly; second, to consider every man their enemy who spoke ill of the King; and, third, to hate a Frenchman as they did the devil."

In ascending from men eminent in action to men renowned in thought, we are almost overwhelmed by the thick throng of names, illustrious in scientific discovery and literary creation, which crowd upon the attention. Leaving out of view the mass of originating genius which has been drawn into the service of the nation's applying talent, in the vast field of its industrial labors, what a proof of the richness, depth, strength, variety, and *unity* of the English Mind is revealed in its literature alone. This bears the impress of the same nationality which characterizes its manners and institutions, but a nationality more or less refined, ennobled, and exalted. If we observe the long line of its poets, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Pope, Byron, with hardly the exceptions of Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth, we shall find that, however exalted, divinized, some of them may be in imagination and sentiment, and however palpable may be the elements of thought they have assimilated directly from visible nature or other literatures, they still all rest on the solid base of English character, all partake of the tough English force,

> "And of that fibre, quick and strong,
> Whose throbs are love, whose thrills are song."

Though they shoot up from the level English mind to almost starry heights, their feet are always firm on English ground. Their ideal elevation is ever significant of the tremendous breadth and vigor of their actual characters. Mountain peaks that cleave the air of another world, with Heaven's most purple glories playing on their summits, their broad foundations are still immovably fixed on the earth. It is, as the poet says of the Alps, "Earth climbing to Heaven." This reality of manhood gives body and human interest to their loftiest ecstasies of creative passion, for the superlative is ever vitalized by the positive force which urges it up, and never mimics the crazy fancy of Oriental exaggeration. When to the impassioned imagination of Shakspeare's lover the eyes of his mistress became "lights that do mislead the Morn," we have a more than Oriental extravagance; but in the shock of sweet surprise it gives our spirits there is no feeling of the unnatural or the bizarre.

Observe, again, that portion of English literature which relates to the truisms and the problems of morality, philosophy, and religion. Now, no didactic writing in the world is so parched and mechanical as the English, as long as it deals dryly with generalities; but the moment a gush of thought comes charged with the forces of character, truisms instantly freshen into truths, and the page is all alive and inundated with meaning. Dr. Johnson is sometimes, with cruel irony, called "the great English moralist," in which capacity he is the most stupendously tiresome of all moralizing wordpilers; but Dr. Johnson, the high-churchman and Jacobite, pouring out his mingled tide of reflection and prejudice, hating Whigs, snarling at Milton, and saying "You lie, Sir," to an opponent, is as racy as Montaigne or Swift. Ascending higher into the region of English philosophy, we shall find that the peculiarity of the great English thinker is, that he grapples a subject, not with his understanding alone, but with his whole nature, extends the empire of the concrete into the region of pure speculation, and, unlike the German and Frenchman, builds not on abstractions, but on conceptions which are o'erinformed with his individual life and experience. Hobbes and Locke, in their metaphysics, draw their own portraits as unmistakably as Milton and Wordsworth do theirs in their poetry. This peculiarity tends to make all English thought relative, but what it loses in universality it more than gains in energy, in closeness to things, and in power to kindle thought in all minds brought

within its influence. The exception to this statement, as far as regards universality, is found in that puzzle of critical science, "Nature's darling" and marvel, Shakspeare, who, while he comprehends England, is not comprehended by it, but stands, in some degree, not only for English but for modern thought; and Bacon's capacious and beneficent intellect, whether we consider the ethical richness of its tone or the beautiful comprehensiveness of its germinating maxims, can hardly be deemed, to use his own insular image, "an island cut off from other men's lands, but rather a continent that joins to them." Still, accepting generally those limitations of English thought which result from its intense vitality and nationality, we are not likely to mourn much over its relative narrowness, if we place it by the side of the barren amplitude, or ample barrenness, of abstract thinking. Take, for example, any great logician, with his mastery of logical *processes*, and compare him with a really great reasoner of the wide, conceptive genius of Hooker, or Chillingworth, or Barrow, or Burke, with *his* mastery of logical *premises*, and, in respect to mental enlightenment alone, do you not suppose that the clean and clear, but unproductive understanding of the passionless dialectician will quickly dwindle before the massive nature of the creative thinker? The fabrics of reason, indeed, require not only machinery but materials.

As a consequence of this ready interchange of reflective and creative reason in the instinctive operation of the English mind, its poets are philosophers, and its philosophers are poets. The old English drama, from its stout beginning in Marlowe's "consistent mightiness" and "working words," until it melted in the flushed, wild-eyed voluptuousness of Fletcher's fancy, and again hardened in the sensualized sense of Wycherley's satire and the diamond glitter of Congreve's wit, is all aglow with the fire and fierceness of impassioned reason. Dryden argues in annihilating sarcasms and radiant metaphors; Pope runs ethics into rhythm and epigrams. In the religious poets of the school of Herbert and Vaughan, a curious eye is continually seen peering into the dusky corners of insoluble problems, and metaphysic niceties are vitally inwrought with the holy quaintness of their meditations, and the wild-rose perfume of their sentiments; and, in the present century, the knottiest problems of philosophy have come to us touched and irradiated with the etherial imaginations of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Coleridge, or shot passionately out from the hot heart of Byron.

But, reluctantly leaving themes which might tempt us to wearying digressions, we wish to add a word or two respecting the mental characteristics of four men who are pre-eminently the glory of the English intellect—Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton; and if the human mind contains more wondrous faculties than these exhibit, we know them not. The essential quality of Chaucer is the deep, penetrating, Dantean intensity of his single conceptions, which go right to the heart of the objects conceived, so that there is an absolute contact of thought and thing without any interval. These conceptions, however, he gives in succession, not in combination; and the supreme greatness of Shakspeare's almost celestial strength is seen in this, that while he conceives as intensely as Chaucer, he has the further power of combining diverse conceptions into a complex whole, "vital in every part," and of flashing the marvelous combination at once upon the mind in words that are things. Milton does not possess this poetic comprehensiveness of conception and combination; but he stands before us as the grandest and mightiest individual man in literature—a man who transmuted all thoughts, passions, acquisitions, and aspirations into the indestructible substance of personal character. Assimilating and absorbing into his own nature the spirit of English Puritanism, he starts from a firm and strong, though somewhat narrow base; but, like an inverted pyramid, he broadens as he ascends, and soars at last into regions so exalted and so holy that his song becomes, in his own divine words, "the majestic image of a high and stately drama, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies!" It would not become us here to speak of Newton—although, in the exhaustless creativeness of his imagination, few poets have equaled him—except to note the union in his colossal character of boundless inventiveness with an austere English constancy to the object in view. His mind, when on the trail of discovery, was infinitely fertile in the most original and ingenious guesses, conjectures, and hypotheses, and his life might have been barren of scientific results had he yielded himself to their soft fascination; but in that great, calm mind they were tested and discarded with the same rapid ease that marked their conception, and the persistent Genius, pitched far beyond the outmost walls of positive knowledge,

> "Went sounding on its dim and perilous way!"

In these remarks on the English Mind, with their insufficient analysis of incomplete examples, and the result, it may be, of a most "scattering and unsure observance," we have at least endeavored to follow it as it creeps, and catch a vanishing view of it as it soars, without subjecting the facts of its organic life to any rhetorical exaggeration or embellishment. We have attempted the description of this transcendent star in the constellation of nationalities, as we would describe any of those great products of nature whose justification is found in their existence. Yet we are painfully aware how futile is the effort to sketch in a short essay characteristics which have taken ten centuries of the energies of a nation to evolve; but, speaking to those who know something by descent and experience of the virtues and the vices of the English blood, we may have hinted what we could not represent. For this proud and practical, this arrogant and insular England,

> "Whose shores beat back the ocean's foamy feet,"

is the august mother of nations destined to survive her; has sown, by her bigotry and rapacity no less than her enterprise, the seeds of empires all over the earth; and from the English Mind as its germ has sprung our own somewhat heterogeneous but rapidly organizing American Mind, worthy, as we think, of its parentage, and intended, as we trust, for a loftier and more comprehensive dominion; distinguished, unlike the English, by a mental hospitality which eagerly receives, and a mental energy which quickly assimilates, the blended life-streams of various nationalities; with a genius less persistent but more sensitive and flexible; with a freedom less local, with ideas larger and more generous, with a past, it may be, less rich in memories, but with a future more glorious in hopes.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE have been of late some remarkable incidents in the history of authors. We hinted at them last month. Béranger died, and the French army had to parade to protect Paris from a possible revolution over his grave. Dickens was invited to perform before the English Queen and court, and declined to appear unless he and his friends, being gentlemen, were treated as gentlemen—a natural courtesy which the Queen (being no gentleman) declined. Thackeray, running for Parliament in the city of Oxford, was defeated by only a few votes, and Mr. Macaulay is now Baron Macaulay.

The meaning of all this is, that as the world grows, and the troubadour, from a sweet singer in a hall, becomes a power in society, his words are continually ripening into deeds. And where the popular will makes the government, it naturally selects for governors men who have shown that they know human life and human nature.

Béranger was an idol in France. His name stood for the idea of popular freedom. It was a lyric of liberty, and its very mention carried music to the general heart.

He declined office under the Monarchy and Empire; so he did under the Republic. But, like most genuine men of letters every where, his heart was with the popular cause. He knew that, ideally, the will of the many would make the most practicable law for the many; and the French people reverenced themselves in honoring Béranger.

But it was a singular spectacle to see this simple, retired man—a singer not too choice in his life or in his verse—borne to his grave amidst the hushed expectation of an empire; the government, which feared his name might be the war-cry of a revolution, taking care to soothe with it the excitement of the populace. It made itself chief mourner. Imperial carriages followed the bier; imperial soldiers preserved "order," as the word is understood in despotisms, and with imperial honors the poet of the people was laid in his grave.

Such things are hardly possible elsewhere than in France. Douglas Jerrold was buried quietly by a group of famous men, his friends, on a soft summer afternoon. No army was called out; but England mourned one of the powers of England. No speech was made at either grave; but there was a very loud lesson at the grave of Béranger. It was this: that literature is no longer a dream; that an author is not a tumbler on tight-ropes and a dancer on bottles only, but that a poet may practically paralyze an emperor, and his song be more terrible to despotisms than an army with banners.

And so, in old times, courts had their buffoons and jesters, and ranked them with their servants. Now, the court is challenged to recognize the proper claim of genius—and, failing to do that, is compelled to seek its amusement elsewhere.

The Queen of England comes of a family notoriously dull, coarse, and illiterate. The Hanoverian court of England has never been renowned for a solitary thrill of sympathy with what is noblest and best in England. Her present fruitful Majesty frowned to death the Lady Flora Hastings, tied a garter around the leg of Louis Napoleon—the uncertain son of an uncertain mother—and now declines to receive as gentlemen the men who do more for the glory of England than any other class of Englishmen.

It is ludicrous to think that William Shakspeare would not be "received" by Victoria Guelph.

The Queen, of course, as a Queen, is a mere form. Her state functions are simply ceremonies. But why should she live always in state ceremonies any more than wear her crown and hold her sceptre in her nursery? May not the Queen of England be a lady, as she is a mother? Is it not etiquette for the Queen of England publicly to honor in her palace the most illustrious man in England? May she publicly "receive" the most distinguished *roués* in her kingdom—the Earl of Cardigan, for instance—and decline to notice the great successor of Walter Scott?

Poor little woman! You pity her for being imprisoned in all that state splendor. You can not believe that it was she who shut the door in Dickens's face, and the faces of his friends. The Queen of England may be a form, but why must Victoria Guelph be a snob?

The snobbishness should have been left entirely to the American gentlemen in Paris, who declined, a year or two since, to ask Dickens to a Washington ball, to which they did not hesitate to invite one of the most notorious women in Paris—the Princess Mathilde.

And Thackeray was defeated at Oxford.

Let us hope that Mr. Cardwell can serve Oxford better. Only it is no argument against Thackeray, as a member of Parliament, that he is a man of genius and a novelist.

Wellington was but a general—until he showed he could command the Commons as well as an army. That a man has not passed his tender years in sucking red tape is no disadvantage to him, and all governments gain by plain good sense.

Of course, we are all reconciled to Thackeray's defeat—regretting only that he should be beaten any how or any where, and remembering that Bayard Taylor writes of having seen some of the sketches for the new novel which has been so long coming—"The Virginians"—in which, let us hope that he will do for us and our life and society what he has already done for his native English. He was not long in Virginia; but he seems to have a kind of cavalier's sympathy for it, and has already touched its soil in "Henry Esmond." That was a splendid historical study—a book to read in its quaint old type, and believe that we were tasting the very times themselves in a delightful relic. But the historical novel that deals with historical facts, instead of the spirit of historical epochs, can never be more entertaining than a very good history. Macaulay's story of the Monmouth rebellion is quite as good as any novel that could be written upon the same subject. Besides, the same faculties which make a good novelist of society to-day do not necessarily make a good novelist of yesterday. A man may see well and clearly into the life around him, and yet be very blind when he throws his eyes further.

Happily, no author has a surer instinct of the scope of his own genius than Thackeray, and we may very safely leave ourselves in his hands.

We have spoken of Béranger. We want to speak of one of his songs. They can no more be translated properly into English than Burns can be done into French. But that much may be done toward faithfully rendering their *drift*—but never

their wit, or pathos, or rhythm, or color — the admirable translations of Mr. Young show.

There is one of his most famous songs, *Le Grenier* — "The Garret" — of which that quaint and fascinating literary artist, Father Prout, has made an exquisite paraphrase.

Who Father Prout is?

Long ago, then, in the remote antiquity of ten or a dozen years since, when Easy Chairs sportively took their pleasure about the world, the present Easy Chair, on the loveliest days of late October —or was it November? so transfigured is every thing in Italy—came to Rome.

"Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt"

in Rome!

The dear old city is full of quaint and curious things—men in strange costumes, and women in stranger; and monks, friars, popes, cardinals, and others of the third sex, in the strangest of all. To be strange in Rome is, therefore, to be very strange.

One day, idly sauntering along the Corso, we stopped to watch a small man, with spectacles on his nose, a baggy surtout enveloping his form, and enormous mocassins on his feet. There are all kinds of curious boots and shoes in Rome — the Russians, especially, wear surprising things at that end of the body; but mocassins were entirely new. The small man slid and shuffled along in them, as if he were navigating himself in a pair of scows, and his face had the gleam of inward humor which showed him to be a man of fancy and an Irishman. His eyes, seen behind the spectacles, had that peculiar watery, sea-green illumination — a superficial light — which is quite enough to have given the descendants of King Brian the sobriquet "emerald," even if they had not received it from the "*swate green oil*" over which the family reigns.

The little man was hidden in his own thoughts as he sailed by us, and the friend who was leaning on one of our arms told us that the figure was that of a Jesuit *manqué*—a man who was not quite a Jesuit—an Irishman of talent, and valuable to his church, but, unhappily, too fond of what Sheridan loved. He was a suspended priest, or a priest out of place; his name, Father Mahony; his fame, that of Father Prout.

He was an old magazinist in England; wrote in Frazer and elsewhere; was a friend of Maginn; turned Mother Goose's rhymes into Greek; wrote burlesques and grotesques; translated, paraphrased; was full of knowledge, wit, poetry, pathos, facility; delighting every body, never getting on, shiftless, uncertain, a beautiful bit of machinery wanting only the mainspring; just such a character as Dr. Shelton Mackenzie knows more about and writes better about than any body else —an Irish literary soldier of fortune, with his heart in his hand, doubtless; one of the best fellows in the world, and good for nothing—in fact, what right has Dr. Mackenzie to delay longer telling us about Father Prout?

It was he who made the paraphrase of Béranger's song, "The Garret." He had a right to do it. He looked into his own heart—into his own past—and wrote as if it were his what the songster sang because it was his own. It belonged to both. It belongs to all Bohemians like them. Béranger's "Le Grenier" is a ditharymbic of Bohemia.

Father Prout's version is not in the original measure, nor is it by any means literal, but it has the ring, the afflatus, of the original.

THE GARRET.

"Oh, it was here that love his gifts bestowed
On youth's wild age!
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode
In pilgrimage.
Here my young mistress with her poet dared
Reckless to dwell;
She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared
This attic cell.

"Yes, 'twas a garret! be it known to all
Here was Love's shrine:
There read in charcoal traced along the wall
The unfinished line.
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend.
The Jew can tell
How oft I pawned my watch to feast a friend
In attic cell.

"Oh, my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl—
Bashful, yet fond!
What though from whom she got her dress I've since
Learned but too well?
Still, in those days I envied not a prince
In attic cell.

"Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst
'Mid the bright bowls.
Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!
Bronze cannon roared: France, with redoubled might,
Felt her heart swell!
Proudly we drank our consul's health that night
In attic cell.

"Dreams of my youthful days! I'd freely give,
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live
For one of those!
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
In attic cell!"

The old man lived and died faithful to the recollection. His whole life was as simple and natural as this little song which tells one of its passages. The applause of a nation, and its fond idolatry, never elated or deceived him. No other man but Napoleon ever excited such enthusiasm in that most enthusiastic people; and, by the force of his own sincerity, the poet praised only what was noble and admirable in the Emperor, not sparing his vanities and errors. He was not a poet only—he was a power in France. Among all modern poets he is one of those who truly fulfilled the poet's office. He played upon the hearts of a people as upon a harp, and his pen was more potent than the most patriotic sword in the country. Béranger must be ranked among the few real poets in history. His claim is as indisputable as that of Shakspeare or Burns; although he was as different from each of them as they were from each other. His very name has already become a synonym of geniality and patriotism. Governments feared him, the people loved him: and so great was the fear of Government of the dead Béranger, that it affected to love him more than the people, that it might thrust them from his grave. From his grave they could do it—but not from his memory—not from his words. They will sing his songs and tell the simple story of his life until their own natures are changed. Béranger knew the genius of France, and nowhere is it so well justified as in his poetry.

When steam first conquered the Atlantic, and the *Sirius* and *Liverpool* came puffing up the Bay, in the very face of the good Doctor Dionysius Lardner, who had conclusively demonstrated that it could not be done, we all threw up our hats and declared that the ocean was now really bridged, and that Europe was but a suburb or neighboring ally of the great, free, and enlightened republic.

This was true—but it was a truth in the future tense at that time. Now it has become present. But being long used to the steam bridge, and busying ourselves with "cutting under" it with a telegraph, we have failed to remark that the lines of the allies have at many points been blended—and that, thanks to the steam, many a luxury and delight has become common to both sides of the sea.

Given to the contemplation of nature and the study of man as this Easy Chair is, it was impressed recently with the fact that New York—which our neighbors call us provincial for calling metropolitan—has yet several very substantial claims to that name of metropolis. There are London and Paris, for instance—which the most vindictive provincial will concede to be metropolises—they have been growing and flourishing for how many years, and they have at this moment no better music, for instance—the crowning grace of a metropolis—than this little Manhattan mushroom of ours, if that term shall be considered more faithfully descriptive than the other *m*. In one of the brightest and loveliest September nights we had in New York, at the same time, an opera company, of which Frezzolini was *prima donna*, Vieuxtemps and Thalberg, king, each, of his instrument; and we had the most airy, finished, and elegant of comedians, Mr. Charles Mathews. As we rolled up Broadway in the cheerful gaslight and bumped against the swarming mass of passengers, and beheld them pouring in, not only to the concerts and dramas of these famous people, but to the performances of Miss Heron, of Mr. Murdock, of the Ravels, of the many minstrels, foreign and domestic, we felt that the steam bridge had done its work, and had made the old and new worlds faubourgs of each other.

Of one of the kings, Thalberg, we spoke when he was first here. When he came again, a paper said that he did the same old things precisely in the same old way. It might have added that the things were popular and the way was perfect. Urania writes to us, that after she had heard the great pianist three or four times, she did not care to go again—that it was perfect, but perhaps perfection is a little tiresome; and that on the whole she would rather have Mrs. Jones—Mrs. John Jones—come and pass an evening with her and play the domestic piano, while she darned the paternal stockings.

Who would not write to the lovely Urania if he could—if in any manner he could invent a pretext for doing so? But she requested an answer to this note. With her own ivory hand propelling a swan's quill, she asked that we would reply. What a happy morning that request gave this Chair! With a golden pen upon satin paper—as tenderly as if it had been writing happiness upon her heart, instead of advice in a letter—it wrote:

"Dear Young Lady: Your feeling is natural; but there is another side to think of. The great pianist seems to understand thoroughly the character of his instrument—to know what it can do, and what it can not do—and he plays accordingly. He does not try to help the "expression" by shrugging his shoulders, or tossing his hair, or rolling his eyes; but if you have heard him play the *Adelaide* of Beethoven, or the fantasia from *Don Giovanni*, you will surely agree that he conceives the music and sympathizes with it, as it was intended by the composers. Does Mrs. John Jones do more? Then naturally when you go to a crowded room, and sit and suffocate as if you were in a vapor-bath combined with the stocks, and hear him play the same pieces you heard him play the evening before, you are tired, and vexed, and warm, and don't care to come again. But you must remember that he is giving concerts to make money, and that he plays the music which he knows is popular and pleasing. He is not performing to you every evening; but if you knew him, and he would come into your parlor, and with the same grace, and elegance, and tenderness, play the music that you most love to hear Mrs. John Jones play, do you think he would do it any the less skillfully and satisfactorily because he would do it "perfectly?" Is it the playing you do not like, or the circumstances of his public playing? Possibly it is the latter—is it not probably so? Don't agree if you can help it, dear Lady Urania; for if you are still unconvinced, you will write once more to your loyal Easy Chair."

Our venerable friend Solomon Gunnybags returned several weeks since from his summer tour. The alarming aspect of "affairs" cut him short in a little progress he was making through his native land, and he gave cars and steamers no rest until, as he said, he "touched bottom again" in Wall Street. Fortunately he touched bottom without going to the bottom—a truth which it would be very difficult to our accomplished friend, Professor Roemer, to render into intelligent French or Chaldee, yet which is a truth nevertheless.

The family Gunnybags were chagrined and indignant at this precipitate return.

"Going home in August," said Miss Gunnybags. "Oh! papa, papa!"

"And I haven't yet worn my new muslin *à l'imperatrice*," cried Miss Bell Gunnybags, bursting into sobs.

But both of the young ladies at once perceiving the enormity of the situation, met it bravely by asking in a breath,

"What *will* people say?"

Who are "people," of whom we dwell in such eternal terror? Have you ever seen "people?" Have you ever heard "people say" what we are constantly in a panic lest they should say? If you go to town in August whose business is it, except the cook's and chambermaid's—and the lover's, of course, Miss Bell, if he happen to be tied to town by business? What have "people" ever done for you that you should square all your conduct according to the view they may happen to take of it? Are "people" your particular friends? Are they a highly moral and exemplary, simple and honest class, whose judgment would be a real condemnation? Do "people" care for you, except as you care for ballet-dancers, and naughty novels, and the preaching of the Rev. Leek Todley, and other things that amuse and excite you for a moment?

No. Miss Gunnybags and Miss Bell Gunnybags, you know very well that "people" are just the men and women who are least worth attention. The women have small waists and no hearts at all; the men are dandies and dull. They are a set

of fashionably dressed, idle, vapid gossips, who haven't sincerity enough to be positively bad, but who sip sin at the edges, and die of the poison without having tasted its sweetness. It is a matter of profound concern what such "people" think of you, isn't it? It is a sad misfortune if they should happen to "wonder why the Gunnybags went home in August."

That is what the Gunnybags girls have to think of as they loll in their Easy Chairs waiting for the season to begin; and old Solomon has to thank his stars, as he spreads his handkerchief over his head, that he came home and sold all his Tinpan Southern before the bottom fell out entirely.

But other summer birds have other memories as they fly back again and nestle into the old home.

You, Lucy, whose name a fond old Easy Chair will never betray—you, in the pauses of moonlight music, on the Saratoga piazza, heard sweeter words than ever before, and went to dreams so dear that you awoke with newer beauty. You, who had read the novels and thought you knew it all, learned in one little moment, that no pictures are like the reality, and that happiness read of is not like happiness felt. In you and in him it lies, whether that moment was the opening of a gate through which streamed the splendors of Paradise—streamed, and by its shutting were gone—or the beginning of a life in the midst of that glory; for if it be true that the first pair were driven from the garden, is it not equally true that every new pair returns to its portal, and either looks in for a happy moment only, or passes in and dwells there through a happy life?

And you, Master Harry, you irresistible knight of dames, how many trophies have you added this year to your old victories? Insatiable manikin, will you never have done breaking female hearts? True, you are somewhat out of repair, Harry, and the eyes and the pensive forefinger upon the cheek and the rapt gaze which did execution at twenty-five, are less effective at thirty-five and fortyward. True again, your toilet is as careful and your boots even smaller than ten years ago; but cravats weary, and boots are not always sure against the invasions of other younger, handsomer, wittier men. True, and too true, alas, a flirt known to be a flirt is an adder with his tongue cut out, a mute nightingale—and you, poor old Harry, sitting in retired corners of public parlors with silly young girls, or shrewd old ones, hoping to persuade the spectator that the silly young and the shrewd old one is deep in love with you—the spectator who has seen you at the same business for a dozen, for fifteen, for twenty years, is not so much persuaded, Harry, that you are an irresistible fellow and the d——l among women, as that you are a worn-out, common drab of a flirt.

Let that be your autumnal reflection as you settle into your Easy Chair to recall the summer's campaign.

And all the rest of us who have been quietly watching the

"Glory in the grass and splendor in the flower,"

as the last red leaf twirls and twinkles away in the autumn gust, shall we not have a lovely summer to remember—a season of fresh, mellow, constantly renewed beauty, when the heats of August were not fierce enough to shrivel the green June leaves—when, in truth, a permanent June seemed to be encamped upon the landscape; when those who remembered the Isle of Wight, seemed once more in that happy island, when the moist, daily bloom of an English summer seemed to have floated to these shores. Now among those red leaves and cool airs of autumn, let us repeat the comfortable words of Goethe:

"The year is dying away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move; only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought that in the dry and fallen ear lies so much of nourishment and life."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

How grand the mountains are!

We have loitered for the hour past in the moonlight, looking up to the snow bastions which lie around Chamouni. The stars are out; the sky is clear; the air is still—only broken once by a crash whose echoes rebounded and lingered in the valley, startling us, but by the passing villagers heard only with a glance upward and a shrug. It may have been snow; it may have been crag; a thousand tons weight, perhaps; but we shall see no trace of it at morning, look as hard as we may. It was Nature counting her annual income from Chaos, and dropping the money in her till.

And from far away over seas, what other crash is that we hear among the mountains of Hindoo land? Has not the moral world, too, its laws of compensation? Vast accumulations of ice—of frost-seasons, which take the thaw of God's revolving sun deep in their fissures, and break and slip, and make crash and desolation?

Has not the British rule in India had its nipping frosts, stiffening all moral sense in a people who count by millions, till nature's warmth, lurid and red with vengeance, makes horrid flame?

Rhetoric apart, what have we to think of when we come in from our evening outlook upon Mont Blanc and the Needles? Of course, we are at the *Hôtel de Londres*—it is the best in Chamouni—and the *Times*, scarce a week old, is at our hand.

The first page—India; the second page—India; the third page—India. And what wonder for this? It is the grandest flower in British gardens trampled down; the great crown-jewel tarnished.

Of course it is easy to say they haven't governed rightly; they have played the despot; they have not counted Sepoys as more than material for musket-bearing; their Superior Courts have not declared them citizens; the men of Oude and Cawnpore were little better than Dreds; white England gathered rice and rupees, and lived on curry and chicken, while copper India sweated and fumed, and gradually stole into the knowledge of a *Tribune* philosophy. And the philosophy taught them what it will teach all savages—to slay their masters and violate their mistresses, and spend a great Bacchanal fête in blood.

But the blood of the first orgies will soon be spent; the gory hands grow weary with vengeance; the red flame be smothered. New and bitter frosts come to stiffen and bury all in white winter.

Rhetoric again—which means that England will fight it out, and the victory remain on the side of knowledge and invention. Barbarism can not hold its own against Paixhan guns and railways. It may be long before these things can be brought to bear, but when they are brought into the van the copper faces and the leaden brains must give over the contest. Or if they fail, then England, who musters them, does not represent a real, but a sham

civilization, and must go to the wall. It is a pitched battle between Christianity and all its horrible hypocrisies, and its tyranny in the name of God, and barbarism, with its devilish cruelties, and its weaknesses, and its human, thrilling outcries for mercy and kindnesses.

But after all — impugn the civilized master as we will, compassionate the down-trodden Sepoy as we will — there is no blinking the fact that the great advancing tread of humanity is represented by the Briton, and not by the Hindoo; and therefore we must hope and we must count for the triumph of England.

Semi-jealousies and all fault-findings in detail blow away like wind-driven chaff when we measure the vast results of British influence upon the millions who slay their children, and burn their widows, and use no fat, and worship the Grand Lama.

Let us not forget that we are in Switzerland, in the valley of Chamouni, warming our toes by a cheerful fire in the parlor of the *Hôtel de Londres*.

There was an Englishman sitting here an hour ago, who has a son and a daughter in India — perhaps at Delhi, one of them; perhaps at Lucknow, the other. God help his sleep to-night! For the news has just come in of that fearful massacre at Cawnpore. Nor are they feeling easy in the cities southward. A Calcutta merchant, in a private letter, talks in this style:

"I do not consider even Calcutta over-safe, and think all women and children should leave India in our present perilous times, although I do not apprehend any outbreak but what could be speedily put down. We have a good lot of troops in the fort; the volunteer guard amounts to 800 strong; and the seamen in the river would form another thousand—awkward customers with muskets and cutlasses. Besides, we could muster 1500 more Christians who can fire a gun, and we are all more or less armed; in the face of which I do not think our Mussulman friends would like to try it on. But that the feeling of insecurity pervades all classes may be gathered from the circumstance of the Governor-General turning out the other night at twelve o'clock, with his aids-de-camp and body-guard, and riding down to the Bank, when a heavy gun was fired off, supposed to be a signal for a rising, but which turned out to be a war-steamer's mode of apprising a pilot that she was getting up steam. The fact is the people have no confidence whatever in the government—they see such a want of vigor and precaution. Thousands of arms are sold weekly in the Calcutta bazars; small bodies of armed natives meet outside the town; and yet, although this is pointed out to the powers, they 'pooh-pooh' all idea of danger, as they have done in every instance until this hydra-headed conspiracy threatened to destroy them. I suppose they are fearful of hurting the feelings of the natives! They ought to disarm every body but those having a license to keep offensive weapons. One of the head government officials, who lives in the suburbs, and has to pass through one of the principal bazars, sees every morning fellows bringing their tulwars (swords) to the armorers' shops to be ground and sharpened; but 'it is not in his department.' Notwithstanding, I do not expect 'a row' down here, unless any thing should go very wrong up-country."

Of Sir Hugh Wheeler, the same writer says: "He was one of the finest and bravest officers in India, and held a piece of intrenched ground at Cawnpore with one hundred and eighty European soldiers, against about 12,000 of the mutineers, and the troops of a native Rajah, Nena Sahib, a double-dyed villain, for upward of a month. The brave old fellow was wounded in a sortie, and died soon after in our camp. The men lost heart, had no provisions, no water, and but little powder left. They capitulated with Nena Sahib, who allowed them to go into boats which he provided, but immediately afterward opened fire, and those not drowned or shot were dragged ashore and cut up. The whole of the inhabitants of Cawnpore, about 300 to 400, who went into Wheeler's intrenchment, shared the same fate, including Lady Wheeler and her daughters; the wives and children of the officers and men of her Majesty's 32d Regiment; Mrs. Lindsay and three grown-up daughters (came out last December); four or five young ladies who came out last cold season; twenty-six members of one family (the Greenways and Turnbulls, very old Indians), and many others. Yesterday's report was that Nena Sahib had selected five ladies for his harem, and had kept about thirty more as hostages, should we lick him; in which case, I suppose, the scoundrel's life will be saved to recover them. This is the chief who had previously massacred 180 men, women, and children, at Futteyghur. On the river below Cawnpore bodies of five and six Europeans, tied together, have been seen floating down."

Here again, an officer writing from Neemuch (we can not undertake to say where that is) says: "I sent my wife and children out of camp on the first; the outbreak took place on the night of the 3d; the firing of two guns was the signal, which occurred at about half past eleven. On the firing of the first gun I started to join my wife, in company with Dr. Cotes and the sergeant-major of the cavalry. We arrived at Sadree, a walled town some twelve miles from Neemuch, where I was delighted to find my poor wife and children. For some days past we have not had very favorable accounts from that place. The mutineers consisted of about 2000 men. Just fancy all these demons in open revolt seeking to murder every European that came within their reach. Through the intervention of Divine Providence all Europeans have escaped with the exception of the sergeant-major of the artillery's wife and her three children; they butchered her, poor woman, in a fearful manner, after which they put her children into boxes, and set fire to them; you can realize the result. The brave little woman shot two of the demons with her husband's gun, which fortunately happened to be loaded at the time, and was in the act of reloading when they cut her head off. We saved a portion of our clothing, but nothing else. Captain W.'s wife joined us at Sadree only half dressed. She happened to be undressing for bed at the time of the break out, and was obliged to fly in that state. The poor woman is expecting her confinement every day. The destruction of property at Neemuch, public and private, has been immense; at least three lacs of public, and one of private; twenty-seven bungalows in all have been burned to the ground, the best part of the Sudder Bazar destroyed, and all public records. The Rana of this place has behaved remarkably well to us, fugitives as we are: he sent the whole of the women, in fact the Aboo party, on elephants, with a strong guard for their protection. I hope I may

never see the face of another Bengal sepoy, except on the gallows."

The vengeance of the London *Post* takes an economic form which is worth stating: "India is peculiarly fitted for a general system of railroads, and a government rail would pay largely, not merely in a pecuniary, but in a governmental sense, in the immense advantage of prompt communication, in the ready conveyance of stores, troops, and munitions of war from one extremity of Hindostan to the other. Nowhere can railroads be made so cheaply and so useful for development and defense. Such of these vile mutineers as are spared might be dedicated to the service of railway labor life. Let gangs of them be organized on a military principle, and let them labor the rest of their wretched lives, chained together, for the benefit of a people against whom they have perfidiously rebelled. Such a spectacle would operate as a punishment and a terrifying example, and do more to destroy Brahminism than all our missionaries."

It would appear, however, that they are accomplishing something in a more prompt way. A clergyman of Benares writes home: "The gibbet is, I must acknowledge, a standing institution among us at present. There it stands, immediately in front of the flag-staff, with three ropes attached to it, so that three may be executed at one time. Two additional gibbets were erected, with three ropes to each, but they have been taken down. Scarcely a day passes without some poor wretches being hurled into eternity. It is horrible, very horrible! To think of it is enough to make one's blood run cold; but such is the state of things here that even fine, delicate ladies may be heard expressing their joy at the vigor with which the miscreants are dealt with. The swiftness with which crime is followed by the severest punishment strikes the people with astonishment, it is so utterly foreign to all our modes of procedure, as known to them. Hitherto the process has been very slow, encumbered with forms, and such cases have always been carried to the Supreme Court for final decision. Now, the commissioner of Benares may give commissions to any he chooses (the city being under martial law) to try, decide, and execute on the spot, without any delay and without any reference. The other day a party was sent out to Gopigang, some thirty miles distant, to seize a landholder who had proclaimed himself rajah, and two men said to be his ministers. The three men were surprised and taken. They were tried on the spot by a commission composed of five military and civil officers. After a short trial the three were condemned to be executed then and there. The rajah and the others protested they were innocent, and appealed to the Sudder (the Supreme Court). They were told there was no appeal to the Sudder in these days. To their utter amazement and horror preparations were made for their execution before their own door, and before the sun went down they were executed. Whatever may be thought of such doings one thing is certain, that these executions have struck terror into the hearts of the marauders in this district, and have done much to awe them into better conduct. Roads near us in which people were hourly plundered a fortnight ago are now quite safe."

How strange all this to us amidst the quiet of Switzerland! Only to-day we were talking with the guides of poor Jacques Balmat, the first who found his way to the summit of Mont Blanc.

It was in the year 1786. He was an adventurous peasant of the village, chiefest among the mountain guides of that day, and infatuated in his search for rare minerals at the feet of the crags and among the glaciers. Saussure, of Geneva, had offered a reward to the man who should first find a practicable path to the top of the mountain. Balmat, concealing his intention, had repeatedly wandered around the upper plateaus, taking with him a supply of provisions and remaining absent for days. Three times he had reached the Grand Mulets (now well known as the first night station), but the gaping crevasses, or the snows, or wind, had forbidden further progress. After two trials in the year 1786, once by himself, and once with four other guides of Chamouni, he succeeded on the third attempt, in which he was attended by a Dr. Paccard, a physician of the village.

He told the story in this style: "We slept between the glaciers of Bossons and Taconnay; and I had wrapped the Doctor in a blanket which I had brought with me from Chamouni; thanks to this, he slept soundly. At two of the morning there was a streak of white, and I roused the Doctor. The air was clear and cold, and the stars shining bright; and when the sun came out after a time, there was not a trace of mist. It was a fearful business crossing the glacier of Taconnay: there were crevasses bridged over with fresh ice that cracked under our feet, and there were precipices beside us reaching sheer down five hundred feet.

"Well, we reached the Grand Mulets and passed it, and came to the Little Mulets, when a fierce wind struck us, carrying off the Doctor's hat into the valley of Cormayeur. We were compelled to throw ourselves flat upon the ice to avoid being carried away by the force of the tempest; and the Doctor would only follow me, when I at length ventured upon my feet, upon his hands and knees. We had long and weary work of this, until I reached a little plateau of snow, from which I could see down into our village of Chamouni. My good woman had called some fifty of her neighbors together before the church, and these all were looking toward the top of the mountain. I raised the Doctor to his feet and waved my hat, and could see them waving their hats below in answer.

"I gained new courage now, but the Doctor insisted that he could go no further; so I left him lying upon the snow with the blanket round him. It was growing hard to breathe, and I had a feeling as if my lungs were gone, and my chest empty, I twisted my handkerchief into a cravat, and tied it around my mouth, breathing through the folds; this relieved me somewhat. But I felt a chill creeping over my lips, for want of breath as it seemed, and I was a full hour making only a third part of a league. I walked with my head down, the snow was smooth and hard, and I found I was treading on some point new to me, when I lifted my eyes and saw where I had come. I was at the end of my voyage. *Dieu Merci!* No foot of man or beast had been there before me. I was alone and had made my way alone, and was king of the great mountain.

"Then I turned my head toward Chamouni—breathing all the while very hard, and shook my hat upon my Alpenstock (for the wind had ceased now), and with my pocket-glass I could see the

group about my good woman still there before the church ; and the people were running toward them in all directions, for the story had gone about that Jacques Balmat was upon the top of Mont Blanc.

"After a little I went back to find my poor Doctor. He was stiff and half frozen ; but I raised him to his feet, and half leading him and half carrying him, brought him with me back to the summit. All around us were the glaciers, the snows, the dreadful peaks. There were a few green spots and fir forests, but almost every thing below and around us white or else gray rocks.

"Paccard could see nothing, and I told him how things looked—how Geneva Lake and Neufchatel seemed like to little blue spots—how I could see Italy as I supposed, seeming like a flat plain with a blue mist on the far edge of it. We staid there half an hour, and it was seven o'clock at night when we started for home. The wind was cold, and the snow was blowing in our faces. Paccard was like a child. He begged for one of my mittens and I gave it to him, though I came near freezing my hand for the want of it. At the end of every ten minutes he would seat himself, and say he could go no further. Then I took him on my shoulders. It was eleven o'clock before we found a piece of rock free from ice, where we could spend the night. I found Paccard's hands were frozen, and he could make no use of them ; my left too, from which I had given him the mitten, was stiff. I managed, however, to rub his hands and my own with snow until the blood flowed freely again. We wrapped ourselves in the blanket, and kept as near to each other as we could.

"At six Paccard woke me. 'It's very droll,' said he, 'Balmat ; but I think I hear the birds singing down below, and yet I don't see any light.'

"I turned to look at him, and found his eyes wide open ; the snow, or the cold, or both together, had blinded him.

"He took hold of the strap of my knapsack, and followed me in that way down the mountain. When we arrived in the village, I left him to find his own way home with his staff, and hurried off to look after my wife. The neighbors scarcely knew me. My eyes were red and swollen, face black, my lips blue and pinched, and every time I gaped the blood started from my cheeks or my mouth ; besides which, I couldn't see, except in the shade.

"Four days after I started for Geneva to tell Saussure. He came down at once to Chamouni, but the weather was bad, and he was not able to go up the mountain till the year after."

Old Jacques Balmat told this story of his ascent in this way, to Alexandre Dumas, about the year 1830, if we remember rightly.

Dumas inquired about the Doctor Paccard : "Did the poor man continue blind?"

"He died," said Balmat, "a twelvemonth agone ; and, though he read without his spectacles, he had infernally red eyes."

"The result of his exposure on the mountain, without doubt?"

"Not at all," said Balmat.

"How then?"

The old guide lifted his elbow, filled his own glass, winked, and thus finished his story and his third bottle.

Every body in the Valley of Chamouni knows about old Jacques Balmat now. There is a sad sequel to his history.

His adventurous habit kept by him to the last. Like many another man, he was haunted with the idea of becoming, some day, suddenly rich. He believed that he should accomplish his aim by his search after gold in the clefts of the mountains. On an August day of 1835 he went away from the village in company with a chamois-hunter. He was then seventy years old, and the most popular guide in Chamouni. In two days' time the chamois-hunter returned, but without Balmat. The old man had left him for an ascent where the hunter dared not follow. Day after day passed, and no tidings were heard of the lost guide. A search was organized, but nothing could be found of Balmat. It was conjectured that he had fallen from a precipice of the Mortine, but it was thought quite impossible to recover his body.

Some four years since, a party of chamois-hunters, on returning from an excursion among the wildest portions of Piedmont, discovered a dead body lying far above them upon a glacier. After incredible efforts they succeeded in reaching it and in transporting it to the village of Chamouni, when the townspeople at once recognized it as the body of poor Jacques Balmat. So he was buried at last under a quiet village grave, after having slept seventeen years upon the mountain snows.

It is strange that people do not linger longer at Chamouni : this now is the fifth day we are here, and scarce a face at the *table d'hôte* of our host but has changed since our coming. We ourselves are catching the feeling of unrest, by the sight and the hearing of so much of movement, and are reckoning with our guide for a tramp to-morrow by the Tête Noire to Martigny.

Yet what grander summer place can there be in the wide world than this same Valley of Chamouni?

Would you see a waterfall? there is the Pelerins. Would you study glaciers? there are the Mer de Glace and the Bois. Would you have mountain scrambles and panoramas of mountains? there are the Breven and the Flegere. Would you have solitude? sit at nightfall upon one of the boulders which last year's snow-slide has hurled upon the valley, and watch the day fading from the peaks, and the stars coming out through the gaps. Would you have music? then hold your breath and listen for an avalanche.

Yet nobody loiters at Chamouni. A man feels too much dwarfed there for a long stay. We go to the High Altar only to worship ; but who puts a week to his worship? The humanities out of which we build our air-castles do not thrive under the shadow of Mont Blanc. We lose proportions, and can not adjust proprieties there, where we lose all chance of comparison.

With its multitude of glories, you may yet count upon your fingers the places you wish to linger at in Switzerland. Geneva is one : for there you have the lake and the flashing sails, you have the quaint city and its shops, you have the quiet cultivated fields, the orchards, with leafy handfuls of golden fruit ; you have the pretty bedizzenment of the city seated at your hotel table ; last of all, you have Mont Blanc making weekly visits through the clouds.

Vevay is another charming lounging spot, and Lausanne another. Then there are Interlaken, and Zurich, and Lucerne. A month would not be wasted at either. The hotels at any of these points leave nothing to be desired, and your weekly bill

would be less than at either Saratoga or Newport.

Will you have our account of our day's dinner at the *Hôtel de Londres?* Remember, however, we are out of the way of markets here. M. Paccard comes in of a morning, perhaps, from his little chalet at the other end of the village, with half a dozen of well-fatted fowls; and our host, after some parley, buys them. Another villager brings from his garden-patch a pannier of chicorée or of watercresses, and our host buys these. Half a dozen cauliflowers come, perhaps, from the garden of the inn itself; and a young Balmat (for names have patriarchal importance in the Valley) has brought the half of a chamois, killed two days since by the Montanvert. These, with a round of beef which has come from St. Gervais, or beyond, in a donkey-cart, make up a dinner, which is doubly spiced by a tramp over the Mer de Glace. A sour wine of the country (so sour that you cheerfully put two or three francs to a tempering pint of Bordeaux) keeps up the illusion of your being still within the limits of a wine-growing country. Not that any grapes are to be seen in the higher Swiss valleys; but by Geneva, and Lausanne, and all along the borders of the Genevese lake, as you walk in the September sunshine, you may see the purple clusters glowing, and the round-hatted peasant-girls passing back and forth with the willow panniers crowned and leaking with luscious freight.

Far more luscious, however, to look on, or to taste *au naturel*, than to consume when the press has done its work; for the Swiss wines are the poorest of the poor.

Well, to come back to our dinner. It is perhaps after *table d'hôte* hour when we arrive from our tramp, and we are alone in the long hall, but the soup is hot, the chamois has its mountain flavor, a fresh fowl has been put to the spit, and the cresses are crisp and sound; then we have a goat's-milk cheese to nibble upon, and the nuts which grow yonder by the church-yard, besides a dish of red plums, which we saw (and coveted as we passed) in the yard of a superannuated guide, who lives within a stone's-throw of the foot of the glacier of Argentiere.

So we sit there in the long hall (you like to know these things) cracking the nuts that grew by the village church—perhaps by Balmat's grave—with the beechen nut-cracker, carved by a village artist into the fashion of a griffin. And as we crack the nuts we think into what queer vagaries Swiss art distorts itself, and wonder how the constant sight and neighborhood of grandness seems to dwarf all art-aspirations and divert ingenuity toward grotesqueness. Can any philosopher of æsthetic proclivities explain to us this?

Did any body ever see a grand Swiss landscape—a grand landscape of any sort—wrought by a Swiss artist? Did any body ever see any approach—even in the lithographs or *gauche* vapidities of the shops—to the realness and coldness of Swiss scenes? Of course we speak only of the works of Swiss artists here—only of those which bear the imprint of Zurich or of Geneva. And how tame they are! How we buy them and scorn them! How we look at them and despise them! How destitute of grand lines! How void of the least of the large aspects that live in your heart when you have once seen the mountains smothered in snows!

To come back to our nut-cracker: you buy these, and bring them home as mementos, very properly. What is there in the mountains that could have begotten such crude, quaint, ungainly, griffinly carving? Why, of all others, should a Swiss sculptor—in beechwood—make a small man with a hunch back and big nose, or a bear with a screw in his haunch, or a lion with the snout of a pig? Why does he tend inevitably in all his art-reaches toward the absurd, and vulgar, and false? How can a man live under the shadow either of the Jungfrau or of Mont Blanc, and spend his life in the manufacture of monstrosities?

Not only in art-inclinations proper is this untowardness apparent in the Swiss, but in every thing of which æsthetic cultivation takes cognizance. Nowhere do you see, in that free mountain-land, any evidences of taste—except the taste were an imported or exotic taste.

Thorwaldsen's Lion in the Rock, with the spear thrust in him, growls affirmation.

Sismondi learned elsewhere the art which grouped families of nations in a grand historic tableau, and blent in one gorgeous panorama the pictures of a hundred cities, and the fate of a thousand dynasties.

Did Rousseau live his life out where his life began? Did he inform his perceptions wholly where the clock-makers lived, or learn the weird beauty which possesses the story of St. Preux under the gaunt, cold shadows which the Savoy mountains cast upon the lake and the town-towers of Geneva?

All this from a nut-cracker, which they give us at the *Hôtel de Londres*, in the valley of Chamouni!

And now we take our evening pipe; and with the pipe, the paper.

It is all India again. Here is *Galignani;* here is *L'Independance* of Brussels; here is the *Débats* of Paris. Positively there is nothing of interest but stories of India—of the Sepoys—of Delhi; all which will have come to you, dear readers, in a thousand other shapes, before this Chamouni letter shall have touched your nostril with its mountain odors.

If we must be gossipy: the Queen has gone to Balmoral to have her August frolic under the larches, and forget herself once more to girlhood. The Emperor has gone to the camp at Chalons, where he sleeps under a board-tent, painted blue and white, and reviews each day an imperial army. We can not sympathize with those who love to sneer at the French Emperor. Still, that a man should break his oath is a great crime. But many men are great sinners—many editors are great sinners—and if they do great things after the sin is done we will call them great things, and not belie ourselves and call them little things because the actor is a sinner.

We have far too much of this jealousy of Lilliput. The man who sneers at the Emperor Napoleon nowadays—when he has given such measure of his energy, of trust, of far-sightedness—is living backward, and laying his contempt where it will neither do harm nor good, or where all his voice will have the force only of waste wind.

As we said, the Queen has gone to Balmoral; the Emperor to Chalons; why not we—to bed?

THE snow had just tinged the lower mountains when we bade adieu to Chamouni, and tracked out the valley westward, rising as we went. We gave our last look, for the present, at Mont Blanc, as we rounded an angle of the hills which shut out the view toward Martigny and the valley of the Rhone.

If brave and strong—equal to twenty-five miles a day with a knapsack on your back (as you ought to be for Swiss travel)—don't take a guide in going from Chamouni to Martigny. Kellar's map is guide enough, if the road were not traveled every day of summer time. It takes you along pleasant precipices (pleasant, because safe, whatever the books may say), in rock and out, up hill and down, until finally your eye lights upon the far-away valley of the Rhone, and the nearer valley of the Drance.

This Drance is an unruly river, as your guide-book will tell you. It looks like a white silk thread upon a bit of green cambric as we see it; but when you hear what that tiny thread of river has done, you will look upon it with changed regard.

Let us talk by the book: "In the spring of 1818 the people of the valley of Bagnes became alarmed on observing the low state of the waters of the Drance at a season when the melting of the snows usually enlarged the torrent; and this alarm was increased by the records of similar appearances before the dreadful inundation of 1595, which was then occasioned by the accumulation of the waters behind the *débris* of a glacier that formed a dam, which remained until the pressure of the water burst the dike, and it rushed through the valley, leaving desolation in its course.

"In April, 1818, some persons went up the valley to ascertain the cause of a deficiency of water, and they discovered that vast masses of the glaciers of Getroz and avalanches of snow had fallen into a narrow part of the valley between Mont Pleureur and Mont Mauvoisin, and formed a dike of ice and snow 600 feet wide and 400 feet high on a base of 3000 feet, behind which the waters of the Drance had accumulated, and formed a lake about 7000 feet long. M. Venetz, the engineer of the Vallais, was consulted, and he immediately decided upon cutting a gallery through this barrier of ice, 60 feet above the level of the water at the time of commencing, and where the dike was 600 feet thick. He calculated upon making a tunnel through the mass before the water should have risen 60 feet higher in the lake. On the 10th of May the work was begun by gangs of fifty men, who relieved each other and worked without intermission, day and night, with inconceivable courage and perseverance, neither deterred by the daily occurring danger from the falling of fresh masses of the glaciers, nor by the rapid increase of the water in the lake, which rose 62 feet in 34 days—on an average nearly two feet each day; but it once rose five feet in one day, and threatened each moment to burst the dike by its increasing pressure, or, rising in a more rapid proportion than the men could proceed with their work, render their efforts abortive, by rising above them. Sometimes dreadful noises were heard, as the pressure of the water detached masses of ice from the bottom, which, floating, presented so much of their bulk above the water as led to the belief that some of them were 70 feet thick. The men persevered in their fearful duty without any serious accident, and though suffering severely from cold and wet, and surrounded by dangers which can not be justly described, by the 4th of June they had accomplished an opening 600 feet long; but having begun their work on both sides of the dike at the same time, the place where they ought to have met was 20 feet lower on one side of the lake than on the other; it was fortunate that latterly the increase of the perpendicular height of the water was less, owing to the extension of the surface. They proceeded to level the highest side of the tunnel, and completed it just before the water reached them.

"On the evening of the 13th the water began to flow. At first the opening was not large enough to carry off the supplies of water which the lake received, and it rose two feet above the tunnel; but this soon enlarged from the action of the water, as it melted the floor of the gallery, and the torrent rushed through. In 32 hours the lake sank 10 feet, and during the following 24 hours, 20 feet more; in a few days it would have been emptied, for the floor melting, and being driven off as the water escaped, kept itself below the level of the water within; but the cataract which issued from the gallery melted and broke up also a large portion of the base of the dike, which had served as its buttress; its resistance decreased faster than the pressure of the lake lessened, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of June the dike burst, and in half an hour the water escaped through the breach, and left the lake empty.

"The greatest accumulation of water had been 800,000,000 of cubic feet; the tunnel, before the disruption, had carried off nearly 330,000,000.

"In half an hour 530,000,000 cubic feet of water passed through the breach, or 300,000 feet per second, which is five times greater in quantity than the waters of the Rhine at Basle, where it is 1300 English feet wide. In one and a half hour the water reached Martigny (where we write this, and can see the marks of the deluge on the houses), a distance of eight leagues. Through the first 70,000 feet it passed with the velocity of 33 feet per second—four or five times faster than the most rapid river known—yet it was charged with rocks, ice, earth, trees, houses, cattle, and men; 34 persons were lost, 400 cottages swept away, and the damage done in the two hours of its desolating power exceeded a million of Swiss francs.

"All the people of the valley had been cautioned against the danger of a sudden irruption; yet it was fatal to so many. All the bridges in its course were swept away, and among them the bridge of Mauvoisin, which was elevated 90 feet above the ordinary height of the Drance."

After this how we look at the gentle white thread yonder, the gossamer line which carries such grand possibilities—an electric wire whose burden may weigh ten thousand lives.

Go to the White Swan at Martigny: it is not good, but it is the best inn you will find. To your right, as you come down upon this desolate-looking hamlet, stretches the Simplon: on to Sion, where the twin towers stand, like Gog and Magog, or any giants you may name: on to Leuk, where the people saunter in the hot baths for hours sipping tea, gossiping, and reading seedy newspapers which float on wooden salvers: on to the Hospice, where a few withered monks live, and where your *vetturino* will clap a drag upon your carriage-wheel, and then chirrup his horses with a yell, and clatter with a rush down the zigzag slopes which lead into Italy and sunshine.

To your left, the barren valley of the Rhone, all scarred and seamed with sand and rock-drift; a martello tower (looking legend-full); a white gleam of waterfall, whose spray reaches and wets the high road; St. Maurice, with bridge, castle, and sentry ("a kingdom's key"); Bex perched on the green lifts of the hills of Vaud; and then the lake, Chillon, Clarens, and a gallop into Vevay.

But we will not dispatch things in this galloping way. We will have a nearer view of that terrible Drance Valley; two guides shall go with us, for we have an awkward bit of path to encounter. Bishop Stanley, years ago, told a story of it in the columns of *Blackwood;* and we make his narrative our own.

Hold hard, then, while you go with us—Giuseppe before, Franz behind.

For a foreground an unsightly facing of unbroken, precipitous rock beards me on the spot from whence I am to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever may be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it is necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantle piece, on which Giuseppe has now placed his foot. The distance, however, is inconsiderable, at most a few yards; after which, I fondly conjecture, we may rejoin a pathway similar to that we are now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constitutes the sum total of what so richly deserves the name of the *Mauvais Pas.*

"Be firm, hold fast, and keep your eyes on the rock," says the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, step out.

"Is my foot well fixed?"

"Yes; move on," is the answer. And with my eyes fixed on the rock as if it would open under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberances within reach, I steal silently and slowly toward the projection, almost without drawing breath.

Having turned this point, I still myself proceeding, but to what degree, and whether for better or for worse, I can not ascertain; as I must continue my pertinacious gaze upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I am most anxiously expecting, of assuring me that the deed is done, and the *Mauvais Pas* at an end.

But he is silent as the grave; not a word from him—not a word from Franz, who I can hear breathing short and quick behind me. On and on we tread, slowly, cautiously, and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I grow impatient to know the extent of our progress, and inquire if we have nearly reached the other end.

"*Pas encore!*"

"Are we half-way?"

"*A peu près,*" is the answer.

Gathering now my whole stock of presence of mind, I propose to pause a while; and as I deliberately turn my head, the whole of the extraordinary and frightful scenery reveals itself at a glance.

Conceive an amphitheatre of rock, forming throughout a bare, barren, perpendicular precipice of I know not how many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude as they approach the Drance, which forms the chord of this arc, that on our left constituting the barrier which has impeded our progress, and which we have just ascended. From the point where we have stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commences, and continues without intermission until it unites itself with its corresponding headland on the right—the only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which have from time immemorial scaled from the heights above and lodged on this slightly-projecting shelf. At my foot, literally speaking—for it requires but a semi-quaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss—is spread the valley of the Drance, through which I can perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but from the height at which I look down, its rapidity is invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence is absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fans the air to interfere with my precarious equilibrium.

Every sense seems absorbed in getting to the end—do you wonder at it?—and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position a trifling incident occurs which actually, for the time, gave rise to a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espy, in a chink of the ledge, the beautiful and dazzling little blossom of the *gentiana nivalis*, and stop the guides while I gather it.

And I can hardly help smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who from this moment, whenever the difficulties increase, endeavor to divert my attention by pointing out or searching for another specimen.

We have proceeded thus a good part of the way, when to my dismay the ledge, narrow as it is, becomes perceptibly narrower, and at the distance of a yard or two in advance I observe a point where it seems to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock.

I say nothing—waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reaches the point, throws one foot round the projection, till it is firmly placed; then, holding on the rock, brings up the other.

What am I to do?

"I can not perform that feat," I say to the guide. "I shall miss the footing on the other side, and then—"

They are ready for the emergency, however. One of them has a short staff; this is handed forward, and forms a slight rail; while Franz, who is behind, stooping down seizes my foot, and placing it in his hand, says:

"Tread without any fear. It will hold you for one step. Be steady!"

I step out into the void, buoyed up by that sturdy hand. Giuseppe seizes and guides me as I turn instinctively toward the rock, and I am safe once more.

So we toil on, the bare, smooth wall of rock above and below, until at length I come in contact with a tough bough, which I welcome and grasp as I would welcome and grasp the hand of my dearest friend on earth; and by the help of this I scramble upward and set my feet once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon leads us to an upland plateau, on which I stand as in the garden of Paradise.

Shall we not stop to draw breath here?

—And at our next writing these valleys, this wild-climbing, these broad-hatted peasantry, will have faded into images we dream of as we sit by the first fires again in our Paris home, and paint our gossip from the shadows in the streets.

Editor's Drawer.

DR. FRANKLIN was a member of a religious congregation in Philadelphia who were disposed to quarrel with their minister because he preached other people's sermons. But the Doctor took the minister's part, contending that it was better for the people that he should preach good sermons of other men rather than poor ones of his own. This was a very rational view to take of the subject, and it is certainly the principle on which many men act in the old country, if not in this.

Hooper Cummings was once the star preacher in this country, and it is said of him that when a man asked him one Sunday evening, in the street, if he could tell him where Mr. Cummings was to preach, he answered, "Follow the crowd." But Hooper was often charged with preaching other men's sermons, and his splendid oratory would make an old sermon sound new enough, even if it were delivered to the same audience that had heard it from some one else the day before. On one occasion it is said that he helped himself to a manuscript of the Rev. Dr. Somebody, preached it in the author's presence, and then printed it as a specimen of his own powers.

Dr. South heard a young man preach one of his discourses, and at the close of service stepped up to the preacher, and, after a few words, asked him "how long it took him to prepare such a sermon."

"Oh," said the man, "the better part of a day."

"Why," replied the Doctor, "it took *me* three weeks to *write* it."

INTO the Drawer come things new and old; and stories, like sermons, are worth telling twice if they are good. If they are good for nothing, the sooner they are forgotten the better. The Drawer is the great reservoir to which those resort to steal who are the most fond of accusing other people of stealing, as the "Stop thief!" is often shouted the loudest by the rogue as he runs. There is one man who is so addicted to *stealing* that he has put "A *Steel* pen, editor," at the head of his paper, and it is no misnomer—not a bit of it. The sub-editor is a "*Goose* Quill," who evidently supplies what the other is unable to steal. Between them both they make a paper for people to laugh at.

The Drawer was never better filled than now, thanks to the kind attentions of its million readers. One very clever correspondent writes that he reads the Magazine as a Jew reads his Bible—*beginning at the end;* and so many send words of similar import that we are tempted to believe there is more in good-humor than philosophers have been wont to admit. Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he never loves to laugh? Mark that man for a very re*mark*able man, and trust him never with a red cent nor a white one. Worse by far is he than the man who "has no music in his soul." So the Drawer is open always for the best things going, and it will shell them out freely to the best-natured host of friends to be found on earth.

Notice is hereby given, that most of the matter in *this* Drawer is original; but if any body steals it, it is *no* matter.

AND now let us open the Drawer. First and foremost is a letter from Halifax, with a capital story of a German skinflint:

"An eccentric German was noted for making and keeping good cider, and for his extreme stinginess in dispensing it to his neighbors when they called to see him. A traveling Yankee, who heard this of him, resolved to try his hand on the old fellow, and coax a pitcher of cider out of him. He made him a call, and praised up his farm and cattle, and, speaking of his fine orchard, casually remarked:

"'I hear, Mr. Von Dam, that you make excellent cider.'

"'Yesh, yesh, I dosh. Hans, bring cider shug.'

"The Yankee was delighted at his success, and already smacked his lips in anticipation of good things to come. Hans brought up a quart jug of cider, and placed it on the table before his father. The old farmer raised it with both hands, and gluing his lips to the brim, he drained it to the bottom; then handing the empty jug to the dry and thirsty Yankee, he quietly observed,

"'Dare! if you don't plieve dat ish goot cider, shust you *shmell te shug!*'"

THE same correspondent mentions the name of a reverend individual up in those parts who is very fond of saying and doing queer things:

"The Rev. Mr. Brennan was praying in church for rain, in a time of protracted drought. While he was yet speaking the rain descended, and the parson stopping short, looked out at the window, and exclaimed, 'There it comes! there it comes! and it will *do a great deal of good too!*'

"His house was a long distance from the church, and he was in the habit of riding there in a gig with his wife. One Sunday morning she was not up to time, and he drove off without her, leaving her to come afoot, or stay at home, the latter pleasing her better. Next Sunday she was more than up to him. She was ahead of him, and taking her seat in the gig as he was coming out of the front door, she drove off, and led him, footing it all the way, some two or three miles; and when he arrived at the church, what with the race and the fret, he had little wind and less spirit for the duties of the day. They came together after that."

"HIGHFALUTIN" preaching is taken off in the sketch of a brilliant passage from a sermon furnished by a correspondent of the Drawer. He says:

"A clerical friend of ours, somewhat given to excessive illustration and metaphor, was holding forth on the passage, 'Let no man glory,' etc. 'Brethren, it were folly for a man to glory in his strength and wisdom, for though he were strong as Hercules, and had gained wisdom from a thousand years, a simple pressure upon the brain, or a knock upon the head, would at once do away with him and it. Death seizes upon all living things, from the lofty eagle that soars among *the stars, and there builds its nest*, to the little humming-bird that floats around the scented honey-suckle; from the mighty leviathan that revels on ocean's bosom, to the gudgeon in the running brook!'

"When he was taken to task for the extravagance of his eagle's nest among the stars, he coolly remarked, 'Oh, that was only to keep up the interest of the hearer!'"

THE same writer adds another clerical story:

"Among the Wesleyan ministers in England only a limited number attend the Annual Conference, the selection being made at the district meeting. When the Conference was to be held at London there was a great desire on the part of the

ministers to attend, and every man urged his own claims to the election. One had one reason, and another had another, why it was very important that he should go to London at that time. Many of the reasons were so very frivolous that a venerable member rose and said:

"'Mr. Chairman, I wish to attend the meeting of Conference in London. My years would perhaps entitle me to the privilege, but I waive that, as I have another reason as strong as many of those already given by my brethren, and that is—I want to set my watch by the clock on St. Paul's!'

"That was enough. The ministers gave no more reasons, and the election was made."

"I THINK the following," writes a friend in Maine, "too good to be lost." We think so too:

"One evening, not many years ago, while our Supreme Court was holding its sessions in Somerset County, some of the legal brethren were warming their legs before a blazing fire in a rural tavern, and conversing upon various matters pertaining to the profession. B. J. Bacon, whose long silence indicated that his mind was in travail with some great thought, broke out by asking if any of his brethren could relieve him from his trouble.

"'I wish,' said he, 'to commence an action against a boy who was caught stealing apples. I find no case of the kind in any of our Reports, and I am at a loss for a precedent.'

"The landlord overheard the question, and informed the verdant youth that he knew a case just in point.

"'Ah!' said Bacon, 'in whose Reports shall I find it?'

"'In Webster's,' said the landlord, gravely.

"'Webster's Reports!' replied Bacon. 'Well, now you speak of it, I do think I remember something like it there. Do you know the volume?'

"'Yes, I do; I have a copy in the house if you would like to see it.'

"'I would be greatly obliged to you for it, as I have left mine at home.'

"The landlord stepped out, and soon returned with Webster's Spelling Book! and, turning to the story, 'An old man found a rude boy on one of his trees, stealing apples,' passed the book to his legal friend, who threw it into the fire, in the midst of roars of laughter, and speedily made his disappearance."

AND here we have a letter from Missouri, portraying the astonishment of the writer when he asked a lady to dance:

"There was a grand frolic at old Squire Horn's, to which all the beauty and chivalry for miles around had been invited. I was among the happy number, and when the auspicious day arrived, arrayed in my long-tailed blue coat and spotless pants, I made my way to the festive scene. Dancing had begun when I arrived. Accoutred as I was I plunged in, and soon was lost in the thickest of the fight. As I extricated myself from the mazes of the dance, and began to survey the scene, I was suddenly smitten to the heart by the sight of a lovely creature sitting alone, neglected and forgotten. Her eye was full of life and love, and beauty beamed upon her brow so radiantly that I was ready to worship her as a star whose purity and distance make it fair. But I was drawn unresistingly to her side. I did not wait to be introduced. With the license of the evening I made my best bow, and half fearing that so splendid and intellectual a creature would not deign to accept my proposal, I yet ventured to say that it would make me very happy if she would give me the honor of dancing the next set with her. Instantly those lustrous eyes shone sweetly on me, and her ruby lips opened to say, 'Yes, Sir-ree, and thank you too; fur I've sot and sot here till I've about tuk root!'"

BUT nothing better than this, away from Arkansas, has reached the Drawer for a month:

"I noticed in your July number some anecdotes of Judge Underwood, of Georgia. I send you a brace besides.

"'Don't you think,' said a brother lawyer to the Judge, 'that Jim Pierson is the greatest liar of a lawyer that you ever saw?'

"'I should be sorry to say that of Brother Pierson,' replied the Judge; 'but he is certainly more economical of the truth than any other lawyer on the circuit!'

"The next is better yet: Traveling over the railroad from Chattanooga to Atalanta, the passengers were considering at what house they should stop on their arrival. One of the party said,

"'Let's go to Lloyd's; he is a Know Nothing.'

"'Oh,' said Judge Underwood, 'I shall stop at Thomson's; *he knows little enough for me!*'"

That last is as neat a specimen of true wit as we recollect to have met with in many a day.

THE Rev. Dr. Strickland is one of the editors of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* of this city, a Methodist paper of great circulation and power. We have a capital story to tell on the Doctor, and long will it be before he will hear the last of it. We often hear of men getting into the wrong pew; rarely of getting into the wrong pulpit. Of this latter blunder our story is to tell.

A few Sabbaths ago the Doctor was over in Newark, New Jersey, where he was to supply the pulpit of the Clinton Street Methodist Church. He left his lodgings in the morning, just about time for the service, and, with one of the members for his guide, he walked to Clinton Street; but just before reaching the house his companion was met by a friend, who stopped him for a moment's conversation. The preacher moved on, and, reaching the church, walked in, and up the aisle, when he perceived that a stranger, whom he presumed to be one of the local preachers, was already in the pulpit. Nothing daunted, he marched up into the pulpit and took his seat, while the other man went on with the introductory services. Dr. Strickland now concluded that as he did not reach Newark until late the previous evening, the congregation had secured another supply, and he therefore determined to sit quietly and hear the discourse, which would soon be forthcoming.

The man in possession, however, was even more surprised than brother Strickland. Was the newcomer a crazy man who had wandered up there? Certainly there was something fiery in his eye. Perhaps he might become violent if told to leave. But something must be done, that was certain; and while the people were singing, the incumbent turned to the Doctor, and said, in very gentle terms,

"I believe I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"My name is Strickland," said the Doctor, with

an emphasis on the name that he was sure would make him known.

The incumbent shook his head, and seemed lost in thought; when all at once it flashed on the newcomer's mind that he might have come into the wrong house.

"This is the Methodist Church, is it not?" asked the anxious Doctor.

"Not a bit of it," said the other; "you are in the pulpit of the *Congregational* Church. The *Methodist* Church is a little farther down the street."

"Well, I must beg your pardon for this intrusion; I had no design of abandoning my own denomination so suddenly, and I will bid you good-morning."

At that juncture the sexton came up to inform Dr. Strickland that a friend was waiting for him at the door! He made his way out as gracefully as he could, and in five minutes was thundering in the walls of another house.

And New Jersey sends us another clerical anecdote. A minister by the name of Ford was formerly settled in Riverton. He is now dead, and probably never heard the epigram that was composed by a youth in school, who was obliged to sit under Mr. Ford's very unedifying ministry:

"'Tis said the Ruler of the earth and skies
Chooses the foolish to confound the wise;
If so, the audience will admit, the Lord
Has made no blunder in selecting Ford."

"A country store-keeper in our town" (writes a steady reader), "who has a sign in his own handwrite on his store 'Medason tu kil ratts sould heer,' explained the phenomenon of the great star shooting that took place one November night, by saying, 'The night before, I noticed the stars all gathered up in a *clipse* like, and I reckon the next night they was just flying back to their places again.'"

The venerable Dr. Smith was preaching to his rural charge one of the warmest of last summer's Sunday nights, and while he was waxing warmer in his discourse he observed also that one of the large lamps at his hand was waning, and ready to expire. Just as he discovered it he was exclaiming in reference to the impracticability of escape from the law, "*Which way shall he turn?*" and saying this he put out his hand to give the lamp a turn to brighten up the dying luminary, but an officious deacon near the pulpit seeing that he was turning the wrong way and would have it out in a minute, cried out "*Turn to the right*, Doctor! turn to the right!" The sudden answer to the Doctor's question put him out completely, and the lamp at the same time.

A lawyer and a doctor came into collision, and the doctor came off second best, in the capital story that a Tennessee friend communicates to the Drawer.

"Colonel Stone, a practicing lawyer, and Doctor Mason, a practicing physician, were rival candidates for the Senate, and were stumping the district together. Dr. Mason was a warm advocate for law reform, and, in arguing its necessity, he referred to a certain case in which his competitor had been non-suited upon some technicality. 'Now,' said Dr. Mason, 'we need to have the law reformed, or Colonel Stone is incompetent to bring a suit correctly—he can take either horn of the dilemma.'

"Colonel Stone replied: 'Fellow-citizens, the *Doctor* has the advantage of me. When I make a mistake in my profession, he has only to go to the records of the court, and find it and publish it to the world; but when he makes a mistake *in his profession*, he buries it six feet under ground!'

"The people appreciated the lawyer's ready wit, and forgave him the blunder charged upon him, for the sake of the clever retort he made at the doctor's expense."

"Old Zachariah Robbins," writes a friend to the Drawer, "lived in Wood County, Mississippi, and was called on to prove the insanity of a young man on trial for assault with intent to kill. He swore that he had no doubt whatever that the prisoner was an insane man. On his cross-examination he was required to state the reasons for this opinion.

"'Why, bless your life,' said he, 'I've known Jimmy allers, and he's allers ben a Dimicrat, and when the dimicratic party put up their man last Fall Jimmy didn't vote for him; and I allers think that a Dimicrat that don't stick to his party *ain't in his right mind!*'

"Jimmy was acquitted, for Old Zachariah's opinion prevails very generally in that region, as well as in this."

Lines on A. White, dyer; inscribed for the Drawer by an admirer of both:

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone the body lies
Of faithful Abraham White;
From sun to sun he toiled hard,
And thus he earned his mite.

His earthly trade was dyeing clothes
To any given hue—
Black, brown and red, and green and drab,
Bright scarlet, pink, and blue.

He dyed all shades that others dye,
And in it took delight;
He e'en surpassed all rivals *here*—
At last he died A White.

He'll dye no more A White nor black,
He's gone where colors stand;
A White he dyed, A White he lives
Among a living band.

Here we have something that was done in a corner, but it must not be left there. The friend who relates it must send another as good when he gets hold of it. He writes:

"The Rev. Dr. Jones, of your city, had invited a brother residing across the town to preach for him in the evening, in the Methodist Church in —— Street, but at the hour for commencing worship the expected preacher had not arrived. Dr. Jones at length arose and remarked, 'I had engaged Brother Fields to preach for me this evening, but he has not yet arrived. We will go on with the introductory services, and I trust that he will get here in time to preach.' 'Amen, amen!' shouted Mr. Biggs in the corner. This was an unexpected and not very complimentary response, and it riled the Doctor. He proceeded with the services, and then had to go on with the sermon. In the course of it he laid a trap for Brother Biggs, and caught him handsomely. Speaking of the Church, he said, 'The grain of mustard seed has taken root, and grown to a mighty tree, but wicked men and devils make it their great business to overturn and destroy it.' 'Amen! amen!' exclaimed the man in the corner.

"The Doctor paused, turned upon him, and ad-

dressing him meekly, but with a dash of humor in his eye: 'Well, Brother Biggs, you didn't say "Amen" in the right place *that* time, at any rate.'"

Doctor M'Chesney, of Trenton, New Jersey, a man of fine scholarship and great research, is responsible for the following remarkable incident in our revolutionary history.

The success of Washington at Trenton has been generally considered as the turning-point in the war of our Independence. Yet very few are perhaps aware upon how slight an event that great and critical event was made to hinge. On the Christmas Eve when Washington and his followers crossed the Delaware, Colonel Rahl, the commander of the Hessians, sat in a private room, near Trenton, engaged with a company of his officers in drinking wine and playing cards. A Tory, who had discovered the movement of the American troops, sent a note, by a special messenger, to the Colonel, with orders to deliver it into his own hands. The messenger found his way to the house, and a negro opened the door but refused him admittance; took the letter and delivered it at once to the Colonel, who was just shuffling for a new game. Supposing the letter to be unimportant, or not stopping to think of it at all, he went on with his play. The reading of the letter would have thwarted Washington's designs; but the love of play conquered the Colonel's prudence, and gave success to a worthier cause, involving the loss of his life and army, and ultimately the freedom of the colonies.

Little did the Colonel think, when shuffling the cards, that he was losing the greatest game that was ever played among the nations of the world.

The little folks ought to have a larger place in the Drawer than they have often found. They are said to take up the most room, and there is another saying, to which we do not subscribe at all; and that is, that "Little folks should be seen and not heard." We like to hear them, and some of their smart or queer sayings we are fond of putting down and saying over. Here are two or three that correspondents have sent to the Drawer:

"A few days ago I was visiting my native town, Chesterfield, New Hampshire, and passing the Orthodox Church in the evening, my attention was attracted by the voices of singers. On entering the vestry, immediately below the galleries, I saw a bright little fellow, four or five years old, alone in the room. I went up to him, and putting my arm about him commenced a familiar conversation by asking him, 'Whose boy are you?' The singing in the gallery above was meanwhile going on. 'Hark!' said he, as the voices of the singers for a moment ceased, and the shrill notes of a clarionet continued the music.

"'Do you hear that big music?' asked the boy.

"I confessed that I most decidedly did, and the little fellow, with glory in his eye, exclaimed, '*Well, he's my father!*'"

"My little, curly-headed, three-year old Katy Philip saw her grandmother putting some lucifer matches in a safety-box one evening, and asked: 'Grandma, who brought the matches away from heaven down here to us?'

"'Why, nobody, my dear; people make them here, and we buy them at the store?'

"'No, grandma, 'cause last night, when the wind blew the candle out in the parlor, Mr. Brown said to Mary, "Miss Mary, let you and I make a match?" and Mary said, "Oh, *matches are made in heaven!*"'"

"The Child's Epitaph in a late Drawer reminds me vividly of one which has lingered in my memory from earliest childhood, and it was doubtless the archetype of the one quoted. It expresses the same idea, but more beautifully. I love to repeat it:

'He took the cup of life to sip,
But bitter 'twas to drain;
He meekly put it from his lip,
And went to sleep again.'"

"In one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania," writes a Philadelphia subscriber, "a gentleman brought a suit to recover damages for injuries done to one of his children by a vicious cow. The child had been gored sadly, and the case was so aggravated that it seemed desirable to make an example of it. It was brought to trial before a jury, and an eloquent lawyer, deeply sympathizing with the father, conducted the suit, and with great eloquence presented the case to the jury after the facts were clearly proved. Fixing his eye on one fine-looking, intelligent juryman—the rest being stupid in their appearance—he poured out his burning words into his open ears, and was sure that he had fully roused him to the pitch of most exemplary damages. To his astonishment, and that of Court and spectators, the jury, after a long consultation, returned a verdict for *defendant*. The lawyer was confounded, and following the jury out of court, he found the bright-looking man, and demanded of him some explanation of this extraordinary verdict. 'Was not the case a plain one? Was there any want of evidence, any contradiction, any justification?' To all this the ex-juryman had 'nothing to say,' till the lawyer grew desperate, and gave him a piece more of his mind, and the man pointed to his own mouth, saying, 'Nein Inglish' (No English). He was a German, and had *not understood a word!* Let the Native Americans put that in their pipes and smoke it."

A Texas correspondent of the Drawer furnishes this sketch of Texas Court life, for the truth of which he vouches:

"One of the County Commissioners was Biggs, who had been a Mier prisoner, and had seen the elephant generally in the early days of the Republic. Though he was now on the bench, he was still fond of a game of old sledge, poker, etc., and one night he sat over the cards till the small hours, and, of consequence, was mortal sleepy on the bench the next day. The presiding Judge wishing to take the sense of the Court on a point that was raised, asked each of his associates his opinion, and, coming to Biggs, he was sound as a post. One of his neighbors nudged him, and starting up, he exclaimed, 'Nary pair! I pass!' A loud laugh all around him waked him thoroughly, and instead of being at the card-table, as he supposed, he found himself in Court, and said, in very subdued tones, 'Caught, gentlemen! I lickers the Court when she adjourns.'"

NEIGHBORLY CORRESPONDENCE.

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that, in future, he will not spell pigs with two *gees*."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter E to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note *unopened*, the impertinence it contains being only equaled by its vulgarity."

A CERTAIN divine of Massachusetts, being called upon to offer prayer at a Masonic celebration, and not being initiated into the secrets of the institution, made use of the following form:

"O Lord! we have come to offer our prayer unto thee, for what we know not. If it be for any thing good, wilt thou bless it! If for any thing bad, wilt thou curse it!"

On being remonstrated with on account of the nature of this prayer by one of the fraternity, he replied:

"If you tap the barrel, you must take the cider as it runs."

As we were riding in the stage in that sharp State of Connecticut, I was condoling with my friend Bob Circum on the loss of his carpet-bag, and offered him some of my own clothing, into which, if he had ever thrust himself, he could not have been extracted without the aid of the knife and cork-screw. A gentleman in the opposite corner, who had hitherto remained perfectly quiet, remarked:

"That would be a new way of *giving him fits*, wouldn't it?"

A benevolent-looking old gentleman inquired of my now destitute friend,

"Did you not have it checked to the last station?"

"Yes, Sir," was the reply; "I did check it at New York, and it must have been so effectually *checked* that it never came through."

"Well, young man," said the old gentleman, "you have not lost every thing, for you have not *lost your temper*."

If we had not by this time arrived at our destination, I might have had a chance to say something good myself. Whatever may be the case in other parts of the country, we saw no signs of the "decline of the stage" in Connecticut.

THERE is no loneliness—there can be none—in all the waste or peopled deserts of the world bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved wife! She sits in the midst of her family like a living statue among the marble memorials of the dead—instinct with life, yet paralyzed with death.

There is no misery on earth more bitter and hopeless than that of an unloved, but loving husband. The sweet solaces of care and age have failed, and he lives only in hope of a parting that death brings to make the unions of a better world a compensation for the errors of this.

SOME of the very best anecdotes in the Drawer are of clergymen, and here is another:

The Rev. Dr. B——, a man of stupendous strength, of muscular build, and very large stature, was a firm believer in the doctrine of Special Providences, but at the same time believed that God always worked, in those Providences, by natural means, and rarely or never chose to accomplish them by unnatural or miraculous agency; but like Hercules, in the fable, who, when the wagoner whose vehicle got stuck in the mire commenced crying and wringing his hands and beseeching him for aid, replied by directing the man to first put his shoulder to the wheel, and then call for aid if he expected assistance from Hercules, so God would not help those by Special Providences who took no pains to help themselves. He stated that a young lady belonging to his congregation came to him and told him that she wanted his parental advice as her friend and pastor; that a young man, to whom she was much attached, but knew to be of objectionable character, had asked her hand in marriage, and she wanted Dr. B——'s advice as to the decision she should make respecting his suit. Dr. B—— said to her that it was a case in which he should never have interfered by the expression of an opinion had he not been thus appealed to; but, under the circumstances, then considered it his *duty* to say that he knew the young man referred to to be both a gambler and an inebriate, and he thought any young lady would be running a great risk to link her destiny with such a character. The result was that the lover was dismissed; and, having heard of Dr. B——'s agency in the rejection of his suit, he called a few days after at the Doctor's house in a state of more than semi-intoxication. As it accidentally happened, Dr. B—— himself opened the front-door, when the drunken rowdy exclaimed:

"Ah! it's you, is it?" and swaggering up to him in a threatening attitude, with clenched fists, said, "I have come here expressly to thrash you, and I am going to do it." Then, perceiving that the Doctor did not at all quail before his threat, added, in a sneering voice, "Why, you don't seem to be afraid at all. I suppose you think that God will protect you because you're a clergyman."

"Yes," quietly replied Dr. B——, "I certainly think so; but *I* expect to be the *means*, in God's hands."

The rowdy looked at him for a few seconds, then silently turned and walked away from the house. He did not like the look of *such* MEANS!

A GOOD friend of ours, who knows the parties well, tells us that away down in Thomas County, Georgia, live a curious couple—a Mr. and Mrs. Layton. She is the man of the two; and such a bundle of contradictions is she that, being a coarse, hard, masculine female, she adds to those attractions the idea that she is also a *poet*. Her simple soul of a husband thinks she is inspired to write verses, and that Watts and Byron are nothing to Mrs. Layton. They had one of the nicest waiting-maids that ever was; a treasure of a colored girl, who had but one fault—she would run away Saturday night and stay till Monday. Gentle correction and sharp rebukes would not cure her, nor would she give any reason for her strange conduct. Her master at length threatened her a sound whipping if she didn't tell him why she ran away, and promised to forgive her if she would own up and do so no more.

"Well now, massa, I'll jest tell de troot all about it. Ole missus, she make me sit all day Sunday and hear her read her Psalms and Hymns what she been done writing all de week, and I tink

de angels would run out ob hebben if they had to hear sich Psalms and Hymns as ole missus makes. I can't stan it no how, and must run away if she kills me for it."

The girl ran away the next Saturday, and was never heard of afterward.

A MICHIGANDER sends to the Drawer two or three very good stories, which, he says, are all the better for being true. He says that a while ago Mr. Barton was rotated out of a Post-office in Michigan, and Mr. Norvell rotated in. Mr. Norvell was a total stranger to the incumbent, and presenting himself to the post-master whose place he was to take, introduced himself by saying: "My name is Norvell."

To which Mr. Barton replied: "Well, I wish you were feeding your father's flocks on the Grampian Hills."

A hearty laugh made good friends of the two, and young Norvell became a man of letters forthwith.

"SOME years ago I was riding from Lansing to Jackson, in Michigan, in a stage-coach, and before me was a very pleasant-looking young lady with a volume of poems, which I found to be Ossian's, in her hand. The only other passenger was a stupid fellow at my side, who was not disposed to talk; and as the ride was long and dull, I borrowed the book, and, at the lady's suggestion, read aloud. The swelling sentences rolled as the coach rolled, and I read:

"'As roll a thousand waves to a rock, so Swarran's host came on: as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Innisfail met Swarran. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sound of shields. The field of echoes—'

"Here the gawky at my side, who had already yawned several times, gave a decided groan. I immediately paused, and asked if my reading disturbed him, expressing my willingness to close the book if it did.

"'Oh, no,' said he—'Oh, no, go on. I can stan' it to set all day and hear about the ole Revolution!'"

THE Rev. John Johnston, D.D., late of Newburgh, New York, was full of anecdote respecting his own adventures among the people, whom he was in the habit of visiting on very familiar terms. Indeed, he was pretty well known by every man, woman, and child in the town, where he lived and preached for half a century. A gentleman writes to the Drawer, and tells us one of the many pleasant incidents in which the good man's life abounded:

"Walking out back of his house, where a new street was opening, he saw an Irishman hard at work with a crowbar striving to dislodge a huge stone from the ground, where it was held fast by the roots of a tree. His patience was fairly exhausted by the vain struggles he made, and at last he exclaimed, in a passion:

"'The divil take it! The divil take it!'

"The old pastor approached him, and quietly remarked that he ought not to make such free use of the name of the Evil One, and certainly not wish to throw such a big stone at him as that. The Irishman was quiet in a minute, and striking his crowbar into the ground, and leaning leisurely on it, he turned up his face at once to the Doctor and the sunlight, while over it roguishly played those indescribable forerunners of genuine Irish wit, he replied:

"'Och, then, and is it yourself that's findin' a fault wid me for sayin' that same, when it's yees and the like of yees that's *paid by the year* for abusin' the ould gintleman all the time!'

"The old pastor turned away to smile and enjoy the retort."

COLONEL AARON FINCH was a distinguished Democratic politician in Indiana. He had some thoughts of emigrating to Arkansas; and meeting a gentleman from that part of the country, asked him what were the inducements to remove to that State. Particularly he inquired about the soil. The gentleman informed him that the land was good, but in some parts very sandy. Colonel Finch then asked about the politics of Arkansas, and the prospects of a stranger getting ahead.

"Very good," was the reply. "The Democratic party is strongly in the majority; but to succeed a man must load himself down with revolvers and bowie-knives, and fight his way through."

"Oh, well," said the Colonel, "on the whole, from what you say I think Arkansas wouldn't suit me. I rather think the soil is a *little too sandy!*"

THE importance of speaking so plainly as to be distinctly understood, was illustrated in a village church not far from this city a few Sundays ago. A colored child was presented by its mother for baptism. The poor woman was frightened, and tried to say EMILY as the name to be given; but the minister misunderstood her, and, to the amusement of the congregation, pronounced the child's name, like its color, to be EBONY!

In the same congregation, the same correspondent writes that the importance of good eye-sight was also shown when, at an evening meeting, good Deacon Harris had to read the hymn:

> "The fondness of a creature's love,
> How strong it strikes the sense!"

But the Deacon's eyes and education both being at fault, he read, with a full voice:

> "The *fatness* of a *critter's* love,
> How strange it strikes the sense!"

ALL the good things of the last Fall's campaign have not been exhausted, as the following extract from a speech will show. It was made in the interior of the Keystone State:

"The dangers around us are looming up. The thunders roll and the lightnings flash, and if Frémont is elected this earth will lose its centripetal and centrifugal force, and all will be hurled into one conglomerated mass of transcendent miasma."

Is it any wonder that Frémont was defeated, when such arguments were brought to bear against him? We pause for a reply.

"THE principal avenue of our city," writes a learned friend in Detroit, "has a toll-gate just by the Elmwood Cemetery road. As the cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank-road, it was made one of the conditions of the Company's charter that all funeral processions should go back and forth *free*. One day as Dr. Price, a celebrated physician, stopped to pay his toll, he remarked to the gate-keeper:

"'Considering the benevolent character of our

profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge.'

"'No, no, Doctor,' the keeper readily replied, 'we couldn't afford that. You send too many *dead heads* through here as it is.'

"The Doctor paid his toll, and never asked any favors after that."

THE Drawer rarely receives or dispenses a better made article than the following. Our correspondent who furnishes it knows Mr. Jones very well, and was present at the dinner when the conversation is reported to have occurred. Let him repeat it in his own way:

"Jones is a man of more whiskers than wit—more wealth than wisdom—more corporosity than capacity—and Jones is pompous, and lisps. Jones once met Thackeray (when he was in this country) at a dinner-party, when he relieved himself, and delighted his audience, by the following display of his highly-polished manners and colloquial powers:

"JONES (*pushing across the table a dish of onions, speaks*). 'Try an onion, Mr. Thackeray?'

"THAC. 'No; I thank you, Sir.'

"JONES (*surprised*). 'Why, Mr. Thackeray! don't you eat onionth!'

"THAC. (*laconically*). 'Never.'

"JONES (*curiously*). 'Why don't you eat onionth, Mr. Thackeray? don't you like them?"

"THAC. 'Yes, Sir, I like them; but not the odor which they leave upon the breath.'

"JONES. 'Oh, Mr. Thackeray! thoth are the red-skin onionth, that you are thinking of. Thith kind—the thilver-thkinth [silver-skins]—don't do tho. I'll tell you how I know. The other night I wath going home, and, ath it wath after my thupper time, I thought I would thtop and get thomething to eat. Tho I went into a thaloon, and called for thome beef-thteak and onionth. And when I got home, thoon after I entered the houthe, my wife thayth, "Mr. Joneth, I think the gath ith leaking; I thmell it very thtrong." I thaid, "Do you think it ith? I don't thmell it." But the thaid, "I am thure it ith; I thmell it worthe and worthe." Tho I took a lamp, and tried the gath-pipeth, but couldn't pertheive any leak. Pretty thoon the came clothe up to me, and then the exthlaimed, "Oh! Mr. Joneth! it ith your breath—and you have been eating onionth—and I thought 'twath the gath!" The nexthth night I thought I would like thome more onionth, tho I thtopped at the thame plathe, and thith time the waiter brought me thome thilver-thkinned onionth, and when I got home Mrs. Joneth didn't thmell the gath! Tho you thee, Mr. Thackeray, I have proved that the red-skinth onionth thmell, but the thilver-thkinned don't.'"

JUDGE GRIFFITH, on the bench in B——, appointed a crier whose want of sense was more than made up by the size of his voice. A young lawyer at the bar with more fun than legal lore in him, was fond of playing off jokes upon him. So one day the Judge ordered the crier to call Jabez Logue. The lawyer, stepping behind the crier, whispered "Epi-logue" in his ear. "Epi-logue!" shouted the crier. "Mono-logue" said the lawyer. "Mono-logue!" cried the crier. "Prologue," and the crier still cried "Pro-logue!" "Dialogue," and the pertinacious crier shouted "Dia-logue!" at the top of his voice. Discouraged at hearing no response from the Logue family, the crier turned and said to the Court, sitting in mute astonishment at the stupid crier's calls, "I've called all the *logs* in town, and never one of them is here to speak for himself."

ANOTHER correspondent relates a story of another judge in a Western district:

"You seem to enjoy smoking, Judge," said Charlie Koon, as we were standing in front of the bar at the "Virginia" House, after having made a wretched breakfast on an antique steak and cold corn-dodgers.

"I reckon," said the Judge, and giving a long pull, he allowed the smoke to steal gradually from his lips and to curl curiously about his strongly-marked face—his rosy nose rising like a light-house above a fog on the coast. "But," continued the judge, "I can't smoke as I used to. Now, when I smoke, I have to take something to correct my stomach, and I have to be very regular in my habits. I take a small drop of whisky before breakfast, and a small drop of whisky when I am smoking after breakfast; then I smoke mostly till dinner-time, and then I take a small drop of whisky before dinner. After dinner I have to take a small drop of whisky before I can smoke again. I then smoke more or less till supper-time; when I take a small drop of whisky and smoke some till bed-time, when I have to take a small drop of whisky and go to bed. If I ain't regular in my habits, I find I get bilious, but I can't smoke near as much now as I used to."

"No doubt," said Charlie, "the whisky helps digestion."

"I reckon," said the judge; and a cloud of smoke vailed his serene brow for a moment from the sight of his admiring young friend.

MR. DRAWER,—As you received the "Mocking Bird" so favorably, I send you another poem by the same blind author. He was not *born* blind as I said in my former letter, but lost his sight when a mere child. This piece relates to that circumstance.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

While yet a child, in playful mood
I gathered pebbles in a wood,
Before my eyes a phantom stood
That struck me with surprise.
It seemed a woman; in her air
Were marks of sadness and despair;
Her face was pale, her bosom bare,
And tears had dimmed her eyes.

The robe was sackcloth that she wore;
A goblet in her hand she bore,
With bitter waters flowing o'er—
The waters of despair;
Wild was her mien; her head was crowned
With drooping willows; and around
Her gloomy brow was cypress bound;
Disheveled was her hair.

'Twas Sorrow. On my infant head
Her leaden hand the goddess laid;
"Be thou a child of mine," she said;
"Let sorrow cloud thy days."
She made me taste the bitter bowl—
I felt the waters chill my soul;
"Thee with my votaries I enroll!
Forsake thy childish plays!"

She said; and I forgot my joys;
I dropped my pebbles and my toys;
Forsook the gambols of the boys,
Nor joined their petty strife.

And e'er with my increasing years
Increased my sorrows and my fears;
And I bedewed my path with tears
Through every stage of life.

"As I was passing through the grounds of an ancient burial-place in this goodly city of Baltimore," writes an antiquarian friend, "I copied a few epitaphs from stones that will soon be removed, for streets and houses are now making room for the living among the forgotten dead. No living being cares for the ashes that are lying under the stones from which I copy:

"'In Memory of Petter Littig.
Was born December 10*th*, 1754, *and departed this life April* 30, 1799.

Peter Littig was his name,
Heaven, I hope, his station,
Baltimore was his dwelling-place,
And Christ is his salvation.
Now he is dead and bawried,
And all his bones are rotten;
Remember him when this you see,
Lest he should be forgottin.'

'In Memory of Susanna Smith,
Who died May 27, 1792, *in her* 47*th year. Whose amiable and virtuous character is described in the* 31*st chapter of Proverbs, beginning at the* 10*th verse.*

Dear Travelers, all who pass by me,
Think on that Great Eternity.
I am not dead, but here do sleep,
Tho' buried in this Clay so deep,
Till the Archangel rends the skies,
And Christ my Saviour bid me rise
Where Saints and Angels, joy fulfilling,
Hallelujahs to their King.'"

How refreshing to the soul of the disconsolated editor of this department, this opener of the Drawer, and the dispenser of its contents, is the finding of such a gem within it as the following letter from an unknown but evidently very accomplished friend in Cumberland, Virginia! How can we fail to admire the ease and grace of his style, his felicitous selection of adjectives of praise, his sound and discriminating judgment — all apparent in the introductory lines of his very acceptable contribution! But we must let him speak for himself, which he does in such agreeable words that the Drawer does not feel at liberty to hide them from an appreciating world. He writes:

"Your Drawer has become one of the institutions of the country. Filled with memories of the olden time; rich in racy anecdotes, that tickle the reader to the extremest tendon; abounding, at times, in the tenderest pathos; and decked with the daintiest gems of verse, it visits our hearths in its monthly round, dispensing the most genial gladness, and provoking smiles even from the Hardest Shells."

And with these words of cheer, the writer proceeds to tell us of one of those Hard Shells of whom we have said before we wish to hear no more: let them alone: but the story he tells is too good to keep in the Drawer, and so we throw it out:

"Some time ago there lived near the Blue Ridge in Virginia an old Hard Shell Baptist preacher named Wiggins. Like the rest of his sect, he was addicted to the use of the low wines of distilleries, bald-face whisky, pug brandy, hard cider, etc., of all which, severally and collectively, he could swig a marvelous quantity. One Sunday he was preaching, after having taken even more than he was accustomed to drink, and one of his hearers who had drank as much or more was sleeping and snoring near the altar. Parson Wiggins opened the Bible, but in doing so, he made such a shuffling in the rude pulpit that he waked up the sleeper Bones, who now sat bolt upright with one eye curiously cocked at the preacher and the other closed. Wiggins read his text, and began: 'My Brotherin.'

"Not another word could he manage to enunciate. Evidently a great struggle was going on within the parson—a struggle between celestial spirits and ardent spirits—a struggle between good religion and bad whisky. Again he essayed to speak and said, 'My Brotherin.'

"Words failed him once more. A few round, pearly drops of sweat stood out on his forehead, which he wiped away with his red bandana. Bones on a bench before him uncocked the one eye, closed it and cocked the other at him, as the preacher again opened his mouth, and this time managed to say:

"'My Brotherin, I feel like a corn house what's locked up and the key is done lost.'

"Bones broke out, 'And if you was to find that key, Brother Wiggins, and was to onlock that are corn house, you'd find precious little corn, and that would be *nubbins!*'

"Wiggins acknowledged the corn. He sat down a minute, then got up again and said his feelings wouldn't allow him to go on after such remarks from his unfortunate Brother Bones, who had evidently been drinking more than was good for him. He had no doubt that Brother Bones, when he came to himself, would see the impropriety of his observations and make an apology.

"Brother Bones never sufficiently recovered to see the necessity of any such thing."

In 1797 the following proposals were issued for publishing, in two volumes, a "History of Snuff and Tobacco:"

"Vol. I. to contain a description of the Nose—Size of noses—Whether long noses are symptomatic—Origin of Tobacco—Tobacco first manufactured into Snuff—Inquiry who took the first Pinch—Essay on Sneezing—Whether the Ancients sneezed, and at what—Origin of pocket handkerchiefs—Discrimination between snuffing and taking snuff; the former applied only to candles—Parliamentary snuff-takers—Troubles in time of Charles the First as connected with smoking.

"Vol. II. Snuff-takers in the Parliamentary Army—Wit at a Pinch—Oval snuff-boxes first used by the Roundheads—Manufacture of Tobacco-pipes—Dissertation on Pipe-clay—State of Snuff during the Commonwealth—The Union—Scotch Snuff first introduced; found very pungent and penetrating — Accession of George the Second — Snuff-boxes then made of gold and silver—George the Third—Scotch Snuff first introduced at Court —the Queen—German Snuffs in fashion—Female Snuff-takers—Clean tuckers, etc. Index and List of Subscribers."

We should be glad to see these two volumes in the Drawer. If they were ever published there was matter in them not to be sneezed at, but mightily laughed at, beyond a doubt.

Here is a *tale* to be laughed at. It is de*tail*ed to us, and we re*tail* it to our readers with the assurance that it comes to us with substantial vouchers for its sober truth. A Baltimore correspondent writes:

"In the family of a relative of mine, a few weeks since, one of the boys in a freak of mischief chopped off the tail of his father's dog. The poor animal ran about, howling and bleeding, until he found a secure retreat from the eye of man, and there he lay until hunger compelled him to leave his hiding-place. Then he came out toward the kitchen in search of food. His master had taken the dismembered member and placed it on the railing of the kitchen porch. The dog saw it, and doubtless recognizing it as his own, he took it down, licked it lovingly, and then deliberately turned around and sat down with the stump upon it, *to see if it would grow on again!*"

Was it instinct only?

THE old Keystone State sends us the best election incidents: here are two from a correspondent in York County:

"I was one of the Election Board. The time had come for the closing of the polls. But we were waiting for one more vote that the knowing ones had been told was sure to come, and perhaps the fate of Old Buck might hang on that one vote. Presently loud cries of 'Yer he is!' 'Hurry up, ole feller!' assured us he was on hand, and the independent voter approached, extending his hand with his Democratic ticket and the destiny of his country in it. It was necessary to 'swear' him, and I asked:

"'Do you swear or affirm?'

"He hesitated a moment and said, 'What?'

"I repeated: 'Do you swear or affirm?'

"'No,' says he, 'I'm a shoemaker!'

"In the course of the day another man had discovered the same ignorance by replying to my question:

"'Do you swear or affirm?'

"'Yes, Sir, I'm firm! Yes, Sir, very firm!'"

OLD Hiram is with us yet. You don't know Hiram, and can not understand the mischief he makes by everlastingly putting in his word when somebody would be better pleased if the half-drunk, half-witted fellow would keep his mouth shut.

Dick Runnels was running for Congress. Though a lineal descendent from an old and noted Tory family, Dick is great at *patriotizing;* and all the more because he has nothing to brag of in that line. One day, in the height of an electioneering appeal, he demands:

"Whose brows were blackened by the powder-smoke on Bunker Hill? Whose breasts braved the hail-storm there?"

"None of your folks, you blamed old Tory, you!" roared out Old Hiram, and the laugh that broke in broke down the orator, and he retired after a few more incoherent observations. But he was to speak again in a few days, and taking Old Hiram into his confidence and treating him liberally to brandy and water, he made a bargain with Hiram not to interrupt him again, promising him as much brandy as he could drink at the close of the meeting if he kept quiet. Runnels went on swimmingly. His patriotism rose with the tide of his eloquence, and at length he exclaimed,

"We cherish the useless musket and rusted sabre of our forefathers as holy things."

"Runnels, Runnels!" shouted old Hiram; "I can't hold in. I'll pay for the brandy myself, but I can't hold in. Them muskets and sabres is too much for Old Hiram!" and the maddened roar of merriment that went up drowned Old Hiram and Runnels together.

THE cattle of his neighbors kept getting into the pasture of Deacon Johnson. The pasture was bad enough for the Deacon's cattle, and was mighty poor feed for other people's, when they sought to share it. Deacon Johnson had tried, with his hired man, to keep them out, and couldn't, and at last Pat said, with a scratch of his head,

"I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, how you can be after gitting shut of thim beggarly cows that come here thaving their feed."

"And how shall we do that thing, Pat?"

"Why, Sir, whin they git in agin, just let us go and put up the finces and kape them in, and my word fur it, Sir, *they'll all starve to death in a week, Sir!*"

"FOR more than fifty years I have practiced medicine," writes to us a rural physician, "in a wild section of country, and have met with many original characters, among them an old sea-captain, who, beating about the West India Islands during the Revolutionary War, was accustomed to say that he made the celebrated Bingham's fortune. He lived about ten miles from me, and his old-time stories furnish us often and great amusement. One morning I received a note from him requesting me to come and see one of his negroes, who had had a fit of sickness, through which I had just attended him, and left him convalescing, but charged him not to indulge his returning appetite. The note ran thus:

"'DEAR DOCTOR,—Hasten over immediately. Jack hath eaten four large potatoes, three big drop dumplings, one boiled fowl, and bread according, and is now in violent pain. Therefore, dear Doctor, hasten over immediately. Yours, J. W.'

"Although it was fair to conclude that Jack was dead from cramp-cholic, I mounted my horse and rode over. As I approached the house, the Captain, walking the piazza, espied me, and, flourishing his hand, called out,

"'Light, Doctor, light. Jack's off.'

"Sure enough, before the messenger had got a mile from the Captain's, Jack was gone."

A TEXAN ranger says that the following is a genuine article, and adds, "It is a exact copy, without alteration of either gramer or spilling." His own orthography might be improved, but it appears well by contrast with the letter that he sends, having been written by a Texan lover to his mistress:

"DEER SHUK HUSTON *Spt* ten 18fifty7
"If yew wil go with me nex Oktober 2 the bal
I wont chu no mor tobaker at al
What if I is got a gusleg an kant dans
Why that wil give the ether boys a chans
"yours till the bal kums of
"HANS.

"PS exkus my poitry but it maks me fel gud when I rite 2 yew"

A DUTCHMAN was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved.

"And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I tid not co in te tam pote!" was the Dutchman's placid answer.

Charlie's Side-Walk Acquaintances.



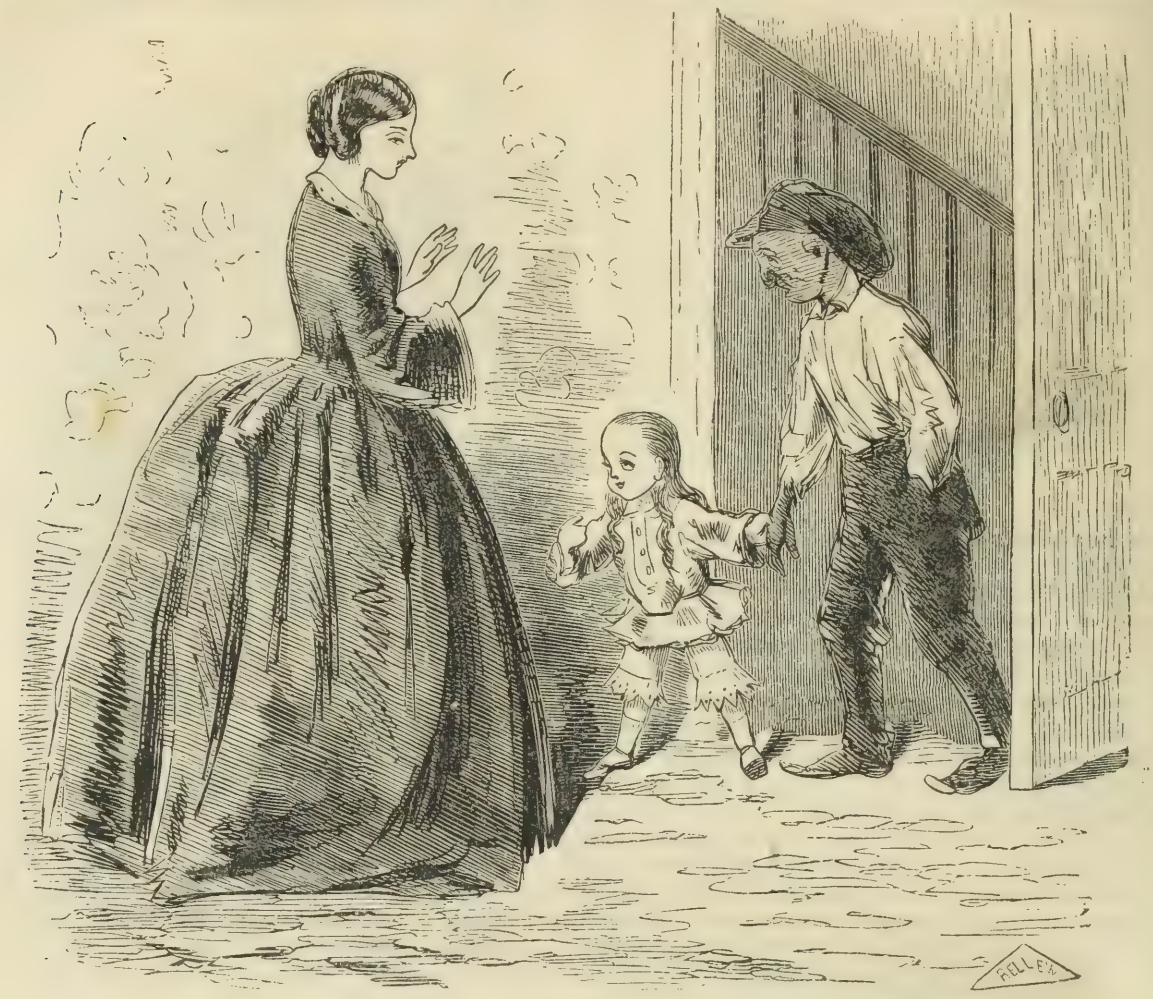
OUR Charlie is a nice boy, with a wonderful faculty of picking up acquaintances. Not a spavined horse can be led by the door without Master Charlie somehow finding the way upon his back, to the great admiration of the neighborhood. His head is sure to be poked under the sun-bonnet of every barefoot, five-year-old feminine that passes, and all the dilapidated fowls in the street flock to our basement window to be fed with pound-cake. The other day he came in, dragging an ungainly, old-looking lad by the hand. "Ma," said he, "mayn't this nice little boy stay to tea with me? His mother keeps the candy store, and he's given me his big knife, and two sticks of candy for my little knife." The "nice boy" had clearly the best of the bargain; but as Master Charlie had disposed



of the candy, the "nice boy" firmly declined all propositions to "trade back." He offered, however, to give two more sticks of candy for the knife, which offer was gladly accepted by Charlie.

The nice boy didn't stay to tea.





Charlie's last acquaintance resulted disastrously. "Does your Pa live here?" asked his new friend.—"Yes."—"Has your Pa ever been in the Tombs?"—"No."—"My Pa has been there more'n a week; and he can go there just when he's a mind to. My Pa can lick your Pa; and I can lick you."

And he did "lick" him.



CHARLIE'S KNIFE.



THE NICE BOY'S KNIFE.





MASTER CHARLIE AFTER BEING LICKED.

Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Promenade Costume and Child's Dress.

THE Cloak, represented in Figure 1, may be either of cloth or black velvet. Its distinguishing features are the circular sweep of the ample sleeves, the pointed *berthe*, and the upper sleeve or flap, with its pendant tassel. It is trimmed with black guipure lace. The robe is of mazarine blue, with the pattern *en tablier*, woven up the side breadths. This graceful flowing drapery bids fair to supersede flounces, which are still, however, much worn. Two skirts are now frequently worn, the upper one being slashed at the sides, to show the pattern wrought upon that below; the sides of the opening are confined by cross-bands of the same, or by ribbons which may terminate in nœuds.

The CHILD'S DRESS consists of a black or green velvet coat; the sleeves, which are cut up, fall open from a little below the shoulder, the point of separation being marked by a rich fancy button; with tight sleeves, which may be either of the velvet, or of plaid similar to that of the skirt. The hat is of plush, with a large ostrich feather.

Below we illustrate another elegant cloak, which may be of cloth of any color. The pelerine, which is continued rather below the level of the full drapery of the sleeves, forms the front of the garment. The trimming, which consists of richly wrought black velvet, with a fringe of small drop buttons, is peculiarly beautiful. This is drawn partially to the waist by an inside cord.



FIGURE 3.—COIFFURE.



FIGURE 4.—CLOTH CLOAK.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XCI.—DECEMBER, 1857.—Vol. XVI.

A Christmas Garland of American Poems.

[From "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century." 8vo. Superbly Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.]



A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!*"



SNOW—A WINTER SKETCH.

RALPH HOYT.

THE blessed morn has come again;
The early gray
Taps at the slumberer's window pane,
And seems to say
Break, break from the enchanter's chain,
Away, away!

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound
Along the air,
Of winds upon their battle-ground,
But gently there,
The snow is falling—all around
How fair—how fair!

The jocund fields would masquerade;
Fantastic scene!
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade
Have cast their green,
And joined the revel, all arrayed
So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars,
And age sedate,
High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door;
The hay-stack has become a hill;
All covered o'er
The wagon, loaded for the mill
The eve before.

Maria brings the water-pail,
But where's the well!
Like magic of a fairy tale,
Most strange to tell,
All vanished, curb, and crank, and rail!
How deep it fell!

The wood pile too is playing hide;
The axe, the log,
The kennel of that friend so tried
(The old watch-dog),
The grindstone standing by its side,
Are all now *incog.*

The bustling cock looks out aghast
From his high shed;
No spot to scratch him a repast.
Up curves his head,
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.

Old drowsy Dobbin, at the call,
Amazed, awakes;
Out from the window of his stall
A view he takes;
While thick and faster seem to fall
The silent flakes.

The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
Their morning moan;
Like Memnon's music of old time
That voice of stone!
So marbled they—and so sublime
Their solemn tone.

Good Ruth has called the younker folk
To dress below;
Full welcome was the word she spoke,
Down, down they go,
The cottage quietude is broke—
The snow!—the snow!

Now rises from around the fire
A pleasant strain;
Ye giddy sons of mirth, retire!
And ye profane!
A hymn to the Eternal Sire
Goes up again.

The patriarchal Book Divine,
Upon the knee,
Opes where the gems of Judah shine
(Sweet minstrelsie!),
How soars each heart with each fair line,
O God, to Thee!

Around the altar low they bend,
Devout in prayer;
As snows upon the roof descend,
So angels there
Come down that household to defend
With gentle care.

Now sings the kettle o'er the blaze;
The buckwheat heaps;
Rare Mocha, worth an Arab's praise,
Sweet Susan steeps;
The old round stand her nod obeys,
And out it leaps.

Unerring presages declare
The banquet near;
Soon busy appetites are there;
And disappear
The glories of the ample fare,
With thanks sincere.

Now tiny snow-birds venture nigh
From copse and spray,
(Sweet strangers! with the winter's sky
To pass away;)
And gather crumbs in full supply,
For all the day.

Let now the busy hours begin:
Out rolls the churn;
Forth hastes the farm-boy, and brings in
The brush to burn;
Sweep, shovel, scour, sew, knit, and spin,
Till night's return.

To delve his threshing John must hie;
His sturdy shoe
Can all the subtle damp defy;
How wades he through!
While dainty milkmaids slow and shy,
His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care;
To shell the corn;
The broken harness to repair;
The sleigh t' adorn;
As cheerful, tranquil, frosty, fair,
Speeds on the morn.

While mounts the eddying smoke amain
From many a hearth,
And all the landscape rings again
With rustic mirth;
So gladsome seems to every swain
The snowy earth.

BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

Blessings on the blessing children, sweetest gifts of Heaven to earth,
Filling all the heart with gladness, filling all the house with mirth;
Bringing with them native sweetness, pictures of the primal bloom
Which the bliss forever gladdens, of the region whence they come;
Bringing with them joyous impulse of a state withouten care,
And a buoyant faith in being, which makes all in nature fair;
Not a doubt to dim the distance, not a grief to vex the nigh,
And a hope that in existence, finds each hour a luxury;

Going singing, bounding, brightening—never fearing as they go,
That the innocent shall tremble, and the loving find a foe;
In the daylight, in the starlight, still with thought that freely flies,
Prompt and joyous, with no question of the beauty in the skies;
Genial fancies winning raptures, as the bee still sucks her store,
All the present still a garden glean'd a thousand times before;
All the future, but a region, where the happy serving thought,
Still depicts a thousand blessings, by the wingéd hunter caught;
Life a chase where blushing pleasures only seem to strive in flight,
Lingering to be caught, and yielding gladly to the proud delight;
As the maiden through the alleys, looking backward as she flies,
Woos the fond pursuer onward with the love-light in her eyes.



Oh! the happy life in children, still restoring joy to ours,
Making for the forest music, planting for the wayside flowers;
Back recalling all the sweetness, in a pleasure pure as rare,
Back the past of hope and rapture bringing to the heart of care.
How, as swell the happy voices, bursting through the shady grove,
Memories take the place of sorrows, time restores the sway to love!
We are in the shouting comrades, shaking off the load of years,
Thought forgetting, strifes and trials, doubts and agonies and tears;
We are in the bounding urchin, as o'er hill and plain he darts,
Share the struggle and the triumph, gladdening in his heart of hearts;
What an image of the vigor and the glorious grace we knew,
When to eager youth from boyhood at a single bound we grew!
Even such our slender beauty, such upon our cheek the glow,
In our eyes the life and gladness—of our blood the overflow.

Bless the mother of the urchin! in his form we see her truth:
He is now the very picture of the memories in our youth;
Never can we doubt the forehead, nor the sunny flowing hair,
Nor the smiling in the dimple-speaking chin and cheek so fair:
Bless the mother of the young one! he hath blended in his grace,
All the hope and joy and beauty, kindling once in either face!

Oh! the happy faith of children! that is glad in all it sees,
And with never need of thinking, pierces still its mysteries;
In simplicity profoundest, in their soul abundance blest,
Wise in value of the sportive, and in restlessness at rest;
Lacking every creed yet having faith so large in all they see,
That to know is still to gladden, and 'tis rapture but to be.
What trim fancies bring them flowers; what rare spirits walk their wood,
What a wondrous world the moonlight harbors of the gay and good!
Unto them the very tempest walks in glories grateful still,
And the lightning gleams, a seraph, to persuade them to the hill:
'Tis a sweet and loving spirit, that throughout the midnight rains,
Broods beside the shutter'd windows, and with gentle love complains;
And how wooing, how exalting, with the richness of her dyes,
Spans the painter of the rainbow, her bright arch along the skies,
With a dream like Jacob's ladder, showing to the fancy's sight,
How 'twere easy for the sad one to escape to worlds of light!
Ah! the wisdom of such fancies, and the truth in every dream,
That to faith confiding offers, cheering every gloom, a gleam!
Happy hearts, still cherish fondly each delusion of your youth,
Joy is born of well believing, and the fiction wraps the truth.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

This ancient silver bowl of mine—it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar—so runs the ancient tale—
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next—it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the *Mayflower* came—a hundred souls and more—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.



'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim,
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men at arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery hollands in—the man that never feared—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers, the men that fought and prayed,
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid!

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose;
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, 'twill do you good—poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air,
And if—God bless me—you were hurt, 't would keep away the chill;
So John *did* drink—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess—hast thou a drunken soul,
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past—its pressed yet fragrant flowers—
The moss that clothes its broken walls—the ivy on its towers—
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed—my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words—"My dear, where *have* you been?"



BRONX.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

I SAT me down upon a green bank-side,
Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,
Whose waters seemed unwillingly to glide,
Like parting friends who linger while they sever;

Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready,
Backward they wind their way in many a wistful eddy.

Gray o'er my head the yellow-vested willow
  Ruffled its hoary top in the fresh breezes,
Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow,
  Or the fine frostwork which young winter freezes,
When first his power in infant pastime trying,
Congeals sad autumn's tears on the dead branches lying.

From rocks around hung the loose ivy dangling,
  And in the clefts sumach of liveliest green,
Bright ising-stars the little beach was spangling,
  The gold-cup sorrel from his gauzy screen
Shone like a fairy crown, enchased and beaded,
Left on some morn, when light flashed in their eyes unheeded.

The humbird shook his sun-touched wings around,
  The bluefinch carol'd in the still retreat;
The antic squirrel capered on the ground
  Where lichens made a carpet for his feet:
Through the transparent waves, the ruddy minkle
Shot up in glimmering sparks his red fin's tiny twinkle.

There were dark cedars with loose mossy tresses,
  White powdered dog-trees, and stiff hollies flaunting
Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses,
  Blue pelloret from purple leaves upslanting
A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden
Shining beneath dropp'd lids the evening of her wedding.

The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn,
  Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'em,
The winding of the merry locust's horn,
  The glad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosom:
Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds excelling,
Oh! 'twas a ravishing spot formed for a poet's dwelling

And did I leave thy loveliness, to stand
  Again in the dull world of earthly blindness?
Pained with the pressure of unfriendly hands,
  Sick of smooth looks, agued with icy kindness?
Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude,
To prison wandering thought and mar sweet solitude!

Yet I will look upon thy face again,
  My own romantic Bronx, and it will be
A face more pleasant than the face of men.
  Thy waves are old companions, I shall see
A well-remembered form in each old tree,
And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy.



EXCELSIOR.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found.
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!



MAUD MULLER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked, and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat;

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich refiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

THE HUSBAND'S AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

Husband and wife! No converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young days of love,
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations, its glad hopes,
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies;
Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
Full, certain, and possess'd. Domestic cares
Call you not now together. Earnest talk
On what your children may be, moves you not.
Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence;
'Tis not like that in which ye rested once
Most happy—silence eloquent, when heart
With heart held speech, and your mysterious frames,
Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
Touch'd the soft notes of love.
Stillness profound,
Insensible, unheeding, folds you round;
And darkness, as a stone, has seal'd you in.
Away from all the living, here ye rest:
In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,
Yet feel ye not each other's presence now.
Dread fellowship! together, yet alone.
Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know
no bounds,
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?
Dwellers in darkness, who th' illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited and lived?
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,
Which One, with gentle hand the vail of flesh
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, reveal'd
In glory? throne, before which even now
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?
Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen presence, are they quenched,
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not, as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?
And with our frames do perish all our loves?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give
speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents? no more?
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

Oh, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touch'd when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touch'd
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb?
What holds it? Dust that cumber'd those I mourn.
They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell
In love—their God's and angels'. Mutual love,
That bound them here, no longer needs a speech
For full communion; nor sensations strong,
Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each,
By natures new, impart themselves, though silent.
Each quick'ning sense, each throb of holy love,
Affections sanctified, and the full glow
Of being, which expand and gladden one,
By union all mysterious, thrill and live
In both immortal frames: Sensation all,
And thought, pervading, mingling sense and thought!
Ye pair'd, yet one! wrapped in a consciousness
Two-fold, yet single—this is love, this life!

Why call we, then, the square-built monument,
The upright column, and the low-laid slab,
Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou see'st,
In these shaped stones and letter'd tables, figures
Of life: More are they to thy soul than those
Which he who talk'd on Sinai's mount with God
Brought to the old Judeans—types are these,
Of thine eternity.

I thank thee, Father,
That at this simple grave, on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
No close, Thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, Thou art leading me in joy.





SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again.
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
  And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
  And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
  Forever, from our shore.



KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Witlaf, a King of the Saxons,
  Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
  His drinking-horn bequeathed—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
  And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
  And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty,
They remembered one Saint more.

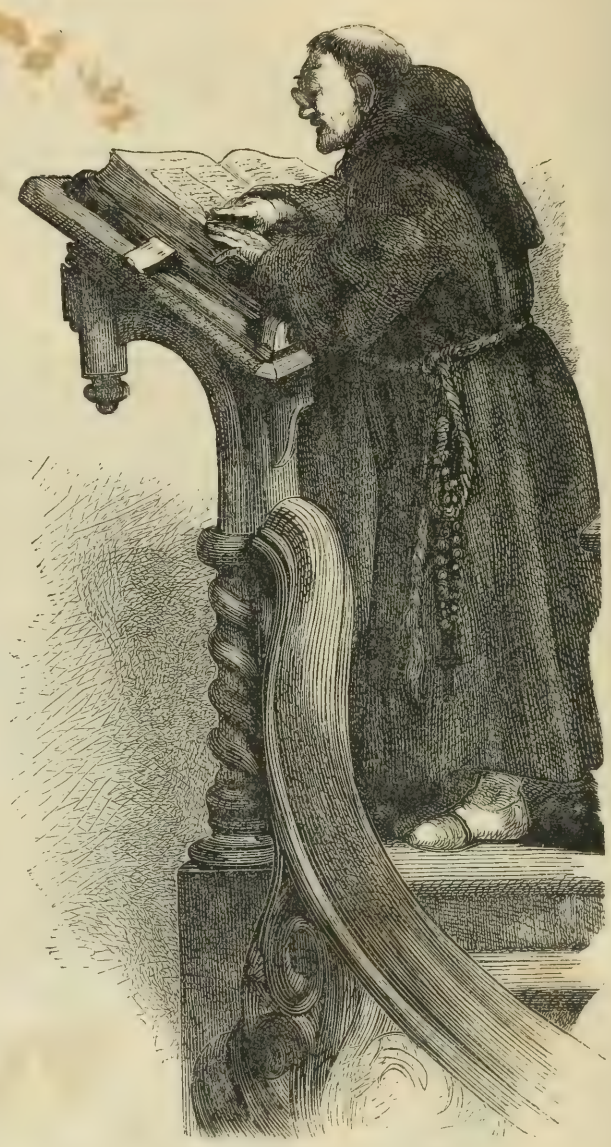
And the reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!"



CONNECTICUT. (From an unpublished Poem.)

FITZGREENE HALLECK.

—— still her gray rocks tower above the sea
That crouches at their feet, a conquered wave;
'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave:
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel, save when to heaven they pray,
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
A "fierce democracie," where all are true
To what themselves have voted—right or wrong—
And to their laws denominated blue;
(If red, they might to Draco's code belong;)
A vestal state, which power could not subdue,
Nor promise win—like her own eagle's nest,
Sacred—the San Marino of the West.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They bow to, but may turn him out next year;
They reverence their priest, but disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear;
They have a natural talent for foreseeing
And knowing all things; and should Park appear
From his long tour in Africa, to show
The Niger's source, they'd meet him with—"We know."

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
Such are they nurtured, such they live and die:
All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling;

Or wandering through the southern countries, teaching
The A B C from Webster's spelling-book;
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining by what they call "hook and crook,"
And what the moralists call overreaching,
A decent living. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favorable eyes
As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise.

But these are but their outcasts. View them near
At home, where all their worth and pride is placed;
And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced
With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
And looked on armies with a leader's eye;
Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
Whose leaves contain their country's history,
And tales of love and war—listen to one
Of the Green-Mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington.

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
"Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
For four pounds eight and sevenpence per man,
By England's king; a bargain, as is thought.
Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can;
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
Or Mary Stark's a widow!" It was done.

Hers are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring,
Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales,
The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling
Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales
Of Florence and the Arno; yet the wing
Of life's best angel, Health, is on her gales
Through sun and snow; and in the autumn time
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon—the mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills—her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;
And his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love;
Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power;
The maiden listening in the moonlight grove,
The mother smiling in her infant's bower;
Forms, features, worshiped while we breathe or move,
Be by some spirit of your dreaming hour
Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air
To the green land I sing, then wake, you'll find them there.





MADRAS.

MADRAS, IN PICTURES.

AFTER a long and laborious voyage of 143 days from Boston, the anxious and weary company on board the ship *Piscataqua* saw at last, about twenty miles ahead, the revolving light of Madras. So wonderfully had the ship's speed increased—she seemed like a horse that scents the stable afar off—that they had to haul up successively the cro'jack, the mainsail, the main-royal, the mizen topgallant-sail, and the foresail, and after all could scarcely keep her down to three knots an hour. Having once seen—if I may say so without irreverence—the *star that stood over the place where Madras was*, I went into bed and slept till, at midnight, I was aroused by indications of the closely approaching end. Amidst the orders of the captain—"Keep her off!"—"Meet her!"—"Steady now!" was heard the repeated cry of the leadsman, "Ten fathoms"—"Nine fathoms"—"Ten fathoms"—and then came the order "Square the cro'jack yard!" and then, "Let go your anchor, Sir!"—a moment of suspense, and then came the rumbling down of the chain; and as the huge iron flukes made their bed in the mud of Madras Roads, I jumped from mine and looked through my stern window; and as the ship swung round, what a strange and beautiful panorama passed along indistinctly before my eyes! First, a long, low coast, with here and there a twinkling light; then white walls, gleaming with a ghostlier whiteness in the moonlight; then a row of lights like the lamps on a bridge; then another range of pale, white walls; and then the lighthouse window, beaming in upon me with its great bright eye of wondering welcome. After returning the stare of the Polyphemus, I went back to bed, but soon my slumbers were broken again by the most singular airy hullabulloo I ever heard. At first I thought the crew were singing in the forecastle, but presently my ears and eyes told me that it was a boat-load of natives: they passed directly under my window chanting a wild melody, of which something like "Wurra! wurra!" seemed to linger in my ears, and in a few minutes I heard them on deck. Slipping on my study-gown I ran up over the poop and round through the alley, and mingled—quite *à la mode* with my bare legs—among the black, naked gang, who made all ring with their melodious jargon and jabber.

At length the chief man, a short, swelling, *little-great* personage, in full dress of red-and-white turban and white gown, made his way into the cabin, and began with the most profound coolness to impose his services upon the captain; more than intimated that he was the *dubash* recognized by our consignees, the house of Bainbridge and Co.; said he would send a boat off in the morning to bring provisions and take passengers; and concluded by informing us that his "Papa" would also come out in the morning and make us a visit. We were amused and not altogether pleased with the style of the transaction. Again I turned in and dozed till sunrise, when another of those strange, wild chants broke on my ear, of which the burden seemed something like

"Ah, walada—jaladin!"

I dressed and hastened out and found several boat-loads of natives on board, fellows of all ages and sizes, and in the oddest variety of costume. Presently I espied our "Papa" forcing his way through an obstreperous crowd of *sans culottes*, at whom he was jabbering and gesticulating right and left. The first thing that struck me, after his great stature and his second-childishness of manner, was the extraordinary redness of his mouth, which at first I took for the effect of a bloody scuffle with some of those noisy rivals through whom he appeared to have been fighting his way, but which, I soon

learned—greatly amused at my own blunder—was produced by the universal native custom of chewing betel. The "Papa" soon set us right about the claims of his "dear son," who, he said, was a fellow that gave him and the captains infinite botheration, by overhearing the talk at the office and then hurrying off and intruding upon vessels in this way at the most unseasonable hours. He handed us his huge parchment certificate, which had been his father's before him, headed by the American eagle and signed by some hundred captains. I remarked the large number of Salem names, among the rest that of the well-remembered merchant and senator, "Nathaniel Silsbee." The old man's name was Vincatty, and he was known as the old American dubash—his business being to attend upon captains of vessels and supply them with provisions and money, and execute such orders as they might give him, for all which he charged commission. I wish I could give my readers a picture of the veteran as he walked along with a slightly bent form, in a turban of intertwisted pink and white muslin, the pink hanging down behind—as I once saw on a Choctaw chief at Mobile—and a white tunic with loosely hanging sleeves of handsome border, beneath which a pink petticoat descended to his knees; or as he squatted on his haunches in the cabin, now chatting in Tamil with one of our missionaries, and now expressing his overflowing satisfaction at seeing his Yankee children, by patting us on the shoulder with a singular chuckle of senile fondness and Oriental self-complacency.

After breakfast more boats had come off to us, and the deck was swarming with specimens of humanity, of which one knew not which most to admire, the dress, the language, or the looks. There was a shoe-wallah and a hat-wallah, and wallahs with green cocoa-nuts, plantains, watermelons, and parrots. There was also a juggler, with a weasel in a bag, but, from respect for the day, we arrested his performances *in limine*. It was not long before the catamarans also began to make their appearance. These craft—also used on the east and west coasts of America—consist of three or more knee-shaped logs of durable wood, generally teak, lashed side by side. They are managed sometimes by one, sometimes by two fellows, who paddle with rude slabs, which they grasp by the middle, so that they can dip them now this side, now that, with great dexterity and swiftness. The men wear peaked head-pieces, with pockets in them, in which they carry letters and packages. When I first saw the long, black, hard-visaged "devils"—as a quaint old traveler called them—surmounted by those sharp skull-caps, I thought they looked just as if their heads had grown up to a peak and then been painted yellow; but as they came nearer, the straw caps resembled pine-apple cheeses. The first who came on board brought custom-house papers and port-directions to the captain; among them was a warning not to let passengers bathe for fear of sharks and snakes.

When the ship had become comparatively quiet, at noon, I went up under the awning—where it looked so strangely to see an idle and deserted wheel—and, surveying the city that lay about two miles from us, began to verify my first nocturnal impressions. Beginning at the south, the first object that broke the line of foliage along the coast was the castle-like ice-house, with its flag flying in honor of our arrival; next, in the back-ground, St. Thomas's Mount, with the church on its summit, where tradition says that the Apostle was buried; then a native pagoda; then, after a succession of woods, with occasional roofs and spires of mosques, came the Government House and Banquet Hall, with their dark green parks and gardens; then a stretch of grove and beach, broken only by the dark spot indicating the mouth of the river, over which I had seen those bridge-lights; then the extensive walls and roofs of Fort St. George, surmounted by the spire of St. Mary's Church, and at the centre, over the landing, by the Telegraphic Flag-staff; then came the esplanade, on which we could see tents, and, to the north of that, the finely-shaped light-house; and, finally, the beach, *par excellence*, and the range of English stores and offices, which form the water-front of Black Town—the native city—opposite to which, on our right, the shipping, some fifty sail, lay at anchor.



A CATAMARAN.

The day passed rather heavily, relieved a little by the last sermon and services of the voyage, and by the strong and increasing sea-breeze, and the rumble of the surf increasing with it; and at last we saw the

great red globe of the sun, whose "eye" had a somewhat "sickly glare," sink behind the Banquet House, that rose so gracefully amidst the deep green. At eight, without "bell," but not without "book and candle," I went to bed.



HUMPBACKED COW OF INDIA.

Our missionary friends were early astir, and it was not long before we saw a boat putting off, in the stern of which sate a fair-faced, venerable man, and by his side a younger brother, pale and sad. The former was the oldest but one of the Madras Mission, his companion had buried a wife in America, and then his second only a month since, soon after his arrival in India. I could well conceive something of the feeling that must have thrilled the hearts of the little company at grasping each other's hands and exchanging news, the pleasant and the mournful. Another boat brought a custom-house officer, and another our very agreeable and obliging ice-agent, who informed us that their supply could hardly have lasted a week longer, and that they had been looking for us these forty days. It was amusing to us *old seamen*, to notice how timidly and awkwardly the new-comers would climb and creep about the deck. But the hour has come. The ship seems to lean over more than ever, as if she were impatient to tip us into the—city; we are huddled together under the stern-awning of the Massoolah canoe, the long *spoons* dip into the water, and with one of those singular chants, that still ring through my brain, as the first voice that welcomed me to the East that memorable night, something after the measure of

Ahee! ma wala deery—
Ahee! ja nala meery—
Ahee! wala, nala, jan!

sung first by the two sides of rowers alternately and then the chorus by the whole, we bear away. I had heard and read much of the intense interest, and often danger, attending the final plunge over the mountain of surf upon the beach. This time it was more amusing than alarming. One little dive over and we soon strike the sand. Then comes, to be sure, a succession of pretty vigorous thumps and bumps, as the seas strike her; but now every man has leaped into the water—they seize and drag the boat, and seating ourselves "arm-chair" (as the boys call it), between the naked necks of pairs of natives, we are placed on the first dry ground our feet have touched for nearly five long months.

An extemporaneous escort of *native citizens* immediately received us with salams, both single-handed and double-handed. You would have thought we were the distinguished individuals whom for years they had been expecting. But we had only a short gauntlet to run before we reached the *bandy* (carriage) which our good friend had bespoken. "Papa" was at my side, with his chuckle of good-nature, to hold his umbrella over me as we hurried through sand and dust to the vehicle; and after we had started I saw him motioning away with angry gestures the crowd that still followed, sometimes thrusting both hands in at the windows for bucksheesh I have seen the hackmen of New York, when the dense mass, all pointing their whip-stocks at once at the steamboat gangway, made the passenger think of a Winkelried facing the bristling ranks of Austrian spearmen. I have seen them at Buffalo, when they rolled up the bills of their respective houses into paper-bullets and threw them at the heads of passengers, to draw attention and teach them "not to forget the number;" but of all such plagues, the "beach servants" of Madras must bear the palm. Their impudence is amazing. They persecute one till he actually almost believes he owes them something. They dog your footsteps with the air of injured creditors.

We drove to the building occupied by our consignees, and passed up the heavy stair-way, through spacious halls and counting-rooms, where white-jacketed writers sate so coolly and comfortably at their desks under huge punkas; and native peons, dubashes and banyans, glided about like spirits in their white robes and with their noiseless steps. For some time I could only sit and gaze and wonder, listening to the strange *ensemble* of sounds produced by the thunder of the surf under the windows, the sweep of the great punka through the air, the cawing of crows, and the jangling of the tongues of the natives that swarmed the street below.

Then I went into the front room, and there, for a good hour, watched the novel picture of human life that passed over the street and shore beneath. It would be an endless task to describe all the variety of vehicles, costumes, countenances, figures, that thronged this great Wapping-Broadway of Madras. There go, *following each other* (to begin with an Irish *bull* as well as Eastern ones), two rude carts, each loaded with about a bushel of hay and drawn by two humpbacked, long-horned bullocks, the driver of one walking between his team and

cattle, the other riding on the pole. There are two or three miserable women hastily scooping up in their hands, for the purpose of drying and burning, the dung that has just fallen in the road. Yonder comes a woman with a basket of old *duds* on her head. A roguish crow darts down, just lifts a cloth at one corner and is off, as she looks round at him, takes down the basket, makes a new cover for it with her turban, dexterously folds part of her robes round her head, and moves on. Behind her a minute specimen of naked humanity comes lugging, in the blaze of noon, his baby-brother, whose head drops languidly this side and that; then a public peon, or native police-officer, with his broad-brimmed blue hat, shaped like a fireman's, and a blue belt across his white robe, marching along grandly and gracefully; then a pale, delicate scholar, book in hand, his slender bare legs exposed below his white gown; then a couple of foreign sailors swagger along; white-dressed dubashes and naked Lascars mingle in the throng —one particularly odd-looking old fellow, with a sort of woolen mitre on his head contrasting queerly with his *squirmy* face, and grizzly beard, and black nakedness; there comes a vehicle shaped like one of our cabs, but drawn by bullocks; there goes a palkee (palanquin), the bearers, with a low, dismal half chant, half grunt, keep their off elbows jerking backward in unison with their trot; there follows a row of native gentry, conspicuous to me for their toe-rings; then a native enjoying the luxury of an old faded and torn umbrella; then rumbles along a two-wheeled vehicle, consisting of a square box with four corner-posts supporting a pagoda-shaped roof, in which four native *baboos* (gentlemen) sit squeezed together; then something that looks as if it might have been an old Cambridgeport milk-cart fitted up as a carry-all; then a stately English carriage, with a *syce* (footman) running behind and holding on at each corner (it is marvelous how they will hold out on the hot, dusty road).



MALABAR HINDOO.

Now I turn to the beach where the red Massoolah boats, with their numbers, are drawn up at the foot of the plunging surf, their long paddles all sticking up in the air. They are just pushing one off into the surf, butting against it with their heads, backing up under it, and trying to hoist it off; and when, after much swinging about, and rearing, and kicking, and plunging, like the antics of a skittish horse, she rides the yeasty water, in they jump and paddle off.



HINDOO GENTLEMAN'S CARRIAGE.



MASSOOLAH BOAT.

Under the shady side of one of the boats a fellow in a red turban lies stretched on the sand enjoying a siesta. The tide creeping round starts him. He gets up, rubs his eyes, shakes the sand out of his turban, and changes his quarters. There is a group of little imps who, not having the fear of sharks before their eyes (but it is said the monsters do not like black people), are diving about among the waves, playing at fisticuff with the surf, and cutting all sorts of capers.

And now it is two o'clock, *tiffin* (luncheon) time in the office—after partaking of which I sit down and idly study the strange personages that glide about through the corridors and apartments, trying to make out from their dresses and manners their various relations. Who is the almost stern man, with the broad belt over his white gown, and the great breast-plate, that bustles in and out, bearing now a paper and now a ledger, with such an expression of lofty integrity? They call him "Boy." But here comes a sleek, portly personage, well robed and ringed, presses his hand to his forehead at the door and enters, steps to the desk and whispers confidentially to the head of the house. They twitch and push each other, with many shrugs and finger gestures on the part of the native. Ah, surely that is a *banyan* (or merchant) chaffering about exchange. During the interview several others strut along the entry. There is one who has wound several extra thicknesses of cotton round him, under his gown, to increase his portliness and importance. They pass along, casting slant looks through the door-way.

At last the whispering and haggling are over —the man of conscious integrity brings his master's cane and hat, and through a lane of servants, among whom the tall figure and benignant visage of our good old Vincatty is prominent, we pass into the *bandy* and drive along the red, smooth, broad, breezy, thronged strand, to see the fashionable crowd and hear the music of the Fort band. What a scene again! Languid, disdainful-looking English ladies rolling by in their phaetons—parties of Sybarite baboos lazily leering about in shabby-genteel *garees* (coaches), drawn, perhaps, by bullocks—military officers on horseback—clerks in buggies —dashing little boys on ponies—every where *syces* leaping along, now behind and now before their carriages, in all their variety of gay livery, their embroidered caps and bright trowsers—and, side by side with all this pomp and vanity, old ocean rolling and rumbling. There was something in the mingling of sights and sounds that carried my thoughts to a summer resort of pleasure and of fashion by other waters, and on a more familiar shore. When the bridge lamps had long been gleaming, we trundled off through a labyrinthine wilderness of narrow lanes winding among high walls and hedges, narrow streets closely lined with native huts, stately gardens, sweeping lawns and rivers, twinkling bridge lights, till at last, after an hour, I caught the very first fragrance of flowers and foliage I had enjoyed since leaving my own country, and presently was entering the grounds in which the graceful mansion that was to be my kindly home for some weeks spread its spacious halls, and gleamed out from its windows and doors a bright welcome. Passing through halls and parterres, which produced in an invalid and an exile a sense of bewildering but delightful roominess and comfort, where great rich punkas agitated the air, shaking the flame of the tapers that burned in the glass globes on pure cocoanut oil, I followed a servant with a lantern across the green (or what would be such if the drought would let it) to the picturesque little bungalow (cottage) which was to be my bachelor's hall. After dinner (the usual hour for which is half past seven, or eight), during which I made the acquaintance of a rare Persian cat, rather inclining to yellow, with a bushy tail and a singular growth of whiskers down each cheek, I was glad to return to my six-win-

dowed dormitory. Nothing, however, but intense weariness of body and brain would have let me sleep in the exciting and enchanting scene. The dogs, and cats, and crows, and insects of every description, seemed to take up and continue the human noises of the day. They cawed, they screeched, they whistled, they sharpened their knives, they turned their grindstones. What was it all, however, but amusement, so long as I heard no mosquito wind his tiny but terrible horn! For that exemption I trust I was duly thankful.

Madras proper, originally consisting only of the English fort and the houses within its walls and a native village round it, has gradually extended itself, till now it embraces within its limits a circle of native villages which have grown into towns since their incorporation with the city, and its population is estimated at 700,000—thus "the Fort" being one of the wards, so to speak, of the vast metropolis; next, on the north, comes "Black Town" (so called, probably, because it is, by eminence, *the* city of the native merchants), and beyond that "Royapoorum;" then, on the south, "Triplicane," the Mussulman quarter, where the old Nawab of Madras has his seat; and then, inland, the several districts of "Vepery," "Pursewaukum," "Royapettah," "Nungampawkum," and so forth. Starting from Black Town, and crossing the esplanade, one passes out, either through the gates of the Fort or round it, into these last-mentioned extensive, and populous, and picturesque parts of the city, by a number of broad and beautiful roads, such as the Mount Road, leading five miles to St. Thomas's Mount, the Pantheon Road, and other wide and smooth avenues, lined with cocoa-nut groves, gardens of all tropical trees and fruits, graceful villas, crossed and recrossed by different streams that meander through the city, over which they pass by high bridges, commanding lovely vistas of valley and meadow and grove and spire, and ramifying into streets and lanes, where at one moment you are sweltering in the heart of an oriental Babel, and the next enraptured amidst scenes of sequestered beauty that realize something of the ideal of your Robinson-Crusoe-reading childhood.

When I arrived at Madras it was a time of severe drought and not a little distress among the native population. There had been a long failure of the usual rains, and the crop of rice was so short that they were obliged to pay about four times the former price for that staff of native life. English soldiers had sometimes to be stationed at the dépôts of provisions to prevent riots. The cattle, too, suffered woefully, and it was pitiable enough to see them nosing about the brown plains where the grass was parched to the root, or standing in the sickly green pools, and haunting the dry tanks and beds of rivers. It was a time to remind one of "the word of the Lord that came to Jeremiah concerning the dearth"—"They came to the pits and found no water. . . . Because the ground is chapped, for there was no rain in the earth. . . . They snuffed up the wind like dragons; their eyes did fail because there was no grass." And yet, through all, the foliage retained all its greenness, and the *tout ensemble* of the landscape was singularly beautiful. How lovely, in its picturesque luxuriance, must this rural city be—I used often to think—

> "Whaunè that April with his shourès sote
> The drought of March hath percèd to the rote;"

when these winding rivers ripple along with full blue current by the groves that line their banks,



MY BUNGALOW.



PART OF BLACK TOWN.

and these broad meadows sparkle and smile in the new green! There was one great relief and comfort in this hot, dry season: always in the forenoon a breeze began to come in from the sea, the refreshing influence of which could be felt far inland on the roads, and in the lanes, and in the grounds of the country seats. But for this I know not that I should have ventured as I did to explore, even in a carriage, during the heat of the day, the highways and by-ways of this tropical city.

My usual way of spending a day was this: Roused by the loud and emphatic concert of birds at dawn, I went into the little brick-floored bathing-room and poured over me the jars of cool water, and often while the great glowing star of morn still beamed down over the trees into the grounds I was out on the veranda, either enjoying the sight and sound of native life in and about the various buildings of the establishment, or, amidst curious birds that hopped around me and more than inquisitive insects, busied with book and pen. Sometimes, before the sun was up high enough to make it too oppressive, I strolled down or up the high road, broad, red, and level as a garden path, and struck in among the numerous lanes of native huts, peeping through the dusk of green, among tangled thickets of prickly pear all in rich and many-colored bloom, under graceful cocoa-nut groves, across fields of paddy and of huge-leafed plantain, among scattered trees and temples; and then, before the sun, raking the road from his unmasked battery, made it impracticable to skulk along under the high hedges of bamboo and brier, spreading the shield of my umbrella (which, however, I found in this climate chiefly useful when held downward to keep off the reflected rays from the ground), I returned to my bungalow. Then came what they call in Calcutta *chota haziri* (little breakfast), consisting, in my case, of a cup of tea or a tumbler of goat's milk, and between nine and ten o'clock breakfast with the family. Then I got into the carriage which I had hired and kept in the grounds for my sole use at the low rate of two rupees (one dollar) a day; drove out through one or another of the different districts of the city, then to the beach at two o'clock to take *tiffin*, and drink—the sea-breeze; and then, as the sun declined, home again, by some new avenue of beauty and strangeness, to my bungalow, bath, evening ramble, and dinner.

I must say a word about the situation of my bungalow. It stands in the rear corner of the spacious compound. (Compound is an English corruption of the Portuguese word *campaô*, which it sounds not unlike, if you drop the *d* and pronounce the *n* nasally.) Behind it runs the little river Cooum, on the opposite bank of which are the grounds and garden of a Nawab (native Nabob); in front is the compound, shaded with numerous noble trees, mangoes with their glossy green, casuarinas with their beautiful long waving tassels, and a variety of evergreens, under which, or through them, are seen on one flank the buildings appropriated to the horses and their keepers, on the other the kitchens and other servants' buildings, and across the park the straw-colored mansion beyond which Spur Tank road (the Tank is now a dry bed) enlivens the scene with many a glimpse of picturesque life.

The morning after that first day (already described) broke upon a lively scene. Women with water-jars on their heads and sometimes infants on their hips, were going to and fro between the houses and the stream; the grooms were making a wild hullabulloo as they tried to swim obstinate horses into deep water; across the stream resounded airy chants from the men

who were walking up and down the cross-beam to raise water for the gardens; grass-cutters were bringing in their little bundles of precious provender (they sometimes are gone all day in quest of it), and laying it under the trees for the cattle. An Oriental day had begun. After breakfast I drove to Black Town, and visited the venerable missionary and father of missionaries, Dr. Scudder, in his spacious and lofty establishment on the esplanade. The old man, laboring under a heavy cold, gave me a hoarse but hearty welcome. Learning from what place I came, he at once referred to his record of his visit to America in 1846, when, he said, he addressed in all 100,000 children. Even now he preached, when well, twice a day. He called Madras "a city of cities." My next errand was to find one William Roberts, a native Unitarian preacher, the only preacher of that form of Christianity (except one at Secunderabad) in all India. I was told he lived in Vepery—drove out through "Elephant Gate," through street after street, road after road, lane after lane, through narrow ways such as I imagine those of Canton or Cairo, crowded with little bazars in long rows, lazy natives sprawling on piazzas, screened by thatched roofs, and sometimes tatties (if not tatters), through pile after pile of native products and manufactures, heaped up and hanging round in picturesque profusion, along by rice-bazars, beset by crowds of vehement faces and threatened by angry gestures, through lanes where the solar beams seemed to come through a burning glass and bricky dust filled the air, throngs of natives as if on a pilgrimage, or swarming about rows of mud-houses with quaintly carved mysterious-looking old doors. I had for the first time a "realizing sense" of the populousness of India, and how it might well contain the 150,000,000 alleged; and I thought if the author of "London Labor and the London Poor" were here, might not this vast swarm of people, this sea of human cares and passions and sufferings, this chaos of ignorance and misery and superstition, furnish him the material of a touching book? We went on and on, misled by one group after another who directed us wherever there was a Christian "padre," and at last the carriage stopped and I was assured this was the place. I stepped out; there stood a sleek old native padre, book in hand, surrounded by his white-robed *disciples of the porch*. "No, his name was not Roberts;" however, he pointed in a certain direction, and the *gareeban* drove off and soon stopped before a large high-walled compound. The gate was locked. A little girl appeared and said, "Master was gone away;" and then vanished. My man cried out that I would send in a billet. A voice came from behind the shrubbery that they had no orders to receive any letters, and at the same moment three yellow dogs came yelping down the path. I was just telling the man to pin the paper inside of the gate, when a woman appeared, and it also appeared that this was not the residence of Mr. Roberts, but of the very padre whom we had just left! Well, here was a "comedy of errors," almost a tragedy, for the heat was stifling, people stared and jabbered at the coachman who drove slowly, inquiringly, despairingly along. The next attempt was so far successful that we found Mr. Roberts's chapel, and at the gate one of the little schools connected with it, where a fine, intellectual-looking young man was acting as monitor in the place of the teacher, who had gone in quest of a truant, and the little urchins, squatting on the veranda, were reciting and rehearsing aloud, with a singular chant, in their musical language, the lessons which they had scratched with a stylus on the palmyra leaves which they held in their hands. Learning that Mr. Roberts resided not here, in Pursewaukum, but over in Royapettah, I left my card, begged of a child one of the *leaves* of his book, gave him a copper cent for a curious coin, and was glad to get back home. There I found awaiting me my private servant who had been engaged for me, a sort of *valet de tout* ("boy" they call him in Madras, in Calcutta *kidmutgar*), who professed to be a gentleman and a Christian. I *think* he was the former, and *hope* he was the latter. When I asked him how long he had been a Christian, misunderstanding me, he answered "1854 year." Afterward he told me he was "a catholic" (not a Roman Catholic). And he certainly expressed a striking catholicity for a convert. I had an amusing discussion with him one day about dress. Having only a pair of shiny slippers and a pair of dull shoes, I contended that I must wear the latter to dinner because the former were undress. "Ah, but," said "Sarvent Daniel," "Sahib (master) keep legs under table—who knows?"

The next day I met Mr. Roberts, a young man of about thirty-three, with a sprightly twinkle in his eye, and a countenance beaming and radiant with fine intellectual expression. The tears stood in his eyes as he expressed the disappointment of his little flock on learning that it was not a missionary for them who had arrived. He described their poverty and perplexity. Surrounded by the temptations which more prosperous sects held out for the poor natives to become mere "rice-Christians," as they call the *loaf and fish disciples* in India, the destitute and desolate Unitarian was sorely pressed. His own elder brother, whom his father had had trained for the ministry, had apostatized, and *he* had been obliged by pride and duty to put on the harness. As an example of the petty persecutions by which Christians will sometimes vex each other, he told me that he was once a servant to a bishop, who, learning the nature—or rather, the name—of his belief, dismissed him; and when Mr. R. applied for employment to another gentleman, he agreed to take him if he could get a statement from his Grace of the reason why he discharged him, *which the bishop declined giving*.

On his way home he drove with me to the so-called "Thieving Bazar"—the natives pro-



WASHER-MEN.

nounce it "Tieving Bajar." It is so named on account of the notorious extortions and impositions of the petty merchants in that noisy, jabbering arcade. After a ludicrous scene of chaffering, I bought some brass gods, and drove off.

Having idled away the next forenoon, little disturbed by the mosquitoes, which, like Mexican lancers, made more demonstrations than attacks, I stirred up from their siesta my comical old zany-looking coachman, who soon donned his blue cap decorated with radii of red and yellow cord, and his close-bodied blue frock — oddly agreeing with *the dark pantaloons nature gave him*—and the similarly-dressed miniature footman; and my establishment drove into town by the so-called "Dhobee (Washerwoman's) Gate." The low meadow formed by the nearly dry bed of the river, covered with dresses of all colors spread out in the sun, and broken up with little ponds and green islands, where the *dhobees* were rinsing the clothes, and slapping them on large stones, presented a gay and novel scene.

On arriving at the beach, it was a relief to see our ship once more righted and looking so large among the fleet. The trouble had been as we presumed. The ice, on the opening of the hold, was found to have melted away so on one side that the blocks formed a series of descending steps across. They usually expect to lose about half the cargo; but in this case 500 tons left only 190.

Friday, March 24. Studying the Tamil today, I was amused to find that caste extends even into the Grammar. Thus there is "masculine, high caste," "singular, of no caste." When I looked a little into the structure of the language, the circuitous way of expressing the simplest things, I was the less surprised at the people's prolix jabber in the streets when any dispute arises or any sudden emergency requires practical decision. . . . The tameness of the crows here reminds me of the old fables. I am sure I saw to-day, perched on the blind of one of the office-windows, under the eaves, the identical crow from which Reynard wheedled away the cheese. What an old-headed look he had, as, with his twinkling eye and long, nose-like bill, he turned the subject this side and that, and then leaned forward and listened to objections! . . . On my way home met a large company of native Christians returning from some service, and soon after—far different sight! —a wagon-load of great wooden gods, probably changing their residence.

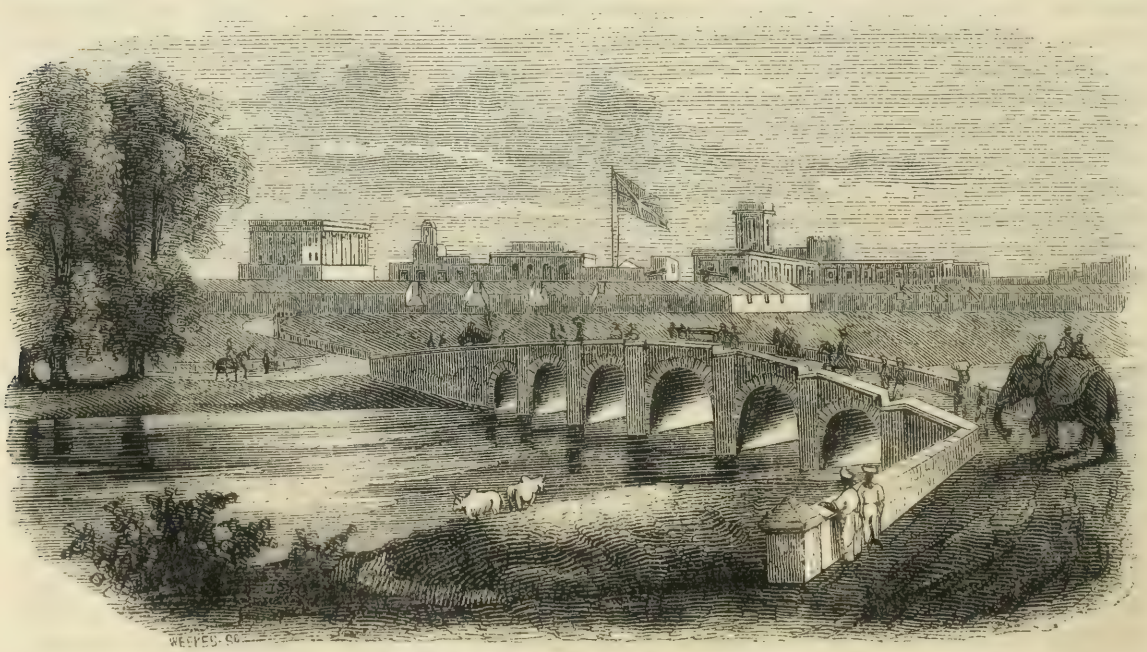
Saturday. How delightful the fanning of the sea-breeze this hot day! Every morning the clouds make one hope for rain, but "all signs fail in a dry time." My driver took me through the Fort, which is a city in itself. We passed across draw-bridges, over moats, through ponderous iron gates, through streets of cannon, pyramids of balls, looking like the brown-tiled roofs of native huts, and through squares of London-ish-looking houses, and emerged on the esplanade.

Sunday. Beautifully did it break. What a warbling of birds and humming of insects! "They shout for joy, they also sing." After a week so crowded with strange sights and sounds, the day of rest came with healing in its wings—even the wings of the wind on which the Spirit

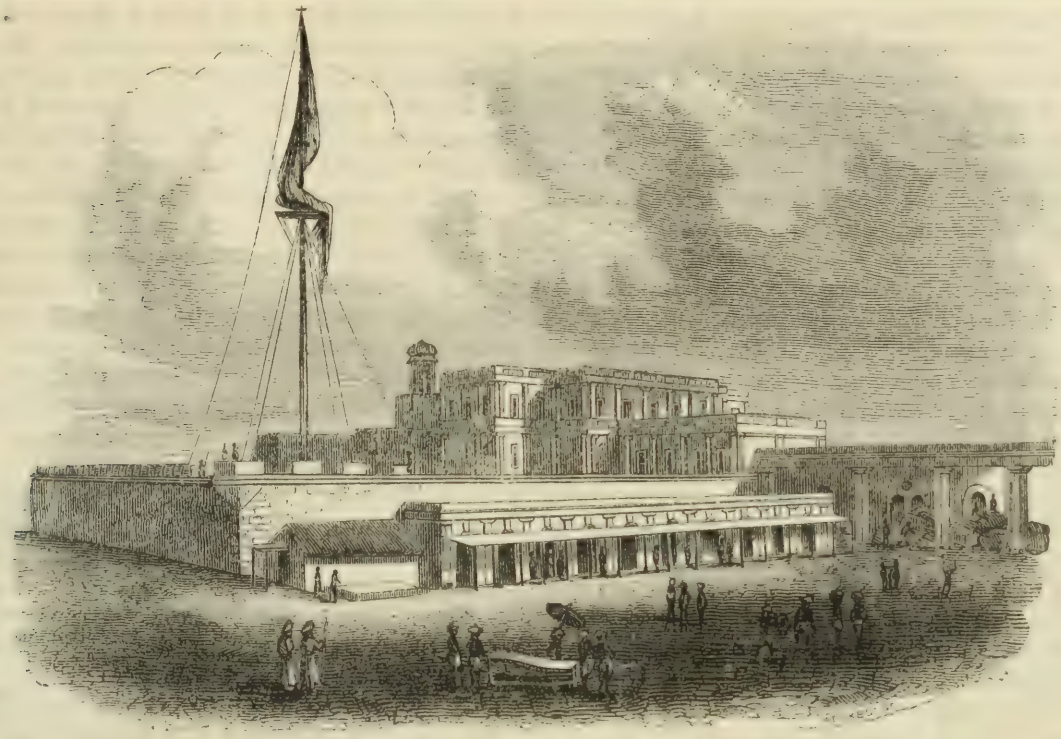
of the Lord still stirred among the trees of the garden. Soon after breakfast I started for the little chapel of Pursewaukum. When I reached Mr. Roberts's chapel, he was reading the Scriptures with a singular *canto*, the hearers with their Bibles carefully following. After the reading came the Liturgy (the book of service being a translation into Tamil of the amended Common Prayer used by the English Unitarians), and then the singing (of hymns composed by the preacher's father). The music was singular; the metre was always *long*—in fact, of the longest kind. The preacher would "deacon off" a stanza, then the chorister would rise and sing it through, swelling slowly to the close of each line with a peculiar and indescribable nasal hum-m-m, which, in the chorus by the congregation—the children's shrill voices quite prominent—was still more marked and intense. The sermon, of which I understood nothing but *Para varan* (the Supreme Spirit), and *Amen*, repeated by the audience with a most hearty twang, as if they were reluctant to let it go from their closed lips, was delivered with quiet earnestness. One thing was enlivening. Whenever there was a text to be cited, the speaker would simply name the place, and then whoever found it first would read (or chant) it out, and then the discourse would proceed.

At 6 P.M. I went to the English Cathedral, where I had the satisfaction of hearing the English service in an English Church and on English ground. Somehow or other that service does not seem at home, except on English ground and English lips. The sermon, on Paul's kicking against the pricks, was a good one, though too much time was spent in describing the ox-goad and its *modus operandi*. The building is a very elegant one, the *chunam* (hard finish) almost rivaling the marble of the monuments that line the walls. There is a statue of Bishop Heber by Chantrey: he stands looking mildly and tenderly on a native convert who sits at his feet. Along each side of the house and over the desks hung large punkas, with which natives outside were cooling the Christians within; and over one or two pews were flying more vigorously private punkas, with a border and fringe of richer silk than the public ones boasted. A more comfortable-looking array of people than the men who occupied the heads of the pews I have seldom seen.

Monday forenoon I drove to the Fort. Saw on the way two Persians from the northwest frontier, with grave faces, aquiline noses, dim smoky-looking eyes, with a profusion of coal-black hair curling down to their shoulders, surmounted by little gray skull-caps. The Fort is a vast establishment. The extent of surface in the armory, covered with guns, swords, and pistols, grouped in the fanciful shapes of star, sun, shell, and flower (suns with bayonets for rays—sun-flowers of the God of War!)—it was amazing. I saw the standards taken from Sikhs, Chinese, and other races in different wars, two long, delicately-shaped brass cannon captured from Tippoo Saib, droll and clumsy Chinese guns, war-knives like butchers' cleavers, a triangular Chinese imperial flag, and last (and most abominable of all), what were intended to scare the British from the country (and might well scare any person of taste), two short, big-mouthed mortars, flanking one of the archways, elaborately shaped to represent, with distended jaws and squatting haunches, two tigers, but tigers the like of which is certainly not on earth. Reached home in time to see a queer specimen of Oriental life on a small scale in the compound. It had, I believe, something to do with bigamy, as each of the parties, an old man and a young, had two wives (one, I suppose, to do the drudgery and the other to do the quarreling). Whatever the trouble was, there was a dreadful discomposing of turbans and tempers, and pulling



WESTERN ENTRANCE, FORT GEORGE.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FORT GEORGE.

of scalps, and a threat of suicide by the younger antagonist, and a rush to the river, and a shriek of women, and out came those grave and graceful peons and stopped it all. Walking with Daniel at sundown across the bed of the river, I was pleasantly carried back to childish days by finding the little red and black guinea-peas in their dry, open pods climbing over the prickly pear. The following cut represents a sight often witnessed in India. I saw it to-day in the compound.

I have now to describe the most interesting part of my India life—an excursion made by night in a palanquin to the Seven Pagodas and the remains of the sea-buried city (tradition says) of Mavalipoor. The distance was about thirty-six miles southward, along the coast. I made the arrangements in the morning (Tuesday, March 28), by which I was to pay for the whole excursion about ten dollars, together with *batta* (or perquisites) to the bearers. The regulations allow each bearer 3½ *annas* (sixteenths of a rupee), that is, about ten cents for every ten miles. Basil Hall thinks the bearers are well paid at that rate; but it certainly seemed to me small enough, especially when the price of rice is quadrupled, to give a man for two nights and a day seventy-five cents, when our town watch never get less than one dollar a night for walking the street. One would hardly like to make horses of his fellow-creatures at a lower rate.



Just as the sun went down the palkee with its twelve bearers and *musalchee* (torch-bearer) entered the compound. Each man had on a turban, a longer cloth than usual wound round his loins, and in his hand a bamboo staff.

The band-box of "grub," the night-cap, etc., being stowed away, and the earthen *gogglet* of water hung outside on one of the poles, I crept in and we started. It was the most extraordinary kind of traveling (except *that* voyage) I ever tried. The bearers relieve each other by fours about every five minutes, enlivening the tedious work with a kind of cross between a chant and a grunt. I amused myself for a while by trying to imitate with English words their wild strains, but soon had to give it up. Basil Hall says: "Mostly the men in front use one kind of groan or grunt, which is answered by another from those behind. These sounds often

approach a scream, and frequently include warnings against stones in the way or pools of water, but these are articulated so indistinctly that it is difficult to catch them." As they left the compound they chanted with a jerk and a jounce at every emphatic syllable something like; "Hurry, come! diddy, diddy!" and when, as night deepened and the torch flung out its glare across the darkness, their strains, intermingling with the yells of the *sirdar* (head-bearer), "Pas! pas! (quick!) uhu! heigh!" sounded just as if there were a street-fight ahead of us. For some time our road lay under high trees, and between rows of native huts alternating with villas and gardens; but, as the darkness increased, it opened out to a broad view of the stars, and at last the stretch of the plain, and the feeling of the fresh breeze that swept it, indicated the vicinity of the ocean. Then I closed the blinds, laid my head on the straps, which could be raised and lowered at pleasure, and fell into a doze, till in my dreams the sirdar (transformed into a handsome youth) had me confidentially by the arm, and was telling me that all the gang had deserted, and then what could I do but wake? Nothing happened but the usual stop at midnight for the bearers to take their supper, and when they set me down in the sand the sudden silence had disturbed the doze which had been produced by the jar and jargon. When we set off again I slept little more. Opening the blinds at the first glimpse of dawn, I saw only that we were crossing a broad plain covered with patches of some vine creeping over a bed of sand.

The palkee stopped, I stepped out, and the sirdar pointed across to the rocky hills of Mavalipoor rising on our right. We entered the village about sunrise, and the palkee was carried up the steps and set down on the rock floor of what seemed at first to be a sort of horse-shed, but which, upon getting in, I found to be the remnant of an old rock temple of which it had probably formed the front. It was open in front, and supported by several square pillars, rounded at intervals, and bearing reliefs of Vishnu. In a niche of the rear wall stood a stone slab on which was sculptured a monkey running. Monkeys and their king, Hanuman, figure largely in the Hindoo mythology. They rendered great service to Ram, the old deified chief of the North, in recovering his stolen bride, all which are recounted in a popular poem called the Ramayun.

The first thing I did was to start for the celebrated old rock temple on the sea-coast, which I saw rearing its two pyramid tops from behind sand hills across a sandy plain sprinkled with prickly pear. Two or three Brahmin youths joined our little procession (I could scarcely go any where in the East on foot without a procession), as we approached the temple. Weary as I was, and pestered by those officious cicerones, I could hardly tell what I saw or felt. The first thing that impressed me distinctly was a gigantic stone figure of Vishnu, considerably mutilated, lying stretched out on his back, with two or three of his four arms and one of his legs partly broken and partly buried in the dirt (which is trodden to the fineness of powder), in a small dark cavernous room. I passed through the narrow passage between the temple and the wall that incloses it up to the eaves, and stood in the high door-way which opens directly upon those waters, beneath which, according to the legend, lies sunk the ancient city of Mahabalipoorum (the city of the great Bali,) and beneath which are said to have been sometimes seen the peaks of its pagodas. The morning sun was gleaming forth from a bank of blue clouds, upon the waves that foamed and flashed up over the rocks and ruins that lie here in confusion, and around the base of the dark stone column, the solitary survivor (one might fancy) of the great submarine city of temples that stretches at its foot.

Next, I crossed over to the so-called "Seven Pagodas." (There is a doubt about the number, and, in fact some say the proper title is *Siven's* Pagodas, meaning that they belong to Siva, the third person of the Hindoo triad.) On entering the grounds at the foot of the rock-hill, between the temple of Vishnu, on one hand, and the sa-



PALANQUIN TRAVELING.



SCULPTURED ROCKS AT MAVALIPOOR.

cred tank of the cottages of the Brahmins on the other, I was met by some of the chief priests—Pharisees and Sadducees of the College—who, with almost impudent assurance, proceeded to hurry me along through the routine of sights, over splintered rocks and prickly pear, impressing upon me particularly that there were "seven pagoda" (counting them on their fingers), and winding up all their flourishes with a hint at the expected bucksheesh. In one of the little pagodas, cut out of the hill-side, to which we climbed, a school of children was in session, but they probably got a holiday, for the schoolmaster as well as the doctor soon joined our party. These pompous ignoramuses always took care to explain that "that was a monkey," and "this was an elephant," carved on the rock; but where I wanted light could give none. I really saw nothing for a good hour save that there was a sight of things to see. So I returned to my palkee, there dismissing my guides with a slight donation, which I almost repented when the poor of the village crowded round with outstretched hands, in which they ever and anon buried their foreheads; and when, even as I lay in my chamber with half-closed eyes, I could see them in the road, salaming and supplicating afar off toward the "Englishman's" retreat.

After breakfasting, to the great entertainment of the public, I set off alone for the sea-temple, bathed my head in the waves, abstracted with difficulty some shells wedged in the crevices of the rocks, and after creeping about a while in the cool corners and caverns, returned to my palkee and took a siesta; after which I made a third excursion to the same old structure, and at last caught something of the genus *loci*. I am not sure that I can give dimensions, and I doubt whether it would be of any use if I could. It was not the size, but the shape, the sculpturing, and, above all, the situation of the temple, that lent it such a profound interest in my sight. It seemed to be one temple composed of two joined back to back. (Bishop Heber compares these double pagodas to English tea-canisters.) The pyramidal top of the lower half, looking inland, might be about thirty, and of the other that faced the sea forty feet high. As you entered the holy place of the lower temple, you saw sculptured on the back wall the four-armed god, while minor forms of "gods and bulls" looked out, dim with age, from the other walls and from the side-posts; and, indeed, there was hardly a jutting or retreating angle (and the same was true on the outside, from base to pinnacle) that was not cut into some quaint shape of life. But the most august aspect of the building was when you looked up from the rocks at the great door,

through which the sea had evidently dashed up many a time, mocking the power of man. Entering, you saw the god again on a huge slab set into the back wall. The floor was buried deep with sand, out of which (and I have found no explanation of this, as it had no connection with the rest of the architecture) there emerged six or eight feet obliquely a sixteen-sided broken shaft of dark stone, about three feet in diameter, the sides of which were polished to marble smoothness. The thing seems to me a great mystery. One would imagine that some commotion from beneath had forced up a column of some buried structure. Nor was it the least imposing thing about this old temple, to see how Nature had come in after man had retired, to add majesty and attract a new awe to his works, by rounding away the rude outlines and throwing over those sculptured forms a singular spiritual indefiniteness and obscurity, analogous to that produced in Allston's unfinished picture by the chalking out of Belshazzar's face. Even in the shaping of the loose rocks on the shore, one could hardly distinguish, sometimes, Nature's hand from that of human art. On the whole, I suspect that, though many more vast, there is hardly a more impressive structure in India, when you consider the singularity of the situation, the mystery that haunts the scene, and the grace of outline and proportion visible amidst so much that is so grotesque and monstrous.

After another short rest at my choltry, I again sallied down the village street, and struck in through the bushes for a final, and, as I hoped, a solitary study of the great hill of sculptured rock I had first seen in the early morning. We passed on over the hill of broad, bare rock, on which several carriages might drive abreast, along by the monstrous boulder that stood almost poised on the rounding slope. Workmen were busy quarrying and sculpturing among the trees and bushes. We paused a moment before a well-executed lion reposing on a slab; continued our way along the sides and across the corners of the rocks, by artificial steps, till we came in sight of the beautiful little temple of Ganesh (the god of wisdom), perched, not inappropriately, on the very forehead of the eminence, and there I stopped to look down on a singularly beautiful landscape. Eastward, and just below, lay the Brahminy cottages and temples; and, beyond, the little lone temple on the sea-coast, with the waves whitening around it. On the west, cocoa-nut groves, fields, meadows, and inland waters, and, far beyond all, the range of hills (still blue) on which we had gazed from our vessel the evening opposite Sadras. Winding down round the foot of the crag of Ganesha, we returned through a



EXCAVATED TEMPLE.

defile along by several temples hewn into the rocks, their walls crowded with warlike scenes and personages of Hindoo mythology, and so I got back to my palkee tabernacle, and about an hour before sundown my bearers took up their line of march homeward.

The day following was one of rest and hope, for all signs betokened rain. The wind blowing vehemently on shore rolled in heavier surf, crows flew restlessly in every direction, clouds of bricky dust swept the esplanade—I thought the poor cripples and blind beggars at the bridge, who sat holding out their little paws, would catch other rains than golden ones. At last, at midnight, there came a short, smart rain.

The next day all creation seemed glad of the relief of even so short a shower. I drove over to see Mr. Roberts at his home in Royapettah. It might almost as well be called a cavern as a house, in which, introduced by some of those mild, intellectual-looking disciples, I found the brave young defender of "the faith once delivered to the saints" seated in a cool corner of the inner court, white dressed, cool and cheerful, with piles of his own and his father's manuscripts around him, in two chests beside him his *book and tract depository*. I gathered from our conversation that he had to support himself and family, two school-masters partly, a catechist, a chorister, and a colporteur, for about two or three hundred dollars a year. Having noticed a man in red regimentals at his chapel, I inquired who he was. He replied that it was the servant of a Nawab, whose brother-in law had a great desire to see me.

The next morning, after breakfast, my visitors came in the Nawab's carriage, with, in addition to the runners, an outrider in red regimentals, whom I immediately recognized. The Mussulman was dressed in a white turban and a white gown, over which he wore a figured silk spencer that tied in front. He had with him his little son, whom, for the sake of befriending Mr. Roberts, he employs him to teach. I found him a remarkably acute and amiable person, and he talked English very successfully. Almost the first inquiry he made was about the views of one *Joseph Smith*, whose followers had reached Calcutta, and who, he had got the odd impression, was from Oxford. I was struck with his abrupt introduction of this subject, because I had so often thought of Mormonism as a sort of Mohammedanism of the West. He showed me a letter he had written to the Unitarians of England, asking sympathy in the common warfare against polytheism and idolatry. He said he had heard Jews, Mohammedans, and Unitarians lumped together as worshiping *an idol of the brain, a god in one person.*

The second Sunday I attended, with my host,



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH.

the Scotch kirk, Saint Andrew's Church, a grand building, vigorous, chaste, and elegant in its style of architecture, with the inscription, "Auspicio Regis et Senatus Angliæ," across the rear; and, within, combining a solemn simplicity with ease, freedom, and goodliness of aspect. The minister had the regular old singsong of the Covenanters, which he carried even into the reading of *notices*, but his sermon had spirit and fire. He described the slyness of the devil as Burns, when attending kirk with his "reverend grannie," had, no doubt, often heard it described. In the evening I heard the senior minister—who reminded me of Cowper's picture of a good preacher in his "Task."

Monday morning I gave Daniel, at his urgent request, a likeness of the elder Roberts. I never saw him in such raptures. He remembered the old man's preaching, and now he burst forth, as often as he peeped in at the picture, with more enthusiasm than grammatical accuracy: "Ah! I va-ary glad to have this! That va-ary much sensible man! gr-r-reat sensible man!"

The following evening, for the first and only time, I went to a dinner-party. The dining-hall was a scene of striking brilliancy and gorgeousness. To look at that long glittering table under the rich silk-edged punka, and that imposing assemblage of turbaned and robed servants, all waiting at the head of the table—every guest brings his "boy" with him on such occasions—one would have fancied it a select dinner to some embassador.

The next morning I visited the Ice-house; ascended to the office by a long, covered, brick stairway, followed by a great wind and a little boy. I have tasted a variety of the fruits of India, but none of them, not even the golden pulp of the mango, was, according to my taste, equal to the great, cool Baldwin apple from America, handed to me out of a barrel at the Ice-house. They sell here at a rupee a dozen. Went into the round tower-chamber, commanding the bay and the fine vista of the road to the Fort. In a niche stands a bust with this inscription:

FREDERICK TUDOR
Originated the Ice-trade, 1805–6.
Extended it to India, 1834.

Thursday, April 6. Met with Basil Hall's complete works. He compares the thunder of Madras beach to the noise of Niagara as he heard it five miles off. In the afternoon, returning from a drive to the beach of the Portuguese Catholic town of St. Thomè, we passed through the crowded, dirty old district of Triplicane, the Mussulman quarter, along by the bazars where swarmed the living, and the burying-grounds where rested the dead. We saw the palace of the Nawab, the descendant of the Nabobs of Arcot (*Kink* of the *Mawmen*, Daniel called him—*i. e.*, King of the Mohammedans), whose long wall exposed to the street its dingy, dilapidated pretensions. But the drive through the Street of Tombs, I should think a mile long, presented the most dismal, lugubrious spectacle I had yet witnessed. Far as eye could reach, in under the low branches of the trees, bare clay mounds rose in a long succession of rows, interspersed along the road-side, here and there, with a crumbling, toppling, old brick mausoleum, usually open on all sides with arches, but sometimes closed with an old, paintless, locked wooden door, many of them entirely ruined and neglected; all seemed to be staggering under a dreadful curse.

The morning after I visited a large school connected with the American Mission. As we entered the girls' department 150 little hands flew to 150 little foreheads in a general salam, and as we approached the boys' building up rose the whole school with a flustering noise, and some 500 bright eyes were turned on me from under the tall, many-shaped white cotton caps that set off so singularly the dark visages beneath. It was pleasing to see their eagerness for knowledge, which would have shamed multitudes of school-boys in our own favored land. Next I called and took leave of Dr. Scudder, who (his children being scattered as missionaries) was left all alone in his great house, like a tree that has shaken far away from itself its abundant fruit; and I spent the rest of the day in a very interesting visit to the celebrated school of the Free Church of Scotland. As I entered the noise was almost stunning that came from the whirl of all the wheels of that great educating machinery. Looking along under the arches of the vast brick-floored building, I saw Mr. Anderson, as he read my letter, come, peering over it, to meet me. He was a tall, bony person, a fine specimen of the Scotch master, with considerable brogue, and an eye eager, almost to wildness, with enthusiasm in his work. "Silence!" he yelled along the arches, and then we went the rounds of the successive classes that sate encircling their (mostly) native teachers. It was curious to see with what spirit the teachers and pupils, in their sharp voices, would *pop* at each other the questions and answers, leaning forward and charging home on each



TEMPLE OF MAHABALIPOORUM.

other at the point of the—finger. It was a great battle against the powers of darkness that rang through those halls. We closed our morning round with listening to a class of ten young women, with remarkably fine forms, heads, and faces, who sang delightfully the hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!"

After *tiffin* the theological class was examined by Veucataramiah and Rajahgopaul (two eminent native preachers, of whom the latter made a great sensation not long since in Scotland). It was a little dreary to hear those young converts so glibly reciting Calvin's Institutes; but when they opened Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and two of them would stand over against each other and charge at each other with hard questions, the scene was quite spirited and somewhat edifying.

Sunday, April 9. As we started for church the native convert, who offered his services a day or two ago to preach to the servants every Sunday at three rupees ($1 50) a month, arrived, and the little audience sate down on the veranda. The old man put on his spectacles, and we just peeped at an order of exercises he had written down: 1. Prayers; 2. A story from the Bible; 3. A chapter of Hebrews; 4. *Exposition of the heart.* I should like to have heard the last part, which I doubt not was better than what we did hear at St. Mary's Church in the Fort, whither we went. It was crowded, and the punkas were flying in every direction. As we arrived a little army of white-clad boys was filing into the rear of the house. The first *shock* produced by the sudden and *slam-bang* responding of that precocious gang of soldier boys, who determined to be loudest and not last, was extremely annoying; and the preaching, to me, was not bread but stone.

Monday, April 10, was my last day on shore. I had seen and felt about all my brain and body would bear, and was ready to beat a retreat to the ship. But I must make one farewell visit to Mr. Roberts, who had promised to meet me at the chapel. While waiting for him there I heard the children of the school recite. The rapidity and volubility which they brought with them from their own language gave a singular *staccato* to their enunciation of our condensed English, with its frequent monosyllables. It often made the passing natives stop in the street, who, when they did not keep a respectful distance, were admonished (and sometimes *assisted*) by the teacher to do what Joe had to do in the "Bleak House"—"*move on.*"

On Tuesday morning I gave Daniel his money and his "character" (which I hope he will never sell to any one who is unworthy of it), and in the afternoon went down to the beach to be carried to the ship. Having lifted me into the boat the fellows began butting and boosting, and as she began to float one by one they leaped in, rigged their long paddles, and with yells of "*Jilly! jilly!*" and then screams of "*Yarry! yarry!*" they strained from one advancing breaker to the next; and when, at last, they reached the billows beyond the surf, they began their alternate chanting, and when they reached the ship they set up a sort of triumphal song, the burden of which was

"Bombagay! bombagay!"

but what it meant I can not say.

A whole week we had to lie in the Roads. Easter holidays made it impossible to get any business done for the ship for half that time. At last, by the evening of April 18 all was aboard. What a brilliant and motley array of lights celebrated that last evening before Madras! There were the lights along shore of houses and bridges; the great revolving, glowing eye of the light-house; the heat-lightning playing out of the blue cloud above it; the lights from the surrounding shipping; the flashing phosphorescence of the billows, and the everlasting stars.

THE KING CONQUERED.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

IT was the 14th of July, 1789, when the exasperated people of Paris stormed the Bastile. Immediately the conquerors decreed that this execrable fortress of despotism should be utterly demolished.* The 14th of July was one of the most memorable days France has known. During all the day, from its earliest dawn, and through the hours of the succeeding night, the whole city presented an aspect of tumult and terror such as has rarely been witnessed on earth.

While these scenes were transpiring in Paris, the Court at Versailles, but poorly informed respecting the real attitude of affairs, were preparing, on the evening of that very day, with all the concentrated troops of the monarchy, to drown the insurrection in Paris in blood, to disperse the National Assembly then in session at Versailles, to consign to the dungeon and the scaffold Lafayette, Mirabeau, Bailly, Sièyes, and others of its most illustrious members, and to rivet anew the shackles of despotism which for ages had bound the people of France hand and foot.

M. Berthier, one of the high officers of the crown, aided by his father-in-law, M. Foulon, under-Minister of War, was intensely active, marshaling the troops and giving orders for the attack. Conscious of the opposition to be encountered, and regardless of the carnage which would ensue, they had planned a simultaneous assault upon the city at seven different points. Entertaining no apprehension that the Bastile could be taken, or that the populace, however desperate, could present any effectual resistance to the disciplined troops of the crown, they were elated with the hope that the decisive hour for the victory of the Court had arrived.

* "Vanished is the Bastile, what we call vanished; the *body* or sand-stones of it hanging in benign metamorphosis, for centuries to come, over the Seine waters, as *Pont Louis Seize* (Bridge of Louis XVI.); the soul of it living perhaps still longer in the memories of men."—CARLYLE, *Fr. Rev.*, i. 202.

The Queen could not conceal her exultation. With the Duchess of Polignac, one of the most haughty of the aristocratic party, and with other leading members of the Court, she went to the Orangery, where a regiment of foreign troops were stationed, excited the enthusiasm of the soldiers by her presence, and caused wine and gold to be freely distributed among them. In the intoxication of the moment the soldiers sang, danced, shouted, clashed their weapons, and denounced the people, and swore eternal fidelity to the Queen.*

But these bright hopes were soon blighted. A cloud of dust was seen, moving with the sweep of the whirlwind, through the Avenue of Paris. It was the cavalry of Lambesc, flying before the people. Soon after, a messenger rushed breathless into the presence of the Court and announced that the Bastile was taken, and that the troops in Paris refused to fire upon the people. While he was yet speaking another came with the tidings that De Launay and Flesselles were both slain. The Queen was deeply affected and wept bitterly. "The idea," writes Madame Campan, "that the King had lost such devoted subjects wounded her to the heart." The Court party was now plunged into consternation. The truth flashed upon them that, while the people were exasperated to the highest pitch, the troops could no longer be depended upon for the defense of the aristocracy.

The masses, enraged by the insults and aggressions of the privileged classes, still appreciated the kindly nature of the King, and spoke of him with respect and even affection. Efforts were made by the Court to conceal from Louis the desperate state of affairs, and at his usual hour of eleven o'clock he retired to his bed, by no means conscious that the sceptre of power had passed from his hands.

The Duke of Liancourt, whose office as Grand Master of the Wardrobe allowed him to enter the chamber of the King at any hour, was a sincere friend of Louis. He could not see him rush blindly to destruction, and accordingly, entering his chamber and sitting down by his bed-side, he gave him a truthful narrative of events in Paris. The King, astonished and alarmed, exclaimed,

"Why, it is a revolt!"

"Nay, Sire," replied Liancourt, "it is a revolution."

The King immediately resolved that he would, the next morning, without any ceremony, visit the National Assembly and attempt a reconciliation. The leading members of the Court, now fully conscious of their peril, were assembled in the saloons of the Duchess of Polignac, some already suggesting flight from the realm, to implore the aid of foreign kings.* The Assembly was still, during the midnight hours, deliberating in great anxiety. Many of the members, utterly exhausted by their uninterrupted session by day and by night, were slumbering upon the benches. It was known by all that this was the night assigned for the great assault, and a rumor was passing upon all lips that the Hall of the Assembly had been undermined, that all the Deputies might be blown into the air.

Paris at this hour presented a scene of awful tumult. It was momentarily expected that the royal troops would arrive with cavalry and artillery, and that from the heights of Montmartre bomb-shells would be rained down upon the devoted city. Men, women, and children were at work preparing for defense. The Bastile was guarded and garrisoned. The pavements were torn up, barricades erected, and ditches dug. The windows were illuminated to throw the light of day into the streets. Paving-stones and heavy articles of furniture were conveyed to the roofs of the houses to be thrown down upon the assailing columns. Every smith was employed forging pikes, and thousands of hands were busy casting bullets. Tumultuous throngs of characterless and desperate men swept the streets, rioting in the general anarchy. The watch-words established by the citizen-patrols were "Washington" and "Liberty." Thus passed the night of the 14th of July in the Chateau of Versailles, in the Hall of the Assembly, and in the streets of Paris.

At two o'clock in the morning of the 15th the Assembly ceased its deliberations for a few hours, and the members, though the session was still continued, sought such repose as they could obtain in their seats. At eight o'clock the discussions were resumed. It was resolved to send a deputation of twenty-four members, again to implore the King to respect the rights of the people, and no longer to suffer them to be goaded to madness by insults and oppression. As the deputation was about to leave, Mirabeau rose and said:†

* "The Duchess of Polignac was the most intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. Though enjoying an income from the crown of 292,000 francs ($58,400) annually, she was deemed poor when compared with others of the nobles. The Queen had assigned her a magnificent suite of apartments in the Palace of Versailles, at the head of the marble stairs. The saloons of the Duchess were the rendezvous of the Court in all its plottings against the people. Here originated that aristocratic club which called into being antagonistic popular clubs all over the kingdom."—Madame Campan, i. 139; Weber, ii. 23.

* "The fact was," writes the Marquis of Ferrières, a member of the Court and the impartial chronicler of its movements, "that the night had passed at the palace in the utmost agitation and indecision. Council after council was held. The ministers insisted that the troops should act. But, besides the unhappy consequences that it was possible might ensue from so violent a measure, of which the success was very uncertain, Louis XVI. had an invincible repugnance to every measure that could give occasion to the shedding of the blood of Frenchmen."

† On this day, July 15, 1789, Lally Tollendal made a noble speech in the Assembly, which shows clearly what was the Constitution which the people demanded, and the reasonableness of that demand. The following brief abstract of the speech will show its spirit:

"You have no law which enacts that the States-General are an integral part of the sovereignty; no law which fixes the periodical return of your States-General, for it is one hundred and seventy-five years since they were assembled. You have no law to protect your individual safety and liberty from arbitrary attacks. During the reign of a king, whose justice is known, and whose prob-

"Tell the King that the foreign hordes surrounding us received yesterday the caresses, encouragement, and bribes of the Court; that all night long these foreign satellites, gorged with money and wine, in their impious songs have predicted the enslavement of France, and have invoked the destruction of the National Assembly; tell him that in his very palace the courtiers have mingled dancing with these impious songs, and that such was the prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"

He had hardly uttered these words ere the Duke of Liancourt entered, and announced that the King was coming in person to visit the Assembly. The doors were thrown open, and, to the astonishment of the Assembly, the King, without guard or escort, and accompanied only by his two brothers, entered. A shout of applause greeted him. In a short and touching speech the King won to himself the hearts of all. He assured them of his confidence in the Assembly; that he had never contemplated its violent dissolution; and that he sincerely desired to unite with the Assembly in consulting for the best interests of the nation. He also declared that he had issued orders for the withdrawal of the troops both from Paris and Versailles, and that hereafter the counsels of the National Assembly should be the guide of his administration.*

This conciliatory speech was received by the mass of the deputies with rapturous applause. The aristocratic party were, however, excessively chagrined, and retiring by themselves, with whispers and frowns, gave vent to their vexation. But their feeble murmurs were drowned in the general applause. Nearly the whole Assembly rose in honor of the King, and, surrounding him in tumultuous joy, they escorted him back to his palace. A vast crowd from Paris and Versailles thronged the streets, filling the air with congratulatory shouts.

The Queen, who was sitting anxiously in her boudoir, heard the uproar, and was greatly terrified. Soon it was announced to her that the King was returning in triumph. She stepped out upon a balcony, and looked down upon the broad avenue filled with a countless multitude. The King was on foot. The deputies encircled him, interlacing their arms to protect him from the crowd, which was surging around with every demonstration of attachment and joy.

The people really loved the kind-hearted King, but they already understood that foible in his character which eventually led to his ruin. A woman of Versailles pressed her way through the deputies to the King, and, with great simplicity, exclaimed:

"Oh, my King! are you quite sincere? Will they not make you change your mind again?"

"No," replied the King; "I will never change."

The feeble Louis did not know himself. He was then sincere. But in less than an hour he was again wavering, being undecided whether to carry out his pacific policy of respecting the just demands of the people, or to fly from the realm and invoke the aid of foreign despots to bring the people again into subjection to feudal tyranny. It was well known that the Queen, educated in the school of Austrian despotism, the brothers of the King, and the Polignacs, were the implacable foes of reform, and that it was through their counsels that the Assembly and the nation were menaced with violence.*

As soon as the Queen was seen upon the balcony, with her son and daughter by her side, the shouts of applause were redoubled. But now murmurs began to mingle with the acclaim. A few execrations were heard against the obnoxious members of the Court. Still the general voice was enthusiastic in loyalty, and, when the Queen descended to the foot of the marble stairs, and threw herself into the arms of the King, every murmur was hushed, and confidence and happiness seemed to fill all hearts.†

A cabinet council was immediately held in the palace to deliberate respecting the next step to be taken. The Assembly returned to their hall, and immediately chose a deputation of one hundred members, with Lafayette at their head, to convey to the municipal government at the Hotel de Ville in Paris the joyful tidings of their reconciliation with the King. A courier was sent in advance to inform of the approach of the delegation.

ity is respected by all Europe, ministers have caused your magistrates to be torn from the sanctuary of the laws by armed satellites. In the preceding reign all the magistrates in the kingdom were dragged from their seats, from their homes, and scattered by exile, some on the tops of mountains, others in the slough of marshes, all in situations more obnoxious than the most horrible of prisons. You have no law which establishes the liberty of the press. Up to this time your thoughts have been enslaved, your wishes chained, the cry of your hearts under oppression has been stifled, sometimes under the despotism of individuals, at others by the still more terrible despotism of bodies. You have no law requiring your consent to taxes. For two centuries you have been taxed three or four hundred millions, without consenting to a single one. You have no law which establishes the responsibility of the ministers of the crown. The creators of sanguinary commissions, the issuers of arbitrary orders, the dilapidators of the public exchequer, the violators of the sanctuary of justice, have been called to no account, have undergone no punishment. Lastly, you have no *great charter* upon which rests a fixed and invariable order, from which each one learns how much of his liberty and property he ought to sacrifice for the sake of preserving the rest, which insures all rights, which defines all powers.

"It is this Constitution, gentlemen, that I wish for. It is this Constitution that is the object for which we were sent hither, and which ought to be the aim of all our labors."

Such were the rights for which the people were contending.

* Hist. Phil. de la Rev. Fr., par Ant. Fantin Desodourds, i. 165; M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, i. 69; Hist. Parlem., ii. 117.

* M. Necker, speaking of the plots of the Court, writes: "I could never ascertain certainly what design was contemplated. There were secrets and after-secrets, and I am convinced that the King himself was not in all of them. It was intended, perhaps, according to circumstances, to draw the monarch into measures which they did not dare to mention to him beforehand."—Vol. ii. p. 85.

† Madame Campan, Memoirs, etc., ii. 48.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The deputation left Versailles, accompanied by an immense escort of citizen soldiers, and followed by a crowd which could not be numbered. They were received in Paris with almost delirious enthusiasm. Throughout the whole night the citizens, men, women, and children, had been at work piling up barricades, unpaving the streets, and preparing, with every conceivable weapon and measure of offense and defense, to meet the contemplated assault from the artillery and cavalry of the Crown.

Fathers and mothers, pallid with terror, had anticipated the awful scenes of the sack of the city by a brutal soldiery. Inexpressible was the joy to which they surrendered themselves in finding that the King had now openly avowed himself their friend, and had espoused the popular cause. Windows and balconies were crowded, the streets were strewn with flowers, and the deputies were every where greeted with smiles and waving of handkerchiefs, and with the most enthusiastic acclaim.

At the Place Louis XV. the deputies left their carriages, and were conducted through the garden of the Tuileries, greeted by the music of martial bands, to the vestibule of the palace. There they were met by a committee of the municipality, with one of the clergy, the Abbé Fauchet, at its head, who accompanied them to the Hotel de Ville.

Lafayette addressed the Electors, informing them of the King's speech, and describing the monarch's return to his palace in the midst of the National Assembly, "protected by their love and their inviolable fidelity." Lally Tollendal, a man of great eloquence, then followed in a speech to the Electors and to the assembled multitude. He loved the King, and spoke of him in the highest terms of eulogy, and in a strain so persuasive and spirit-stirring that he was immediately crowned with a wreath of flowers, and was carried, in a tumult of transport, to the window to receive the applause of the thousands who filled the Place de Grève. Love for the King seemed to be an instinct with the populace. Shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" rose from the vast assembly, which shouts were reverberated from street to street through all the thronged thoroughfares of the metropolis.

The King had authorized the establishment of the National Guard, but the Guard was yet without a commander-in-chief. The government of Paris also, by the death of Flesselles, had no head. There was in the Hall of the Assembly a bust of Lafayette, which had been presented by the United States to the city of Paris. It stood by the side of the bust of Washington. As the momentous question was discussed, "Who shall be intrusted with the command of the National Guard?" a body which now numbered hundreds of thousands, and which was rapidly organizing through all the departments of the kingdom, Moreau de St. Méry, Chairman of the Municipality, rose, and, without uttering a word, silently pointed to the bust of Lafayette. The gesture was decisive. A general shout of acclaim filled the room. He who had fought the battles of liberty in America was thus intrusted with the command of the citizen soldiery of France. M. Bailly was then chosen successor of Flesselles, not with the title of Prévôt des Marchands, but with the more comprehensive one of Mayor of Paris.

Thus was the new government established, consolidated, with power which as yet neither the Court nor the people even faintly realized. The National Assembly and the Municipality of Paris were now supreme. A million of men were ready to draw the sword and to spring into the ranks to enforce their decrees. The King was henceforth but a cipher. Though by no means then conscious of it, his power had passed away forever. The Revolution was now truly effected, and nothing remained but to carry out those plans which might be deemed essential to the welfare of France. Had it not been for the interference of surrounding despots, who combined their armies to rivet anew the chains of feudal aristocracy upon the French people, the subsequent horrors of the Revolution, in all probability, would never have occurred. Men of wisdom and of the purest patriotism were thus far at the head of affairs. Every step which had been taken had been wisely taken. The object which all sought was Reform, not Revolution—the reign of a constitutional monarchy like that of England, not the Reign of Terror.* Even a republic was not then desired. A monarchy was in accordance with the habits and tastes of the people, and would leave them still in sympathy with the great family of governments which surrounded them. Lafayette, Talleyrand, Sièyes, Mirabeau, Bailly, and all the other leaders in this great movement, wished only to infuse the spirit of personal liberty into the monarchy of France.

But when all the surrounding despotisms combined, and put their armies in motion to invade France, determined that the French people should not be free, and when the aristocracy of France combined with these foreign invaders to enslave anew the millions who had just broken their chains, a spirit of desperation was roused which led to all the woes which ensued. We can not tell what would have been the result had there not been the combination of these foreign kings; but we *do* know that the results which *did* ensue, were the direct and legitimate consequence of that combination.

It will be remembered that the French Guards espousing the popular side had refused to fire upon the people. This disobedience to the royal officers was of course an act of treason. The Duke of Liancourt, speaking in behalf of the King, said, "The King *pardons* the French Guards." At the utterance of the obnoxious word *pardon* a murmur of displeasure ran through the hall. Some of the Guards who

* "Toute la France alors voulait un roi, avec une constitution democratique."—*Hist. de la Rev. Fr., par* VILLIAUME, 24.

were present immediately advanced to the platform, and one, as the organ of the rest, said, firmly and nobly,

"We can not accept a *pardon*. We need none. In serving the nation we serve the King; and the scenes which are now transpiring prove it."

The laconic speech was greeted with thunders of applause, and nothing more was said about pardon. The clergy, who were active in these movements, were not unmindful of their obligations to God. The whole people seemed to sympathize in this religious sentiment. At the suggestion of the Archbishop of Paris a *Te Deum* was promptly voted, and the Electors, deputies, and new magistrates, accompanied by an immense concourse of citizens and escorted by the French Guards, repaired to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the solemn chant of thanksgiving was devoutly offered. Lafayette and Bailly then took their oaths of office.

Upon the return of the deputation to the Assembly at Versailles, Lally Tollendal reported that the universal cry of the Parisians was for the recall of Necker, with whom the popular cause was held to be identified. A motion was immediately introduced to send a deputation to the King soliciting his recall. They had but just entered upon the discussion of this question when a message was received from Louis XVI. announcing the dismissal of the obnoxious ministers, accompanied by an unsealed letter addressed to Necker, summoning him to return to his post. Inspired by gratitude for this act, the Assembly immediately addressed a vote of thanks to the King.

The populace of Paris had expressed the earnest wish that the King would pay them a visit. During the afternoon and evening of the 16th the question was warmly discussed by the Court at Versailles, whether the King should fly from the kingdom protected by the foreign troops whom he could gather around him, and seek the assistance of foreign powers, or whether he should feign acquiescence in the popular movement, and visit the people in Paris. The Queen was in favor of escape. She told Madame Campan that, after a long discussion at which she was present, the King impatient and weary said,

"Well, gentlemen we must decide. Must I go away or stay? I am ready to do either." "The majority," the Queen continued, "were for the King's stay. Time will show whether the right choice has been made."*

The King was very apprehensive that in going powerless to Paris he might be assassinated. That he might be prepared for any event, he partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and nominated his brother, subsequently Louis XVIII., Lieutenant of France, in case of his detention or death. Early the next morning, the 17th of July, he took an affecting leave of his weeping, distracted family, to visit the tumultuous metropolis. His pale and melancholy countenance impressed every observer. The Queen, who was bitterly hostile to the movement, was almost in despair. She immediately retired to her chamber and employed herself in writing an Address to the Assembly, which she determined to present in person in case the King should be detained a prisoner.*

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the King left Versailles. He rode in an unostentatious carriage without any Guards, but surrounded by the whole body of the deputies on foot.†

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before the long procession arrived at the gates of the city. Thus far they had proceeded in silence. M. Bailly, the newly-appointed mayor, there met him and presented him with the keys of the city, saying,

"These are the keys presented to Henry the Fourth. He had reconquered the people. Now the people have reconquered their King."

Two hundred thousand men, now composing the National Guard, were marshaled in military array to receive their monarch. They lined the Avenue, four or five men deep, from the bridge of Sevres to the Hôtel de Ville. They had but 30,000 muskets and 50,000 pikes. The rest were armed with sabres, lances, scythes, and pitchforks. The revolution thus far was the movement, not of a party, but of the nation. Even matrons and young girls were seen standing armed by the side of their husbands and fathers. The clergy, not forgetting that they were men and citizens, were there also, in this hour of their country's peril, consecrating all their influence to the cause of freedom. They did not ignominiously take refuge beneath their clerical robes from the responsibilities of this grandest of conflicts for human rights. Shouts of "*Vive la Nation!*" were continually heard, swelling from the multitude. As yet not a voice had been heard to cry "*Vive le Roi!*" The people had again become suspicious. Rumors of the unrelenting hostility of the Court had been circulating through the crowd, and there were many fears that the ever-vacillating King would again espouse the cause of aristocratic usurpation. Passing along these lines of the National Guard, with the whole population of Paris thronging the house-tops, the balconies, and the pavements, the King at length arrived at four

* Madame Campan, Memoirs, 251.

* "She got this address by heart," writes Madame Campan. "I remember it began with these words, 'Gentlemen, I come to place in your hands the wife and family of your sovereign. Do not suffer those who have been united in heaven to be put asunder on earth.' While she was repeating this address her voice was often interrupted by her tears, and by the sorrowful exclamation, 'They will never let him return!'"

† The Parliamentary History, ii. 130, records that 100 deputies accompanied the King; Thiers states 200; Michelet, 300 or 400; M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, a member of the Assembly, says that the whole body of the deputies accompanied the King; and M. Ant. Fantin Desodourds, an eye-witness, writes, "*L'Assemblée National, entiere, l'accompagnait à pied dans son coutume de ceremonie.*" i. 34.

The probability is that 100 were chosen, but all went.



ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

o'clock in the afternoon at the Hôtel de Ville, the seat of the new government. He alighted from his carriage and ascended the gloomy stairs beneath a canopy of steel formed by the grenadiers crossing their bayonets over his head. This was intended, not as a humiliation, but as a singular act of honor.*

The King took his position in the centre of the spacious Hall, which presented an extraordinary aspect. It was crowded with the notabilities of the city and of the realm. Those near the centre, with true French politeness, dropped upon their knees, that those more remote might have a view of the King. Bailly then presented the King with the tri-colored cockade. He received it and immediately pinned it upon his hat. This was understood as the adoption of the popular cause. It was received with a shout of enthusiasm, and "*Vive le Roi!*" burst from all lips with almost delirious energy. Tears gushed into the eyes of the King, and, turning to one of his suite, M. de Cubieres, he said,

"My heart stands in need of such shouts from the people."*

"Sire," replied Cubieres, "the people love your Majesty, and your Majesty ought never to have doubted it."

The King rejoined, in accents of deep sensibility, "The French loved Henry the Fourth; and what King ever better deserved to be beloved?"

Louis could not forget that the affection of the people did not protect Henry from the dagger of the assassin. Moreau de St. Méry, President of the Assembly of Electors, in his address to the King, said: "You owed your crown to birth; you are now indebted for it only to your virtues."† The minutes of the proceedings of the Municipality were then read, and the King.

* Michelet, 173.

* "In vain had the royal family endeavored to hinder the departure of the King, and to inspire him with apprehension. He knew full well, and we knew it, likewise, that he had not been the author of those pernicious counsels which had kindled the civil war."—M. RABAUT DE ST. ETIENNE, i. 71.

† Histoire de la Rev. Fr., par Louis Blanc, ii. 420.



LOUIS XVI. GIVING MONEY TO THE POOR.

by silence, gave his assent to the appointment of Lafayette as Commander of the National Guard, of Bailly as Mayor of Paris, and to the order for the utter demolition of the Bastile. It was also proposed that a monument should be erected upon its site to Louis XVI., "The Regenerator of Public Liberty, the Restorer of National Prosperity, the Father of the French people." These were, to the monarch, hours of terrific humiliation. He bore them, however, with the spirit of a martyr, struggling in vain to assume the aspect of confidence and cordiality.*

When Bailly led him to the balcony to exhibit him to the people with the tri-colored cockade upon his hat, and shouts of triumph, like thunder-peals, rose from the myriad throng, tears flooded the eyes of the King, and he bowed his head in silence and sadness, as if presenting himself a victim for the sacrifice. Some one whispered to the monarch that it was expected that he would make an address. Two or three times he attempted it; but his voice was choked with emotion, and he could only, in almost in-

* "This procession of the greatest monarch of Europe," writes the Marquis of Ferrières, "could not but inspire the most melancholy reflections. The marks of anxiety and chagrin were visibly painted on his countenance."



PERSECUTION OF THE CORN-DEALERS.

articulate accents, exclaim, "You may always rely upon my affection."

As the King returned through the vast throng to Versailles, the tide of enthusiasm set strongly in his favor. Shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" almost deafened his ears. The populace bore him in their arms to his chariot. A woman threw herself upon his neck and wept with joy. Men ran from the houses with goblets of wine for his postillions and his suite. A few words from his lips then would have been re-echoed through the crowd, and might have saved the monarchy. But Louis was a man of feeble intellect, and of no tact whatever. He was pleased with the homage which was spontaneously offered him, and, stolid in his immense corpulence, sat lolling in his chariot, with a good-natured smile upon his face, but uttered not a word. It was after nine o'clock in the evening when he returned to the Palace at Versailles. The Queen and her children met him on the stairs, and, convulsively weeping, threw themselves into his arms. Clinging together they ascended to the saloon. There the Queen caught sight of the tri-colored cockade, which the King had forgotten to remove from his hat. The Queen recoiled, and looking upon it contemptuously, exclaimed,

"I did not think that I had married a plebeian!"

The good-natured King, however, forgot all his humiliations in his safe return, and congratulated himself that no violence had been excited.

"Happily," he said, "no blood has been shed; and it is my firm determination that never shall a drop of French blood be shed by my order."*

While these scenes were transpiring on this the 17th of July, the Count d'Artois, second brother of the King, the Condés, the Polignacs, and most of the other leaders of the aristocratic party, fled from France. The conspiracy they had formed had failed. The nation had risen against them, and no dependence could be placed on the vacillating King. Their only hope now was to summon the combined energies of foreign despotisms to arrest the progress of that liberty in France which alike threatened all their thrones.† The palace was now forsaken and

* Madame Campan, Memoirs, etc., ii. 59.

† "The day of the King's entry into Paris was the first of the emigration of the noblesse. The violent aristocratical party finding all their coercive measures overturned, and dreading the effects of popular resentment, left the kingdom. The Count d'Artois, the Prince of Condé, the Prince of Conti, Marshal Broglie, and the whole family of the Polignacs set off in haste, and arrived in safety at Brussels—a fatal example of defection, which, being speedily followed by the inferior nobility, produced the most disastrous consequences. But it was the same in all the subsequent changes of the Revolution. The leaders of the Royalist party, always the first to propose violent measures, were, at the same time, unable to sup-



ASSASSINATION OF BERTHIER.

gloomy as a tomb. For three days the King sadly paced the deserted halls, with none of his old friends to cheer or counsel him but Bensenval and Montmorin. His servants, conscious that he had fallen from his kingly power, became careless even to insolence. Even the French Guard mounted guard at Versailles only on orders received from the Electors at Paris.*

On the 19th Bensenval presented an order for the King to sign. A footman entered the Cabinet, and looked over the King's shoulder to see what he was writing. Louis, amazed at such unparalleled effrontery, seized the tongs to break the head of the miscreant. Bensenval interposed to prevent the undignified blow. The King clasped the hand of his friend, and bursting into tears thanked him for the interposition. Thus low had fallen the descendant of Louis XIV. in his own palace at Versailles.*

There was now in reality no government in France. The kingly power was entirely overthrown, and the National Assembly had hardly awoke to the consciousness that all power had passed into its hands. Even in Paris, the Municipality, now supreme there, had by no means organized an efficient government. Famine desolated the kingdom. Ages of misrule had so utterly impoverished the people that they were actually dying of starvation. "Bread, bread!" was every where the cry; but bread could not be obtained. Many boiled grass and fern-roots for sustenance. Every where the eye met wan and haggard men in a state of desperation.† The King, constitutionally humane, felt

port them when furiously opposed. They diminished the sympathy of the world at their fall from so high a rank by showing that they were unworthy of it."—ALISON, i. 78.

* Michelet, 186. Bensenval, iii. 419.

* Michelet, 175.

† "The signs of a Grand Seigneur being landlord are



LAFAYETTE REVIEWING THE NATIONAL GUARD.

deeply these woes of his subjects. With a little apparent ostentation, quite pardonable under the circumstances, he occasionally walked out and administered relief with his own hands to the haggard beggary he every where met. He was by nature one of the kindest of men; but he had hardly a single quality to fit him to be the ruler of a great people. A nation was on the brink of famine, and the monarch was giving gold to beggars instead of introducing vigorous measures for relief. How prompt, energetic, and effectual would have been the measures which Napoleon, under these circumstances, would have introduced! It is not strange that France should look with pride upon the Empire, and with shame and execration upon the old régime.

As the National Assembly met on the morning of the 18th of July reports were brought from all parts of violence and riots. The most vigorous of efforts were adopted by the Electors in Paris to supply the city with food. Nearly a million of people were within its walls. Vast numbers had crowded into the city from the country hoping to obtain food. No law could restrain such multitudes of men, actually dying of hunger. As it was better to die by the bullet or the bayonet than by starvation, they would at all hazards rush into the dwellings of the wealthy, and into magazines, to obtain food, unless food in some other way could be provided for them. The disorders of the time had put a stop to all the enterprises of industry, and thus the impoverished millions were left without money, without employment, and without food.

In one of the villages near Paris it was reported that a rich farmer had concealed a large quantity of grain to enrich himself by its sale at an exorbitant price. A haggard multitude of men, women, and children surrounded his dwelling and threatened to hang him unless he delivered up his stores. The Assembly immediately sent a deputation of twelve members to attempt to save the unfortunate corn-dealer's life.* While engaged in this business, a delegation entered from the Faubourg St. Antoine, stating that the wretched inhabitants of that faubourg had for the last five days been without work and without food, and entreating that some measure might be devised to save them from starvation. Nine thousand dollars were immediately subscribed by the deputies for their relief. Four thousand dollars of this sum were given by the Archbishop of Paris.

The rage of the people during these days of distress was particularly directed against those whom they deemed monopolists, who were accused of keeping from the market the very sources of life. The sufferings of the people and their desperation were so intense, that it was necessary to send military bands from the city of Paris to convoy provisions through the famishing districts into the metropolis. The peasants who saw their children actually gasping and dying of hunger would attack the convoys with the ferocity of wolves, and though it seemed absolutely necessary to resist them even unto death no one could severely blame them.

There were two men—M. Foulon, former Intendant of the Army, and M. Berthier, his son-in-law, sub-Minister of War—who were conspicuous members of the Court, and who had

wastes, moors, deserts, ling; go to his residence, you will find it in the middle of a forest, peopled with deer, wild boars, and wolves. The fields are scenes of pitiable management as the houses are of misery. To see so many millions of hands that would be industrious all idle and starving. Oh, if I were legislator of France, for one day, I would make these great lords skip again."—ARTHUR YOUNG, ii. 12.

* "He was only saved by a deputation of the Assembly, who showed themselves admirable for courage and humanity, risked their lives and preserved the man, only after having begged him of the people on their knees."—MICHELET, 186.

both been very active in their hostility to the popular cause. Upon the overthrow of Necker's ministry, these men were called into the new ministry antagonistic to the people. It was reported that M. Foulon had frequently said:

"If the *people* are hungry, let them eat grass. It is good enough for *them*. My horses eat it."*

He was reputed to possess great wealth, which he had obtained by the most infamous oppression, and he had long been execrated by the people. The brutal remarks which he was universally believed to have made, and which were in entire harmony with his character, excited the rage of the famishing people to the highest pitch.†

Berthier was a hard-hearted, unscrupulous, debauched man, whose character no one would attempt to defend.‡ Though fifty years of age, he was an atrocious and unblushing libertine, and seemed to exult in the opportunity of making war upon the Parisians, by whom he was detested. "He showed a diabolical activity," says Michelet, "in collecting arms, troops, every thing together, and in manufacturing cartridges. If Paris were not laid waste with fire and blood, it was not his fault."§

Both Berthier and Foulon were now at the mercy of the people. Neither the Court nor the royal army had any power to protect them. Berthier attempted to escape from France to join the royalists who had already emigrated. Fleeing by night and hiding by day, in four nights he reached as far as Soissons. Foulon adopted the stratagem of a pretended death. He spread the report that he had died suddenly of apoplexy. He was buried by proxy with great pomp—one of his servants having, by chance, died at the right moment. He then repaired to the house of a friend, where he concealed himself. He would have been forgotten had he not been so execrated by all France. Those who knew him best execrated him the worst. His servants and vassals detected the fraud, and, hunting him out, found him walking in the park of his friend. He was seized and dragged to Paris.

"You wanted to give *us* hay!" they said. "You shall eat some yourself."

They tied a truss of hay upon his back, threw a collar of thistles over his neck, and bound a nosegay of nettles upon his breast. The awful hour of blind popular vengeance had come. Surrounded by an ever-accumulating throng, and incessantly assailed by their execrations, he was led to the Hôtel de Ville. There the populace presented him for the vain formalities of a trial. Before their tribunal he had already been tried and condemned.

At the same time Berthier was arrested as he was hastening to the frontier. As the mob were dragging Foulon up the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, another mob, still more frightful, was entering one of the gates of the city, surrounding Berthier. The wretched man was in a cabriolet, the top of which had been broken off that the populace might have a distinct view of their victim. A furious multitude was rioting around him, often pelting him with pieces of black bread, exclaiming, "Take that, brigand! That is the bread you made us eat."

The Municipality, as Foulon was brought before them, were in great perplexity. They had no legal power to sit in judgment as a criminal court. The old courts were broken up, and no new ones had as yet been established. Indeed an appeal to the royalist courts would have secured the trial of Foulon by his own colleagues and accomplices. This was evident to all.*

It was six o'clock in the morning when Foulon was dragged into the hall of the Hôtel de Ville. The news of his arrest had spread rapidly through Paris, and the Place de Grève was soon thronged with an excited multitude. Foulon was universally known, and as universally execrated. Both Bailly and Lafayette were in a state of sore perplexity. They wished to save the guilty man from popular violence, and yet knew not how to accomplish it. Lafayette attempted to induce the people to send Foulon to prison, that he might subsequently receive a legal trial for his long career of crime.†

"Gentlemen," said Lafayette, earnestly, "I can not blame your indignation against this man. I have always considered him a great culprit, and no punishment is too severe for him. He shall receive the punishment he merits. But he has accomplices, and we must know them. I will conduct him to the Abbaye, where we will draw up charges against him, and where he shall be tried and condemned according to the laws."

The people applauded this speech, and Foulon insanely joined them in the applause. This excited their suspicion that some plot was forming for his rescue. A man from the crowd cried out,

"What is the use of judging a man who has been judged these thirty years?"

This cry was Foulon's death-warrant. It kindled anew the flame of indignation, and it now burned unquenchably. The enraged populace clamored for their victim. The surgings of the multitude were like the tumult of the

* Bertrand de Molleville testifies that this was a habitual expression in the mouth of Foulon.—*Annals*, i. 347.

† "The old man," Foulon, "believed by such bravado to please the young military party, and recommend himself for the day he saw approaching, when the Court, wanting to strike some desperate blow, would look out for a hardened villain."—MICHELET, ii. 10.

‡ Beaulieu's Memoirs, ii. 10.

§ "Foulon had a son-in-law after his own heart, Berthier, the Intendant of Paris, a shrewd but hard-hearted man, and unscrupulous, as confessed by the royalists. A libertine at the age of 50, in spite of his numerous family, he purchased on all sides—so it was said—little girls 12 years of age. He knew well that he was detested by the Parisians, and was but too happy to find an opportunity of making war upon them."—MICHELET, 184.

* Michelet, 187.

† "In those terrible moments," says M. Bailly, "pretexts were to be made use of to escape from these atrocities. There was a real danger to those (it was useless to brave it) who attempted to speak the language of justice and humanity. The people could hear nothing; whoever thought not with them was supposed a traitor."

ocean in a storm. The countless thousands pressed on, sweeping electors, judges, and witnesses before them, and Foulon was seized, no one can tell by whom or how, forced down the stairs into the streets, a cord with a slip-noose was thrown around his neck, and the attempt was made to hang him upon a lamp-post. Twice the iron cut the cord, and the old man, falling to the ground, on his knees begged for mercy. But the infuriated populace were unrelenting; a third rope was obtained, and their unhappy victim was soon dangling lifeless in the air.

While these awful scenes were transpiring, the roar of another countless multitude was heard, and Berthier, in his cabriolet, was brought to the Place de Grève, the infuriated multitude which surrounded him filling the air with menaces and execrations. A placard was borne before him with this inscription: "He has robbed the King and France. He has devoured the substance of the people. He has been the slave of the rich and the tyrant of the poor. He has drunk the blood of the widow and the orphan. He has betrayed his country."*

The miserable man was dragged up the steps of the Hotel de Ville, to undergo the mockery of a trial. But the mob was now entirely in the ascendency. There was no longer law, or even the semblance of authority. Lafayette made an attempt, through the National Guard, to rescue Berthier, that he might convey him to the Abbaye. But the moment the Guard appeared with their prisoner in the street, the mob fell irresistibly upon him. Seizing a gun, he fought like a tiger. The head of Foulon, raised on a pike, was thrust in his face. He was knocked down and pierced with a hundred bayonets. A dragoon tore out his heart, and carried it, dripping with blood, to the Hôtel de Ville, saying, as he placed it upon the table, "Here is the heart of Berthier!"†

The brutal grenadier attempted an extenuation of his ferocity by declaring that Berthier had caused the death of his father. His comrades, however, would not accept of the apology. Deeming his conduct a disgrace to their corps, they told him that they would all fight him in turn until he was killed. He was killed that night.

These scenes placed the National Assembly and the Municipality of Paris in a most embarrassing position. They had emancipated the nation from the old feudal tyranny—a tyranny as execrable as imagination can conceive. But now another tyranny was rising, blind, brutal, and apparently omnipotent. The Assembly seemed to have no choice of election but between the old royalty which was too grievous to be borne, and the domination of the mob whose full terrors they had not yet experienced. These were the two foes against which the Revolution ever had to contend—the despotism of kings, and the despotism of an infuriated and degraded populace. From this conflict they had no reprieve, until Napoleon came forward and won the gratitude of France by introducing the glories of the Empire—a reign in which equal rights and impartial justice were, by a strong arm, secured for all.* There are few readers who will not sympathize with Napoleon in his oft-repeated declaration, that if he must either submit to the old régime, bad as it was, or be in subjection to an ungovernable mob, he had infinitely rather return to the old régime.†

Both Bailly and Lafayette were so alarmed and disgusted with these brutal murders that, as an expression to the people of their abhorrence, they both tendered their resignations. It was evident that, unless some strong reaction could be produced in the popular mind, both the National Assembly and the Municipality of Paris would be powerless before the fierce impulses of an ignorant and degraded multitude just waking to a consciousness of their wrongs and of their power. These resignations, for the moment, produced the desired effect. There was almost a universal solicitation that these humane and distinguished men should retain their offices.‡ Saddened and anxious, they both consented, but they were both subsequently crushed by the burdens they attempted to bear. Bailly was subsequently sent by the Revolutionary Tribunal to the scaffold, and the life of Lafayette was only preserved by his long imprisonment in the dungeons of Olmutz.

A report was now spread throughout the kingdom that the fugitive princes and nobles were organizing a force on the frontiers for the invasion of France; that the armies of foreign despots were allied with them, and that all the royalists in France were conspiring, as soon as the foreign invaders should enter the realm,

* Histoire de la Révolution de 1789. Par Deux Amis de la Liberté, ii. 130. See also Proces-verbal des Electeurs.

† "These people, whom Mirabeau termed so well 'the refuse of public contempt,' are as if restored to character by punishment. The gallows becomes their apotheosis. They are now become interesting victims, the martyrs of monarchy. Their legends will go on increasing in pathetic fictions. Mr. Burke canonized them, and prayed on their tomb."—MICHELET, *Hist. View of French Rev.*, 190.

* Sir Archibald Alison, true to his instincts as the advocate of aristocratic usurpation, carefully conceals the infamous character which drew down upon Foulon and Berthier the vengeance of the populace. Impartial history, while denouncing the ferocity of the mob, should not conceal those outrages which have roused the people to madness.

† "It is an indisputable fact that the murder of Foulon and Berthier was not looked upon by the majority of the people of Paris with horror and disgust. So unpopular were these two men that their death was viewed as an act of justice, only irregular in its execution. Frenchmen were still accustomed to witness the odious punishment of torture and the wheel, and society may hence learn a lesson, that the sight of cruel executions tends to destroy the feelings of humanity."—*France and its Revolutions, by* GEORGE LONG, Esq., p. 47.

‡ "The people and the militia did actually throng around Lafayette, and promised the utmost obedience in future. On this condition he resumed the command, and subsequently he had the satisfaction of preventing many disturbances by his own energy and the zeal of the troops."—THIERS, i. 76.

to rise and join them in their onset upon the people. The panic which, in consequence of these tidings, pervaded the kingdom was fearful. France, just beginning to breathe the atmosphere of liberty, was threatened with chains of slavery more heavy than had ever been worn before. The energies of a semi-enfranchised people were roused to the utmost vigor to meet this peril. Every city and every village of any importance, organized a municipal government in sympathy with the Municipality in Paris. The peasants in the rural districts, hating the nobles who had long oppressed them, and conscious that these nobles were now conspiring to renew their execrable power, assailed them with ferocity and burned their castles. There was a universal rising of the Third Estate all over the realm against the tyranny of the privileged classes, assailing that tyranny with the only instrument at its command—blind, brutal force.* In one week, three millions of men assumed the military character and organized themselves for the defense of the kingdom. The tri-colored cockade became the national uniform. The whole nation was now in arms, and goaded almost to desperation by the menaces of allied Europe.

The National Assembly, intently occupied in framing a Constitution, was greatly disturbed by reports of these wide-spread acts of violence. Yet daily delegations arrived from the different provinces with vows of homage, and with their formal recognition of the authority of the National Representatives.

Necker was in exile at Basle. He had left the Polignacs in pride and power at Versailles, as he, dismissed by the Court, had fled from France. They now, in their turn, were also fugitives. One morning one of the Polignacs hastened to Necker's apartments, and informed him of the overthrow of the Court and the triumph of the people. Necker had just received these tidings when a courier placed in his hands the letter of the King recalling him to the ministry. The grandest of triumphs greeted him from the moment his carriage entered France until he was received with a delirium of joy in the streets of Paris.

The people, who had put Foulon and Berthier to death for their inhuman conspiracy against their liberties, were determined that others, who, with equal malignity, had conspired against them, should also be condemned. Necker, in cordial sympathy with Bailly and Lafayette, was extremely desirous that an act of general amnesty should be passed. Many of his friends, however, assured him that it was not safe to attempt to secure the passage of such a measure; that the crimes of the leaders of the Court were too great to be thus easily forgotten; that the indignant nation, finding Necker pleading the cause of the Court, would think that he had been bought over, and that thus he would only secure his own ruin. But Necker, relying upon his popularity, resolved to make the trial.

On the 29th of July he repaired to the Hôtel de Ville. As he passed through the streets and entered the spacious hall, he was received with rapturous applause. Deeming his popularity equal to the emergency, he demanded a general amnesty. In the enthusiasm of the moment, it was granted by acclamation. Necker returned to his apartments delighted with his success. But before the sun had set he found himself cruelly deceived. The Assembly, led by Mirabeau, remonstrated peremptorily against this usurpation of power by the Municipality of Paris, asserting that that body had no authority either to condemn or to pardon. The measure of amnesty was annulled by the Assembly, and the detention of the prisoners confirmed.

The great question which now agitated the Assembly was, What measures were to be adopted to bring order out of the chaos into which France was plunged. The *people* had as yet established no courts or laws for their protection. The nobles at home and abroad, in conspiracy with foreign despots, were marshaling armies for the invasion of France. The enlightened and patriotic portion of the people were in a state of indescribable terror. Above them were the nobles, below them the degraded, the desperate, the vicious, in banditti hordes, sweeping the country, burning and pillaging indiscriminately. It was proposed in the Assembly to publish a decree urging the people to demean themselves peaceably, to pay such taxes and duties as were not yet suppressed, and to yield obedience for the present to the old laws of the realm, obnoxious and unjust as they undeniably were.

While this question was under discussion, the Viscount de Noailles and the Duke d'Aiguillon, both distinguished members of the nobility, ascended the tribune, and declared that it was vain to attempt to quiet the people by force; that the only way of appeasing them was by removing the cause of their sufferings. They then, though both of them members of the privileged class, nobly avowed the enormity of the aggressions under which, by the name of feudal rights, the people were oppressed, and voted for the repeal of those atrocities.

It is a remarkable fact that in this great Revolution the boldest and ablest friends of popular rights came out from the body of the nobles themselves. Some were influenced by as pure motives as can move the human heart. With others, perhaps, selfish and ambitious motives predominated. Among the most active in all these movements we see Lafayette, Talleyrand, Sièyes, Mirabeau, and the Duke of Orleans. But for the aid of these men, whatever may have been the motives which influenced the one or the other, the popular cause could not have

* "Certain districts were granted by the King to princes of the blood, by which they were put in possession of all game, even on lands not belonging to them. This game comprehended whole droves of wild boars and herds of deer, not confined by any wall or pale, but wandering at pleasure over the whole country, to the destruction of the crops, and to the peopling of the galleys by the wretched peasants, who presumed to kill them, in order to save that food which was to support their helpless children." —YOUNG'S *Travels*, i. 535.

triumphed; and now we find in the National Assembly two of the most distinguished of the nobles rising, and themselves proposing the utter abolition of all feudal rights.

It was the 4th of August, 1789, when this memorable scene was enacted in the National Assembly—one of the most memorable scenes which ever transpired on earth. The whole body seems to have been seized with a paroxysm of magnanimity and disinterestedness. One of the deputies of the *Tiers Etat*, M. Kerengal, in the dress of a farmer, gave a frightful picture of the sufferings of the people under feudal oppression.* There was no more discussion. No voice defended feudality. The nobles, one after another, renounced all their prerogatives. The clergy surrendered their tithes. The deputies of the towns and of the provinces gave up their special privileges, and in one short night all those customs and laws by which for ages one man had been robbed to enrich another were scattered to the winds. Equality of rights was established between all individuals and all parts of the French territory. Louis XVI. was then proclaimed "The Restorer of French Liberty." It was decreed that a medal should be struck off in his honor, in memory of that glorious night; and when the Archbishop of Paris proposed that God's goodness should be acknowledged in a solemn *Te Deum*, to be celebrated in the King's chapel in the presence of the King and of all the members of the National Assembly, it was carried by acclamation.

During the whole of this exciting scene, when sacrifices were made such as earth never witnessed before; when nobles surrendered their titles, their pensions, and their incomes; when towns and corporations surrendered their privileges and pecuniary immunities; when prelates relinquished their tithes and their benefices, not a solitary voice of opposition or remonstrance was heard. The whole Assembly, clergy, nobles, and *Tiers Etat*, moved as one man. "It seemed," says M. Rabaut, "as if France was near being regenerated in the course of a single night. So true it is that the happiness of a people is easily to be accomplished when those who govern are less occupied with themselves than with the people."†

It subsequently, however, appeared that this seeming unanimity was not real. "The impulse," writes Thiers, "was general, but amidst this enthusiasm it was easy to perceive that certain of the privileged persons, so far from being sincere, were desirous only of making matters worse."* This was the measure which the unrelenting nobles adopted to regain their power. Finding that they could not resist the torrent, they endeavored to swell its volume and to give impulse to its rush, that since it threatened to sweep away all the barriers which through ages despotism had reared, it might also deluge every field of fertility, and whelm in indiscriminate ruin all the abodes of industry and all the creations of art. It was now their sole endeavor to plunge France into a state of perfect anarchy, with the desperate hope that from the chaos they might rebuild their ancient despotism—that the people, plunged into unparalleled misery, might themselves implore the restoration of the ancient régime.

This combination of the highest of the aristocracy and of the clergy immeasurably increased the difficulties of the patriots. The Court party with all its wealth and influence—a wealth and influence which had been accumulating for ages—scattered its emissaries every where to foster discord, to excite insurrection, to stimulate the mob to all brutality, that the Revolution might have an infamous name throughout Europe, and might be execrated in France. In almost every act of violence which *immediately* succeeded, the hand of these instigators from palaces and castles was distinctly to be seen. Indeed it was generally supposed that Berthier and Foulon were wrested from the protection of Lafayette by emissaries of the Court. The mob and the Court, the ruffian and the aristocrat, the lordly occupant of the castle and the starving beggar in the den of infamy, now combined to plunge France into an abyss of woes.

* "You would have prevented," said Kerengal, "the burning of the chateau if you had been more prompt in declaring that the terrible arms which they contain, and which for ages have tormented the people, were to be destroyed. Let those arms—the title-deeds—which insult not only modesty but even humanity, which humiliate the human species by requiring men to be yoked to a wagon like beasts of labor, which compel men to pass the night in beating the ponds to prevent the frogs from disturbing the sleep of their voluptuous lords—let them be brought here. Which of us would not make an expiatory pile of these infamous parchments? You can never restore quiet to the people until they are redeemed from the destruction of feudalism."

† "That night, which an enemy of the Revolution designated as the Saint Bartholomew of property, was only the Saint Bartholomew of abuses."—MIGNET, 54.

OUR CHRISTMAS AT THE PINES.

"The merry, merry bells of Yule!"

I.—MISS HENRIETTA'S LITTLE ACCIDENT.

"THE PINES" is a great old place. It cares nothing for cities, whose eternal roar and bustle it indeed heartily despises; sleeping quietly from generation to generation under its great trees, and smiling with an air of perfect self-content.

It resembles somewhat an old English manor-house: I suppose so, for I have never seen any. There are old portraits on the wall of old gentlemen and old ladies—not old, however, when their likenesses were taken, let it be observed; for, one and all, they glitter in the gay-

* "Was it possible that a power which had possessed for ages all the forces of the country, administration, finances, armies, and tribunals—that still had every where its agents, its officers, its judges, without any change, and for compulsory partisans two or three hundred thousand nobles or priests, proprietors of one-half or two-thirds of the kingdom—could that immense complicated power, which covered all France, die like one man, at once, by a single blow?"—MICHELET, 192.

est and most youthful silks and laces, and the snow upon their hair is caused by powder, not by age. In the great hall are deers' antlers, and fishing-rods, and guns, and race-horse prints; the doors are always open, like the hearts of the family, except at your departure, when they have a way of mysteriously closing. In a word, "The Pines" is an honest old country house, where the genius of hospitality is enthroned, and reigns in perfect, undisputed sovereignty.

Our Christmas there was decidedly gay. In addition to the noisy family of growing girls and boys, and Uncle Joshua and Aunt Dulsy, we had Captain Bombshell, of the army, and Miss Araminta Dorsay—both "from town." Miss Araminta used to write her name D'Orsay on her enameled visiting cards, but this nobility was doubted by her intimate friends. At "The Pines," however, it was heartily conceded.

I reached the old mansion ten days before Christmas, and, having kissed and shaken hands with every one but the captain and the young lady above referred to, I asked quite naturally after another member of the household, whose name was Henrietta. I delayed my question for some time, and only propounded it when I saw that my silence threatened to appear singular: the reason for which lay in the simple fact that—perhaps—it may have been—I might have been mistaken, but I thought—I thought that I was in love with Henrietta. I had been summoned by a little epistle on note-paper, in the young lady's handwriting—for she was the amanuensis of the family—which note said:

"DEAR COUSIN,—We're going to have a Christmas frolic at 'The Pines,' and you must certainly come; we all expect you, and the family send oceans of love.

"In haste. Your Cousin, HENRIETTA."

And in consequence of this note, I immediately closed "Coke on Lyttleton" with respectful ceremony, made that gentleman a bow, and, having hastily packed up, set out for "The Pines."

You will understand now why I hesitated to ask after Henrietta, who was nowhere visible; for it seemed to me that a dozen pairs of eyes would centre on my bashful countenance as soon as I propounded the interrogatory. At last, however, I assumed a lounging position before the great roaring fire of logs, put my thumb in the arm-hole of my waistcoat, and, gazing at the snowy fields through the window, said, carelessly,

"Hem! By-the-way, Uncle Joshua, where's Henrietta?"

I think a suppressed chuckle ran through the circle of juveniles, and one youthful individual, named Stephen, was heard to ejaculate indistinctly something which was smothered by a laugh. Of course I took no notice of the youngster, and receiving from Uncle Joshua, who was reading his paper, the information that Henrietta had ridden over to see a neighbor, replied,

"Ah, indeed!"

There the subject was dismissed. It was resuscitated in a new form very soon, however, by the noise of carriage-wheels in the snow; and, as politeness, the merest politeness, required, I rushed to the front-door, before which the vehicle had drawn up.

What a long time has passed since then! how many are the years that have flown! But I see her still, and, were I a painter, might attempt her likeness. She stood framed, as it were, in the door-way of the carriage; and sure a lovelier portrait rarely has presented itself, at least to me. A thousand ringlets, more or less, of the glossiest brown hair, danced gayly around a pair of the freshest and rosiest cheeks, half concealing the dangerous blue eyes which sparkled like two stars of evening beneath snowy brows; the neat little figure, rather slender, but exquisitely lithe and graceful, was encased in a tightly-fitting velvet bodice, and from the warm, comfortable hood which drooped upon her shoulders, the young lady looked forth like a new Red Riding Hood of matchless fascination. She carried in her arms a huge pile of Christmas presents, for she had taken the neighboring town in her way; and as I presented myself at the door Miss Henrietta was bending forward and about to descend.

Then occurred one of those little mishaps which will occasionally take place with the best regulated young ladies. The maiden essayed to shake hands with me without releasing her bundles, and, simultaneously, to leave the carriage without my assistance. The result of this rash proceeding was that her dress got beneath her feet—she stumbled—and in the midst of a shower of paper parcels flying about, I found one of the handsomest young damsels I had ever known clasped in my arms, and lying upon my breast.

She hastily extricated herself from my arms, and, with a hurried laugh and some blushes, ran up the steps; but I don't think she forgot a little circumstance which I chanced to remember, that two cheeks had come closely together—some brown ringlets mingled with the dark hair of a youth; this, I say, Miss Henrietta probably remembered; for when I followed her, and our eyes met, she blushed, and then tried, unsuccessfully, to laugh.

I believe I blushed too, but, as Captain Bombshell approached at the moment, twirling his mustache, to make his compliments, I was relieved from the damsel's eyes, and very soon the incident was forgotten.

II.—CAPTAIN BOMBSHELL AND SOME OTHERS.

Captain Bombshell was paying his addresses to Miss Araminta, who had come to see her former schoolmate, Henrietta, and the military gentleman had doubtless supposed an old country house an admirable place for pressing his siege.

Captain Bombshell was an army man, Sir. He had seen a good deal of the world, Sir; for which reason he was a prime authority in the great scheme of the season. This was a fancy ball on Christmas night; and with the arrival of about half a dozen young ladies, and as young gentlemen, commenced the cussion on the momentous subject

Here it was that Captain Bombshell's prodigious knowledge of other lands—of sunny Italy and beautiful Spain—came into grand request. He had been among the banditti of the Apennines, by Jove, Sir, and had hobnobbed with the best of them; he had danced the Bolero beneath the skies of Andalusia with the dark-haired Spanish señoritas; he had been the partner of the Italian *contadinas*, perhaps as many as a thousand times. If his poor knowledge of these countries and their inhabitants would be of any service, said the gallant Bombshell, bowing and twirling his huge mustache with a smile, he begged that the ladies would command him. The captain was a companionable and good-humored warrior—eminently so; therefore, by universal consent, he was directed to assume the part of a ferocious bandit, having first faithfully promised to behave himself in character and look very fierce.

Among the rest were flower-girls and Morning Stars, Indian maids and gipsies; the moral virtues—Hope, and many more; English barmaids, Spanish señoras; an Autumn, a "Folly," and a Night strewed with stars; and the gentlemen were not behindhand. They represented Highlanders, with plaid and tartan; sailor-boys; romantic pirates of the Ægean, after the fashion of my Lord Byron's heroes; and many other personages. Comic characters were duly mingled, and at the task of arranging all these costumes every hand and tongue was busy. My own dress was speedily determined upon, and gave little trouble. It was simply the uniform of buff and blue—top-boots, cocked hat, sabre, and all—which my hard-headed old grandfather had worn during the Revolution, and left as a legacy to his family.

We had a hard time preparing two costumes for two gentlemen, however; and these I shall now give a word to. The first was the dress of a British army officer, to be worn by a certain Mr. Wilsonby; the second was the dress of *Jemmy Twitcher*, the part taken by my friend Sam Towers.

Stately Mr. Wilsonby! I see him now, as I muse—the coldest representative of wealth and "blood"—the chilliest iceberg I ever encountered. And to presume to court Henrietta!—in which slight observation, or exclamation, you may probably discern the grounds of my opinion of this gentleman. But other people said of Mr. Wilsonby just what I did. I never saw any body that liked him. He was about thirty years of age, tall and erect in his carriage, with a stately coldness in his manner; and, if report did not belie him, as much coldness in his character. He seemed never to lose sight of the dignity becoming "a man of his position." He possessed a splendid estate adjoining "The Pines," and his ancestors had come over with some conqueror or other—the exact one it was difficult to determine. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Wilsonby plumed himself loftily upon his "blood," not to mention his wealth, and the general impression left by his conversation was the very great kindness he did you in entering into conversation at all. This gentleman had come to the determination to take to himself a wife—or, rather, a mistress of his household—and had pitched upon Henrietta to fill this honorable position. When I came to "The Pines," he was paying her his addresses in a dignified way, and when we were introduced his manner seemed to say, "I am pleased, Sir, to know any connection of my future wife, Sir; and shall be happy to serve you, Sir."

Now for Sam Towers. But upon reflection I decline attempting any description of Sam Towers. It would be as easy a task as to take the photograph of a sky-rocket at the moment of explosion. Wherever Sam was there was mirth, and laughter, and uproar. All the girls quarreled with him for his impudence, and then burst out laughing at his mock apologies; all the men listened to him, as an audience will to a great comedian, ready to applaud, and scenting the humor on his lips before he spoke. His jests, his stories, his practical jokes and caprices, were the never-failing food for mirth; all applauded and laughed—all but stately Mr. Wilsonby. That gentleman regarded Mr. Sam Towers as a sort of jester, without "dignity" or "blood," and, what was far worse, *poor;* he therefore treated him with well-bred condescension and lofty politeness—a proceeding which caused Sam, on more than one occasion, to turn his head away and utter a suppressed chuckle, in which every one ended by joining.

Such was our Christmas party; and I need not tell you that a hundred devices were thought of to kill the time. Among the rest there were numerous sleighing parties, and upon one of these excursions an amusing incident occurred.

III.—TWO SLEIGHS.

It was Mr. Wilsonby's sleigh—a magnificent affair, drawn by four fine bays—and some half dozen young ladies had been graciously invited to be of the party, Henrietta among the rest, as a matter of course.

Mr. Wilsonby graciously proposed to me at the last moment to occupy a vacant seat; and, ripe for fun, I got in, and the sleigh darted off, with a deafening jingle of bells.

Have you ever been compelled to ride "bodkin?" Perhaps you are not familiar with the term, which may be peculiar to our country. It consists, then, of being placed between two young ladies in a vehicle—crowded, compressed, squeezed down, overwhelmed—the victim of female wrappings and wide-spread skirts—the mere caricature, for the nonce, of a boasted lord of creation! Mr. Wilsonby had doubtless desired me to occupy another seat, beside himself; but a gay young beauty having cried out, "Come and sit by me, Mr. Seaton!" I had obeyed, and found myself the victim of the young lady in question and the damsel at her side, no other than the smiling and blushing Miss Henrietta. Mr. Wilsonby regarded the arrangement with ill-suppressed dissatisfaction, but was obliged to

submit, and so I found myself reduced to the humiliating position of a "bodkin," although precisely under the circumstances which I should have selected.

Miss Henrietta's curls rippled across my face with every breath of wind; her rosy cheeks were not disagreeably distant; and by some accident I never assisted her in securing her fur wrappings, as they fluttered in the wind, without encountering a small hand belonging to the young lady. In the brilliant sunshine now she looked supremely lovely, and her blue eyes fairly danced with delight, as the sleigh darted onward, the rapid footsteps of the horses on the well-beaten road keeping time to the music of the bells. There was such an expression of innocent pleasure in the beautiful face—something so kind, and truthful, and maidenly in the curve of the young lip—that a certain person who was not a thousand miles off uttered an unconscious sigh, and tumbled down a precipice some thousands of feet deeper than that other one from which he had fallen, helpless and a disarmed captive. I began to think mournfully of the slender chance I had of ever marrying; of the advantages possessed by my wealthy rival; and the result was something decidedly like melancholy. A single glance at the sweet face again drove away, however, all my sadness; and at the same moment a burst of laughter from the bevy of girls attracted my attention to an object which completely routed from my mind any thing resembling seriousness.

This object was Mr. Sam Towers, wrapped in an immense sheep-skin, mounted on a flour-barrel affixed to a pair of crazy sleigh-runners; and this rickety turn-out was drawn by a mule with rope harness, the head of the miserable donkey being decorated with a cluster of tin plates and cups, which gave forth pleasant music on the way. Mr. Sam Towers drove with extreme dignity and gravity—with the air, indeed, of a man who is proud both of himself and his equipage—and a crowd of the juvenile members of the household, who were, one and all, his huge admirers, followed him, splitting the air with cheers in his honor. The driver made a graceful gesture of thanks, and, cutting his mule, dashed on toward the sleigh in which we sat laughing.

The race continued for a quarter of a mile—always in front of the great portico, in which a crowd of shivering young ladies stood, shaking with mirth more than cold; and then the day's proceedings were suddenly brought to an end in a manner wholly unlooked for. Mr. Wilsonby had half turned with a stately air toward the ladies, and was not looking to the road, when suddenly the entire party were hurled ten feet from the sleigh, and buried in an immense snow-drift. The origin of the accident was very simple. The banks of a small stream which crossed the road had been washed clear of snow, the runners struck upon the hard earth, and, in consequence, the hinder end of the sleigh, which was very lofty, toppled over, very nearly on the backs of the horses. A charming young lady, known as Miss "Opera Shoes," was "revolutionized," Sam Towers said; another as lovely—Miss "Rose in Bloom"—discovered herself running back to the sleigh, from a bank some ten yards distant, to know if her friends were hurt; and the rest, including Mr. Wilsonby, Miss Henrietta, and myself, were landed in a great mountain of snow to the left.

Henrietta was not hurt; by the strangest of accidents I had received her in my arms—there seemed to exist a species of fatality for that sort of thing—and when she rose to her feet, pale and frightened, more for her companions than herself, she would have fallen again had I not passed my arm around her, and so delivered her to her young lady friends.

The horses had not taken fright, and we were soon gliding along again, Mr. Towers following with gay and airy grace in the rear; but during the rest of the ride I think Miss Henrietta appeared somewhat chary of her words, and avoided my eye. Doubtless she suspected the accidental nature of these chivalric rescues on my part—from carriages and sleighs—but assuredly without any reason, for my only merit, or demerit, was being near at the proper moment and performing my—duty.

On our return the ride was the subject of a flood of comment and laughter, but I did not hear Miss Henrietta allude to one of the incidents.

IV.—CONSPIRACY.

The days fled gayly onward, and Christmas-day at last drew near at hand. The costumes for the fancy ball were all finished; and Henrietta, with the assistance of her friends and the young men, applied herself to the task of decorating the old homestead for the joyful occasion.

No sooner had she given the signal than an immense uproar commenced among the youthful members of the household. At last their eminent merits were recognized, their services were needed, and they entered upon the task with ardor. Marshaled in a small army, under the generalship of their beloved chief, Sam Towers—who left Captain Bombshell, though he was an army man, Sir, completely in the background—the juvenile part of the company made a desperate onslaught into the forest, and ere long they were seen returning with huge boughs of cedar and pine, resembling, indeed, Macduff's army, when the wood of Birnam came to Dunsinane. In the van Sam Towers bestrode in a dignified attitude his venerable donkey, and this unfortunate animal now bore a moving cedar forest.

The evergreens were thrown down in the hall, and a hundred hands were soon busy making wreaths. On the ensuing evening, when the toil was over, some magical hand seemed to have touched the hall. The goblin king of the forest might have been suspected of a decided partiality toward "The Pines." Every where wreaths, festoons, zigzags, garlands—on the

walls, the ceiling—above the pictures, the windows, and the doors—there was not a single spot where evergreens could go, which the hands of the young girls and their assistants had not decorated. It was a forest palace, where old Winter might have reigned in imperial majesty; but the great fires would have melted the icicles on his beard, and the uproarious glee would as certainly have added to his face some more wrinkles—wrinkles of joy and laughter.

And then, with this new preparation for the season, came the question, Could not something more be devised? So many dresses were prepared, why not have some *tableaux*, nay, some dramatic scenes? It was Mr. Sam Towers who proposed this, and the proposition was hailed with delight. What could be acted? It might be a medley, Mr. Towers said, in which pirates of the Mediterranean should carry off ladies of the court of Louis XIV., and in the midst of the abduction a British officer might appear—last of all an American, who should conquer them all, and bear off the lady in triumph!

Mr. Sam Towers proposed this magnificent plot of a drama with great modesty, but his proposition was immediately greeted with tremendous applause; and when he promised by the same evening to have all that was necessary written and ready, the general approbation was displayed by prolonged clapping of hands. Sam placed his hand upon his heart, bowed with bashful confusion, and, taking my arm, drew me out of the room.

"I say," said Sam, in a low tone, as we sat down to smoke in the library, "we can make some fun out of this."

"How?" I asked.

"I'll tell you. You see the Pirate's to carry off the court lady, and the British officer is to rescue her, and the American is to win her at last. Do you comprehend?"

"Certainly; and your scheme?"

Sam proceeded immediately, with many chuckles, to explain. Henrietta was to act the court lady, Mr. Wilsonby the British officer, and I the American. We were to fight—a stage contest merely—with foils, of which there were a pair in the garret. This being understood, Sam proposed that I should disarm Mr. Wilsonby, send his foil flying, and conquer that gentleman before the eyes of his lady-love.

"But suppose he conquers me?" I said, laughing.

"So much the worse, my boy," said Sam, with great nonchalance; "that's your look-out."

This speech, as may be imagined, did not lead to further objection upon my part, and when Sam enlarged, with great eloquence, upon the pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from the expression of Mr. Wilsonby's face when he was disarmed, I found myself unable to further oppose his plan, and so acceded to it, with a vague sentiment, however, that we should both feel very foolish, if the conclusion was not just what we expected—if *I* was "conquered before the eyes of my lady-love."

"That being arranged," observed Sam, "let us get to the writing."

And seizing a pen this versatile genius began scratching away with tremendous ardor, and scarcely any pause. In an hour he had produced one of the most remarkable dramatic works which perhaps the present century, or any other, ever witnessed. Time and place were mingled in a confusion utterly inextricable; the same characters swore in Latin, English, and French; oceans were to be traversed in an instant; and England, Asia, and America were mixed up in one great mess which would have driven a geographer to frenzy. Having placed at the head of his MS., in conspicuous letters, "THE PIRATE OF THE ÆGEAN: OR, THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS AND HER LOVER. *A Drama in Five Acts, by S. Towers, Esq.*," the author modestly read it to me, and then bore it to the more awful ordeal of the drawing-room.

To describe the burst of applause which greeted the first reading of this great five-act tragedy would be wholly impossible. The young army, who had tarried to hear it before retiring, seemed overcome with uproarious admiration; and young Stephen, the lieutenant under Captain Towers, was not content until he had climbed upon the back of his commander's chair, and given a deafening cheer in his honor.

Every one accepted his or her part with alacrity, with the exception of Mr. Wilsonby and Miss Henrietta. These two personages held out for some time, but at last were also conquered. Mr. Wilsonby acquiesced finally with a sort of haughty dignity, and Henrietta with a blush. Was the young lady thinking of the stage direction in the drama, "Carries off the Countess in his arms?" Perhaps she began to think that the fates were against her, and I was destined eternally to be close at hand with outstretched arms. At all events, she reluctantly consented to take the part of the Countess. Sam Towers promised to arrange every thing, and so the drama was a fixed fact. First, the fancy ball with *tableaux*, then dancing, then the terrific tragedy! It was almost sublime, Sir, said Captain Bombshell, twirling his mustache; was it not, Miss Araminta?

And Miss Araminta, with a languishing glance, replied that it certainly was.

V.—CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

The chief object of this veracious chronicle is, of course, to describe the manner in which we spent Christmas at "The Pines;" but I find some difficulty in handling the subject properly. It was much more pleasant to go through with than to describe.

We had games of "Copenhagen," and "Pencil," and "Fox and Goose," and "Change Partners," and "Puss in the Corner," and "Consequences," and "Clap in, Clap out;" in the latter of which the gallant Captain Bombshell took his seat before Miss Araminta, and triumphantly remained, amidst protestations from every body that they had a previous arrangement;

and then, tired of these games — tired of looking at the stars and wishing, and gazing at the moon over their left shoulders, and throwing apple-parings to discover their intended wives or husbands—tired of all this, and yet far from sleepy, the whole party made up a grand quadrille, to which succeeded a waltz, in which Captain Bombshell and Miss Araminta figured; and then the whole was terminated by a wild and uproarious reel.

The reel at an end, some question of the propriety of retiring began to be mooted. But this was quickly vetoed; and Sam Towers having proposed ghost-stories, his idea was hailed with enthusiasm. The young ladies gathered in a party upon low crickets, cushions, and pillows on the floor; the gentlemen essayed to imitate them; and Mr. Towers having carefully put out the light, and reduced the fire to a bed of dim coals, the fearful amusement of relating ghost-stories duly commenced.

Long afterward this evening was talked of, and various gentlemen were charged with the impropriety of pressing young ladies' hands in the darkness. These breaches of propriety were indignantly denied by them, and laid to the blame of the youthful members of the establishment; but as there was an evident "misunderstanding" of some description, I forbear from further dwelling upon a topic so very delicate and mysterious.

Thus with mime and jest, and game and song, the days sped onward, and the Christmas eve came in with joyful uproar. The very genius of mirth seemed to have taken up his abode at "The Pines;" and from the highest to the lowest — from the oldest to the youngest — every one seemed to revel in the glory of the time, and cast all sorrow to the winds.

It was a great old English Christmas which we promised to have—with a Yule-log, box of presents, stockings hung up for the gifts of Santa Claus, and the Christmas-tree was not forgotten. An immense cedar was procured, and paper baskets worked; tapers were fashioned, and the magical tree decked out in splendor.

Thus every thing was ready; and with a few words in the way of preface, I shall proceed at once to tell what happened on the eventful day so long looked forward to, and now about to be heralded with joy and laughter.

VI.—THE HERO AND HEROINE.

The few words in the way of preface will concern themselves with the state of things between a certain young gentleman and Miss Henrietta.

We had been brought up almost together, and to have not loved her would have been a mortal sin—from which, fortunately, or unfortunately, my conscience was entirely clear. A more lovely nature I have never known, and this was not my own opinion merely. All the young men went crazy about the little beauty of "The Pines;" and if report spoke truly, more than one of them had received a certain "No, I thank you, Sir," in answer to a certain request. I did not wonder at the infatuation of these young gentlemen, but I did feel astonished at Henrietta's ever having the courage thus to wound the feelings of a mortal. I often propounded, in the presence of her lady friends, the question how she could bring herself to perform so cruel an action, but this proceeding never gave me any satisfaction. These charming young damsels pouted beautifully, and tossed their handsome little heads, and would like to know if *we* could be expected to accept every gentleman who paid us his addresses? After which annihilating question I was duly bullied, brow-beaten, and reduced to silence. In fact, it seemed to me that there was something resembling justice in their views; and as I was by no means disposed to quarrel with Miss Henrietta's course on these occasions, I duly smiled and acquiesced, and signified my entire submission to the feminine philosophy.

Such had been the fate of Henrietta's wooers; but now came one who appeared really dangerous. There was much in Mr. Wilsonby to conciliate a young lady's favorable regards; and I think Henrietta, with her habitual magnanimity, looked quite beyond his faults, and saw his merits only. He was brave, honorable, and generous; pride was his sole bad quality, or at least, his chief drawback. And perhaps this weakness also would disappear after further knowledge of the world, and when age had sobered him. Certain it is that Henrietta treated Mr. Wilsonby with great courtesy and good-humor, defended him when Sam Towers abused him, and declared that he was a great deal better than people supposed.

If I remember rightly, this course upon Miss Henrietta's part was far from agreeable to my feelings. To me Mr. Wilsonby was, of course, a perfect mass of affectations and pretension. I do not mind adding that his greatest offense—his unpardonable crime—was being so rich. I hated him with lofty indignation for that wealth; I referred constantly to the debasing influence of large possessions; I made out an excellent case for the army of poor gentlemen; but I could only get a smile from Henrietta, which made me more indignant than an angry frown.

As to Mr. Wilsonby, I doubt whether the idea ever obtained lodgment in that gentleman's mind that such a personage as myself could possibly pretend to be his rival. That a young fellow, preparing himself to starve at law, should bid against him for so beautiful and costly an object as Miss Henrietta Seaton, I am sure never seriously appeared possible to him.

This was the state of things on Christmas Eve; and on this occasion Mr. Wilsonby was overwhelmingly gracious to me. He patronized me until my blood tingled; and I thought there was a mischievous expression in the eyes of the young ladies, indicative of their enjoyment of the scene. I lost my temper, grew extremely haughty, and Mr. Wilsonby turned away with well-bred indifference to talk with Henrietta, who replied with her sweetest smile.

I made my exit amidst a murmur of smothered laughter, and did not appear again that evening. On the next morning I met Miss Henrietta on the stair-case, with profound ceremony and a stately bow.

"Good-morning, cousin," she said, holding out her white hand, and smiling with the sweetest expression I ever saw; "you are not put out with me, or any body, are you? You retired so early last night that I thought—"

"My being put out, or not, I should consider a matter of very small moment," I replied, with stately politeness and despairing wretchedness.

Her eyes met mine, and there was so much pain in them that my resolution faltered and shook.

"Are you offended with me, cousin Will?" she said, in a low voice. "I never thought you would—"

The fair face was turned away, and quick tears came to the beautiful eyes. They shipwrecked all my remaining displeasure, and in an instant I had caught her hand and commenced a speech decidedly compromising in its character.

But, alas for love's chances! Just as I was about to pour out all my pent-up affection, the voice of Captain Bombshell, as he descended, saluted us, and, with a hasty good-morning to that gentleman, Henrietta flitted by and disappeared.

I frowned at the worthy captain, I think, but I was no longer ill-humored. A single look had healed my wounds.

VII.—"THE PIRATE OF THE ÆGEAN."

So Christmas came in laughing, and the joyous, splendid day rushed by with mirth and uproar; the great dinner was gone through with; the toasts to absent friends were drunk; the children's Christmas-tree was reared aloft with all its gleaming tapers, dancing baskets of cut paper, artificial flowers, and gifts which clung like so many birds' nests to the boughs; then the great hall and every room was lighted, lamps blazed and glimmered through festoons of evergreen, and the night of revel came, with a dozen carriages full of revelers.

The actors in the fancy ball were nowhere to be seen. They were in the green-room, or, rather, the two apartments dedicated to the necessities of costume; and soon from these remote haunts they defiled down the great stair-case, and entered the drawing-room in a magnificent procession, amidst universal laughter, admiration, and applause.

How the whole bright scene comes back again as I pause, and smile, and muse! How the beautiful pageant of sweet faces and gay dresses shines again through the mists of those vanished years!

Of the Highlanders, and pirates, and banditti, and sailors, I shall not pause particularly to speak; of the fairer forms I must, however, needs say something. How they pass before me now in a long, bright line—"Folly," with her dazzling silks, and scarfs, and ribbons, and jingling sleigh-bells tied under her robe, and tender eyes, which looked into your own with a sweetness truthfully reflecting the pure heart; the stately "Autumn," with her necklace and rosary of small crimson apples; the "Morning Star," in appropriate white; the little "English Bar-Maid," with her waiter, and bright auburn hair, and fascinating smile, though not more sweet than her lovely sister's—the Gipsies, Indian Maids, and all the pageant of them! And let me not forget the "Spanish Girl"—the little Señorita of the South—her beautiful dark eyes shining softly beneath the black lace vail—herself the sweetest type of Southern loveliness, of tropical beauty! By her side walked "Night," in a black robe strewn with snowy stars—gliding like some sad poet's dream, but sad no longer, when her ringing laugh was heard! If "Night" at all, it was a splendid night of midsummer, with a harvest-moon above the tree-tops, and the star of love upon the very horizon of the sunset!

So much for the leading characters of the revel; but what words shall I use to describe the young lady who represented "Madame la Comtesse de P——?" She wore a blue checked silk, with a pink gown festooned above; her bare arms and shoulders were quite dazzling, and her hair, carried back after the old fashion from her temples, was covered with powder. It was a little Countess of the elder day which I looked at—one of the old French *noblesse*—and never was the character more truthfully represented. It may be said that I am no impartial witness, as I happened to be madly, wildly in love with Madam—did I fail to mention that unimportant fact?—but every body thought as I did, and especially Mr. Wilsonby, who could not keep his British official gaze from dwelling on her face. The little Countess rises for me now as she looked then—long ago—and I make her a great salute, and turn away to keep my eyes from being dazzled!

So commenced the gay and brilliant ball, and anon came dancing to the old harpsichord and a fiddle, which sent merry couples whirling through quadrilles, and contra-dances, and the "Curtsey," "March," and "Basket" cotillions, with as many more. Then came the wild reel, and the great supper; then the *tableaux*, of which I have not room to speak; then the drama—the great tragedy!

Here, all at once, the sovereignty devolved on "Jemmy Twitcher," *alias* Samuel Towers, Esq. That gentlemen had hitherto contented himself with throwing every body into convulsions by his comic rendering of the part he had assumed; but now Mr. Twitcher, vagabond, became the great manager—upon him devolved the arrangement of the theatrical pageant, and to the task Mr. Towers bent all his energies. The recess from which a door opened into the library had already been partitioned off with a curtain, or, rather, curtains, which parted in the middle, and thus presented a view of the scene. The library was the common green-room of the performers, who required no change of costume; and to the old apartment, frowning with its an-

tique volumes and huge busts, every one now resorted.

"Parts" were duly distributed; lights were arranged behind the curtain, and all others in the great drawing-room extinguished to render the pictures more dazzling; then, having first rung a huge cow-bell prepared for the occasion, Mr. Sam Towers, with his official wand, beckoned every one to his or her station. A suppressed whispering in the audience indicated the general expectation; the bell rang again, the curtain rose, and Captain Bombshell, who had taken, at the last moment, the part of the "Pirate," advanced, with a terrific stalk, upon the stage, and commenced his soliloquy.

The appearance of Captain Bombshell upon this occasion was truly terrific. His head was bound with a crimson turban—indeed, it was Miss Araminta's shawl — around his waist a heavy scarf held the Turkish yataghan, with which Uncle Joshua was accustomed to cut sausages, and the countenance which frowned above this frightful dress was full of the most bloodthirsty ferocity.

The captain complained to "the seas and hollow caves" around him that his heart was dead; that since Zuleika left him he was but a walking shadow; and then, as he strode onward, or rather around, the Pirate was seen to start. The "Countess of P——" had suddenly appeared, kneeling in a submissive manner, and the terrible bandit threw himself into an attitude which drew down thunders of applause. The scene ended by the falling of the curtain, amidst applause still more enthusiastic, and the worthy captain made his exit to the green-room, or rather library, twirling his mustache and smiling. I observed that he and Miss Araminta did not exchange views upon the subject of the piece; and when the warrior paid Henrietta a compliment of immense extravagance, I saw Miss Araminta's pretty lip assume a decided pout. It seemed to me that Miss Araminta was disquieted by the admiration which her lover expressed for the Countess, but I had no opportunity of observing further. The play proceeded.

To describe it would be an utter impossibility. The great author had taken pains to render any intelligible description of his production utterly out of the question, and I recommend the course pursued by Mr. Towers on this occasion to some of my literary friends. They render their works too intelligible, whereas every great production should be mysterious. Such was "The Pirate of the Ægean." It proceeded with a grand contempt of the *unities* of both time and place. As there were no painted scenes, the audience, generally speaking, were utterly unable to comprehend the localities, and by this masterly arrangement Mr. Towers achieved his triumph. Gipsies, Highlanders, Indian maidens, and ladies, mingled themselves picturesquely with the plot, and took part in it. "Night" and the Spanish damsel danced the cachucha; and when the Pirate of the Ægean felt for his sabre to execute a contumacious slave, he discovered that the weapon in question had been stolen by Mr. Twitcher, who was busily paring his finger nails, to the intense enjoyment of the juveniles in the audience.

Thus, with laughter and joyous uproar, the tragedy went onward until the fifth act was reached, and the moment for the great combat arrived. The act commenced in the midst of breathless expectation and a suppressed murmur. The Pirate and the Countess rushed upon the stage in the midst of clashing weapons and discharges of fire-arms. Then came the last and crowning struggle. Struck by a pistol-ball, the Pirate falls at full length to the earth (represented by red sofa-cushions), his blood spouts forth like an immense flood of cherry-bounce (which, indeed, it consisted of), and while writhing in the agonies of death he sees his enemy, the British officer, at his side—Mr. Wilsonby. With horrible gesticulation the Pirate utters his last curse, and dies. The Briton rushes toward the Countess, but at that moment a final roar of guns is heard, and the American patriot advances upon the stage and catches the Countess by the arm.

As I have said, the American patriot was represented by myself, and, as Mr. Sam Towers had arranged, Mr. Wilsonby and myself were armed with foils, which we were to use honestly, going through a fencing bout for the amusement of the audience.

Mr. Wilsonby did not forget his part. No sooner had I appeared upon the scene, and caught the arm of the Countess, than the Briton threw himself toward me, and our foils crossed. I was an excellent fencer at that time, and I soon saw that my opponent was my equal, if not my superior. The collision of the weapons seemed to excite him as much as me, and in a moment we were striking at each other with a ferocity which was rather too natural to be a part of the drama. I saw Mr. Wilsonby growing hot and enraged; his eyes glared upon me, and his teeth were set, as I did not give back an inch. So far from retreating, I advanced upon him—as indeed the play required—and drove him step by step to the wall. Here it was his place to fall, while I carried off the lady; but Mr. Wilsonby did nothing of the sort. He made a violent lunge at me—his foil snapped an inch from the end—and then I felt as some one had pierced my arm with a red-hot needle. I only saw some frightened faces—felt a body which I clutched furiously, and dragged with me in my fall—then I fainted.

When I regained my senses, in a few moments, my shoulder was bare, and Aunt Dulsy's hands were binding up my wound. Mr. Wilsonby stood by, protesting, in a stately way, that he regretted the occurrence, but accidents would happen; and I remember laughing, and telling him it was only a scratch. Then a sort of dizziness came over me — a cloud passed before my eyes—and when it disappeared I was up stairs in bed.

The wound became inflamed, from the rusty

condition of the foil, doubtless; and I had a fever, which kept me tossing for three weeks. I suffered immense pain from my arm, and I thought my pulses were two steam-engines, so full of fever was my frame. Still, in spite of all, I do not regret that illness. Perhaps it was the luckiest event of my life.

VIII.—THE END OF MY FROLIC.

I have thus told of some of the incidents which were a part of our Christmas at "The Pines;" and as no more remains to be said upon that subject, I might pause, and leave my narrative as it is.

But perhaps it may interest you to know the meaning of that last mysterious sentence.

Well, the explanation is not excessively difficult. I was nursed in a great measure by a young lady named Henrietta. This young lady would bring her work, and sit by my bedside for hours; would read to me interminable romances, in the sweetest and most musical voice; and when, often, I would fall asleep in the midst of some thrilling adventure, it seemed to me that gentle hands smoothed my counterpane, a beautiful face bent over me, and a pair of soft eyes gazed upon my feverish countenance through a mist of pity and compassion. At such times I did not stir or open my eyes. I feared to drive away the happy dream. I lay quietly breathing, filled with happiness.

One day Henrietta came into my room, and I observed a merry light in her eyes, a mischievous smile upon her lips, and when she spoke her voice indicated a decided tendency toward laughter. The origin of all this merriment soon came to be discovered. On that morning Captain Bombshell had requested Miss Araminta to promenade with him in the portico; there he had assured her of his everlasting devotion, and the impossibility of living without her. In a word, the amiable warrior had "popped the question" to Miss Araminta, and that lady had not been cruel. On the next day Captain Bombshell came with a radiant countenance to bid me farewell, and having confidentially informed me that he was as gay as a lark, by Jove, Sir! and soon would be a married Benedick, Sir! the inoffensive warrior wrung my hand with ardor, twirled his great mustache, and disappeared, humming a martial song. Good Bombshell! He is my best neighbor now. An excellent farmer; fat, and in possession of a double chin and nine children.

Three days after Bombshell's departure, Henrietta came in to pay me her habitual morning visit; and again I observed a singular expression in her countenance. It was now no longer merry and mischievous. The expression was agitated, and I thought, a little stately and indignant. She looked more than ever like a Countess, and I informed her of the fact; still I could not induce her to explain her emotion, and her visit to my apartment was quickly terminated.

It was not until the next day that I heard from Aunt Dulsy that Henrietta had discarded Mr. Wilsonby. The good lady seemed to regard the matter with much equanimity, for Mr. Wilsonby had never been a favorite with her; and, indeed, her face wore a decided smile as she plied her knitting and talked on. Mr. Wilsonby, she said, had expressed extreme surprise at the result, and even grown angry and complained of Henrietta's deportment toward him, "such as any gentleman, madam, might construe into encouragement." To which indignant and haughty words, it seemed, Miss Henrietta had replied with equal *hauteur*, that she was not responsible for Mr. Wilsonby's various constructions of her demeanor toward him; if he had discovered more than ordinary courtesy in her manner, when he came as a guest to "The Pines," she regretted it, assuring him that she had been wholly misunderstood. Mr. Wilsonby had grown angry upon this, made a speech of chilling ceremony, and begged leave to take his departure.

So had ended the hopes of this gentleman. I think Henrietta liked him up to the evening of Christmas; but he had displayed such want of sympathy for my suffering—indeed, showed so plainly that I was utterly indifferent to him—that the young lady's generous nature had revolted from him, and outlawed him from her friendship even. Was it—to hazard a briefer thought—from love to me? I think not. Up to that Christmas evening I don't think Henrietta cared more for me than our relationship made natural. But afterward things changed—the heart of a woman was touched by the suffering of a youth. There—I wander from my sketch of Christmas frolicking, and become the historian of my own life.

Why not? Is it not an appropriate picture for the curtain of the drama to descend upon—the beautiful Countess ministering at the bedside of her brave defender—and as she gazes on his thin pale face, passing from affection to pitying tenderness, and from tenderness to love? Nor is it a bad termination to a Christmas frolic—a happy marriage—at least I think so.

Mine has been happy. I do not tell my wife so, for she knows it. Her name is Henrietta, and for me she glows with imperishable youth.

The roses have faded, it may be, from the cheeks, but to my eyes they bloom there as in other years; the snows of age have fallen on her hair, but she is quite as beautiful as on that Christmas evening when she covered her sunny curls with snowy powder—when the queen of my heart descended from her throne, and walked before us as "The Countess."

PROFESSOR HENNEBERG.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."—*Hamlet.*

CHAPTER I.

"THERE are remembrances for which no philosophy will account—sensations for which experience can discover no parallel. Few persons will hesitate to confess to you that they

have beheld scenes and faces which were new and yet familiar, of which they seemed to have dreamed in time gone by, and which, without any apparent cause, produced a painfully intimate impression upon their minds. I myself have dreamed of a place, and again forgotten that dream. Years have passed away, and the dream has returned to me, unaltered in the minutest particular. I have at last come suddenly upon the scene in some wild land which I had never visited before, and have recognized it, tree for tree, field for field, as I had beheld it in my dream. Then the dream and the scene became one in my mind, and by that union I learned to wrest from Nature a portion of one of her obscurest secrets. What are these phenomena? whence these fragmentary recollections which seem to establish a mysterious link between death and sleep? What is death? What is sleep? It is a law of the philosophy of mind that we can think of nothing which we have not perceived. The induction is that we have perceived these things; but not, perhaps, in our present state of being."

"You believe, then, in the doctrine of pre-existence!" I exclaimed, pushing back my chair, and looking my guest earnestly in the face.

"I believe in the immortality of the soul," replied the Professor, with unmoved solemnity. "I feel that I am, and that I have been. Eternity is a circle—you would reduce it to a crescent by denying the previous half of its immensity. For the soul there is, properly speaking, neither past nor future. It is *now* and eternal. You profess to believe in the immortality of the soul, and in the same breath advance an opinion which, if submitted to a due investigation, would establish a totally adverse system. If this soul of yours be immortal, it must have existed from all time. If not, what guarantee have you that it will continue to be during all time to come? That which shall have no end can have had no beginning. It is a part of God, and partakes of his nature. To be born is the same as to die—both are transitionary, not creative or final. Life is but a vesture of the Soul, and as often as we die we but change one vesture for another."

"But this is the theory of the metempsychosis!" I said, smiling. "You have studied the philosophy of Oriental literature till you have yourself become a believer in the religion of Bramah!"

"All tradition," said the Professor, "is a type of spiritual truth. The superstitions of the East, and the mythologies of the North—the beautiful Fables of old Greece, and the bold investigations of modern science—all tend to elucidate the same principles; all take their root in those promptings and questionings which are innate in the brain and heart of man. Plato believed that the soul was immortal, and born frequently; that it knew all things; and that what we call learning is but the effort which it makes to recall the wisdom of the Past. 'For to search and to learn,' saith the poet-philosopher, 'is reminiscence all.' At the bottom of every religious theory, however wild and savage, lies a perception, dim, perhaps, and distorted, but still a perception of God and immortality."

"And you think that we have all lived before, and all shall live again?"

"I know it," replied the Professor. "My life has been a succession of these revelations; and I am persuaded that if we would compel the mind to a severe contemplation of itself—if we would resolutely study the phenomena of psychology as developed within the limits of our own consciousness, we might all arrive at the recognition of this mystery of pre-existence. The 'caverns of the mind' are obscure, but not impenetrable; and all who have courage may follow their labyrinthine windings to the light of truth beyond."

Two days after this conversation I left Leipzig for Frankfort, on my way to Switzerland. Just as I was taking my seat in the diligence, a man, wearing the livery of a college-messenger, made his appearance at the window. He was breathless with running, and held a small parcel in his hand. "What is this?" I asked, as he handed it to me.

"From Professor Henneberg," he replied; and was proceeding to say more, but the diligence gave a lurch and rolled heavily forward; the messenger sprang back, the postillions cracked their whips, and in a moment we were clattering over the rough pavement of the town.

There were but two passengers in the interior beside myself. One was a priest, who did nothing but sleep and read his breviary, and who was perfumed, moreover, with a strong scent of garlic. The other was a young German student, who sat with his head hanging outside the window, smoking cigars.

As I did not find either of my companions particularly prepossessing, and as I had forgotten to furnish my pockets with any literature more entertaining than "Murray's Hand-Book of Switzerland," I was agreeably surprised, on opening the packet, to discover a considerable number of pages in my learned friend's very peculiar handwriting, neatly tied together at the corners, and accompanied by a note, in which he gave me to understand that the MSS contained a brief sketch of some passages in his life which he thought might interest me, and which were, moreover, illustrative of that doctrine of pre-existence respecting which we had been conversing a few evenings before.

These papers I have taken the liberty of styling—

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF PROFESSOR HENNEBERG.

My parents resided in Dresden, where I was born on the evening of the fourth of May, 1790

My mother died before I was many hours in being, and I was sent out to nurse at a farm-house in the immediate neighborhood of the city. I can not say that I have any distinct remembrances of the first few years that ushered in this present life with which I am endued. I was kindly treated. I grew in the fields and

the sun, like a young plant. My father came regularly every Sunday and Thursday to see me, and I learned to look upon the Frau Schleitz as my mother. When I reached the age of ten years I was removed to a large public school in Dresden.

Up to this time I had received no education whatever. I was as ignorant as a babe of two years old. I therefore entered the academy at a period when I was just of an age to be painfully conscious of my inferiority to boys considerably my juniors. Undoubtedly my father did me a great injustice by thus delaying to furnish my young mind with that intellectual nutriment which is as essential to our mental being as wine and meat to our physical nature; but he was eccentric, arbitrary, and a visionary. It was one of his favorite theories that early childhood should be sacred from the anxieties of learning, and devoted wholly to the acquisition of bodily health; that youth should be appropriated to study; that manhood should be passed in action; and that old age should enjoy repose. Into these four epochs he would have had the lives of all mankind divided; forgetting that between stages so opposite there could exist no harmony of disposition or unity of purpose. Had he been an absolute monarch, he would have compelled his subjects to conform to these regulations. As he was only a German merchant, and possessed entire control over but one creature in the world, he practiced his system at my expense.

For the first month or two I suffered acutely. I found myself pitied by the masters and despised by the boys. The latter excluded me from their sports, and openly derided my ignorance. When I stood up to repeat my task, I stood where, five minutes before, boys younger than myself had been reading aloud from Tacitus and Herodotus. When I strove to acquire the rudiments of arithmetic, it was in a room where the least advanced scholar was already occupied upon the problems of Euclid.

To a proud nature, such as mine, this state of degradation was intolerable. Though sometimes almost overborne by shame and anguish, I made superhuman efforts to regain the time which had been lost. I was speedily rewarded for my exertions. My progress was astonishing; and, although still far behind the rest, the rapidity with which I mastered all that was given me to learn, and, indeed, the manner in which I frequently anticipated the instructions of the tutors, became the marvel of the school.

My father was wealthy, and supplied me liberally with money. This money I devoted wholly to the purchase of books. When the other boys were playing in the grounds of the academy, I used to steal away to the deserted bedchambers, or to my accustomed corner in the empty class-room, and there labor earnestly at the acquisition of some of those branches of learning into which I had been but lately inducted, or at which, in the regular course of study, I had not yet arrived. Thus, too, in the morning, before any of my companions were awake, I would draw a volume from beneath my pillow, or tax my memory to recall all the information which I had gathered during the previous day. By these means I not only continued to add hourly to my store, but I forgot nothing that I had once made my own.

And now let me confess something connected with my progress—something upon which I have often reflected with sensations approaching to terror—something which I have since attempted to analyze, and which has guided me in the interpretation of that mystery in which my subsequent life has been enveloped.

Nothing that I learned was entirely new to me.

Yes, strange and awful as it may appear, I never read a book which did not seem to be merely recalling distant recollections to my mind. All knowledge vibrated in my soul like the echo of some old familiar voice. When my teacher was elucidating a problem, or relating some of the phenomena of science, I invariably outstripped the sense of his argument, and, taking the words from his mouth, would sometimes leap at the conclusion before he had well begun. Many times he has started, questioned me, accused me of previously studying the book; and always I have proved to him that it had never been for an instant in my possession.

I thus obtained a character for natural powers of reasoning which I could not refute, and yet which I felt was undeserved. It was by no internal ratiocination that I arrived at the knowledge which so surprised, not only my instructors, but myself. The faculty was spontaneous. I had no control over it. It came with all the sudden clearness of conviction, and illumined the subject at once, like a gleam of lightning. I was bewildered sometimes to find how intimately the workings of this comprehension resembled the unsought promptings of memory.

However, I was at this time too young to enter minutely upon so difficult an investigation as that of the operations of the mind, and my thoughts were already charged with undertakings almost beyond their powers. I was therefore content to accept my good fortune without questioning its sources too curiously.

Five years elapsed. During that time I had passed from the lowest bench to the rank of senior scholar at the academy; I had mastered two of the living languages (English and French) besides my own; I was tolerably well read in the classics; I had gone through the entire routine of school mathematics; and I was the author, moreover, of certain prize poems in Greek and Latin, and also of an anonymous pamphlet on Social Philosophy.

At this point of my education, my father, in compliance with my earnest solicitations, transferred me to the University of Leipzig, where I had scarcely entered my name when I received intelligence of his sudden death. My grief was deep and sincere, and the only result of wealth was to augment my love of knowledge, and to increase the severity of my studies.

I now directed my attention principally toward Oriental languages and Oriental literature. I lived the life of a hermit. I existed only in the past. I avoided the abstractions of the outer world, and devoted myself entirely to the acquisition of Hebrew, Persian, Hindoo, and Indian learning.

In college, as at school, my efforts were followed by the same rapid and unvarying success. I bore away the prizes at every public examination, and finally received the highest university honors. Still I had no inclination to leave Leipzig; I continued to occupy my old apartments, to prosecute my old studies, and to lead precisely the same mode of life as heretofore. Thus six years more were added to my term of existence; and at twenty-one years of age, on the death of one of my own instructors, I was by unanimous election inducted into the vacant professorship of Oriental literature.

This unparalleled progress surprised no one so much as myself, for I alone knew the extraordinary manner in which it was accomplished. Knowledge came to me more as a revelation than a study, yet the word scarcely expresses what I mean. *Memory*—I repeat it—memory is the only mental process to which I can compare the victories of my intellectual explorations.

I had one friend, by name Frank Ormesby. He was an Englishman, and had entered the University about a year later than myself. Young, brilliantly gifted, and imbued deeply with the spirit of German literature, he had chosen here to complete his academic studies. But for this friendship I should scarcely have had a tie of human affection in common with the world around me.

Frank Ormesby was the last male descendant of an old aristocratic family in the West of England. His ancestors had suffered extensive losses during the period of the Commonwealth, and had regained but a small portion of their property at the hands of the graceless and profligate Charles. Two or three farms, with the old manor-house and park, alone remained to that family whose loyal cavaliers had not hesitated to arm their tenantry and melt their hereditary plate in the service of the Stuarts. Small as it was, the estate was rendered still less valuable through the extravagance of some later Ormesbys, and, when Frank succeeded to it, was so encumbered as scarcely to yield him the few annual hundreds which were necessary to supply the expenses of a gentleman.

In this remote and melancholy manor, shut in by dark old trees, and attended only by a governess and one or two servants, my friend's younger sister lived in the deepest seclusion. The pair were orphans, and they were all in all to each other. Frank had not a thought in which the happiness of Grace was not considered. Grace looked up to Frank as to a mirror of truth and talent.

During the long, solitary walks which we used sometimes to take beyond the confines of the city, Frank delighted to talk with me of his sister's gentleness and beauty. He told me how she went, like an angel, diffusing blessings around her; how she was beloved by the poor; and how she had sacrificed her own pleasures for the sake of prolonging his collegiate education. Secluded as I was from the gentle influences of female society, these conversations produced a profound impression upon my heart. I learned to love without having beheld her. I suffered myself to dream golden dreams; I hung upon his words with the enraptured faith of a devotee before the shrine of a vailed divinity; and I yielded up my whole soul to the dangerous fascination.

At length the time came when Frank must return to England; when I must be once more alone—more alone than if I had never possessed his friendship.

One evening we were loitering through the garden of the University, arm in arm, silent and melancholy. Each knew the other's thoughts, and neither spoke of parting. Suddenly Frank turned and said, hurriedly,

"Why don't you come with me, Henneberg? The trip to England would do you good."

I smiled, and shook my head.

"Ah! no," I said; "I am a snail, and the college is my shell."

"Nonsense," he replied, "you must come; I will have it so. Who knows? Perhaps you and Grace may fall in love with each other!"

The hot blood rushed up to my face, but I made no answer. Frank stopped short, and, looking earnestly into my eyes,

"Heinrich," he said, "I seem to have spoken lightly, but I have thought deeply. Could this union be, it would fulfill the wish that lies nearest my heart."

My pulse throbbed wildly, my eyes became suffused with tears; still I remained silent.

"Will you come?" he asked.

I said, "Yes."

Never before had I traveled beyond the limits of my native Saxony, and so far from feeling any of the anticipative delight of youth, I shrank from the journey with the nervous timidity of a recluse. Frank rallied me upon my apprehensions.

"My good fellow," he exclaimed, "you have shut yourself up in this old German college till you are little better than a dusty, moth-eaten folio yourself! You are but twenty-one years of age, and you are pale and wise as a philosopher of eighty. Your clothes hang about you like an old-fashioned binding; your face is as yellow as parchment; you bow as if you were making an Eastern salam; and the very character of your handwriting is distorted into a resemblance of Oriental characters. This will never do. You must become rejuvenescent, and make up your mind to descend for once to the level of other people. Be a martyr, Heinrich, and write to your tailor for a dress-suit!"

We resolved to travel round by the Rhine, and proceeded first of all to Mayence.

On the morning of the third day an incident

occurred, which, to my mind, was deeply significant. It wanted more than two hours of noon; the carriage was ascending a precipitous hill, and we were walking some fifty yards in advance. The air was deliciously cool and fragrant, and we paused every now and then to look upon the fair level prospect of wood and vineyard which we were leaving behind. The birds were singing in the green shade of the lindens beside the road. An old man and a young girl, leading a mule, passed us, with a pleasant word of greeting, and we heard the voices of the vintagers down in the valley. Frank was in high spirits, and sprang forward as if he dared the toilsome hill to weary him. "See," he cried, "we shall soon reach the summit, and then I predict that we shall be rewarded by the sight of a divine landscape. Mayence must be close at hand, and we shall see the broad, bright, rushing Rhine below." And he began singing, in a loud, clear voice, that song beloved of German students, "To the Rhine—to the Rhine!"

I smiled at his fresh-hearted enthusiasm, and followed him somewhat more slowly. It was, indeed, as he had said; and on a sudden we beheld, close under our feet, the streets, the cathedral, the University of Mayence, the wide, rapid river, the long boat-bridge, the lordly façade of the Palace of Biberich, the banks clothed with plants and autumn flowers; the hurrying steamers, with their canvas awnings and their clouds of fleecy smoke; and then, far away, the shadowy hills, the vineyards, the river-side villages, and the winding Rhine flashing along for miles and miles through all the scene. It was a glorious prospect, and my friend was breathless with delight. But the effect which it produced upon me was fearful and unexpected. I stood quite still and pale; then, uttering a wild cry, I clasped my hands over my eyes and cast myself upon the ground. I distinctly remembered to have seen that very prospect—those spires and towers, that bridge, that red-hued palace, that far landscape—in some past stage of being, vague, dark, forgotten as a dream. When they came to lift me from the spot where I had fallen, they found me in a state of insensibility; and when I recovered my consciousness, it was in a bed-chamber of the Konigliche Hof, a little road-side tavern just outside the city. The shock had been so great that for several days I was unable to travel. I did not dare to tell Frank the real cause of my illness, and I alleged a sudden giddiness as the reason of my cry when falling. He fancied that it might have been a slight sun-stroke, and I allowed him to think so. On the third day I had sufficiently recovered to resume the journey. We now proposed to take a Rhine steamer to Cologne; but as the boat would not start before the afternoon, I yielded to my friend's persuasions, and ventured out with him to visit the Cathedral of Mayence.

All here was so cool and still, that I felt my troubled heart grow calmer. The sunlight coming in through the stained windows, hovered and flickered in patches of gold and purple on the marble pavement, and cast long lines of light through the dim, ruined cloisters beyond. The sacristan was putting fresh flowers on the altar; the great organ, with its front of shining pipes, was quite dumb and breathless, like a dead giant. Some little flaring tapers were burning on a votive stand beside the door, and an old beggar-woman, with her crutches lying beside her on the ground, was devoutly kneeling before the rails of the altar. Leaving these, we hurried through the dirty, narrow streets of the town, and sat under the shadow of some leafy walnuts on one of the hills looking over the Rhine. Here we watched the women spinning at their doors, and my friend recited Schiller's wondrous ballad, "The Cranes of Ibycus."

Thus the morning passed away, and in a few hours more we were gliding along the broad current, between vineyards and rocks, and ruined, blank-eyed towers; islands, with trees dipping down to the water; quaint old towns, with Gothic spires and sloping forests of the oak and pine. But there is no need that I should describe the Rhine to you, O my friend, for whom I write these brief pages of troubled memories. Since those days of my youth, you, too, have traversed the scenes of which I speak; you, too, have felt the influence of their beauty sink like dew upon the arid sands of your thirsty heart, as they fell there upon mine. If I say that we went on and on, past Coblentz, and Andernach, and Bonn; that we staid for a day at Cologne; that we there hired a vehicle to transport us to Clêves, and that from thence we proceeded along the smooth roads of Holland, you will recall sufficient of your own experience to follow in our track, and to imagine the feelings with which I, a hermit-student, must have contemplated such varied and remarkable scenery.

From Rotterdam we took the steamer for England, and in rather more than a fortnight from the date of our departure, we found ourselves, one sultry evening, amidst that confusion of sounds and sights which makes up the sum of the great Babel called London.

"Shall we stay here for a few days, that I may show you some of the wonders of our great city?" asked Frank, as we sat at supper in a dismal sitting-room at the back of a great gloomy inn in the neighborhood of St. Paul's Cathedral. But I was still weak, and I felt stunned by the roar and hurry of the streets through which we had just passed. "Ah! no," I said; "I am not fit for this place. So much life oppresses me. Let us go quickly to your old quiet home. I shall be better when loitering amidst the dim alleys of your park, or dreaming over the books in your library. I need peace—peace and rest."

* * * * * *

It was already evening when we reached the gates of Ormesby Park. They were very rusty old gates, and creaked mournfully upon their hinges as we rolled through them. A white-headed man crept out of the little dilapidated lodge to admit us, and stood looking after the

chaise in feeble wonderment, as it proceeded up the avenue.

"Poor old Williams!" said Frank, leaning back with a sigh; "he has quite forgotten me."

"What superb trees!" I exclaimed, looking up at the gigantic branches, with the red light of the setting sun streaming in between.

"They *are* beautiful," replied my friend, more cheerfully. "I have often been tempted, I confess, to cut the old timber; but now I vow it shall never be desecrated by the axe. See, there you catch a glimpse of the house."

I leaned forward, and just saw it for a moment through a passing gap. It was an antique Elizabethan building, with gable-ends and large bay-windows, and a terraced garden in the front.

"I think I know at which window Grace is standing," said Ormesby. "I wonder how she looks. To think of its being five years since we parted!"

I, too, began to get nervous. "Does she know that I am coming?" I asked, hurriedly.

Frank burst into a hearty laugh. "Know that you are coming! to be sure she does; and she will be surprised enough when she sees you. Why, man, I told her that I was going to bring the Professor of Oriental Literature with me—a grave old gentleman of eccentric habits, but profound learning, whom I hoped she would try to like for my sake!"

"My dear Frank," I said, hastily, "it was unnecessary, I think, to place your friend in so ridiculous a position at his first interview—"

"Hush!" said he, grasping me affectionately by the hand; "do not say that. She has long known how I love and value *you:* and now jump out, for here we are at last!"

We had driven round to the back of the house, where a group of two or three old servants were gathered to receive us. Frank ran past them, and taking a lady in his arms who was standing near the door, covered her cheeks and brow with kisses.

"Grace, my darling Grace!" he said, bending his proud head fondly toward her.

"My dear brother!" replied the lady, hiding her face upon his shoulder, and sobbing aloud.

I turned away, and walked toward the window; for I had no place there, and my own eyes were filled with tears.

"So tall, too (I heard him say)—so tall and so beautiful! so changed, and yet the same dear Grace I left five years ago."

"Five years ago!" echoed the lady in a low voice.

"But here is Professor Henneberg, waiting all this time to be introduced to you," said Frank, drawing her arm through his, and advancing to where I yet stood. "Heinrich, this is my dear and only sister: Grace, welcome this gentleman; he is my friend."

It was not that I had heard and thought so much of her already; it was not even for her beauty, rare and winning though it was. No, it was for none of these, but for the purity written on her brow, and for the earnest soul looking from her dark eyes, that I succumbed in one moment to that deep and passionate tide of love which has never ceased since then to overflow my heart. Confused and silent, I could only bow to her; and when she extended her hand—that small white hand—what could I do but hold it, tremblingly and irresolutely, in mine, and then stoop down and kiss it?

"My friend has saluted you after our German fashion, Grace," said Frank, smiling, as he saw her embarrassment and mine. "Abroad we kiss the hand of a lady, and we only shake that of a gentleman. If he be a heart-friend, or a brother, we rub our rough beards together in a fraternal embrace."

A little while afterward, when we were sitting together in a window overlooking the old park, the lady, after glancing doubtfully toward me twice or thrice, laid her hand gently on her brother's arm, and said, "But where, my dear Frank, is the other gentleman — the Oriental scholar—whom you prepared me to receive?"

A malicious smile hovered over his lips, and danced in his dark eyes. "This is the learned professor in person," he replied, laughingly. "Speak for yourself, friend; and if Grace still continue to doubt your identity, reply with a spirited harangue in Syriac or Hindostanee! By-the-way, sister mine, can you discover who it is that Henneberg resembles? From the moment I first saw him, I knew that I had been used to a face strangely like his, 'e'en from my boyish days;' yet for my life I can not tell whose that face may be."

"I observed it directly," replied Grace Ormesby. "The face is as familiar to me as possible!"

"How beautiful this is!" I exclaimed, stepping out upon the balcony, and looking over the wide-wooded country, the distant hills, the park, and the quaint, formal garden, with the moon just rising palely on one side, and the red sun sinking slowly on the other.

"It is a truly English scene," replied the lady; "but I suppose it will not bear a comparison with your German forests and vineyards."

The conversation changed again, and flowed on into other channels, like a mountain-stream, now winding past a little quiet isle, now dashing over the steep rocks, now murmuring softly through the rushes near a cottage-door, and anon wandering out and losing itself in the deep sea. Thus the hours glided away unnoticed, and I withdrew at last with a sigh.

Mine was a large dark room, with an enormous bed, like a hearse, in the centre of the floor. Two ebony cabinets, richly inlaid, stood on either side of the fire-place. An antique Venetian mirror was suspended above the toilet-table, and some high-backed chairs and *moyen-age* fauteuils were scattered about in various directions.

Glancing round at these details, I walked over to one of the casements, threw it open, and,

leaning forward into the moonlight, thought of the lady whom I had already dared to love. It was long past midnight when I returned into the chamber, and dropped upon a chair. My eyes wandered listlessly round the room, and encountered a picture which I had not before observed—"some old ancestral portrait, no doubt!" I rose; I advanced toward it; I raised the candle . . . . a freezing sensation came upon me; my eyes grew dim; my heart stood still. In that portrait I recognized—*myself!*

Suddenly I turned and rushed to the door; but, as my fingers closed upon the handle, I paused. "What folly!" I said, conquering my fears by a strong effort. "It must be a mirror after all!" So I nerved myself to return.

Once more I stood before it, and surveyed it steadily. It was no mirror, but a picture—an old oil-painting, cracked in many places, and wearing the brittle, deepened tone of age. The portrait represented a young man in the costume of the reign of James the First, with ruff and doublet. But the face—the face! I sickened as I gazed upon it; for every feature was mine! The long light hair, descending almost to the shoulders; the pallid hue and anxious brow, the compressed lips and fair mustache, the very meaning and expression of the eye—all, all my own, as though reflected from the surface of a glass!

I stood fascinated, spell-bound: my eyes were riveted upon the picture, and its eyes, glance for glance, on mine. At length the tide of horror seemed to burst its bounds; a groan broke from my lips, and dashing my lamp upon the ground that I might behold the face no more, I flew to the window, and leaped out into the garden.

All that night, hour after hour, I wandered through the avenues and glades of the park, startling the red-deer in their midnight coverts, and scattering the dew-drops from the low branches as I passed.

The morning dawned ere long; the sun shone, the lark rose singing, and the day-flowers opened in the grass. At seven o'clock I bent my steps toward the house, weary, haggard, and depressed. Frank met me in the garden. "You are out early this morning, Heinrich," he said, gayly. Then observing the expression of my countenance, "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"I have not slept at all," I replied, in a hollow tone; "and I have suffered the torture of a hundred nights in one. Come with me to my bed-chamber, and I will tell you."

We went, and I told him. He heard me out in silence, and looked frequently from the portrait to my face. When I had done, he laughed aloud, and shook his head. "I acknowledge," he said, "that the resemblance is striking; and not only the resemblance, but the coincidence; for, to tell you the truth, this is actually the portrait of one of your countrymen—a Baron von Ravensberg, of Suabia, who married a daughter of our house in the year 1614. At the same time, my dear Heinrich, I can not hear of any thing supernatural in the matter. It is one of those fortuitous circumstances which are daily occurring; and, after all, the likeness may be, in a great measure, simply national. For instance, we know how strongly the peasantry of Scotland and of Ireland are imbued with one physiognomical stamp; the Italian cast of face is peculiar; and (not to cite the tribes of colored men, or even the Chinese and Tartars) how remarkably are these facial characteristics imprinted upon the natives of America! The last instance is, indeed, one which admits of wide physiological inquiry. The Americans, gathered together as they are from all the shores of the Old World, have received a stamp of individuality, as it were, from the very climate in which they live: and even in the second generation the new characteristics become apparent."

I heard, but scarcely heeded his words. When he had ceased speaking, I looked up as if from a dream. "It may be all very true, Ormesby," I replied; "but I can not occupy this room another night."

"Nor is there any occasion that you should," said he, cheerily. "Come down to the breakfast-parlor, and I will order the green bed-room to be prepared for you!"

I felt now as if some destiny were upon me; and many days elapsed before I regained my cheerfulness. By degrees, however, the impression wore away, and as I no longer saw, I ceased to think of the picture.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, thou solitary dream of my life! wake, wake once more, and let me for a brief moment forget the shaded years that have risen up between my soul and thee!

I loved her—shall I say *loved?* Ah, no! I love her still—I shall love her till I die! Let me tell how deep and passionate that love was; how I lived day after day in the sweet air she breathed; how I sat and watched the inner-light of her dark, earnest eyes; how my heart failed within me, listening to her voice.

Her voice! Ah, that sweet, low voice, so calm, so meaning, and so musical! It vibrates even now upon my ear, and brings the stranger-tears back to my eyes! How can I paint the long, golden days of that dreamy autumnal season, when I went forth by her side into the yellow corn-fields amidst the reapers, and through the pleasant lanes on every side? There we used to talk of sweet and high things, and sometimes we sat beneath the spreading boughs while I read aloud to her from Shakspeare, or translated a few pages of Schiller. How my voice rose and trembled as the words translated the language of my heart!

Then there were the happy evenings when we sat by the open windows of the old drawing-room, looking out upon the dusky park and the clear, starry sky; when the harvest-moon shone down upon the stirless trees; when the nightingale shook her wild song from her little throat

hard by; and the drowsy air hung like an enchanted element over all!

At such times Grace would touch the keys of the piano, and sing the ballads of my native land. Then strange hopes and lofty speculations found utterance from our lips, and we talked poetry to the night!

Why do I linger thus? It was but a dream. Let me tell of my awakening.

At the extremity of my friend's garden there stood an old-fashioned summer-house, shaped like a pagoda, with a gilt ball upon the summit. This point commanded an extensive and beautiful prospect. In front stood the old house, with its carved gable-ends and burnished weather-cocks; the garden, curiously planted in formal beds, and interspersed with trees of quaintly-cut pyramidal form; the terraced walks; the spreading park; and, beyond the park, the summits of the blue hills far away. In the summer-house stood a table and two rustic chairs; and just before the entrance a simple pedestal was erected, whereon a dial, worn and rusted by the storms of many years, told the silent hours by the sun.

Here it was that I sat one sunny morning, face to face with her. An open volume lay beside me on the table, and I had been reading; and my darling was there, bending her head low over some womanly work well fitted for her dainty fingers. I could not see her eyes for the dark curls that fell adown her cheeks.

The book was Chaucer—I remember it well. I had been reading the Knight's Tale, and we had broken off at the death of Arcite. After a few words of admiration, there came a pause; and as I turned to resume the poem my eyes rested upon her, and I could not remove them. Very silently I sat there looking at her, watching the flitting of her fingers, and the coming and going of her breath; and I asked myself, "Can this be life, or is it nothing but a dream?"

Suddenly, I felt the deep love welling upward from my heart to my lips, and refusing to be any longer mute; and then—then I found myself at her feet, clasping her hands in mine, and saying over and over again, in a quick, broken voice, between tears and trembling,

"Grace—dear, dearest Grace—I love you!"

But she made no answer, and only sat quite pale and still, and downward-looking, like a marble saint.

"Not one word, Grace—not one?"

Her lip quivered. Slowly she lifted up her face, and fixed her eyes on mine. Oh! they were deep, and dark, and earnest, and they thrilled through me!

"Heinrich," she said, in that low, clear tone that betokens the deepest intensity of emotion, "Heinrich, I loved you long ago—before I ever saw you."

Surely there was nothing in these words that should not have filled me with delight, and yet they smote upon me with a sensation of indescribable horror.

I had heard them before—ay, and in that very spot!

With the swiftness of electricity it rushed upon me; and in one passing second, as a landscape flits before us in the flashes of a storm, I recollected, oh, Heavens! not only the place, the hour, the summer-house, the garden, but herself, her words, her eyes—all, all familiar as if they were a portion of my own being!

"Grace! Grace!" I shrieked, springing to my feet, and clasping my hands wildly above my head, "do you not remember—once before — here, here — centuries ago — do you not remember—do you not—do you not remem—"

A choking, dreadful feeling arrested my breath; the ground rocked beneath my feet; a red mist swam before my eyes—I staggered—I fell!

I remember nothing of what followed.

* * * * * *

Even now it seems to me as if years passed away between that moment and the period when my consciousness returned. Long passionless years—without a thought, without a hope, without a fear; dark as night, and blank as dreamless sleep!

But it was not so. Scarcely three weeks had elapsed since I was seized with the fever; and so far from having lain there in a passive trance, I had all the time been racked by the burning visions of delirium.

Brought to the very confines of the grave—weak, emaciated, and careless of all around me—I permitted two or three days to pass away in this state of listless debility, without asking even a question about the past, or daring to dwell for an instant upon the future. I had not the power to think.

Those first days of sanity seemed almost to glide by like waking dreams, and I passed insensibly from drowsy perception to long and frequent slumbers. While awake, I listened idly to the ticking of the clock, and to the passing footsteps on the stairs; watched the sunlight creeping slowly round the walls with the advancing day; followed, like a child, the quiet movements of my nurse, and accepted without question the medicines and aliments which she brought to me. I was feebly conscious, too, of the constantly-recurring visits of the doctor; and when he felt my pulse, and enjoined me not to speak, I was too weak and weary even to reply.

On the morning of the third (or it might have been the fourth) day, I woke from a long sleep which seemed to have lasted all the night, and I felt the springs of life and thought renewed within me. I looked round the room, and, for the first time, wondered where I was.

The nurse was soundly sleeping in an arm-chair at my bedside. The room was large and airy. The window was shadowed by a tree, the leaves of which rustled with the wind. Some book-shelves, laden with bright, new volumes, were suspended against the wall; and a small table, covered with phials and wine-glasses, was placed at the foot of the bed.

I asked myself where I had been before this illness, and in one moment I remembered, even to the last broken words! Then all was darkness.

I must have given utterance to some exclamation, for my attendant woke, and turned a startled face upon me.

"Nurse," I said, eagerly, "where am I? whose house is this?"

"Hush, Sir! This is Dr. Howard's; but you are to keep quiet. Here is the doctor himself!"

The door opened, and a gentlemanly-looking man entered. Seeing me awake, he smiled pleasantly, and took a seat beside my bed.

"I see by your countenance, my young friend, that you are better," he said. "Did I hear you asking where you are? You are my guest and patient."

"How came I here? Where is this house?"

"You have had a brain fever, and were removed to my dwelling at my request. By that arrangement I have been enabled to give your case more attention. I live in the village of Torringhurst, two miles from Ormesby Park."

"And Frank, and — and Miss Ormesby?" I began, hesitatingly.

"Your friends have been very anxious for you," he said, with some irresolution, as if scarce knowing how to reply. "Mr. Ormesby watched many nights at your bedside. They—they waited till they knew you to be out of danger."

"And then?" I cried, eagerly.

"And then they left Ormesby Park for the Continent."

"For the Continent!" I repeated, quite stupefied. Then making an effort to rise, "I will follow them!" I cried. "Where are they? I am better now; I will go—I will!"

The doctor laid his hand gently on my shoulder. I sank back upon the pillows utterly powerless; and he resumed,

"I have promised not to say where they are gone; and — and they do not wish that you should follow."

"I *will* go! Why should I not? What have I done that she should treat me thus? Oh, cruel, cruel!"

I was so weak and wretched that I burst into tears, and sobbed like a child.

He looked at me gravely and compassionately.

"My young friend," he said, taking my hand in his, and looking into my eyes, "you are a man of education and intellect. I well know that to leave you in doubt would be not only the unkindest, but the unwisest thing that I could do. Now, listen to me, and prepare yourself for a great disappointment. Shortly before your seizure, you made some observations (resulting, probably, from the approach of fever) which much shocked and alarmed your friend's sister. It appears, likewise, that a few weeks before that you expressed yourself very strangely with respect to a picture. These two circumstances, I regret to say, have impressed your friends of the Park with the idea that you are the victim, I will not say of unsound mind, but of a delusive theory, which must prove highly detrimental to your own mental and physical well-being, as well as to the happiness of those connected with you. Such being the case, Mr. Ormesby is of opinion that your intimacy with his sister must unavoidably cease; and the better to effect this, he has taken her abroad for a time, which, I am sorry to say, she greatly needs, having suffered much since your illness. Mr. Ormesby intrusted me with this letter for you. Good-morning, my young friend. We all have troubles to encounter in life; and though yours be a heavy one, remember how very many are heavier still!"

Here is a transcript of the letter:

"Deeply painful as it is to me thus to address you after so severe an illness, my dear Heinrich, I must write a few lines, entreating your forgiveness for the seeming unkindness of which I am guilty in thus quitting England before you are sufficiently recovered to wish me farewell. I will leave to my kind friend, Dr. Howard, the ungrateful task of explaining to you my motives for this departure, but I can trust only my own pen to describe to you the deep grief which that determination has cost me. Nothing but the sense of a duty still more imperative than that of friendship could have forced me to inflict upon you a disappointment in which I entreat you to believe I have an equal share. My dear old college friend, forgive and still love me, for my attachment to you must and will ever be the same. Perhaps in time to come, when all that has lately passed shall be, if not forgotten, at least unregretted—when you have formed other ties, and are surrounded by your children, you will suffer me to resume my old place in your confidence, and will welcome to your hearth and heart

"Your friend,

"Frank Ormesby."

* * * * * *

There are times when this beautiful world seems to put on a mourning garb, as if sympathizing, like a gentle mother, with the grief that is consuming us; when the trees shake their arms in mute sorrow, and scatter their withered leaves like ashes on our heads; when the slow rains weep down around us, and the very clouds look old above. Then, like Hamlet the Dane, we think

"This goodly frame, the earth, a sterile promontory,
And this brave o'erhanging firmament, the air;
This majestical roof, fretted with golden fire,
A foul and pestilent congregation of vapors."

And so it was with me, walking solitary and sad beneath the sighing trees in one of the public gardens of Paris.

The dead leaves rustled as I trod, and the bare branches clashed together in the wind. A little to the right rolled the gay carriages and the tide of busy pleasure-seekers. Overhead the clouds hung low and dark, now and then shedding brief showers. All within the gardens was blank and deserted.

I was still weak and suffering, but I could not stay in the country which she had left. I came hither, seeking change and distraction—perhaps, too, with a vague hope that I might find her. Could I but see her once more—could I but hear the sweet sound of her voice, bidding me (if it must be so) an eternal farewell, I would at least bow down my head be-

fore the Mighty Shadow, and say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

But in Paris I had found her not; neither had I found peace, or hope, or rest. The clouds had rolled between me and the sun, and every land alike was darkened.

I then felt that I could say with Sir Thomas Brown: "For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in." Yet I never thought to reproach her for my sorrow! nay, I blessed her for the love that had once beamed on me from her eyes, and for the happy, happy times which must return no more.

Think you, my friend, that I have changed since then? No, I love her still, with a love and reverence inexpressible. She thought me mad. It is a hard word — perhaps it was a hard thought—but was it hers?

I can not tell; yet I think not. At all events, I feel the sweet assurance that she once loved, and that she always pitied me.

Sometimes (though it was only at the first), I feared that perhaps it might be as she thought. Could these flashes of strange memory be but the fitful dawnings of insanity? I reasoned. I examined myself, and I found no inward corroboration. Again there was a time when I dreaded lest the grief should drive me to it. But it was not so. Even when my heart was breaking, I loved her, and was thankful that I loved. Even then I would not have changed the memory of that dream for the blank that went before.

> I hold it true, whate'er befall;
> I feel it when I sorrow most;
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

Fare-thee-well, sweet Grace Ormesby — fare-thee-well, dear lady of my love! Go from these pages as thou wentest from my life, and therein be no more seen. Like a sunbeam, faded art thou evermore to me; and thy pale face and earnest eyes are still present to my gaze through the mists of many years. Yet doth Time, with every season, steal somewhat from the distinctness of the vision; and as mine eyes grow dim with age and anguish, so doth thine image recede farther and farther into the dusky chambers of the Past. Peace be with thee, lady, wheresoe'er thou art; peace be with thee!

How ill the life of a great city accords with a great grief, and yet how far better is it for the sufferer than rural quiet! Petrarch, in the seclusion of Vaucluse, never ceased to weep; and solitary weeping makes one selfish. Never hearing, never thinking of the smiles and tears of others, we learn to compassionate ourselves only, and in all this wide world see no face but our own. Contact with our fellow-creatures, though it be only in the streets of a city, where we have not a single friend, is good for us. Not the most misanthropic can thread that varying tide, and see that quick succession of faces, without feeling that he is a portion of the many, and that it is his duty to be a worker among men. He has a part to play, and there he knows that he is called upon to play it.

Walking in that deserted alley of the Luxembourg Gardens, within hearing, though not within sight of the living stream beyond, this truth became clear to me, and I said: "I have been idle and a dreamer. Books have been my world, and I have accepted all without giving any. From this present suffering I must be free or die; and in activity alone can I ever find forgetfulness. Now I, too, will work."

And I made up my mind to do the work for which I was fitted. I resolved to write my long-contemplated book on "The Poetry of Oriental Life and Language."

That night my quiet rooms in the dead, old-fashioned Rue de Parnasse, seemed less dreary. It was now almost winter; it had rained at intervals for many days, and the air was very chill. I found a cheerful fire in my sitting-room. The curtains shut out the dismantled garden. I drew my table to the fire-place, trimmed my lamp, took pen and paper, and sketched the outline of my work.

My evening's occupation was followed by a night of sound, refreshing sleep; and from this day I recovered rapidly. The next morning found me, for the first time, before the gloomy entrance to the Bibliothèque Royale.

I passed through the solemn court-yard, with its little garden, its mounted statue, and its air of classic stillness. I passed on to the rooms appropriated to study, and chose a remote corner by a window. There I took my place, amidst a busy company, and so began my life of authorship in Paris.

Day after day, week after week, I pursued the same mode of existence. I occupied the same place; I followed the same train of thought, and resolutely bore out my intention of labor. And labor rewarded me with a portion of my lost peace; and amidst those venerable archives of old learning; amidst the millions of precious books and manuscripts there treasured; amidst the wealth of literature amassed from antique days by Francis I., by the Medici, by the Sporzi, by the Visconti, by Petrarch—I lost for a while the remembrance of my private sorrows.

Thus dwelling with "the assembled souls of all that men held wise," I gradually fell into a frame of mind and a routine of habits the best calculated, perhaps, for a man of my thoughtful disposition.

Excluded on Sundays from the library, I generally passed those mornings in the Louvre, wandering through the galleries of antiquities; pursuing my studies of ancient Etrurian and Greek history amidst the vases, mosaics, and cameos of the *Musée Grec et Egyptien;* and sometimes, though rarely, mingling with the throngs who on this day frequent the art-galleries, and testify by their orderly and respectful bearing the admiration of beauty which may

be felt even by the poorest and least instructed of the community.

As the spring-time came, I used to escape on the Sunday into the pleasant parks and country lanes in the neighborhood of Paris. There, in the sylvan glades and hills of St. Cloud, among the alleys of the wood at Vincennes, or in the funereal forest-shades of St. Germains, I used to spend the long sunny days alone, with a book of my own thoughts. I was resigned, if not happy; and my book progressed with the weeks and months as they went by.

There was one of the attendants at the Bibliothèque Royale, in whom I took a considerable interest. He was called M. Benoit. I first remarked him for the respectability of his appearance, and for the courtliness of his address. My surprise was one day excited by the discovery that he read the Oriental languages with facility. It happened thus: I had written the name of a rare Arabic work upon a slip of paper —as is the custom of the place—and handed it to him to procure for me. He looked at it, and shook his head. "It is useless, Monsieur," he said; "that work is not in the collection. I have been often asked for it, but in vain. If Monsieur will write for this work instead, I think he will find its contents very similar."

And he wrote the title of another book upon the back of my paper, and wrote it, moreover, in the Arabic characters.

"You understand Arabic?" I exclaimed, with amazement.

He smiled sadly.

"I was once a rich man, Monsieur," he said, with a sigh, "and my education is all that I have not lost."

After this I had many conversations with M. Benoit, and he frequently visited me at my apartments in the Faubourg St. Germain. I learned that he was the son of a wealthy builder; that he had received one of the most learned and expensive of educations; that his property had been entirely lost in the boundless destruction of the Reign of Terror; that he had barely existed, for some time, upon the charity of a few compassionate *savans;* and that during the Consulate he had obtained this subordinate situation through the interest of an early college-friend. I compared this poor old man's condition with my own, and learned a lesson from his patient cheerfulness. Soon I entertained almost an affection for him. I found his conversation learned, often profound; and I gradually unfolded to him the plan and purpose of my book and of my opinions.

One evening I had been reading a chapter to him, and we were arguing upon certain inductions which I had therein made from the system of Zoroaster.

"It is very strange," said M. Benoit, "but it strikes me that we have a MS. in which the author has anticipated you on this subject."

"Indeed!" I cried with a feeling of disappointment. "I had hoped that my views were original."

"It may be original, Monsieur Henneberg, without being new," replied the old gentleman. "That it is original in your mind I know decidedly; for the MS. in question has never been copied, and, indeed, I think, has never been read excepting by myself and the writer."

"Perhaps you are the writer!" I exclaimed, hastily.

"Indeed I am not," he said, musingly; "but I knew him well—very well. He was a professor in the College Royale de France, and from him I received the greater part of my education in the Oriental tongues. He was a great sufferer, and he loved me dearly. I was his favorite pupil; I attended his death-bed. Just before he died he gave the MS. into my care, and bade me present it to the Bibliotheque Royale. I did so, and read it. It is utterly unknown—it lies amidst thousands of others; and I believe no person has ever perused it before or since."

"I should like to see this work," I said.

"*Très-bien*," he replied, "I will show it to you to-morrow."

I could not rest that night for thinking of what the old librarian had told me. I felt greatly disquieted that another should have been before me in this path, which I had hitherto believed a virgin solitude. My self-love, my ambition was wounded, and I rose in the morning feverish and unrefreshed.

Precisely as the hour of admittance arrived I entered the reading-rooms of the library. I looked around in every direction, but M. Benoit was nowhere to be seen. I tried to read—to work; but it was in vain. I could not keep my attention fixed for five minutes together, and I turned my head every instant toward the door.

More than an hour elapsed before he came; but at last he entered the room and advanced to the corner where I was sitting.

"Where is the manuscript, M. Benoit?" I said, eagerly—"the manuscript on Oriental literature which you named to me last evening?"

"It is here, M. Henneberg," he replied, pointing to a packet beneath his arm. "I had some difficulty in finding it, for it has lain there untouched these twenty years."

Slowly, and with the tremulous fingers of age, he untied the papers in which it was enveloped, and placed the manuscript before me. The exterior was soiled with the dust of years, and the paper yellow like parchment.

I opened the leaves at random; I started back; I rubbed my eyes, to be sure that I was not dreaming; then I sat staring, cold, silent as a stone image on a tomb: *the handwriting upon those pages was my own.*

I think I have already said that mine was a very peculiar hand. It partook strangely of the curves and idiosyncrasies of Eastern characters. It was unlike any other, and at Leipzig it had frequently been the subject of remark. There was no mistaking it; and here it was reproduced before my eyes, in a manuscript written probably years before I was born!

By a powerful, almost a superhuman effort, I

mastered the emotion by which I had been overcome, and, bending down that he might not observe the deadly pallor of my face, I said, hoarsely, "And so it was a countryman of yours who wrote this, M. Benoit?"

"A kind friend and master of mine, M. Henneberg," replied the librarian; "not a countryman."

"Indeed!" I said. "Was he not French?"

"*Ah, mon Dieu!* no; he was a German."

Again I started. I turned to the beginning of the work; my eyes fell upon the first few sentences.... I had half expected it. Their import, though not their phraseology, was precisely the same as those which commenced my own book!

"And pray from what part of Germany did your friend come, M. Benoit?" I asked, with forced composure.

"From the confines of Bohemia."

"And his name?"

"Karl Schmidt."

"May I ask the date of his decease?"

The old gentleman removed his glasses, and brushed a tear from his eyes.

"*Hélas, mon pauvre ami!* He died on the evening of the 4th of May, 1790."

The very date and moment of my birth!

I rose suddenly, and, leaning on the back of my chair, pressed one hand on my heart as if to still its fearful palpitation. I gasped for breath; I felt as if the ground were sinking from beneath my feet.... "Help, my friend!" I gasped—"help! I—I am dying!"

In another moment I had fainted. I was very ill for some days after this; but as soon as I had sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of so long a journey, I left Paris for Leipzig. I have never since gone beyond the boundaries of this city. Here, in the apartments which I occupied as a youth, I live an aged and an austere man. Here I shall soon die, and so end my "strange, eventful history."

Such is the story of my life—a life cursed and withered by glimpses of a past, which is known only to God. I have remembered scenes and people: I have beheld palpable evidences and traces of myself in former stages of my being. Whereunto do these things tend? Will death bring me to a full knowledge of these mysteries? or is this spiritual particle, which men call the soul, destined to migrate eternally from shape to shape, never rising to a higher and diviner immortality? Alas! I know not; neither, friend, canst thou reply to me. Life is a problem; Death, perchance, a word! Will no hand lift the curtain of eternity?

* * * * * *

It was nearly dusk by the time I had arrived at the end of the Professor's MSS., and the castle and church-spires of Gotha were already in sight. Presently the diligence stopped at an inn in the town; a party of young men surrounded the novel-reading student, and bore him off with tumultuous congratulations. The priest alighted, and wished me a civil good-evening, and I went into the inn and dined execrably. When returned to the vehicle to resume my night-journey, I found the three vacant places already occupied by three new passengers, and thus we went on toward Frankfort. In about a fortnight I arrived at Interlachen, and liked the place so well as to resolve upon staying there for several weeks. One day, sitting idly in the *salle-à-manger* of the Hotel Suisse, I happened to take a copy of *Galignani's Messenger* from the table. One of the first things that caught my eye was the following announcement:

"MAY, 1854.

"Died suddenly, on the evening of the 4th instant, in his chambers, at the College of ——, in Leipzig, Heinrich Henneberg, Professor of Oriental Literature, in the 65th year of his age; greatly beloved and regretted."

And so this was the end—dead! and on the anniversary of his birth! Some people to whom I have read the foregoing memoir say that these things are coincidences, and that too much learning touched my poor friend's brain. It may be so; but there was a strange method in his madness, after all; and who can tell what revelations in psychology may yet be in store for future generations?

LOVE EXPERIENCES OF AN IMPRESSIBLE MAN.

I.

IT is my misfortune to have what is called an impressible nature; that is to say, a nature intensely susceptible to surrounding influences. So easily does my heart take the stamp of contiguous objects, that one would say it was made of wax; while, on the other hand, so rapidly do the different impressions disappear, that it might be said to be made of sand. I have a theory, however, which is much more satisfactory; it is that the heart is composed, like an onion, of an immense number of *layers*, and that the consecutive impressions made upon it do not become obliterated, as would seem, but sink deeper and deeper below the surface, so that when the layers come finally to be removed—or, in other words, when the heart comes at last to be peeled—each impression will be discovered in regular order, and the common saying that "first impressions are deepest" will be found to be literally true.

But there is as much difference in hearts as in onions. The layers of an Englishman's heart, for example, are coarse and thick; this is especially true of the outer layer. To make an impression upon it is next to impossible. It appears to be of a tough substance, not unlike gutta percha. To make a distinct mark, you must come down upon it like a trip-hammer; once made, the impression lasts, to be sure, for a long time; but this is an advantage which is more than counterbalanced by the fact that an Englishman never gets more than half a dozen vivid impressions during his whole life, so that his heart is, in the end, but little better than a blank scroll, and will hardly pay for the peeling.

An Irishman's heart, on the contrary, or a Frenchman's, is very rich in impressions; every layer, way down to the core, is full of them; *his* heart, in the end, will be found to be like a volume of *Harper's Magazine*, every leaf of which is a picture of animated life. This is also true, to some extent, of the American heart, which, like a well-prepared daguerreotype-plate, is always ready to receive any kind of an image, good or bad, and equally ready to have it rubbed off, or, according to the above theory, sunk out of sight, to make place for a new one.

Such is the case, at any rate, with my own heart—or, rather, such *was* the case once, for I fear me that at present it is little better for impressional, or any other than reservoir, purposes than a fossil. What I have now to say of it, therefore, refers to the past. To begin:

In the summer of 1830, being then at the ripe age of five-and-twenty, I was living in Boston,* which I considered to be the only habitable city in the world, and which was, at any rate, the only city I had ever inhabited. If any one with whom I came in contact pretended to prefer New York, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, I took him at once to Faneuil Hall. If that didn't bring him to his senses, I conducted him (hurrying over Charlestown Bridge) to Bunker Hill; and that failing, I promenaded him round the Common, and buried his prejudices — I forget how many inches deep — in Frog Pond. Of course, if I had lived in any other city I should have been equally in love with that, which serves, at least, to show that I was not a true Bostonian. In fact, I have since been domiciled in some dozen different cities, each of which, for the time being, I believed to be as much superior to any other as "modern Athens," in the opinion of all Massachusetts men, is superior to what ancient Athens was, or what any other city, in the Old World or New, ever can be.

And what I thought of Boston I thought of Boston folks and Boston things. Byles himself is not more thoroughly Bostonian than I was. There were no streets like Boston streets; no merchants like Boston merchants (wasn't I one of them myself, and my father before me?); no ministers like Boston ministers; no horses like Boston horses; no mayors like Boston mayors; no cream-cakes like Boston cream-cakes; and—to come nearer to the point—no women like Boston women. In this last respect, certainly, there could be no mistake. I was willing to give up the ministers, give up the horses, give up, if necessary, even the merchants and the cream-cakes, but sooner than give up the women, I would have given up the ghost.

I was living at a boarding-house, presided over by one Mrs. Whittles, supported (so far as she was not supported by her boarders) by two unmarried sisters — namely, Miss Olivia Whittles, or Miss Whittles proper, and Miss Mehitable Whittles—the former of whom might have been thirty-five, while the latter should have been twenty-five, but *was* (or the family Bible fibbed) exactly eighteen. My story commences with the day I first took my seat at the Whittles table; and I should say here, lest I forget it, that whoever took a regular seat at the Whittles table became at once a regular member of the Whittles family.

Mrs. Whittles, or Mother Whittles, as we used to call her, was a widow—

> "A beauty-waning and distressèd widow,
> In the afternoon of her best days."

Her husband had been absent from the present scene of things for about ten years; but the worthy defunct was always present in the spirit, for his portrait (unhappily not a speaking one) smiled upon us all from the dining-room wall, "the very picture," as his relict used to tell us, "of the best provider in the world—poor, poor Whittles, now cold in his grave!"—a speech usually followed by a long silence, and a murmuring round the table of the words, "Poor, poor Whittles!"

Aside from the weakness, always excusable in a forlorn widow, of constantly alluding to her detached half, Mother Whittles was a very exemplary and eminently maternal person. Her table might, indeed, have been more liberally supplied, but then her terms were moderate, and what we lacked in food we made up in fun. Moreover, none of us were ever troubled with dyspepsia. For myself, I naturally thought the house, in all respects, a model establishment; I wouldn't for the world have changed any thing in it. I took comfort even in the self-satisfied look of the great provider—who, by-the-way, I have since learned, was a great consumer also, and did invariably provide "the very best the market afforded," promptly paying for the same —out of his wife's purse.

To Miss Olivia Whittles I didn't at first take. She talked a little too much (a weakness with old maids) about her dear minister, Rev. Mr. Sturgeon, but when I came to hear that worthy divine, I was converted at once to her opinion tha the was "the gracefulest preacher in Boston;" and the next day hired a seat in the Whittles pew, which I occupied for over three weeks, and might have occupied much longer, only he "exchanged" one Sunday with Rev. Mr. Pike, whom I thought more unctuous, and to whom I listened till his pulpit was occupied for a fortnight by Rev. Dr. Perch, whom I then followed; after which, for similar reasons, I became a parishioner, first of Rev. Mr. Carp, then of Professor Haddock, and, finally (changing my sect as well as my minister), of Rev. Mr. Nightingale, under whom I sat, though he was rather a heavy man, till I left Boston to settle in New York, where I now attend the ministrations of the eloquent Dr. Hawks.

But to return to Miss Olivia. Having taken a seat in the Whittles pew, it became one of my religious duties to wait upon that church-going belle to and from service—a duty which I performed not exactly with alacrity (her gait

* So named, probably, on account of its being the *bos* town of the world.

being too slow for that), but with prompt and pious resignation. On our way *to* church, I was generally edified by the most precise instructions as to personal carriage and street etiquette. I must walk erect; I must not carry my hands in my pocket; I must turn my feet inside out; I must select clean and smooth crossings; I must not hurry; I must not tread on my lady's dress; I must keep my face out of her bonnet, and not press too close to her (precautions now haply unnecessary); I must not ogle other ladies, etc., etc. On our way *from* church, I was edified at still greater length by comments on the sermon, of which my lady always remembered the text and the heads; on its pointed application to her neighbors, one of whom was not far off; and on the personal appearance of the preacher, whose neck-tie was always faultless, whose handkerchief was always of the whitest, and whose gestures were always the perfection of grace. And I may here say that Miss Olivia thus laid me under everlasting obligation; for to know how to conduct one's self in the street, especially on Sunday, and to know the kind of conversation meet for the day, are as important to a man of the world as to know the etiquette of a ball-room, or the kind of gossip suited to an evening party; and but for Miss Olivia I might have remained in heathen darkness on these points to my dying day.

Miss Mehitable was of a different "persuasion" from the rest of the family, and went to a different church, presided over by my subsequent friend Nightingale; indeed, it was by her instigation, and under her youthful auspices, that I myself became one of his flock. I may as well tell how.

One rainy Sunday, Miss Olivia having a new bonnet, and being in uncommonly low spirits (for what can be more depressing than a rainy Sunday?), decided to spend the day in her room, where she had an excellent portrait of Rev. Mr. Sturgeon, done in oil, and a splendid copy of his printed sermons, bound in red morocco, which would enable her—so she said—to "pass the hours as profitably as if she were in her accustomed place." Now the idea of going to church alone (and I should have mentioned before that the widow was generally escorted by a gallant bachelor by the name of Scraggs, who was an old friend of the departed Whittles, and always took the head of the pew) was to me insupportable. Miss Whittles remonstrated, and I was persisting, like a backward child, that I couldn't "go alone," when in came Mehitable, and insisted that I should go with her.

"What! go to hear Mr. Nightingale! Why, Mr. Green, he is a Methodist!" exclaimed Olivia.

"Well, what of that?" said Mehitable; "so was mother once, and she changed only because she thought the Episcopal Church more fashionable."

"Wicked girl!" rejoined her sister, "to say such things. You are always abusing Mr. Sturgeon."

"Why, my dear sister, I didn't say a word about Mr. Sturgeon; in fact, I think him a very fine preacher; but Mr. Nightingale is as good any day, besides being younger and much better looking."

"What!" shrieked Olivia; "Mr. Nightingale better looking than Mr. Sturgeon! Well, I never—I—"

In fact, she nevered away for ten minutes at least, when Mehitable interrupted her in the middle of a sentence, and turning to me, said:

"Come along, Mr. Green. You *must* go with me, for I've got no umbrella, and I'm sure you wouldn't let me go alone in all this rain if I had; besides, it won't hurt any body to go to our meeting once—that's certain."

What could I do? Of course I went, and, for the first time, gave Miss Mehitable my arm, and Mr. Nightingale my ear. How it rained and blew, and what difficulty I had in managing my umbrella, which jumped about as though it had the St. Vitus's dance, and turned itself inside out at least a dozen times! Olivia would have been frightened out of her skirts, but Mehitable enjoyed the fun of the thing, though she clung to me like a drowning woman to a log. Fortunately for all three of us (Mehitable, myself, and the umbrella), we had not far to go, and arrived without serious damage. There was little chance for conversation on the way, but enough was said for me to perceive that my companion was something of a wag, and was observant far beyond her years.

"Look at that lady just in front of us," said she. "Do you suppose she would have come out such a windy day as this if she hadn't had a pretty foot?"

"Do you judge others by yourself?" I replied, not daring to glance downward, but gazing steadily at the clouds.

"Of course I do," said she. "Catch 'Livia out such weather!"

Now, for a young girl of seventeen I thought this was rather fast, so I sought to put a check upon her by remarking that if the heart was all right, it didn't matter much about the feet.

"Hearts, indeed!" she exclaimed. "Luckily for us all, *they* can't be seen. By-the-way, Mr. Green, do you believe all hearts are of the same size and shape? I don't. I'm sure my sister's heart is shaped like a pepper-box, and that mother's is as round as an orange. As for father's, dear good man, I don't believe it had any shape at all, but it was as big as a hogshead."

"And your own. What is that shaped like?" said I, pressing her arm.

"Oh, mine! Well, I have always had the idea that it was shaped (looking at me very hard) something like a fox-trap!"

By this time we were at the church steps, when Mehitable at once smoothed down her dress, shook the wrinkles out of her face, and, taking the lead, conducted me to her pew, where

I was seated next to a demure little lady, from whom I could hardly keep my face during the whole service, though I heard every word of the sermon, which was from the singular text: "'What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" (Solomon's Song, viii. 8.)

Service over, Mehitable shook hands with my demure pew-mate, whom she called Abby, and who addressed her as Hitty; and Abby having said to Hitty that she was "Very well, I thank you, how do you do?" and Hitty having made the same novel remark to Abby, and both Hitty and Abby having agreed that it rained terribly, but that, nevertheless, they were glad they came out, for Mr. Nightingale had never preached such an excellent sermon, the two friends continued chatting together for about ten minutes, at the end of which time Abby was introduced to me as Miss Pettigrew, who thought it very kind of me to wait upon Hitty to meeting, and hoped I liked their minister, and finally said to me that she had asked Hitty home to dinner with her (only two doors off), and wouldn't I join them? which I very gladly did.

Miss Pettigrew I found to be the most precise little personage I had ever seen. Every thing about her appeared to be measured; she stepped with the regularity of a soldier, and spoke with the deliberation of a statesman. She was what might be called a well-balanced person. I verily believe that each of her eyebrows had exactly the same number of hairs as the other, and that, if one of her feet had been larger than the other, or one shoulder higher than the other (which is the case with most people), she would have had the sinning member pared down. Her hair, parted exactly in the middle, revealed a head of such even dimensions, and so devoid of "bumps," that it would have set Professor Feeler, or any other phrenologist, quite crazy. I looked to see if there was not some difference in the size of the eyes (not an uncommon phenomenon); but no, every thing about her, even to the shape of the nostrils and the form and position of the teeth, was as orderly and regular as if she had been cast in a mould. And what was true of her person was equally true of her dress; every thing fitted (though it would have been impossible not to fit her) to a hair, and there was the same regular balance throughout. Her collar described a circle about her neck—which might have been turned in a lathe—as exact as if drawn by a geometrician; her bonnet, without any artful contrivance, preserved its position so perfectly that it seemed to be a part of her; her dress—hoops were not then in vogue—hung as evenly upon her as if she were one of the lay-figures one sees in the shop-windows; every ribbon was in its right place, every plait was the exact repetition of every other, and, in short, every thing about her was adjusted in the most perfect and painful order.

Mehitable, on the other hand, was one of the most irregular and disorderly persons in the world; so that, whatever the shape of her heart (if it had any regular shape), I doubt if it was ever in the same place two consecutive days. There was nothing regular about her but her irregularity, which was constant and unchangeable. This peculiarity extended even to her face. I don't believe her eyes were ever of the same color for more than five minutes at a time, and her other features, equally changeable, produced the effect of being scattered about promiscuously. In the matter of dress she was simply careless, though there was a certain natural elegance in the girl which gave something like grace even to her carelessness, or perhaps her sprightliness and wit diverted attention from it. However that may be, she never appeared untidy, and yet was always in disorder. Her hair, for example, always seemed to me to be left to regulate itself; sometimes it was parted on one side, sometimes on the other; then, again, somewhere near the middle; but generally not at all. She always wore it short, to save her trouble, it being one of her favorite sayings that she might be a slave to her husband, if she had one, but never to her hair. But then it should be added that her locks were very curly and beautiful, and never looked so well as when they were left free; and who knows but she had some faint idea of that fact?

Imagine Hitty and Abby seated together at table, and I sitting between them—I, the most susceptible of men, between two young ladies of exactly opposite characters, and each working off impressions upon my poor heart with the rapidity of one of Hoe's double-cylinder presses! And imagine, while you are about it, what was every moment becoming of the thousand-and-one impressions previously made by that still more powerful press, Olivia! For know that such was the plasticity, and such the gallantry of my nature, that, whether the last lady brought to bear on me were young or old (within certain degrees, excluding, for example, Mrs. Whittles), she was sure to impress me as the best of her sex.

It is high time now for me to inform the reader that, being fully conscious of my peculiar weakness, and having no faith, therefore, that any impressions made upon me, by no matter whom or what, would remain for any length of time, I had resolved that, however much I might be affected for the moment by any young lady, I would on no account ask her to marry me; lest, peradventure, she should decline an answer (and what if it should be in the affirmative?) till the impression had gone, or—according to my onion theory—sunk out of sight.

Hitherto I had found no great difficulty in keeping this resolution, for, being, like all susceptible persons, of an extremely bashful temperament, I had naturally kept my impressions to myself, and after a short time had utterly forgotten them. But now I felt as I had never felt before: I was in a state of singular embarrassment. Judge.

I found that the young lady who figured at

the table as the least as well as the last of the Whittleses, was in reality the best and smartest of the family, and I could hardly forgive myself for not having made the discovery before. So vivid was the impression she made upon me as we were going to church, that I fell to asking myself if it might not be permanent, and if, after all, Mehitable might not be the one woman in the world foreordained from the beginning to impress me into her permanent marital service. For five minutes at least (and in certain states of the heart this is no inconsiderable period) I actually thought that such must be the case; but the moment I had seen Miss Pettigrew the whole face of things had changed, and I forthwith had to try the case of Abby *versus* Hitty; and this case was going on, and becoming, like the most approved law-cases, more and more complicated, when I found myself seated at the dinner-table plump between the unconscious parties.

Mehitable, on taking her seat, cast a look first at the dining-room wall, as if in search of the portrait of the late Provider, and then at the head of the table, as if in search of his inconsolable widow, and not seeing either of these "objects" (a favorite word with her), became at once the most lively of guests, and entertained the whole company with her wit. Abby, too, was witty enough in her quiet way, and I laughed (forgetting that it was Sunday, and that the risible muscles were entitled to rest) till I was retributively sore. The worst of it was, that having to turn now on one side when Hitty was speaking, then on the other when Abby had the floor, I was obliged, as it were, to laugh on both sides of my mouth; moreover, in my desperate efforts—when I myself was speaking—to look at them both, I was in serious danger of becoming squint-eyed for life.

Dinner over, we found we were too late for the afternoon service at church, and the young ladies having mysteriously disappeared, I spent an hour or two examining the state of my heart. It was evidently much affected by—somebody. In fact all the symptoms indicated that I was in love. But with whom? Hitty or Abby? In sober truth, I had not the least idea, but was certain it was with one of them. There was a gentleness, a sweet, winning grace about Abby, which was indeed irresistible; but wasn't this equally true of the cheerfulness, and the sparkling wit of Hitty? Had one of them affected me in her way more than the other in hers? I didn't know; all I knew was that my heart was thumping about in an unusual way about *something*, and it ought to have known what. But if it didn't, what was I to do about it? While reclining on the sofa in this perplexed state I heard a gentle step in the hall, and presently in came Hitty with an apology from Abby, who was occupied up stairs but would be down shortly. Behold now a fine chance for a *tête-à-tête!* So I invited Hitty to take a seat beside me, which she promptly did, and being now under her exclusive influence, I made exhaustive efforts to keep cool and deliberate. But suddenly she put all my wits to flight by asking me what I was so sober about all at once? Sober! Why I was never less sober in my life. I was drunk with excitement. However, I recovered after a while, and became, apparently at least, at ease; but I felt that her influence was gradually overpowering me, and soon forgot that there was any such being as Abby in existence. Meanwhile Hitty was full of her fun, and, rattling on about one thing and another, came after a while to Mr. Nightingale's sermon, and wanted to know if I didn't think it a droll one, and what I supposed he would do with *his* sister "in the day she should be spoken for," and what I would do under such trying circumstances; and, finally, whether I thought *she* would ever be spoken for? until at last I caved in altogether, told the dear girl she *was* "spoken for," and that, if I had my way, she should from that moment be my life, my hope, my love, and I don't know how much else. But conceive of my feelings, when, instead of expressing surprise at this sudden declaration, and at least asking time to consider, Hitty took it as the most natural thing in the world, and said that she had loved me from the first moment she saw me, and that she wasn't ashamed to say so; and oh! if I was only in earnest, should be the happiest of women, and, by-and-by, the lovingest little wife (here a kiss) which was ever heard of. Vows of sincerity, constancy, everlasting devotion, etc., were then interchanged, with the usual accompaniments, and we had already laid the foundations of several magnificent castles, when in came Abby, looking so fresh and happy, with all her primness, that when Hitty rose and embraced her (improving the opportunity to adjust her hair with a masterly stroke or two of the hand), I was really tempted to embrace her myself!

We were now invited to tea, and the invitation being accepted, Hitty retired to arrange her toilet for the occasion, and I was left alone for an hour with Abby. And now what will the reader think when I avow that I hadn't been alone with her ten minutes before I was convinced that I had made a fatal mistake: that the girl I really loved was not Hitty but Abby; indeed, how could any body hesitate for an instant (I now asked myself) between two such persons? Why, Abby was not only more staid, more sensible, more intelligent, but she was positively the best-looking, for though Hitty might be pretty—of course *was* pretty—Abby was positively handsome. Then again, Abby if not the wittier was certainly the shrewder and the more profound of the two, and had much more character. While making these comparisons, I was half distracted; I saw that I had committed a stupid blunder; that I had even mistaken my own feelings; that, in short, I was all the while in love, as I have said, not with Hitty but with Abby. Was ever mortal man in such a dilemma; and what possible means were there of getting honorably out of it?

Abby, observing my embarrassment, and evi-

dently attributing it to bashfulness, did her best to relieve and entertain me, by discoursing in her own sweet way about the weather, about Miss Whittles, about Miss Somebody's new book, and whatever else came up. How dull I must have seemed to her with my monotonous responses of "Yes" and "No," varied only by now and then an exclamatory "Indeed!" and a stupid "You don't say so!" Having exhausted every other topic, she at last, like Hitty, had recourse to that unlucky sermon! Didn't I think Mr. Nightingale had selected a singular text? What could have put it into his head? Didn't he probably have somebody in his eye (little Miss Mote, for instance, or the pretty Miss Beam?), etc., etc. This led to various remarks of a more or less personal nature, till at last out came the startling question:

"Tell me, Mr. Green, don't you think it strange that so pretty a girl as Hitty should not yet have been 'spoken for;' why don't *you* speak for her?"

"Who, *me?*" I stammered out, "Do you mean me?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Green, why not? You look admirably well together; I couldn't help remarking it as we were coming from church. Excuse me for saying it on so short an acquaintance, but Hitty, who is such a sprightly, cheerful girl, is exactly suited to be the companion of such a sober, sedate person as yourself. Don't you think so?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Pettigrew, if I had my way—"

"But don't you think you *can* have your way? I do. I think Hitty likes you very much, and I am sure from what she told me of you this morning, and from what I myself can judge, even after seeing you but once, that she would never find a better husband."

This was charming. Why, thought I, the girl is half in love with me herself. So I began to question her judgment in respect to character, merely for the luxury of hearing her go on in the same strain, which she did for a long time, till I found out that I had impressed her as being one of the most attractive men in the world, and especially one of the most strong-minded and constant.

Now then, said I, if so prim a person as Miss Abigail Pettigrew finds it all right to make love to me in this roundabout way (for, silly fellow, I really believed she was making love to me), why, what harm can there be in my making love to her? After all, I don't think I made a very positive engagement with Hitty, and even if I did, it was while in a state of mental hallucination which freed me from all responsibility!

So what do I do but return Miss Pettigrew's compliments as skillfully as I can, and finally tell her right out that the first instant I saw her I was in love with her (which was true, though I forgot it for a moment afterward); that I had accepted her invitation to dinner only to have the delight of gazing on her angelic countenance —as if any body's countenance were angelic at dinner; that though I had never seen her before I knew she must be the loveliest of her sex; and that, therefore, I then and there offered her my heart, my hand—

At this point I fell on my knees before her (having learned from novels that that was the proper thing), and was ready to proceed to other extremities—to stand upon my head, in fact, if it should be necessary—when, happening to look in the glass, whom should I see standing in the door-way, pale and motionless as a statue, but Hitty!

What I did next I have not the slightest idea. Only I remember that that evening I found myself rushing furiously about my room at the Whittleses', calling myself such names as it would hardly have been safe for any other person (unless it were Hitty or Abby) to address me by, and throwing my coats, boots, and other valuables pell-mell into a huge chest, with the desperation of a house-breaker. While thus engaged, I heard some one knocking at my room door; not daring to answer I tip-toed across the room, and was peeping through the keyhole to see who was there, when suddenly a long slip of paper was forced through, and came near putting out my right eye. It was a brief note, without signature (I remember thinking it was in the handwriting of Miss Whittles proper), and to the effect that, after my shameful conduct that afternoon I would, of course, never present myself again at the Whittles table, or speak to any member of the Whittles family, or remain another day in the Whittles house.

What else could I have expected, and what could I do but be off with myself at once? And, in fact, during the small hours of that very night I bade a final adieu to the premises, though not without taking a last look at the portrait of "poor, poor Whittles, now (luckily) cold in his grave."

OUR DAUGHTERS.

OUR daughters—what is to be their lot in life? This is a question that thousands of parents are now asking with peculiar solicitude. In one respect we are far more anxious for them than for our sons; for, while our sons are likely to be so tempted by their passions and position as to be guilty of misconduct, our daughters, from their sensitiveness and dependence, are more exposed to misfortune. Our misgivings as to the future of our sons is mainly on account of what they may be tempted to do, while our misgivings as to the future of our daughters is mainly on account of what may happen to them. By nature and associations a girl is, in respectable society, far more effectually guarded from immorality than a boy, yet by no means more effectually guarded from suffering. Her delicate organization, that feels so much more quickly the play of heat and cold, feels quite as quickly the smiles and frowns, the warmth and chills, in the social sphere. A woman, as such, is more in the passive tone than man, and however gifted may be her in-

tellect, she rather waits on fortune than commands it. The great event in her social lot is a type of her whole destiny. In marriage she is the party to be sought, and loses her prestige the moment she seems to be the party seeking. In the Court of Fortune, too, her position is much the same, and they are few, and by no means the most winning of their sex, who can lay aside the usual feminine delicacy and reserve, and march with bold stride up the heights of fame and fortune, without allowing the sweeping petticoat to interfere with the freedom of their step. We may lament that it is so, and that so many noble women wait, and wait apparently in vain, for a lot worthy of their mind and heart; yet so it has been, and so it is likely to be until some signal changes are made in our social order. There is a great deal of permanent truth in what Martin Luther said to his wife Catharine when she was weeping convulsively over the body of their dear daughter: "Do not take on so, dear wife; remember that this is a very hard world for girls, and say, 'God's will be done.'" For girls who have their own way to make this is a hard world in the most obvious sense, for it is far from easy for them to win a proper living. For girls, too, whose way is made for them by the wealth and care of parents, this is not always an easy world, for the heart may be more exacting as means more abound, and the affections may be starved or tortured in a home overflowing with luxuries.

In our American life the natural dependence of woman upon circumstances is increased by a variety of causes. Here woman has a peculiar delicacy of physical constitution that makes her especially sensitive to external influences, even when in tolerable health, and renders it very difficult for her to keep herself in full health. Whether it is the climate, or our way of living, or whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain that the American girl is a very delicate plant; beautiful, indeed, in comparison with others; more exquisitely organized than the English and German girl, and more self-relying than the Italian or French, yet not generally strong in nerve and muscle, and too ready to fade before her true mid-summer has come. The statistics given us by such alarmists as Miss Catharine Beecher, in her memorable and important book on the health of American women, may be too partial in their character, and deal too exclusively with the dark side of the subject, yet the facts stated can not be questioned, and if there be a brighter side the dark side must still be recognized. We have heard persons who might be expected to know what they say, declare that they can hardly name a single instance of perfect health among the young women of their acquaintance, and the physicians whom we hear speaking of the subject not seldom lose their patience in setting forth the miseries of feminine invalidism, with its shattered nerves and morbid circulations. If half of what is said is true, it is one half too much; and if our mothers had not been better gifted with maternal faculties than the candidates now ready for the bridal ring, the present number of the native American population could be accounted for only by miracle, not by natural descent. If the ill were confined to the over-luxurious and the affluent, the marvel would be less; but the truth is, that the daughters of the farmer and the mechanic, who are not exposed to such excesses of indulgence, are not exempt from the same lot; and perhaps the most melancholy portion of the statistics of female health in America is furnished by the medical annals of some of our country towns. It may be, and probably is the case, that in such towns the laws of diet, dress, air, and exercise are more ignored and neglected than in families of tolerable intelligence in the city; and we are quite certain that sometimes the daughters of hard-working farmers eat, dress, sleep, and idle in a way very rare even among city fashionists. In affluent families in the city the cookery is usually tolerable, and hot cakes green with saleratus, and pastry heavy as lead, are monstrosities never seen, while the sleeping-rooms are ample and well-ventilated, wholly unlike the stinted bedrooms in which some country people shut themselves up, and even in the heat of summer persist in shutting down the windows, from fear of the damp or the pestilence in the night-air. We believe that, on the whole, our city people take as much exercise—certainly as much out-door exercise—as is habitual with a large class of country girls. We have known a farmer's daughter look upon a walk of a mile to church as an intolerable grievance, and we have been amazed to find the idea current in some country families that walking is hardly a desirable process, and that a stroll through the pleasant green lanes to as great a distance as a city belle often condescends to sweep with her dainty crinoline in Broadway or the Avenue, is a thing not to be thought of. Such cases may be exceptions, yet it is strange that they exist at all, and we must regard it as one of the causes of the ill-health of American girls in the medium ranks of society that notions of inactivity and unnatural living that are wholly exploded in the most favored quarters, still keep their foothold in more lowly homes, and perhaps are cherished as proofs of superior gentility. On the whole, it may be true that the country is quite on the level with the city in its exposure of the health of daughters, and that quite as much mischief is done by neglect of the common laws of diet, air, and exercise in the farm-house as is done by the late hours and exciting pleasures of city mansions. Better ideas are indeed making progress, yet far too tardily, and in many cases the jewel of health is lost before the secret of its preservation is found. For our own part, we could rejoice in the rise of a new order of missionaries, whose mission it should be to preach the law and gospel of health, as part of the doctrine of salvation by the water of baptism and the bread of life. The water and the bread that signify spiritual purification and nurture have also their

physical significance, and the time may be near for bringing health of soul and body into nearer than the usual connection. Certainly, if the two are ever so near as to be identical, it is in the education of those who are to be mothers, and whose health or sickness may be the blessing or bane to the mind and body of their offspring.

Very likely the climate of America gives to our women something of the delicacy of their constitution, yet our habits of living and our stimulating social system contribute quite as much toward the result. Our social system, in one respect, is more stimulating to the nerves of women than the social systems of the Old World with its hereditary rank and fixed conventions. Here all the paths of fame and fortune are nominally open to all aspirants, and our young people, in most communities, are brought up in schools and churches where a feeling of social equality prevails. Our sons begin life quite ready to contest the highest rewards of business and politics with their richer school-fellows, and our daughters have very nearly the same tastes and expectations, whatever may be the differences of rank or fortune. The boy is trained to rough it in the fight, and if he can not reach his first aim, he persists till he finds some work or place worth possessing. But the girl, far more sensitive, with tastes more exacting and gifts less obtrusive, is left far more at the mercy of circumstance, and may find herself at once set wholly apart from the society of the schoolmate who was next her in the class, perhaps her confidante in play-hours without being her equal in study. A limited purse, an uncongenial home, objectionable relatives, or one of a thousand causes may separate the sensitive and aspiring school-girl from her cherished associates, and may make her whole life seem a disappointment because it falls below the standard of girlish aspiration. So true is it that our American society gives to most of our well-educated girls the same ideal of what is desirable, and makes them very sensitive to the charms of that ideal without by any means equalizing proportionately the means of attaining the mark. Very soon that arbiter of social distinction that is nowhere more powerful than here—wealth with its heraldry of dress—begins to show its sceptre and proclaim its sway, and the girls who before played together merrily in the plain gowns of the school-room, find themselves parted widely asunder by the costumes of the drawing-room; and pretty Fanny, in her muslin and ribbon, may seem even to herself a creature of coarser mould than stately Georgina with her brocade and diamonds. We may call this sensitiveness to externals in the young women of America ludicrous or contemptible, yet it is a great and melancholy fact—a fact to be estimated not only by the tears and heart-burnings which it causes, but by the petulant tempers, the pretentious and unjustifiable extravagance, the ill-assorted marriages, which are the not infrequent result. There are probably few parents in moderate circumstances in our cities and towns who are not troubled by the painful dependence of their daughters upon externals, and the mortifying comparisons which are apt to be instituted by the prevalent scale of external distinctions. In our cities, the differences that are very soon instituted between girls who were equals at school by differences of dress and style of living may seem to be more conspicuous, yet it must be remembered that in cities the schools themselves in a measure forestall the more extreme comparisons, by bringing together into the more costly seminaries scholars of a certain average amount of privilege, while in the large towns or secondary cities it is no unusual thing for all the young people to be brought together as companions in the same schools, and we know high schools in which (we are glad that it is so) the daughters of the blacksmith and drayman sit side by side with the daughters of the judge and the banker. Now, this republicanism in education stands in marvelous contrast with the non-republicanism of society; and the contrast is becoming greater, instead of less, by the growing expensiveness of social habits. They who were equals and perhaps fond companions at school, find that mutual embarrassments spring from continuing the intimacy, and that each is becoming more marked by style of dress or entertaining than by intellectual endowments. The blacksmith's daughter tasks her father's purse too much by arraying herself in attire fitting for the banker's party or ball, and even the successful professional man finds it difficult to keep his daughters on tolerably equal terms in society with his richer neighbors. Brilliant gifts, of talent or beauty, may, indeed, set at naught more superficial distinctions; but these are very rare, and with young women of average endowments it must be allowed that the rising ostentation is having more and more power, and working against the equalizing tendency of American education. The simple cost of dressing moderately within the requirements of what is called good society in our cities and large towns, is a very formidable item in the calculation of families of moderate means, and to a young woman of refined tastes, who is dependent upon her own exertion for support, the sum is often quite disheartening. A girl of superior gifts and education may, indeed, by teaching, maintain herself handsomely, and even assist her infirm relatives; but the usual compensation of a teacher is generally a meagre support; for what will two or three or four hundred dollars a year do toward boarding and clothing a person of delicate tastes and fastidious associations? When a young woman depends upon more arduous and less lucrative labors, such as those of the needle, she must burn the lamp of sacrifice as well as toil, and not only abandon her time but also her cherished love of ornament to the inexorable necessity. Certainly the great tragedy of American life is writing itself now in the fortunes of the hosts of women dependent upon

precarious means of support. In one respect the tragedy is sometimes deeper with the young than the mature, for to the young it brings greater temptation to couple shame with sorrow, and sacrifice virtue for bread and costume. We know very well how powerful a safeguard the American girl has in her pure instincts and her Christian breeding; yet the safeguard is not always effectual, and the streets of our city too often bring to light the shame that has been hiding itself in our quiet towns and rural villages. Not sensuality, we believe, but the desire, so universal in America, of appearing well dressed, causes the downfall of the greater number of American girls who lapse from purity. Fearful stories have come to our ears of cases quite near to the rightful sympathies of Christian people, and they that study the subject most thoroughly are very sure to mingle pity with their condemnation. To most parents, the mere supposition of a daughter's disgrace is an utter monstrosity not to be thought of for a moment. May it always continue to be so considered! and that it may be so, the causes that sometimes tempt innocence to shame must be studied and guarded against.

In our solicitude for the lot of American daughters, we confess that we think more anxiously of the general average than of exceptional cases, whether above or below the average. We think more frequently of the girls in our public schools, who are to share the common welfare and decide the general character of the nation, than of the few rich who are petted in our palaces, or the few poor who are left to starve in the streets. Our standard American woman ought to be a fair representative of the common lot, and we look for her in the pleasant array of intelligent faces that cheer the visitor at our public school examinations, from year to year. Go into one of our best schools on such a day, and meditate upon the probable destiny of that great company. Listen to the recitation of that first class of some fifty girls, and try in their faces to read the horoscope of their destiny. At first sight they may seem almost as much alike as if all of one circle of relatives, yet a closer scrutiny reveals the widest differences of fortune, position, and even of nationality. Of most of them, however, we may predicate one fact — the fact that they are, in the main, to depend upon themselves, and meet the trials incident to American society with a temperament peculiarly ambitious and sensitive. Most of them have been educated by some sacrifice on the part of their parents, and will have no dowry except a good education, and a little help in setting up their household gods, whenever they have a household of their own. Most of them are evidently not robust, and even their prettiness is purchased by fragility of frame, and in too many of them the paleness or the delicate bloom of the cheek, and the fine lines of the lip and the nostrils, are offset by a stoop of the shoulders, and a narrowness of the chest. We are not disposed to croak over their future, but we can not promise them, on the whole, a very easy lot, whether they marry or remain single. Some high prizes are to be distributed among them in the lottery of life, but the blanks are to be more numerous, unless a high purpose shall elevate to its own level a mediocre or a lowly lot. They may be spared the ills that haunt the more ambitious heads of the procession from the fashionable boarding-school that marches by them in their promenade, yet they will not escape all the evils of social ostentation —and some of them, perhaps, may chase the gilded toy more eagerly because they see it only in the enchantment of distance. Ten or fifteen years will make marvelous revelations to those fifty maidens, and will call not a few of them away from the world. Those of the company whose lot is most to be cherished as an example are those of them who bless some honest man's home as wife and mother, and adorn and enlarge with a true woman's grace the moderate share of worldly good bestowed. Two or three of them may be called to preside over splendid mansions, with husbands of large wealth, more probably acquired than inherited; and at least quite as many will lure perplexed husbands into reckless extravagance, and sacrifice the household to the frequent American folly of trying to seem what we are not, and destroying the reality of peace to keep up the appearance of pride.

A considerable number of the fifty will never marry — for it is evident that the proportion of marriages does not increase among the educated class in America, especially among those who are trained to study actions in their consequences, and to temper impulse by discretion; and the moment the mercantile habit of counting the cost prevails, the list of marriages signally falls. In the year 1850 the number of marriages in the United States, according to the census, was 197,029, while the number of deaths was 324,394, including 52,504 slaves. In England and Wales, the year before, the number of marriages was 141,599, and the number of deaths was 219,052 — the ratio of marriages to deaths there being somewhat greater than with us. Part of the high ratio in Great Britain is to be accounted for by the improvidence of the poor, who marry as readily as animals mate, without reckoning consequences, and part of it may be more hopefully accounted for by the less exacting standard of common life there, and the willingness of people in moderate circumstances to live according to their means, as their fathers and mothers did before them. Our observation in this country — which has been pretty wide and various — leads us to believe that, in proportion to the male population, a larger number of marriages takes place in country towns, where farm life makes a wife an economy as well as a comfort, and in manufacturing places, where young people of simple habits and quick sensibilities are brought much into each other's company. Our impression is, that in American cities the ratio of marriage, in pro-

portion to the male population, is on the decrease; a fact which we ascribe in part to the increase of the expenses of living incident to the inflation, not only of the prices of provisions, but of the demands of social ambition; and in part to the growth of European habits among us, and the facilities for licentious pleasures. As to this latter point — the facilities for licentiousness — we have been lately startled by some statistics of European states on this subject, in a pamphlet from the pen of an English clergyman — Rev. R. Everest — who has given a comparative view of the proportion of marriages to population in Europe, and shown the remarkable coincidence between the existence of extravagant habits and general licentiousness, especially in the contrast between the small ratio of marriages and the large ratio of the illegitimate births in the imperial cities and the court districts, and the ratio between the two in the more plebeian cities and districts. Wherever two castes prevail, and a certain class are bound to a certain rate of expense and style, marriage is invariably much restricted, and the titled class tend to corrupt the poor and untitled. In this country, where no hereditary rank exists, social ambition is creating castes almost as offensive, and often quite as corrupting; and in our great cities the number of men constantly increases, whose tastes, or ambition, or selfishness preclude them from marriage under their average opportunities; and hence the very obvious result of an increasing proportion of persons who live by pandering to their licentiousness.

Whatever may be the cause, marriage is on the decrease among the more wary, thoughtful classes; and we can not but be impressed by the authoritative statistics of Massachusetts, which state that, in 1854, the percentage of marriages in Boston was, relatively, among the American portion, 59.86, and among foreigners, 39.74; while the Americans and foreigners, in numbers of population, were as 46.93 and 53.07; indicating a greater proportion of marriages among the foreign residents, most of whom are comparatively poor and unthrifty. In 1854 the number of marriages in Massachusetts was 13,683, or to the population, as one to 80.68; and of these the percentage is largely in favor of the foreign part of the population. We do not compare these statistics with those of other recent years, whether before or since the date quoted, but we are quite certain that, taking any considerable number of years in the aggregate, the ratio of marriages to population decreases with the increase of habits of extravagance, and the necessity of keeping up a costly establishment. We believe that marriages will decrease until the times or manners change, and that among the facts that are to shape the destiny of the daughters of America, especially in the older and more luxurious cities, we must number the relatively fewer chances to be offered in the matrimonial lottery, and the moral necessity of there being a larger proportion of unmarried women. We do not say that marriage is of itself a blessing, irrespective of character and circumstance —and are quite ready to allow that to marry ill is worse by far than not to marry at all—yet we quite as firmly believe that a good marriage is the best condition for woman as for man; and we can not but regret the tendency that must keep so many of our daughters single, so long as they abide by the tastes in which they have been educated. A father whose heart is in the right place, and who loves his daughters as a true father always will, can not, indeed, be accused of wishing to be rid of his daughters, and so far as his own personal feelings are concerned he would rejoice to have them always with him; but this may not be, since time and change are always at work, and the daughter's welfare is better secured by a new home that may continue after the old home is broken up, and father and mother are no more.

We confess that we are advocates for marriage, and for marriages as early as the laws of health and the dictates of prudence allow. Young people are saved from many evils by identifying their whole destiny with each other's, and the wife's affections and the husband's purity are then in the best possible keeping, under God's law and Christ's grace. We know very well that theorists of extreme classes who have noted the decrease in the number of marriages in high life, are inclined to rejoice at it, and for opposite reasons — the one class because they think celibacy to be the higher condition, the other class because they think the old relation of the wife to the husband wholly wrong, and any change is to be welcomed that obliges woman to make herself independent of man, and cease to wait in any way upon his favor. Without arguing with the ascetic the question whether, to certain persons of peculiar position and temperament, celibacy may not be a duty, we are content to say, that, on the whole, monastic life, in its best estate, has little charm to a large and thoughtful observer of man's nature and God's providence; and if, in certain cases, the cowl and vail have fallen upon men and women who were virgins for the kingdom of heaven's sake, the cowl and the vail do not of themselves imply virginal affections, and when not assumed voluntarily, they are apt to imply or create quite the opposite state of mind. A community in a large proportion nominally celibate is not usually conspicuous for the contentment of the women or the purity of the men, and we do not believe that Heaven is like to be any nearer the hosts of celibates, who are now made such, not by any monastic rules, nor in any Libyan deserts, but by the artificial exactions of fashion, and in the hotels and monster boarding-houses of our cities. We believe that a true Christian wife has a purity that angels may not scorn, and many a nun might covet, and that the man who keeps his marriage-vows need not ask of any ghostly monk for lessons in manly virtue. The longer we live the more we reverence God's

obvious law, and the less admire the devices of men who forbid marriage, and so undertake to be wiser than God.

We quite as little incline to follow those alleged reformers who promise to bring on a new future of woman by making her the rival of man. We are ready to acquiesce in all reasonable efforts to rid her of legal and social burdens—to secure to her due rights of person, property, and employment. We believe that a much wider field should be opened for her gifts, and that many branches of art both useful and ornamental have been wrongly closed against her. At the same time she is herself and not man, and she is made less effective instead of more so by training her to imitate man either in speech, manner, or costume. We believe in the petticoat as an institution older and more sacred than the Magna Charta; and although in these days of boundless skirts we can not exactly say that we hope its shadow may never be less, we do honestly believe that its dominion is coeval with that of true civilization, and that man loses the only authority that can effectually tame him when woman loses the delicacy of mind and costume that marks her as his counterpart and not as his rival. The masculine school of woman's rights reformers have hurt the sex whom they profess to befriend, by disparaging the traits most characteristic of their nature, and giving them a certain boldness and hardness that fail of being manly and are ashamed of being womanly. For our part, we are willing to own honestly the mutual dependence of the sexes, and their duty to bless each other by being what God has made them. We men can have no true heart or home without a good woman's blessing, and no gift of fortune or favor seems blessed until a wife, or daughter, or mother smiles upon it as woman only can smile. Why may not she honestly return the sentiment, and say that a woman never finds her true sphere until, in some relation of life, and chief of all in her own home, a true man's wisdom and strength harmonize with her trusting affections and quick perception! She will own this truth, and she is too sagacious not to see that she loses her hold on man the moment that she begins to rival him by stentorian speech or by pantalooned strides. But God's providence is a better teacher than we can hope to be, and His wisdom is proved by the lot of the most obstreperous champions of woman's rights. The mother silences the Amazon, and the Antoinette Browns and Lucy Stones of the pulpit and the rostrum appear at the cradle very much as other women; and the closed pulpit and the silent rostrum are signs not of mob violence but of Nature's gentle law.

Although not agreeing with the ascetic or the radical as to the means of emancipating woman from the yoke of marriage, we do believe that much may and should be done to secure to her a larger self-reliance and usefulness, to train her to be energetic without being masculine, and so to rule her education as to give her truer dignity and freedom, whether married or single. The same social progress that will make marriage more practicable and hopeful will make single life more dignified, and without believing in any social nostrums that shall at once cure all domestic ills, we are convinced that due thought on the part of earnest parents and teachers, preachers and authors, can work out a better day for the destiny of our daughters. We need to apply the first principles of good sense to the current modes of living, and demand some other sanction than mere fashion for the style of expense which we think authoritative. The matter of dress, furniture, house building, servants, entertainments, and all the household economies, that have so much to do with the destiny of woman, need to be thoroughly revised, and a substantial check put to the extravagance that is putting the yoke of nominal poverty upon young women of moderate means, and shutting them out from the comforts of a true home, while it burdens the nominally rich with constantly increasing competitions and discontents. Good taste may do much toward checking extravagance, and we seriously believe that a more artistic eye would often lessen by one-half the cost of dress and furniture, and save our daughters from the barbarous folly that sacrifices true beauty to mere expensiveness. It may cost something too much to dress handsomely, yet it is clear that the best-dressed women do not spend the most money on their clothes, and that they who are most likely to ruin their husbands by their monstrous bills at the jewelers or silk and lace stores, generally succeed more in imitating the fashion-plate of our magazines and the windows of our fancy stores, than in presenting a fairer image of feminine humanity decked with the pearl of greatest price. It will be a day worth noting in the calendar when woman emancipates herself from the yoke of vulgar fashion, and when good taste and true beauty, not the scale of mere expensiveness and rarity, preside over her wardrobe and drawing-room.

The basis of all true reform, however, must be deeper than taste or sentiment. It must be in character, that finds its best treasure not in the accidents but the substance of being, and believes with the Master that life does not consist in the abundance of things possessed. The good old Christianity that has stood by the daughters of the Church through so many struggles is to stand by them still in the peculiar crisis of our new ages. The problem once was to save woman from the hand of barbaric lust and place her under the protection of the sanctuary, and the problem was solved. The problem now is, how to save her from the yoke of modern materialism, and to secure to pure character and spiritual faith a respect and influence that the world is now eager to monopolize for wealth and ostentation. This problem, too, will be solved, and they who solve it under God's law, and with Christ's grace, will be the best benefactors of our daughters.

HOW ONE WOMAN CAME TO MARRY.

THE early summer morning is rising clear and bright but chill, and yet, before these pages meet the reader's eye, over all will lie the mid-summer pomp, and flush, and pride. I can think of no fitter emblem, for one I knew in other days, than this reluctant summer, cold, and still, and coy at first, only to burst forth, by-and-by, into more wonderful and tropical luxuriance of bloom.

In Hortense Greenwich there was, from her very childhood, though few knew it then, very much of pride, but never any littleness of vanity. She had been born to an assured position in society, for she was the only child of wealthy parents, moving in the upper circles of New York. Her mother, still young and very beautiful at the birth of this one child, was a woman of fashion. Dinner parties, balls, and morning visits filled up her life, so that she had no time to become acquainted with her daughter. She gave the little one a French governess, and left her to grow up as best she could. Even the governess had a lover in America, besides an extensive correspondence with certain old friends in *la belle France*, and, in her turn, neglected her duties.

Perhaps, however, this very neglect developed the child's soul more healthfully than a greater amount of attention from those two sources would have done. She learned readily all that was taught her, and much that was not. Acquisition of ideas was a passion with her, and her father's library, fashionably well filled and fashionably little used, was a perpetual delight to her dawning intellect. She might, perhaps, have been a beautiful child had due pains been taken in the cultivation of her natural graces. As it was, she was in no way remarkable. She was allowed to braid her luxuriant hair closely back from her large, thoughtful brow; to sit carelessly, and to wear ordinarily what suited her best—a quiet robe of dark, shadowy, unbecoming gray. On state occasions, when her presence was required in the parlor, and she was bedizened in brighter hues and fashionable finery, she was too much embarrassed by the unusual costume to have it contribute at all to her beauty.

Circumstances early schooled her to content herself with no great amount of affection. Her father would have loved her, but what with early and late devotion to the business that maintained his splendid house and faultless equipage—to say nothing of bills at Stewart's and Madame D'Arblay's—he had very little time for the cultivation of home ties. Her mother—she must have had a mother's heart somewhere in her bosom, though its beatings were effectually smothered by silk and velvet—was too much absorbed in her beautiful self to remember the child, except with an occasional fear lest her growing up should be an unwelcome reminder of her own age. The governess understood this sentiment, and needed not to be to told to keep the girl back as much as possible. As for Mademoiselle, she wrote her letters and chatted with her lover, consoling herself with the reflection that in neglecting her charge she was but following the example of the higher powers. And so Hortense Greenwich brought herself up.

At twenty she was little changed from what she had been at ten. It is true, some years before, Mademoiselle had married her American lover, and Miss Greenwich, deprived of her supervision, had been sent to a boarding-school, where she had learned a little French, a little Italian, and a good deal of music. At twenty she was introduced into society. She was not at all showy; indeed, her mother pronounced her, "after all that had been done for her, decidedly wanting in style," and, I think, was secretly rejoiced that her daughter was so little likely to dispute with her the palm of fashionable admiration.

At twenty Hortense Greenwich might easily have passed for fifteen. So little of passion or emotion had swept over the calm surface of her life that her face was still placid and reticent as in childhood. It had no story to tell. Her only accomplishment was her music, and this with her was rather a passion than an art. She practiced it solely for her own gratification. Hour after hour, at her harp or her piano, she breathed out her very soul—all the mystery of her inner life—in thrilling, passionate improvisations. It was to her instead of father and mother love; instead of brothers and sisters; instead of friends.

She had been in society two years when she first met Rowland Chivers. Though only four years older than herself, he was already *blasé*. He had traveled in the Old World. He was well read in the book of beauty. He could tell a woman's fine points at a glance. His flirtations had been numerous abroad, but he had come home unfettered, and "Japonicadom" welcomed him eagerly. For a wonder, his fortune, really large, was his smallest claim to distinction. He would have been a man of mark any where. His manners were emphatically, as Mrs. Greenwich expressed herself, *distingué*. He was handsome, and he had a mind well and richly stored, despite his flirtations and fooleries.

I said he could tell all a woman's charms at a glance. After a little, he made Mrs. Greenwich his mortal enemy by perceiving that her daughter was younger, and possessed finer points of beauty than herself. At her exhibitions of disdain, however, he only smiled. He was contented to let her love or hate him as she liked, and, with serene self-satisfaction, set himself at work to *bring out* Hortense Greenwich.

A little encouragement, a little graceful flattery, was all she needed. Soon the world began to perceive what a faultless figure she had, now that she had acquired a motive for dressing it becomingly. Then her fine eyes were

noticed; the superb scorn of her daintily-cut mouth; her hair, so long, so luxuriant, now that a quick eye had perceived its capabilities, and a few artistic yet careless hints had guided her in its arrangement.

Miss Greenwich, accustomed to go into society as a sort of necessary sacrifice at the shrine of Mammon, without the least hope or expectation of finding pleasure therein, was at first surprised, then gratified, when Rowland Chivers, just then quite a centre of attraction, persistently sought her side. With his matchless tact, it was not difficult to make her feel, without once saying any thing to startle her susceptible pride, that he alone understood her—that he recognized her capacity to be more than she was, loftier than any of the social magnets glittering about her. To a nature like hers, this feeling, that she was appreciated—that she received her full deserts, was the most acceptable of incense. She inhaled it eagerly. Under its influence she not only learned how to make the most of all the graces which were already hers, but new charms came to her, a deeper color glowed in her cheek, a warmer light shone from her large, dark eye.

At first she thought only of friendship. Rowland Chivers never talked to her of love. He was lonely, he told her. Very few of those he met in the gay circle where his lot was cast had power to interest him for an hour. It had been like a new revelation to know her. She could feel with him—could share his thoughts. As much as ever sister could be to brother she should be to him. And this contented her. It was her first friendship; it seemed so pure, so sweet, so tender. It was something to be proud of, to have this man, sought of all, always at her side. His homage elevated her in the eyes of those who had been accustomed to consider her as a good, quiet girl, of no great importance in any way. She was grateful to him for gaining for her the position to which, in the sensitive pride of her proud nature, she felt entitled. For his sake she adorned herself. Her naturally fine taste was aroused. She must do justice to his choice of a friend.

From all this, in a character like hers, the step was not long to love. Soon she knew that, in spite of herself, he had become dearer to her than all the dreams of her girlhood. And now came a season of self-humiliation; a fear which stung her like a scorpion, lest she had given her love unsought; a longing, anxious questioning of his heart; a striving to read every expression of his haughty, handsome face.

And then, as if in answer to her doubts, his manner became tenderer than ever. More constantly he sought her side—more gentle was his voice—more full of love the songs he brought her, and sang with her by the hour together. One day he said to her:

"Hortense, I thought I knew women, but even I was deceived in my estimate of you. You have matured this past year into such a woman as my fancy never foreshadowed. It has been like the sudden bursting into bloom of the still century-plant, or the breathing radiant, glowing life into a perfect statue. What has changed you so?"

Rowland Chivers would have made a capital surgeon. He would have looked unmoved on the death-throes of a thousand victims. As it was, he delighted in nothing so much as in dissecting hearts. With keen relish he watched the color come and go in her cheeks, the lids droop downward to vail the shy responses of her radiant eyes. Her voice was very low as she answered:

"*You* have changed me by being my friend. No one had interest enough in me before to make it worth my while to be my best self."

But farther than this he never carried the conversation. He would break it off at this stage to read her some old legend of long-enduring love, or to make her sing for him his favorite songs. His actions told her, every day of his life, more eloquently than any words, that she was beloved, but his lips had never yet spoken it.

At length a new star rose in the firmament of New York society — a young widow, gay, beautiful, *piquante*. She possessed less dignity, less *hauteur*, less style even than Hortense Greenwich; but her versatility, her grace, her good-humor, were infinite. She was a little fairy — a perfect flower of the tropics, with a passionate, fervid nature speaking in every look of her sparkling eyes, every flexile movement of her graceful figure. Rowland Chivers was charmed. Here was a new book—a fresh page. How would this bewitching little fairy look if *she* were in love? His attentions were divided now, and perhaps Mrs. Bellair received the largest share.

I do not think Hortense Greenwich ever could have been jealous. It was not in her nature. She could love and trust blindly up to a certain point; but when her trust was slain her love must die with it. So she looked on in evident unconcern, while the widow danced, and sang, and flirted, and Rowland Chivers was ever at her side. I think he was disappointed. He was not noble enough to understand a nature above jealousy. He had expected Miss Greenwich would flatter his vanity by growing pale, sad, abstracted; that she would slight him a little at first, and by-and-by there would be a scene, and he—I believe he had not decided, even in his own mind, whether he meant to marry her. Her calmness disappointed him. It was not feigned. She never thought of doubting his love. She believed—when he had finished his game, his pretty little amusement of a flirtation—he would be as much her own as ever. She had no fears for the widow's heart, and she was too much accustomed to see such kind of trifling to realize how much it dimmed the bright perfectness she had loved to ascribe to her idol. So, when he did come to her side, she received him as cheerfully as ever. Her cheek lost nothing of its brilliant glow—

her eye of its sparkling light. He began to fear that she did not love him, and this reawakened all his interest in her. To test the matter thoroughly, he flirted with the widow more desperately than ever.

One night, when Miss Greenwich was in full beauty, she was for a time the centre of attraction in Mrs. Livingstone's crowded *salon*. Gentlemen thronged round her, and ladies stood by in envy. Despite his doubts of her love, Rowland Chivers gloried in her. She was so queenly, so fair; to all but him, so unapproachable. He lingered near her, saying just enough to draw out her best powers.

At length a diversion was created by the widow's late entrance. This night Rowland Chivers was resolved to probe to the utmost the heart he had begun to doubt. He was among the first to seek Mrs. Bellair. He danced with her; he bent over her as she sat at the piano; he devoted himself to her with all the enthusiasm of a courtier. At length his keen eye detected Miss Greenwich for the moment alone. She had withdrawn herself a little from the gay company, and sat in a kind of recess watching the flash of the lights, the sparkle of the diamonds, the sheen of the floating silken robes, and now and then catching some chance word borne by her on the waves of sound. He sought her side, and was welcomed with her usual frankness. For a while they chatted indifferently, and then, as if moved to confidence by a sudden impulse, Rowland Chivers said,

"I do believe, Hortense, that you have a real friendly interest—a sister's interest—in my welfare; and something I can not explain impels me to ask your advice. You women judge each other more justly than a man can. Tell me, then, what you think of Mrs. Bellair. Would my life's happiness be safe if I should ask her, and she should consent, to be my wife?"

He had meant this should be the crowning test of her love. If she manifested one emotion of grief or anger, he would believe she loved him; perhaps—but the future must settle that—perhaps he would ask her to be Mrs. Chivers. He watched her keenly. Not a muscle of her face quivered; not a shade deeper was the rose-tint on her fair cheek; she did not even turn her calm eyes away. There was no tremor in her silvery voice. As if half musingly, she said,

"I do not quite know her well enough to answer; but I should think, nay, I am very sure, that your natures are much alike—that she would suit you admirably."

Her auditor had an uncomfortable impression that a hidden satire lurked in her remark. It galled him, and he winced under it; but she had given no sign of love for him. He had mistaken her all this while, and, roused to regret by this knowledge, be began to think that he loved her, and could not live without her.

Just then they were interrupted. Mr. Richmond Spendwell came to claim her hand for the next dance; and for the rest of that night Hortense Greenwich was more beautiful than ever, and, unlike her usual self, was the gayest of the gay.

When it was all over the reaction came. Leaning back in the carriage by her mother's side, she sat for a time in profound silence. But Mrs. Greenwich was sociably inclined: her eyes were sparkling; her cheeks glowing; her spirits were at high tide. They must find an outlet somehow. There was not often much conversation between these two women, they had so few thoughts in common; but Mrs. Greenwich must talk now.

"It *has* been a brilliant evening; but then Mrs. Livingstone's evenings always are. I haven't enjoyed myself more this winter. Why don't you speak, Hortense; didn't you like it?"

"I am very tired."

"Tired! Well, you look so: I can see by the street lamp how white your face is. Why, I should outlast three like you, mamma though I am. You will never do for a belle. But doesn't that little widow make herself ridiculous enough? One would suppose she thought there had never been another handsome woman in the world. There's Rowland Chivers, how she does draw him after her! Why, I really used to think he was attentive to you."

"Mother, *don't!* I can't talk; I am so tired—so sick."

There was a strange pathos in her voice. It would have reminded you of the moan of some stricken animal hunted to death. Mrs. Greenwich did not understand it: she was not a sympathetic or a quick-feeling woman at any time, but this cry of an unspoken sorrow hushed even her into silence.

After that, however, Miss Greenwich regained her self-command. Her good-night, as she went up stairs, was spoken in her usual cheerful tones; her step was firm, yet elastic, and her mother, looking after her, thought what a strange, unsociable girl she was, and how little she cared for society any way.

In her own room her sleepy maid sat before the fire waiting for her. She was perfectly calm now—she did not even seem fatigued. The business of disrobing was quickly performed; the ornaments she had worn were restored to their proper places; the girl was dismissed, and Hortense Greenwich was alone, with no further need for self-command. She sat down before the fire, and looked steadily into it. Was this the same world it had seemed when she sat there, five hours before, dreaming blissful dreams, in which one face ever shone, one voice made an eternal music. Gone forever was the sunlight which had gilded that fair world. No longer were the skies blue, and the very clouds rosy; no longer the future stretched out before her a green, sunny path bordered with roses and bright with verdure. She had crowned herself, indeed, with those fair roses of Hope, but they had turned to thorns upon her forehead; and from those gaping wounds would not the life-blood ooze forever and forever?

Then, in the stillness, Pride rose up like an avenger and buffeted her sorely. She had loved unsought, it told her; given her heart to one who did not even think the gift worth the acceptance; trusted all things to one who had promised nothing. But Memory defended her warmly. Memory asserted that he *had* sought her love; Memory brought forth from her treasure-house looks and words of unmistakable tenderness; she recalled daily and long-continued care; manifold tokens of interest; constant attentions; all that could, more eloquently than any words, tell the story of absorbing love. And then Justice acquitted the proud heart accused.

Oh, Rowland Chivers, you would have known one woman better than you were ever likely to learn her, with all your study, if you could have sat by Hortense Greenwich's fire that night! I spare my reader the torture, the agony, the despair. Women like her love once, and, if deceived, never again thereafter. She had lost that night something dearer than life, something loftier than love—her faith in humanity. She had never had but one friend. Rowland Chivers was the first one who had ever read the pages of her woman's heart. She had gained a higher, truer estimate of her own powers seeing them through his eyes. To this first tenderness she had given all. The full tide of her passionate yet reserved nature had set toward him; and now the deep waters must flow back again, flooding the waste country of her affections, uprooting every flower, destroying every fruit. Henceforth she must go on alone. Life stretched out before her bleak and barren of hope. Alas! there was no one to whisper of a narrower path, where the seed sown in tears might spring up in joy; where the blessings of those ready to perish would cheer the fainting traveler, whose goal was the Celestial City. Fashionable life—she knew no other—was the arena where she must struggle for the victor's palm. At least—her lip curled at the thought—Rowland Chivers had taught her something of her own value; she could touch him through his vanity; she could *shine*. Through all that night not one tear came to her proud eyes. The blight which had fallen upon her life was too deadly for any gentle dew of sorrow. She would not suffer the love which lay in its death-throes upon her heart's threshold to make a single moan, even in dying. Sternly she watched its agony until it was dead, then she took up the fair corse and buried it. It might haunt her sometimes; sometimes she might wake at midnight from feverish slumbers, and see at her bed's foot a still, white face, and the gleam of golden hair; but she would know it was but the illusion of fancy. The dead love should *not* arise—she rolled a stone to the mouth of the sepulchre.

It was thus that Hortense Greenwich became a belle in society. After that night she went forth into the world a changed woman. That world had never found her so charming before. She was prouder than ever, but society likes pride. Her words were keen with the two-edged sword of wit. Now and then a victim winced under them, but the by-standers applauded, and the sufferers from such wounds are the first to smile. Rowland Chivers wondered at her. He had never suspected, with all his appreciation of her character, such power as this. He left Mrs. Bellair to bite her pretty lips and break her Spanish fan in vexation, and actually haunted Miss Greenwich wherever she went. Her reception of him was precisely the same she accorded to others; marked with a courtesy which no presumption could construe into more than courtesy.

She was become more like the rest of the world now. She formed friendships in the fashionable sense of the word. Rowland Chivers called on her and found other young ladies, graceful butterflies of fashion, whiling away the morning with her; or at other times, some young gentleman would be serenely making himself agreeable, where once *he* only had been the privileged guest. At other times, still, he would call and be told that Miss Greenwich was out, and this piqued his vanity still more, for he shrewdly suspected that she was only "out" to him. He had roused his somewhat apathetic sensibilities by this time into what he believed an absorbing passion for her. He was quite convinced that all his happiness for the future depended upon persuading her to return his adoration.

At length he called on her one morning at an unfashionably early hour. She was in and alone. He found her in the same room where they had passed so many hours reading and singing together. He trusted to the old memories to assist him. Once more he asked for a favorite old song. With thorough self-command she complied with his request. She manifested no emotion—there was no droop of the eyelids, no softening of the voice. The metaphysical dissector, the hero of a thousand flirtations, was at a loss. Perhaps he had never felt so deeply before. At all events, it had never before been so hard a task to make a declaration of love. But he managed it at length. For once in the world he might have gained credit for modesty. No one could have doubted but that he was sincere. With a humility as strange as it was new, he told her the high sense he entertained of her perfections, and besought her favorable hearing for his confession of love. His utmost experience with women could never have prepared him for her reply.

"I will not deceive you," she said, in her proud yet quiet voice. "My own pride shall not tempt me to say that I never loved you. Little as I believe you deserve it, I did love you once with all the strength of my nature; or, rather, I loved something I believed was you. My life had been lonely before you came. I was indebted to you, I acknowledge that now, for a juster knowledge of myself. I believed that you loved me—your constant attentions gave me a right to believe it."

"I did! oh, God knows I did," faltered Rowland Chivers's voice. She went on without heeding the interruption.

"I trusted in your love so fully, that, when Mrs. Bellair came, your flirtation with her gave me no concern. Only your own words could have undeceived me. They were not long wanting. You remember that night when you asked my advice about marrying her. Then I saw you as you were. Either you had never cared for me, and had but amused yourself with deceiving me; or having, after your own fashion, liked me, you were now amusing yourself with experimenting upon my love, wantonly giving me pain. In either case I had been loving an ideal. The man I had supposed you to be could never have condescended to such trifling. You acted out your own nature. I do not complain. I rather thank you for letting me see you as you are. But if it will solace your vanity, if it will give you any triumph to know that I suffered, I do not grudge you the satisfaction of that knowledge. I suffered that one night such tortures as all the pulses of your lifetime could not measure out. But even then, if you could have knelt at my feet and poured out your soul in a prayer for my love and my forgiveness, it would not have comforted me—in my heart would have been no response to your voice. I had loved an ideal, which was *not* you. You will understand now that our paths must lie very far apart. You have taken from me all that my life had of glory—my faith, my hope, my trust in human love. I shall marry some man for the position, the independence he will give me, but I can not marry you."

Rowland Chivers showed how far he was from comprehending her, by persevering in his prayer. He knelt at her feet. He uttered a passionate cry for forgiveness—for love. He drew a picture of his desolate life without her. He told her that he had never loved before—that his only hold on a true, right life was through her.

There was goodness enough in her nature to pity him even then. Her great dark eyes rested upon him mournfully. Her voice was not proud now, but sorrowful.

"I *can not*, Rowland Chivers. Plead with me no longer. My heart is dumb. It makes no answer."

And he felt that it was indeed true. He bade her farewell with faltering tones, he pressed kiss after kiss upon her hand, and then he went out into the world, and Hortense Greenwich sent after him no regret—no sigh.

That very morning, scarcely an hour later, Mr. Richmond Spendwell sat beside her, in the very seat which Rowland Chivers had filled. There could scarcely have been a greater contrast than between these two men. It was something more than the ordinary difference between twenty-six and forty. Mr. Spendwell was pompous, self-satisfied, almost arrogant. He had a far more definite idea of turtle-soup than of turtle-doves. Billing and cooing would not at any time of life have been in his line. He was better posted in stocks than in literature. As for sentiment, it was to him *terra incognita;* and he had no knowledge of hearts beyond a dim school-boy recollection that they had something to do with the circulation of the blood.

Therefore he was saved from all embarrassment in the doing of his errand. In a manner most business-like and creditable he made Miss Greenwich an offer of his hand. Like her former suitor, he was quite unprepared for her reply:

"Mr. Spendwell, I would not marry you under false pretenses. I would not deceive you for the world. *If* I marry you, I shall be your faithful wife, for I know my duty; but I can not marry you because of love. That is forever past for me. I did love one man; or, rather, I loved the ideal which I called by his name. I found out the weak points of his character, and my love died a natural death. He left me this morning, a rejected suitor. Would you be satisfied with a wife who had no love to give you?"

Mr. Spendwell listened politely, but with a look which said, more expressively than words, that this was all Greek to him. He took advantage of the first pause to interrupt her.

"My dear young lady, I am too old, perhaps, and too prosaic to fully understand you. As nearly as I can make out, you once fancied yourself in love, but, finding your mistake, you rejected your suitor. Now I am not very exacting in these matters. You are graceful and beautiful beyond any woman of my acquaintance. I have confidence in your good sense and good principle. If you will be my wife, I think I may say I shall make a kind and indulgent husband."

"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Sir, and I accept your proposal."

"Very right. Just the reply I expected from your good sense. I will see your father this afternoon!"

This was Hortense Greenwich's plighting. Hortense Greenwich! dreamer, enthusiast, genius! Was it strange, as she sat alone after her very respectable affianced left her, that for one undisciplined moment the dead love seemed to stir in its unquiet grave, and her thoughts roamed backward once more into the enchanted country over which Hope's sun had set, and stood for that one moment pleading vainly at the closed gates of Eden. That was all. After that she walked forward with firm footsteps in the path she had chosen; she said to her woman's heart, "I have no need of thee;" she received the congratulations of her friends, and went on superintending her splendid preparations for her bridal.

The news of her betrothal came to Rowland Chivers with a keen pang. To such natures as his blessings brighten as they take their flight. By refusing to be his wife she had made herself his goddess. He sailed for Europe in the next steamer, and news comes of him now and then

engaged in his old career of flirtation and foolery.

Alas! he had left behind him the greatest ruin he had ever wrought. In Hortense Greenwich he had found, perhaps for the first time in his life, a true, high-souled, self-contained, yet loving woman. There was more power in her nature, for good or for evil, than in twenty like Ernestine Bellair. He found her young, generous, susceptible; ready to give up all things for truth and right. He left her with her heart prematurely old, cold, glittering, scornful, suspicious. It was the wreck of a most noble nature. She was married; that is, Mr. Richmond Spendwell was legally pronounced her husband, but her unwed heart was left alone, alone—like an unquiet spirit gnashing its teeth in the darkness.

She was a splendid bride. Some envied her, some condemned her, some approved of her worldly prudence; and one quiet old book-keeper, looking out from the window of his *chateau en Espagne*, murmured, with sad sagacity—

"Once more Venus has married Vulcan."

ECONOMICAL BEAUTY.

THE fashion of the day is to make beauty as expensive a thing as possible. Persons who thrive by those arts that ornamental housekeeping needs for its display, and all such as value architecture, furniture, and appearance by the amount of money paid for them, have tacitly agreed that beauty shall be sold to high bidders, and none others shall enter into competition for it. To some extent they have succeeded. Public taste has certainly been vitiated sufficiently to make the trade in beauty a lucrative affair, and to give the aristocracy of gold no small advantage over people of limited means. Great works of art ought to be costly, and artists of extraordinary merit should be most liberally rewarded; but the minor forms of beauty that concern domestic life might surely be placed within the reach of moderate circumstances. Apart from the business view of this matter, it is really a point of interest in the cultivation of general taste that the love of beauty and its gratification should have no outward impediments beyond what are unavoidable. Beauty is the common heritage of mind. Nature has made ample provision for its presence every where, and in every thing, in some degree or measure. And how often Providence brings it close to the heart, and moves us to its embrace! What service, as an auxiliary, does religion derive from its illustrative and confirmative power! If it has pleased God to put such an estimate on beauty, every one should wish to see the largest possible number enjoying its benefits.

Something may be done toward this end by convincing those around us that all the beauty which is needed to educate taste and refine humanity, in obedience to the general laws of intellectual and moral life, is at easy command. Like the best gifts of Heaven, it is at our doors asking only to be admitted to our hospitality, and proffering all its serene blessings on the simple condition of recipiency. The poorest man may feel that it has already been bought and paid for. It is to him, if he will view it aright, a free offering, not a taxed commodity. The same goodness that created his soul has furnished this dowry as a permanent treasure. If he possesses this faith, he can claim his privilege and enter into the communion of the beautiful. Like all true faith, it will give power and victory. The birds will answer its call and sing for him. The flowers will know its presence and spread their many hues before his loving eye. And the landscape will be more the property of him than of the man who rides over its broad acres and numbers them as his own.

But this sense of beauty, if confined to a simple appreciation of external nature, is not enough. The eye must not keep its gathered images in selfish independence. One part of our organization must be faithful to every other part, and the soul must rule over all. Beauty seen must be beauty felt. It must be cherished, prized, assimilated. And then it must pervade our working skill, and come forth renewed from our lips, and shine in the products of our hands. There is no other way to convert beauty into a great and genuine power. Passive enjoyment of its forms and aspects is a dead epicureanism. It is a flower on a grave; its roots are in corruption. If you have seen beauty—if Nature has charmed you in a happy mood, and silently shrined an image within your brain, let it not stay there. It will wither if you do. Hasten to put the beauty into something. Go plant a vine and watch its growth; work among the flowers of your garden; trim the honey-suckle by the cottage-door; festoon the lattice afresh; or go into the orchard, luxuriant in the promise of spring, and, gathering the blossoms, feast on them, and find them sweeter than the fruits of autumn. The privilege of beauty is at last dependent, in some measure, on a certain sort of utility. We must turn all knowledge to good account. Fine perceptions may go to the brain through the eye, but they must perform their appointed circuit, and reappear, by means of the active faculties, in the outside world. The consistency of Nature's economy is seen in this law, that whatever is given to us must be communicated back for the benefit of others as well as for our own improvement. The waters flash the sunshine from their rippled surface into the air; and the kind earth, receiving all day the solar heat, radiates it through the night. Man must not be unmindful of this wise and merciful ordinance. Freely thou hast received, freely give, holds firmly good for nature no less than for religion. Does it cost much, then, to have a beautiful home? No. What the fashionable world calls beautiful may be dear, but the real beauty that is learned whenever Nature teaches her art, is no serious expense. Are the green grass, the open flowers, and the rolling land-

scape, the proud emoluments of the millionaire? God bestows them on us all, and with them he also bestows the ability, if we choose to exercise it, to imitate their beauty in our homes and in our living. Have you never thought that Heaven is a place of beauty as well as of purity? If such is the fact, the cultivation of the beautiful is, by the grace of Providence, within the easy reach of us all. What a grand idea is that—"*The earth is His footstool!*" So spake Christ. If you have a strip of land—a home—on this footstool, would it not be a reverential and loving act to beautify it as an offering to the Almighty Sovereign?

WATER CURE LIFE IN EUROPE.*

A YOUNG American whose chronic invalidism had failed to yield to the seductions of a residence in Italy, was persuaded to seek for health at Graefenberg, where, as many fervently believed, the old peasant Priessnitz had found the fountain of youth. So, with a couple of compatriots, leaving Florence, passing Bologna, Ferrara, and Pavia; puzzling the Austrian police by the unheard-of audacity of sojourning for a fortnight at Venice without procuring a "paper of residence;" steaming to Trieste; diligencing and railroading to Vienna, with nothing more notable than a sight of Radetzky, the victor of Novara—a little old hero with white mustaches, sore eyes, shaky legs, and a wizened appearance generally; thence onward toward Silesia, they draw near their aqueous destination.

At Hermanstadt—thirty miles away—they began to inquire about the reputation of the Water Cure and its founder. The result was rather discouraging.

"You can go, if you like," said their informant, in German-English, puffing away at his solacing meerschaum; "but I advise you no. You will stay there long time and think you get better; but you will be as the first day, only worse, and all the time you think you will get well the next day. I stay there eighteen months, and then I ask Priessnitz why I am not better, and he say that I stay there not long enough; but I say that I stay there too long, and I come away. There are some peoples who think they are cured, and go away and get back all their maladies. Nevertheless you can go and try, but I think you will find it as I say."

Undeterred by this discouraging advice, our invalids kept to their resolution; and after a day's ride through a green, rolling woodland country, gushing with cool crystalline rivulets, passing abundant linen factories among which lay bleaching long ghost-like strips of cloth, which made it seem like a special providence that the great water-doctor should have been born in a country where douches and bandages were so convenient—they approached the little borough of Freiwaldau, nestling under the hill of Graefenberg.

Here, in his own country, there was no lack of faith in Priessnitz. He and his system were axioms—facts about which there was no dispute. The host of the "Golden Eagle" indeed tried hard to convince the strangers that his hotel was a better place of residence than the Establishment, where the lodging was wretched, the food worse, and the odor of the buildings intolerable; while at his hostelry the invalids could enjoy comfortable quarters, with duckings and bathings to their hearts' content. But they had come to put themselves under the immediate care of the renowned Priessnitz, and were deaf to the disinterested blandishments of mine host of the "Golden Eagle."

So in the chilly sunshine of a late spring they began the ascent of the long hill, half-way up which shone the whitewashed walls of the original Water Cure. The first token of its neighborhood was a little fountain where a solitary invalid was swallowing the water with a wry face, but with an air which showed that he thought it must be good for him. A little beyond was another fountain over which was an inscription dedicating it "to the Genius of Cold Water."

"From here onward," says our invalid, "we met numbers of people of a cheerfully crazed appearance, wandering confusedly hither and thither, like ants when you scatter their nest, all of them shabbily attired—some in linen, as if in derision of our flannels; some bareheaded, with clipped hair, others with towels about their temples—their pockets bulky with glass cups, or their shoulders harnessed with drinking-horns. Most of them carried thick canes, and raced up the eminences with the hearty good-will of Christian climbing the hill Difficulty. Ladies, too, were visible, shoeless and stockingless, wading through the dewy grass, their feet burning with what Doctor Johnson would have called auroral frigidity and herbiferous friction. They all kept in constant motion, and seemed never to speak to each other, reminding me of those bewildered knights in Ariosto's enchanted palace, who wandered perpetually up and down, hearing the voices of dear friends, but seeing no one. The centre of movement for this distracted crowd was an irregular square, stony and verdureless, on one side of which rose two enormous ghastly buildings, with multitudinous windows, constituting the establishment proper; while opposite these, at various distances, glared low, whitewashed cottages, also used for the stowage and cleansing of a vast invalidism. From a concave in the masonry of the outer stairway to the principal edifice gushed a hearty little jet of water, abundantly supplying the horns and cups which were continually presented to its humid mouth."

For a very moderate sum—something like three dollars a week—for board and lodging our invalids were put in possession of apartments in one of these cottages. It was a rustic

* *European Acquaintance:* Being Sketches of People in Europe. By J. W. De Forest. Harper and Brothers.

affair, built of rough clapboards, having, in fact, been originally intended for a stable. Every thing, walls, bedsteads, tables, chairs, and wash-stands, were of unsophisticated pine. It was approached through a puddle, the over-runnings of a neighboring water-trough; but at a Water Cure it would have been manifestly out of place to complain of any superfluity of the healing element. They celebrated their advent by setting up a dance, which was interrupted by a yell from below, accompanied by a double knock on the floor beneath. The apartments below them, they afterward learned, were occupied by a neuralgic Russian, who, annoyed by their clamor, had tried to put an end to it by howling and flinging his boots against the ceiling.

At half past twelve came dinner, and as they entered the eating-hall they found nearly two hundred sick, blind, and deformed people hungrily patrolling around the long tables. Eight or ten neat, curiously white-faced damsels hurried in and out, loaded with piles of plates, or with monstrous loaves of what seemed to be mahogany bread. Presently they all entered in a column, bearing spacious smoking platters of meat and vegetables. No other signal was necessary to the famished invalids, who immediately made for the tables at a pace which reminded one of the fast-trotting boarders of a Western hotel. However sick they may have been in other respects, they were certainly well enough to eat. A dirty man, with an ugly, swelled face, who sat on their left, filled his plate three or four inches deep with every kind of provender, ate it up, and then did it again, and a third time, as if it were no feat at all. Priessnitz, indeed, counseled his patients to eat all they wished—the more the better.

Their good appetites were certainly not owing to the daintiness of the fare, which consisted of such horrors as veal ten days old, sauer-kraut, and tough dough-balls. These dough-balls they were informed, for their consolation, were the favorite dish of the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria. "He is childish now," they were told, "and thinks it a great bore to be always putting his name to proclamations and treaties. Accordingly Schwartzenberg tells him that if he will sign his name so many times he shall have dough-balls for dinner."

Priessnitz soon took the patients in charge. He was a medium-sized man, with weather-beaten features, bluish-gray eyes, and thin, light-brown hair, touched with silver. He spoke but little, and his aspect was grave but kindly. Under his directions the invalids were put through a course of packings and duckings that almost froze the souls out of them, and were then sent forth to wander, half-clad, through the woods, to drink cold water by the quart, and get up an appetite for breakfast. This consisted of milk, sweet and sour, with bread of rye or barley. Then came another walk; then fresh duckings and polishings; then dinner; more walks; new polishings; followed up by fresh rations of sour milk and mahogany-colored bread, dignified by the name of supper. To this succeeded an evening promenade up and down the great ill-lighted, chilly hall until nine o'clock, when the bathman pounced upon them, wrapped them up in wet bandages, and put them to bed, shivering like half-drowned puppies, under a single blanket, which was all that the regulations of the establishment allowed. At five in the morning they were aroused by the remorseless bathman, to recommence the round of packings, and duckings, and rubbings, and bandagings.

Not a very inviting way of life to read of, but far from unsatisfactory in its results. In a week the invalids discarded all their woolen garments, and promenaded through the wind and rain of a climate like that of a New England March, bareheaded, and clad only in linen, like genuine Graefenbergers. As for colds, nobody dreamed that such a thing was possible; and they became savagely indifferent to all the discomforts of the place. A ten miles' walk over the hills, with no stomachic support except water, sent them back to breakfast feeling as though they could eat not merely sour milk, but the very cow that gave it.

Among their fellow-patients was no lack of odd characters. There was a black-bearded Hungarian, who always walked alone, as though he had dealings with fairies and wood-nymphs, carrying an enormous yellow cane, one end of which was fashioned into a flute, upon which he discoursed quaint melodies when he supposed nobody was within hearing. If any fellow-patient came upon him in one of these dulcet moods, down went the flute from his lips, and he would stare about as though wondering who could be making all that noise.

Another notable was a tall Swedish Count, who had a curious fancy for stealing away into the woods, with an axe upon his shoulder, and without a particle of clothing. When a little chilled, he would warm himself by chopping away at the trees. Some one asked him if this primitive style of dress did not now and then lead him into embarrassing situations? "Oh, not at all," he replied. "I meet no one except strawberry-girls, and they only laugh, and get out of my way."

A bald-headed, big-bellied Parisian had been enticed to Graefenberg, in the hope that the water might cure him of an inordinate fondness for brandy. But Priessnitz's cold water and warm expostulations were of no avail. Somehow he would find means to procure the forbidden fluid—and, in consequence, his conduct was not always in accordance with the usages of society. Once he had alarmed a nervous lady by the warmth of his addresses, but the next day he was full of regrets and apologetical explanations. He had frequently some sort of nervous crisis, he said—they were symptoms of his peculiar malady. Sometimes the attacks were so violent that he did not know what he said. He hoped he had said nothing disagreeable to Madame—trusted she would excuse him, and be-

lieve him to be her most humble, though very unworthy servant.

There were veteran patients at Graefenberg. A tall, gray-headed Swedish Count, who occupied a little cottage by himself, and cultivated its diminutive garden with his own hands, had been under cure eleven years. A rosy German Baron, of about sixty-five, was three years his senior in hydropathic experiences. "I am very well," he used to say, in explanation, "very well as long as I stay here; but as soon as I go away I get sick again. The regular doctors can do nothing for me. I have tried them all, and taken every one of their drugs, with no result except spoiling my stomach. Accordingly, every time that I have left Graefenberg I have been obliged to return to it. At last I have resolved to settle here for life. Why not? I have plenty of respectable society. I live at Freiwaldau, where I can have good food and lodging. I am incurable; our honest Priessnitz tells me so himself; but as long as I remain here I do not suffer. Why not remain? Of course."

Some of the reported cures savored of the marvelous. One lady was dashed over with handfuls of cold water for a couple of hours, in order to drive off an inflammation of the lungs; when she was perfectly chilled, a pair of stout women took her by the arms, and walked her back and forth till she got warm again. Two operations of this sort "froze out the inflammation," as Priessnitz phrased it. A young man who had for three months been pestered by an intermittent fever, was wrapped up in a wet sheet, and seated in a thorough draught. Whenever the wrapping grew dry, he was doused with a pailful of water. This treatment scared off the fever incontinently. A young Hungarian girl came to Graefenberg with one eye totally blind, and the sight of the other rapidly failing. Her head was bound up in wet bandages. Soon she became totally blind, and the blame was laid at the door of Priessnitz. The old peasant was nowise troubled at the result of his treatment. The optic nerve, he said, had been paralyzed by an internal ulcer, which would soon break. This came to pass in a week; a discharge of matter took place, and the girl recovered the sight of both eyes.

The success of Priessnitz brought out imitators, who perched under his very nose, and even claimed to be the "Original Jacobs" themselves.

"One great man keeps full many small alive;
When monarchs build, dustmen have room to thrive."

There was a *Straw Cure*, where the patients drank straw tea, and slept inside of straw beds, till their flesh was raw. There was a *Curd Cure*, in which the sick were fed exclusively on curdled milk, and, if report spoke correctly, were put asoak in it. There was a *Wine Cure*, in which the patients were kept sweating for eight hours on a stretch between dry blankets—their diet being graduated on a sliding scale. At first the meals were abundant; then they gradually diminished to starvation-point, whence they rose to aldermanic breakfasts and dinners; and so on up and down, regularly, till the patient either fled, or was cured, or dead. But, whether feasting or fasting, plentiful rations of wine were allowed.

Life at Graefenberg after a while began to grow disagreeable. The climate was detestable. It rained nearly half the time, even when the weather was called fair. The winds blew incessantly, and stomachs untrained to the digestion of German cookery began to revolt at the horrors of the Graefenberg table. Our author learned that in France were Water Cures free from these drawbacks, and thither he took his way, leaving one of his companions behind, who gave him, a year later, some idea of a Graefenberg winter.

"Good heavens!" said he, "I don't see how I stood it. I cut my hair an inch long, and cut my hat altogether. We had three feet of snow, and frosts sharp enough to make a white bear whine. We used to slide down the hill on sleds—all of us had sleds, and most of us had no hats. You never saw such a set of maniacs."

Priessnitz had, meanwhile, died; not, as his disciples averred, of any disease, properly so called, but in consequence of some internal injury from the kick of a horse, received many years before. The father of Water Cure would never have succumbed to any usual ailment; and he had for years kept at bay an inward disarrangement from which he should have died at once. For months he had foreseen his approaching dissolution, and had warned the good people of Freiwaldau not to build too largely. "I shall soon be gone," he said, "and then there will be no more invalids here to fill your houses and buy your goods." And so it was. After his death there was a speedy dispersion of the throngs of patients whom his name had summoned to the Silesian hills.

Due inquiry led our half-cured invalid to select the Water Cure at Divonne, in the southeastern part of France, close by the Swiss frontier, and within an hour's walk from Lake Leman, for his next experiment in hydropathy. The establishment, presided over by Dr. Paul Vidart, occupied a long stone building, built for a factory, to which sundry additions had been made to fit it for its new functions. Here was none of the savage fanaticism characteristic of Graefenberg. The bath-rooms were clean and pleasant, supplied with every desirable luxury in the way of douches, sitz-baths, squirts, and plunges. When dinner-time came, the table exhibited a phalanx of well-cooked dishes. The knives and forks rattled cheerfully, and above the din rose the courteous mirthfulness of French talk, into which, by the aid of a pocket dictionary, our American plunged gallantly.

The company, when he came to know them, was found to embrace more than one person of note. At the head sat Dr. Vidart, with his portly figure, regular features, and merry eye, his lips parting every moment to let out a joke

or let in a morsel. Near him was Frederick Monod, a Protestant minister not unknown on this side of the Atlantic—a dark-browed, middle-aged man, but far enough from an ascetic in looks or manner. He and the Doctor kept up a perpetual popping of gay repartees, like two baskets of Champagne bombarding each other with alternate mirthful corks and hilarious foam-spouts. There was old Pastor Passevant, from Geneva, with his mild, wrinkled face and black velvet cap; a half dozen Russians of noble birth and distinguished manners; a truculent French Red Republican; a cowardly, nervous Italian; a jolly Irish doctor, and a round dozen of ladies, some pretty and some quite otherwise.

At Graefenberg every body seemed desperately bent on maintaining a combat with their various maladies; the very dances wore the aspect of being administered as medicines. Here at Divonne the patients thought of enjoyment also; and they were not above doing this in a very simple way. "Button" and "Fox and Geese," or, as the French call it, "Cat and Rat," kept them for a month in a roar of merriment. The venerable Passevant and the learned Monod entered into these games with as much spirit as the youngest child.

"It would have made Timon the Athenian laugh," says our author, "to see our capacious Doctor cantering around the ring, hard on the flight of little Marie, the youngest daughter of the Swedish captain, and to hear our general shriek of delight as Marie dodged through some opening in the circle and found a goal of safety. Then, perhaps, Mr. Monod was started out as the fugitive, and away rolled the two big men in a ponderous scamper around the excited spectators. Then it was the turn of Caprini, the slatternly, slipshod Italian, who drew forth new bursts of merriment by the agitated shuffle of his insecure slippers. Then I was the Rat, with the incessant Cat at my flying heels, while plaudits of laughter complimented the vigorous manner in which Young America managed his somewhat extensive traveling apparatus.

"After the Cat and Rat had worn themselves completely out, another play came into general favor. I despair of doing it justice, for I doubt whether it is known in America, and no one who has not seen it can form an idea of its risible character. The company formed in a circle facing inward, with some one—Mr. Monod, for instance—in the centre. At the signal to start, Mr. Monod commenced a ludicrous dance, consisting of a series of short jumps, in the performance of which he advanced across the circle, and halted opposite some one, whom we will suppose to have been little Marie Leeman. Marie began the same step now, though remaining stationary, while Mr. Monod, still in a hopping state, lifted up his voice in a sing-song to these words: '*Bonjour, bonjour, commere Marie; comment se porte compere Vidart?*' ('Good-day, good-day, goodwife Mary; how is goodman Vidart?')

"Marie, never ceasing her dance, was bound to reply immediately in the same chanting tone: '*Je n'en sais rien, je n'en sais rien; je m'en vais voir.*' ('I do not know, I do not know; I'll go and see.')

"This dialogue finished, Mr. Monod hopped into Marie's place and became quiescent, while it was her business to hop across the circle to goodman Vidart, and send him on an errand of inquiry concerning the health of some other goodman or goodwife. And thus the game went on, until we had jumped and sung ourselves tired, or the time-piece on the mantle warned us that we had best prepare for the morrow. Sapless and uninteresting as all this may seem in description, it was most ludicrous to see it in execution; to look on while two persons of contrasting heights and ages hopped up and down in face of each other, like two chickens fighting; to note their arms dangling absurdly by their side, their heads balanced stiffly, and their faces crimsoned with laughter.

"Then there were riddles, guessings of proverbs, and various plays attended by forfeits. It was once allotted to me as a punishment to dance some ridiculous dance; and having, in the leisure of my boyhood, mastered the negro *Juba*, I gave it out with marked emphasis. It proved a season hit; it was *comique! charmant! tres curieux!* Not only was I called on for a repetition night after night, but several persons wanted to learn the step of me; and one of the most fanatical in carrying this point was a severe Swiss minister, a man of the Boanerges type, with stern black eyes, and a long black beard of apostolic dignity. Over and over again did my reverend disciple carefully watch my feet while I danced the Juba, and then set himself with solemn perseverance to imitate the complicated caper. Such a blessing followed his efforts that he very soon had the step at his fingers' ends, or rather at his toes' ends; and day after day I used to hear him double-shuffle, or hoe corn and dig potatoes around the brilliant room and down the passage by way of a reaction after his bath. He told me that he wanted to amuse his children with the dance, and I only hope that it diverted them as much as it diverted their papa."

We do not believe that these good men were any the worse pastors for thus laying aside their official dignity. But Pastor Taillefer of Crassy, close by, carried the matter a little too far. One Sunday he gave notice that there would be no service after dinner, and then drove over to Geneva to see M. Poitevin make a balloon ascension on his pony. Possibly the worthy pastor thought the aeronaut was going all the way up, and he wished to verify his conceptions of the ascent of Elijah; but the more probable supposition is, that he was actuated merely by a worldly desire to see a man mounted on a pony go up in a balloon.

Button, Cat and Rat, and Juba did not make up all of life at Divonne. There were music, reading, conversation, and politics. The year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-two was drawing to a close. Republicanism was rife in

this corner of France, and men looked for a new rising of the "peoples" of Europe. "Our elections are coming on soon," they said, "and then there will be a rising. When France rises, Europe rises. When the people strike again they will punish the traitors."

So thought and talked the Republicans. Meanwhile, in the Elysée at Paris there was was one dull-eyed, taciturn man, who thought quite otherwise, but said nothing.

On the 4th of December, the Swiss pastor Berteau strode into the dining-room at Divonne, his lips wreathed into a contemptuous smile under his black beard, holding in his hand a copy of the *Journal des Débats*, just come from Paris.

"Hurrah for the Republic!" he cried, scornfully, dashing the paper upon the table.

"What do you mean?" asked Dr. Vidart.

"Hurrah for the Republic! Read there."

The Doctor took the paper, and read aloud:

"Paris is in a state of siege. The National Assembly is dissolved. The streets are occupied with troops."

The disappointment and rage of the Republicans at Divonne were too deep for words. One and another flitted across the frontier into Switzerland. Mr. De Forrest went to visit one of these. He found him in a hired room, with three or four rifles and fowling-pieces in one corner.

"To think," he cried, "of our being fooled in this way by an idiot—a dull, slow ass—an accident. This Louis Napoleon is not a man; he is only an event. Well, events succeed each other. I am waiting for ours."

The time of the French Republicans has not yet come; and we imagine that few of them now, whatever they may think of Louis Napoleon, count him an idiot or an ass.

At Divonne, as elsewhere, the election was held. Republican as the place notoriously was, when the vote was announced on the question whether or not Louis Napoleon should be President for ten years, the *ouis* exceeded the *nons*. How this was brought about may be a matter of doubt. This much is certain: the printed votes were all furnished by government, and the *nons* had a black line around the edge, so that they could not be folded in such a manner as to be mistaken for *ouis*. By the ballot-box sat the Count of Divonne, sternly noting every man who cast a lined ballot; and it was thought an act of great hardihood when Trocon, the bold Red Republican of the Water Cure, ventured to cast a *non*.

At Gex, a small city eight miles from Divonne, one of the leading advocates undertook to distribute billets of *non* to the voters. The Préfect of the Police requested the favor of a visit from the advocate.

"I understand, Monsieur Leroux, that you are distributing billets of *non*."

"It is true, Monsieur the Préfect. I believe that I have a constitutional right 'to do so.'"

"Oh, certainly, Monsieur; no one disputes your right. But allow me to observe that if you distribute any more of them, the consequences may be very unpleasant to yourself, Monsieur Leroux—extremely unpleasant. Observe, Monsieur, I do not wish to interfere with your liberty. I only forewarn you of a very probable and very disagreeable result of the continuance of your present conduct. Good-day, Monsieur Leroux. I have the honor to salute you."

Monsieur Leroux distributed no more ballots.

The Government of the Prince President kept a keen look-out against all supposed malcontents, and Mr. De Forrest was three times arrested upon suspicion.

"You are an Italian," said the gendarme who arrested him on one of these occasions.

"No, excuse me; I am not in the least Italian."

"But you have a certain Italian accent, I am pretty sure."

"Very possibly. I learned Italian before French, and my first lessons in French were from an Italian master."

"Of what nation are you, then?"

"An American, at your service."

"What is an American doing here? Taking the cure also? Do you come all the way from America to practice hydropathy in Divonne?"

"Not precisely; but being here, I seized the opportunity."

"I know something of Doctor Vidart. Tell me a little of his house and family. I shall know whether you are describing with exactness."

He was liberated only when he had given a very accurate verbal picture of the worthy Doctor, his wife, brother, and all his children.

A week or two later he was lounging through the streets of Gex in company with a couple of companions, when they were pounced upon by an officer of gendarmes, who requested them to write down their names and addresses.

"Your place of residence, Monsieur," demanded the red-faced sergeant.

"Connecticut."

"What?" he replied, evidently unable to write down the uncouth word.

"Con-nect-i-cut."

"In what department?"

"The gentleman is an American," said one of his companions, "and Connecticut is a province of America."

"Ah, really," and the old fellow tried several times to repeat the word, but in vain. Writing it down, after a fashion, he handed back the passport, apparently satisfied that its owner was not an immediately dangerous character.

Eight months' packing and bathing at Divonne in a good measure re-established the health of the invalid, whom a dozen regular practitioners had given up as incurable. With renewed health came renewed desire for travel—to see Paris and Italy again—to walk anew

beneath the glory of temples and pictures. Kind farewells were spoken to English and French, Swiss and Russians. The brothers Vidart kissed him on both cheeks, and on both cheeks he kissed them in reply. They tore their amiable mustaches apart; and our author set forth again on his travels, whither we do not propose to follow him, and made many new European acquaintances, of whom he discourses right pleasantly.

THE STRONG MAN.

ALOOF from all, the strong man proudly stood,
Firm as an oak deep-rooted in the earth,
Fearing nor storm, nor flood, nor dreary dearth,
And aweing all by his undaunted mood.

Full half a century had he brooked the shock
Of changeful times, revulsions, panics dread,
And o'er the tempest raised his veteran head,
As one who all vicissitudes might mock.

"Not to the strong the battle, nor the race
Unto the swift," saith the stern Book of God;
But girt with gold, with golden sandals shod,
The strong man boldly fought, and risked the chase.

With stubborn brow, and face of molten brass,
Desperate he stood, and dared the sovereign Fates
To close on him their ponderous iron gates,
Or let an arrow through his visor pass.

When tall men round him fell, like mighty trees
Upturned by whirlwind or by earthquake-gripe,
He'd curl his lip, and say, "Fruit over-ripe
Will sometimes fall before the faintest breeze!"

With eagle-gaze the lurid heavens he'd scan;
With giant-grip his golden sceptre grasp;
And stand amid the general groan and gasp,
Unapprehensive, like a deathless man.

But death and devastation come to all;
And when the red right hand of outraged God
O'er a doomed nation once is stretched abroad,
The strong and weak alike together fall.

That fatal day arrived, and, woe to tell!
He who so long his haughty head had borne
Proudly aloft, of all his strength was shorn,
And headlong to the earth, dismantled, fell.

The proud oak lieth as it falleth—dead,
Despoiled forever of its regal crown;
While many a modest floweret trodden down,
Lifts to the light once more its lowly head.

This lesson learn, O man! that, strong or weak,
The humble only can secure that grace
Which nerves the soul to meet misfortune's face,
And shows the might of man when man is meek

A NIGHT WITH A MOSQUITO.

JERSEYMEN excepted, I have from youth up had a lively sympathy for all creatures who are the victims of general persecution. As a boy, I never hung a cat, impaled a fly, nor stoned a frog, and as a man I have been equally considerate to negroes, lap-dogs, spiders, old maids, and even mosquitoes. I explain my compassion toward the latter by the fact, that, while almost every other living thing, from the locust to the flea, seems to have had its defenders or apologists, the conspiracy against the poor mosquito has extended to the most tender-hearted of mortals, not excepting a Cowper, who

"Would not needlessly set foot upon a worm,"

or a Wesley, who believed that all animals and insects were immortal. The only exception I can now think of is Bryant, who, in a friendly moment, wrote a few verses in favor of the little songster which do credit alike to his heart and head; but there is a drawback even here, for the reader will see, by the following extract, that the poet was aiming partly at self-protection:

THE MOSQUITO.

Fair insect! that with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and what is worse,
Full angrily, men hearken to thy plaint;
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint,
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town I ween
Has not the honor of so proud a birth,
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

* * * * * *

Thou'rt welcome to the town, but why come *here*
To bleed a brother-poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me;
Look round! the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet;
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow,
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

For myself, I can not say that my interest in the mosquito is increased by my knowing (on Bryant's authority) that he comes

"From Jersey meadows fresh and green,"

or even by the poet's discovery that Titan was his sire, and an ocean-nymph his dam; for though I was attracted to him, in the first instance, out of pure compassion, I have come at last to love him for his own sake. And what makes this fact the more creditable to me is that the sentiment does not appear to be at all re-

ciprocal; for though there are said to be persons in the world (and even in Jersey) whom the mosquito for some reason never attacks, I am certainly not of the number. On the contrary, he seems to make of me a special victim; for example, in church, he will fly over the heads of the whole congregation, and installing himself in one of my ears as if it were a pew, wake me up right in the middle of the sermon; then again at theatre (for I patronize all established institutions), after visiting every person in the house except the actors and actresses—whom he scornfully avoids on account of a fastidious dislike of paint—he will turn his back upon the whole crowd and come and nestle in the hollow of my nose (unfortunately a pug), and make it his seat of operations for the rest of the evening. Bless me, if I were a mosquito (and I have sometimes wished myself one), it seems to me that in a New York house, which is always radiant with beauty, I should make a very different selection; but I have often observed, especially on public occasions, that the mosquito appears to be animated by the spirit of gallantry: who, for example, ever saw him ruffle the composure of one of our belles at the Opera, or disturb her devotions at church? But then it is said that he more than makes up for these indulgences by persecuting our lady-friends in their retiracy, and especially in their sleep, without mercy.

Me, however (to return to my story), he attacks at all times, and on all occasions, as if, instead of being his considerate friend, I were his relentless enemy. I am visited by the too punctilious creature before my neighbors are conscious of his arrival. He gives me the benefit of his first song and his first sting, and thus, as if he had an instinct of my profession, enables me to announce his advent in advance of all the papers. I pay somewhat dear for this privilege, it is true, but still it *is* an advantage, and the cunning fellow seems to know it, and to avail himself of it.

Now, strange to say, among all my visitants, no one is more welcome than this same mosquito. I look for his approach as a lover for the approach of his mistress, and receive him with all the honors of the season. He comes gayly along at the appointed time, punctual as a dun, and, after having announced his business, proceeds at once to the point (usually the tip of my nose), and having taken a hasty bite installs himself for the rest of his term.

That term, for the present year, is now at hand, and last night he called on me to have a long private interview, and forewarn me of his early departure for that bourne whence at any rate every mosquito is sure to return. The ceremonies commenced in about the usual style, which, on my part at least, was eminently Christian; for having stung me on one cheek, I at once turned to him the other, which he perforated in the same manner.

I gave up the whole evening to him, and in fact I may say (though this was hardly optional with me) the whole night. His performances were very long and uncommonly piquant. He had recently visited every lodger in the house, besides one or two of the opposite neighbors, and revenged himself for being, in each instance, treated as a bore, by revealing to me many domestic secrets which his persecutors would hardly care to have exposed. Moreover he sang to me the following song, which somehow I remembered to have heard before, though for the life of me I couldn't say when or where:

SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

In a summer night I take my flight
To where the maids repose,
And while they slumber sweet and sound
I bite them on the nose;
The warm red blood that tints their cheeks
To me is precious dear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In this season of the year.

When I get my fill, I wipe my bill
And sound my tiny horn,
And off I fly to the mountain high
Ere breaks the golden morn;
But at once I sally forth again
To tickle the sleeper's ear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In this season of the year.

On the chamber wall I love to crawl
Till my landlord goes to bed,
Then my bugle I blow and down I go
To light upon his head;
Oh, I love to see the fellow slap,
And I love to hear him swear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In this season of the year.

I had never seen my garrulous friend in such excellent spirits, and to my delight he had, at first, but a very moderate appetite; it appears that for the hour preceding his call he had been "harping on my daughter" (on the next floor), and that she had treated him with great hospitality; in fact this Oriental virtue characterizes the whole family, and it was pleasant to find even the mosquito showing an appreciative respect for our blood, which, I firmly believe, has

Run through insects ever since the flood.

But the mosquito has one great fault; like many other very excellent persons, he has no idea of letting any body work in his presence. He belongs to the extensive class of non-producers who, though they have no objection to consuming the productions of the opposite class (without whom, indeed, they might find it difficult to live), have an elegant dislike to witnessing the *processes* of production. So, of course, on my friend's arrival, I had to suspend my labors at once, and devote myself exclusively to his entertainment. I have done the same thing many a night with a mouse; why not with a mosquito, which, to me at least, is a far more interesting being, while, without doubt, he is much more accomplished.

I have a friend who takes the same interest in the common house-fly, which, in my view, is

the vulgarest of insects, and deserving of rude treatment if only on account of his untidy habits, and his mania for getting into difficulties, and, for that matter, into every thing else: as an English poet says,

"They drownds theirselves in milk-jugs and gets into the tea,
In every sugar-basin there's always two or three,
We finds 'em in our puddings, we finds 'em in our pies,
I've no patience with the rebels, oh! drat them tiresome flies;"

and yet the poor fly has its friends, and among others the poet Pindar, who once rescued one of them from a bowl of punch, and then commemorated the fact in some very punchy verses.

But I am neglecting my mosquito. After singing to me his adventures of the season, which took the little Bohemian some time, he recovered his appetite and soon commenced "wetting his whistle" in my poor claret rather oftener than was comfortable for me, or, as it seemed, for himself; for after a score or two of libations he fell, drunk, all the way from my left eyelid (which I winked rather too suddenly) to the floor, where I hoped he would remain till daybreak. Accordingly I went to bed; but I had hardly got well ensconced between the sheets before the toper was on his legs again (or, rather, on his wings) and as full of mirth and music as ever. His activity of limb and lung (I take for granted, though no naturalist, that mosquitoes have lungs, like other consumptive creatures) was amazing. His voice, however, had grown somewhat hoarse, so much so that I feared he had been standing in a draft, or else that the floor was damp, and he had caught cold; but this did not at all abate his vocal energy, for he kept up his singing and wheezing till morning, the only pauses being those devoted to refreshment.

Now if I had not acted on the advice of a cheerful writer in the October number of *Harper's Monthly*, who enjoins upon suffering mankind to cultivate disagreeable people, I should doubtless have had a dull time of it. As it was, watching my claret-bibbing friend's manœuvres made the hours pass away very pleasantly. One of his favorite dodges was to conceal himself among my whiskers; and routing him from this ambush was as difficult a job as routing a fugitive slave from the Dismal Swamp: it could be done only by setting the place on fire, which strategy, as it might possibly have proved quite as annoying to me as to the mosquito, I did *not* resort to. I preferred waiting his own movements, knowing that, as he was of a restless turn of mind like myself, and given to roaming, he would soon venture out if only for the fun of the thing.

Another of his schemes was to muffle his little gong and then play a monotonous air upon it, with a view, evidently, of lulling me to sleep. Succeeding in this, he would spread himself for a sumptuous repast, and having uncorked every vein within his reach, sip to his heart's content.

At last the happy idea occurred to me of trying the effect of tobacco-smoke upon him. I accordingly lit my pipe and fumed away for an hour, like a volcano on the eve of an eruption. At first this ruse was successful, for it crazed his little brain and made him whizz round the room very much like a scorched fly, while he kept up a kind of drunken dirge which was very amusing; but the mosquito, like man, is a very pliable creature, and easily adapts himself to circumstances; so that, after a short time, my friend was as much at home in the narcotic atmosphere as if he had been raised in Turkey. In fact he seemed to like it; and under its influence, which from being soporific became exhilarating, he was more vivacious and more loquacious than ever. There was nothing he did not say or do during the rest of the night: a good reporter, who had been at the same time a good linguist, might have made up an article out of the scene which would have filled half a newspaper. I imagined the musical critic of the *Times* analyzing my songster's notes, and comparing his performance with that of Vieuxtemps on the violin, or Goldbeck on the piano. I wondered, too, what your "Man about Town" would have made of him. Alas! if he had attacked that worthy citizen's proboscis as he did mine, I fear he would have made "mince meat" of him; but that is neither here nor there.

Suffice it (for I must draw my story to an end, especially as I hear my friend coming again), suffice it, then, that I was much more amused than annoyed, and can truly say that I have not spent so pleasant a night for a long time as that I spent watching and reflecting on the movements of my favorite insect. He taught me many good lessons, some of which were peculiarly seasonable; his activity, his patience, his wit, his command of his resources (enabling him when his bills were dishonored in one quarter to draw successfully on another), all made a deep impression upon me, and inspired me with new courage. I treated the drafts of my creditors the next day with the same consideration that I had extended to his during the night; evading them altogether when I could, postponing them indefinitely when I couldn't, and when absolutely necessary (horrible alternative!) actually paying them. So that, after all, a man may gather wisdom from all the vicissitudes of life, and derive instruction even from passing a night with a mosquito. In grateful recognition of which fact, I beg leave to submit the following sonnet:

TO THE MOSQUITO.

Symphonious insect! scarce-embodied sprite!
Who, though thy life is marked by bitter stings,
Yet tun'st in glee thy "harp of thousand strings,"
How hard it is the world e'en one poor bite
Should grudge thee, as thou sound'st thy tiny gong,
And, in thy best titillatory mood,
Askest of each his proper tithe of blood,
As meet return for thy mellifluous song!
"Live and let live" in vain we mortals preach,

While thee we hunt with ever-murderous eye,
And still more cruel, by vile network try
To place our tempting vintage 'yond thy reach;
For though thy orgies fret the drowsy night,
To sing and sup thou hast a poet's right.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH ONE OF THE VIRGINIANS VISITS HOME.

ON the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestor's country and his own, where genius such as his has always a peaceful welcome.

The ensuing history reminds me of yonder swords in the historian's study at Boston. In the Revolutionary War the subjects of this story —natives of America, and children of the Old Dominion — found themselves engaged on different sides in the quarrel, coming together peaceably at its conclusion, as brethren should, their love never having materially diminished, however angrily the contest divided them. The colonel in scarlet, and the general in blue and buff, hang side by side in the wainscoted parlor of the Warringtons, in England, where a descendant of one of the brothers has shown their portraits to me, with many of the letters which they wrote, and the books and papers which belonged to them. In the Warrington family, and to distinguish them from other personages of that respectable race, these effigies have always gone by the name of "The Virginians," by which name their memoirs are christened.

They both of them passed much time in Europe. They lived just on the verge of that Old World from which we are drifting away so swiftly. They were familiar with many varieties of men and fortune. Their lot brought them into contact with personages of whom we read only in books, who seem alive as I read in the Virginians' letters regarding them — whose voices I almost fancy I hear, as I read the yellow pages, written scores of years since, blotted with the boyish tears of disappointed passion, dutifully dispatched after famous balls and ceremonies of the grand Old World, scribbled by camp-fires, or out of prison; nay, there is one that has a bullet through it, and of which a greater portion of the text is blotted out with the blood of the bearer.

These letters had, probably, never been preserved but for the affectionate thrift of one person, to whom they never failed in their dutiful correspondence. Their mother kept all her sons' letters from the very first—in which Henry, the younger of the twins, sends his love to his brother, then ill of a sprain at his grandfather's house of Castlewood, in Virginia, and thanks his grandpapa for a horse which he rides with his tutor—down to the last, "from my beloved son," which reached her but a few hours before her death. The venerable lady never visited Europe, save once with her parents in the reign of George the Second; took refuge in Richmond when the house of Castlewood was burned down during the war; and was called Madam Esmond ever after that event; never caring much for the name or family of Warrington, which she held in very slight estimation as compared to her own.

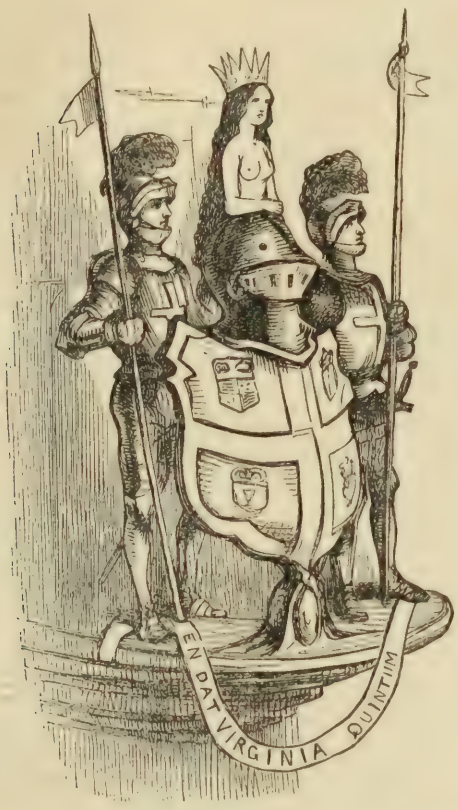
The letters of the Virginians, as the reader will presently see, from specimens to be shown to him, are by no means full. They are hints rather than descriptions — indications and outlines chiefly. It may be that the present writer has mistaken the forms, and filled in the color wrongly; but, poring over the documents, I have tried to imagine the situation of the writer —where he was, and by what persons surrounded. I have drawn the figures as I fancied they were; set down conversations as I think I might have heard them; and so, to the best of my ability, endeavored to revivify the by-gone times and people. With what success the task has been accomplished—with what profit or amusement to himself—the kind reader will please to determine.

One summer morning, in the year 1756, and in the reign of his Majesty King George the Second, the *Young Rachel*, Virginian ship, Edward Franks master, came up the Avon river, on her happy return from her annual voyage to the Potomac. She proceeded to Bristol with the tide, and moored in the stream as near as possible to Trail's wharf, to which she was consigned. Mr. Trail, her part owner, who could survey his ship from his counting-house windows, straightway took boat, and came up her side. The owner of the *Young Rachel*, a large, grave man in his own hair, and of a demure aspect, gave the hand of welcome to Captain Franks, who stood on his deck, and congratulated the captain upon the speedy and fortunate voyage which he had made; and remarking that we ought to be thankful to Heaven for its mercies, he proceeded presently to business, by asking particulars relative to cargo and passengers.

Franks was a pleasant man, who loved a joke. "We have," says he, "but yonder ugly negro boy, who is fetching the trunks, and a passenger who has the state cabin to himself."

Mr. Trail looked as if he would have preferred more mercies from Heaven. "Confound you, Franks, and your luck! The *Duke William*, which came in last week, brought fourteen, and she is not half of our tonnage."

"And this passenger, who has the whole cabin, don't pay nothin'," continued the Captain. "Swear, now; it will do you good, Mr.



Trail—indeed it will. I have tried the medicine."

"A passenger take the whole cabin and not pay! Gracious mercy! are you a fool, Captain Franks?"

"Ask the passenger himself, for here he comes." And, as the master spoke, a young man of some nineteen years of age came up the hatchway. He had a cloak and a sword under his arm, and was dressed in deep mourning, and called out, "Gumbo, you idiot, why don't you fetch the baggage out of the cabin? Well, shipmate, our journey is ended. You will see all the little folks to-night whom you have been talking about. Give my love to Polly, and Betty, and little Tommy, not forgetting my duty to Mrs. Franks. I thought, yesterday, the voyage would never be done, and now I am almost sorry it is over. That little berth in my cabin looks very comfortable now I am going to leave it."

Mr. Trail scowled at the young passenger who had paid no money for his passage. He scarcely nodded his head to the stranger, when Captain Franks said, "This here gentleman is Mr. Trail, Sir, whose name you have a-heerd of."

"It's pretty well known in Bristol, Sir," says Mr. Trail, majestically.

"And this is Mr. Warrington, Madam Esmond Warrington's son, of Castlewood," continued the Captain.

The British merchant's hat was instantly off his head, and the owner of the beaver was making a prodigious number of bows, as if a crown-prince were before him.

"Gracious powers, Mr. Warrington! This is a delight, indeed! What a crowning mercy that your voyage should have been so prosperous! You must have my boat to go on shore. Let me cordially and respectfully welcome you to England; let me shake your hand as the son of my benefactress and patroness, Mrs. Esmond Warrington, whose name is known and honored on Bristol 'Change, I warrant you. Isn't it, Franks?"

"There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the Three Castles," says Mr. Franks, drawing a great brass tobacco-box from his pocket, and thrusting a quid into his jolly mouth. "You don't know what a comfort it is, Sir; you'll take to it, bless you, as you grow older. Won't he, Mr. Trail? I wish you had ten ship-loads of it instead of one. You might have ten ship-loads: I've told Madam Esmond so; I've rode over her plantation; she treats me like a lord when I go to the house; she don't grudge me the best of wine, or keep me cooling my heels in the counting-room as some folks does (with a look at Mr. Trail). She is a real born Lady, she is; and might have a thousand hogsheads as easy as her hundreds, if there were but hands enough."

"I have lately engaged in the Guinea trade, and could supply her ladyship with any number of healthy young negroes before next fall," said Mr. Trail, obsequiously.

"We are averse to the purchase of negroes from Africa," said the young gentleman, coldly. "My grandfather and my mother have always objected to it, and I do not like to think of selling or buying the poor wretches."

"It is for their good, my dear young Sir! for their temporal and their spiritual good!" cried Mr. Trail. "And we purchase the poor creatures only for their benefit; let me talk this matter over with you at my own house. I can introduce you to a happy home, a Christian family, and a British merchant's honest fare. Can't I, Captain Franks?"

"Can't say," growled the Captain: "never asked me to take bite or sup at your table. Asked me to psalm-singing once, and to hear Mr. Ward preach: don't care for them sort of entertainments."

Not choosing to take any notice of this remark, Mr. Trail continued, in his low tone: "Business is business, my dear young Sir, and I know 'tis only my duty—the duty of all of us—to cultivate the fruits of the earth in their season. As the heir of Madam Esmond's estate—for I speak, I believe, to the heir of that great property?"

The young gentleman made a bow.

"I would urge upon you, at the very earliest moment, the propriety, the duty of increasing the ample means with which Heaven has blessed you. As an honest factor, I could not do otherwise; as a prudent man, should I scruple to speak of what will tend to your profit and mine? No, my dear Mr. George."

"My name is not George: my name is Henry," said the young man as he turned his head away, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Gracious powers! what do you mean, Sir? Did you not say you were my lady's heir? and is not George Esmond Warrington, Esq.—"

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" cried Mr. Franks, striking the merchant a tough blow on his sleek sides, as the young lad turned away. "Don't you see the young gentleman a-swabbing his eyes, and note his black clothes?"

"What do you mean, Captain Franks, by laying your hand on your owners? Mr. George is the heir; I know the Colonel's will well enough."

"Mr. George is there," said the Captain, pointing with his thumb to the deck.

"Where?" cries the factor.

"Mr. George is there!" reiterated the Captain, again lifting up his finger toward the topmast, or the sky beyond. "He is dead a year, Sir, come next 9th of July. He would go out with General Braddock on that dreadful business to the Belle Rivière. He and a thousand more never came back again. Every man of them was murdered as he fell. You know the Indian way, Mr. Trail?" And here the Captain passed his hand rapidly round his head. "Horrible! ain't it, Sir? horrible! He was a fine young man, the very picture of this one; only his hair was black, which is now hanging in a bloody Indian wigwam. He was often and often on board of the *Young Rachel*, and would have his chests of books broke open on deck before they was landed. He was a shy and silent young gent: not like this one, which was the merriest, wildest young fellow, full of his songs and fun. He took on dreadful at the news; went to his bed, had that fever which lays so many of 'em by the heels along that swampy Potomac, but he's got better on the voyage: the voyage makes every one better; and, in course, the young gentleman can't be forever a-crying after a brother who dies and leaves him a great fortune. Ever since we sighted Ireland he has been quite gay and happy, only he would go off at times, when he was most merry, saying, 'I wish my dearest Georgy could enjoy this here sight along with me,' and when you mentioned the t'other's name, you see, he couldn't stand it." And the honest Captain's own eyes filled with tears, as he turned and looked toward the object of his compassion.

Mr. Trail assumed a lugubrious countenance befitting the tragic compliment with which he prepared to greet the young Virginian; but the latter answered him very curtly, declined his offers of hospitality, and only staid in Mr. Trail's house long enough to drink a glass of wine and to take up a sum of money of which he stood in need. But he and Captain Franks parted on the very warmest terms, and all the little crew of the *Young Rachel* cheered from the ship's side as their passenger left it.

Again and again Harry Warrington and his brother had pored over the English map, and determined upon the course which they should take upon arriving at Home. All Americans who love the Old Country—and what gently-nurtured man or woman of Anglo-Saxon race does not?—have ere this rehearsed their English travels, and visited in fancy the spots with which their hopes, their parents' fond stories, their friends' descriptions, have rendered them familiar. There are few things to me more affecting in the history of the quarrel which divided the two great nations than the recurrence of that word Home, as used by the younger toward the elder country. Harry Warrington had his chart laid out. Before London, and its glorious temples of St. Paul's and St. Peter's, its grim Tower, where the brave and loyal had shed their blood, from Wallace down to Balmerino and Kilmarnock, pitied by gentle hearts;—before the awful window of Whitehall, whence the martyr Charles had issued, to kneel once more, and then ascend to Heaven;—before Play-houses, Parks, and Palaces, wondrous resorts of wit, pleasure, and splendor;—before Shakspeare's resting-place under the tall spire which rises by Avon, amidst the sweet Warwickshire pastures; before Derby, and Falkirk, and Culloden, where the cause of honor and loyalty had fallen, it might be to rise no more;—before all these points of their pilgrimage there was one which the young Virginian brothers held even more sacred, and that was the home of their family,—that old Castlewood in Hampshire, about which their parents had talked so fondly. From Bristol to Bath, from Bath to Salisbury, to Winchester, to Hexton, to *Home;* they knew the way, and had mapped the journey many and many a time.

We must fancy our American traveler to be a handsome young fellow, whose suit of sables only made him look the more interesting. The plump landlady from her bar, surrounded by her china and punch-bowls, and stout gilded bottles of strong waters, and glittering rows of silver flagons, looked kindly after the young gentleman as he passed through the inn-hall from his post-chaise, and the obsequious Chamberlain bowed him up stairs to the Rose or the Dolphin. The trim chambermaid dropped her best courtesy for his fee, and Gumbo, in the inn-kitchen, where the townsfolk drank their mug of ale by the great fire, bragged of his young master's splendid house in Virginia, and of the immense wealth to which he was heir. The post-chaise whirled the traveler through the most delightful home-scenery his eyes had ever lighted on. If English landscape is pleasant to the American of the present day, who must needs contrast the rich woods and glowing pastures, and picturesque ancient villages of the Old Country with the rough aspect of his own, how much pleasanter must Harry Warrington's course have been, whose journeys had lain through swamps and forest solitudes from one Virginian ordinary to another log-house at the end of the day's route, and who now lighted suddenly upon the busy, happy, splendid scene of English summer? And the high road, a hundred years ago, was not that grass-grown desert of the present time. It was alive with constant travel and traffic:

the country towns and inns swarmed with life and gayety. The ponderous wagon, with its bells and plodding team; the light post-coach that achieved the journey from the White Hart, Salisbury, to the Swan with Two Necks, London, in two days; the strings of pack-horses that had not yet left the road; my lord's gilt post-chaise and six, with the outriders galloping on ahead; the country squire's great coach and heavy Flanders' mares; the farmers trotting to market, or the parson jolting to the cathedral town on Dumpling, his wife behind on the pillion,—all these crowding sights and brisk people greeted the young traveler on his summer journey. Hodge, the farmer's boy, took off his hat, and Polly, the milk-maid, bobbed a courtesy, as the chaise whirled over the pleasant village-green, and the white-headed children lifted their chubby faces and cheered. The church-spires glistened with gold, the cottage-gables glared in sunshine, the great elms murmured in summer, or cast purple shadows over the grass. Young Warrington never had such a glorious day, or witnessed a scene so delightful. To be nineteen years of age, with high health, high spirits, and a full purse, to be making your first journey, and rolling through the country in a post-chaise at nine miles an hour —oh happy youth! almost it makes one young to think of him! But Harry was too eager to give more than a passing glance at the Abbey at Bath, or gaze with more than a moment's wonder at the mighty minster at Salisbury. Until he beheld *Home* it seemed to him he had no eyes for any other place.

At last the young gentleman's post-chaise drew up at the rustic inn on Castlewood Green, of which his grandsire had many a time talked to him, and which bears as its ensign, swinging from an elm near the inn-porch, the Three Castles of the Esmond family. They had a sign, too, over the gateway of Castlewood House, bearing the same cognizance. This was the hatchment of Francis Lord Castlewood, who now lay in the chapel hard by, his son reigning in his stead.

Harry Warrington had often heard of Francis Lord Castlewood. It was for Frank's sake, and for his great love toward the boy, that Colonel Esmond determined to forego his claim to the English estates and rank of his family, and retired to Virginia. The young man had led a wild youth; he had fought with distinction under Marlborough; he had married a foreign lady, and most lamentably adopted her religion. At one time he had been a Jacobite (for loyalty to the sovereign was ever hereditary in the Esmond family), but had received some slight or injury from the Prince, which had caused him to rally to King George's side. He had, on his second marriage, renounced the errors of Popery which he had temporarily embraced, and returned to the Established Church again. He had, from his constant support of the King and the Minister of the time being, been rewarded by his Majesty George II., and died an English peer. An earl's coronet now figured on the hatchment which hung over Castlewood gate—and there was an end of the jolly gentleman. Between Colonel Esmond, who had become his step-father and his lordship there had ever been a brief but affectionate correspondence—on the Colonel's part especially, who loved his step-son, and had a hundred stories to tell about him to his grandchildren. Madam Esmond, however, said *she* could see nothing in her half-brother. He was dull, except when he drank too much wine, and that, to be sure, was every day at dinner. Then he was boisterous, and his conversation not pleasant. He was good-looking—yes—a fine tall stout animal; she had rather her boys should follow a different model. In spite of the grandfather's encomium of Viscount Francis, the boys had no very great respect for their kinsman's memory. The lads and their mother were stanch Jacobites, though having every respect for his present Majesty; but right was right, and nothing could make their hearts swerve from their allegiance to the descendants of the martyr Charles.

With a beating heart Harry Warrington walked from the inn toward the house where his grandsire's youth had been passed. The little village-green of Castlewood slopes down toward the river, which is spanned by an old bridge of a single broad arch, and from this the ground rises gradually toward the house, gray with many gables and buttresses, and backed by a darkling wood. An old man sate at the wicket on a stone bench in front of the great arched entrance to the house, over which the earl's hatchment was hanging. An old dog was crouched at the man's feet. Immediately above the ancient sentry at the gate was an open casement with some homely flowers in the window, from behind which good-humored girls' faces were peeping. They were watching the young traveler dressed in black as he walked up gazing toward the castle, and the ebony attendant who followed the gentleman's steps also accoutred in mourning. So was he at the gate in mourning, and the girls when they came out had black ribbons.

To Harry's surprise, the old man accosted him by his name. "You have had a nice ride to Hexton, Master Harry, and the sorrel carried you well."

"I think you must be Lockwood," said Harry, with rather a tremulous voice, holding out his hand to the old man. His grandfather had often told him of Lockwood, and how he had accompanied the Colonel and the young Viscount in Marlborough's wars forty years ago. The veteran seemed puzzled by the mark of affection which Harry extended to him. The old dog gazed at the new-comer, and then went and put his head between his knees. "I have heard of you often. How did you know my name?"

"They say I forget most things," says the old man, with a smile; "but I ain't so bad as that quite. Only this mornin', when you went out, my darter says, 'Father, do you know why

you have a black coat on?' 'In course I know why I have a black coat,' says I. 'My lord is dead. They say 'twas a foul blow, and Master Frank is my lord now, and Master Harry'—why what have you done since you've went out this morning? Why you have a grow'd taller and changed your hair—though I know—I know you."

One of the young women had tripped out by this time from the porter's lodge, and dropped the stranger a pretty courtesy. "Grandfather sometimes does not recollect very well," she said, pointing to her head. "Your honor seems to have heard of Lockwood?"

"And you, have you never heard of Colonel Francis Esmond?"

"He was Captain and Major in Webb's Foot, and I was with him in two campaigns, sure enough," cries Lockwood. "Wasn't I, Ponto?"

"The Colonel as married Viscountess Rachel, my late lord's mother, and went to live among the Indians? We have heard of him. Sure we have his picture in our gallery, and hisself painted it."

"Went to live in Virginia, and died there seven years ago, and I am his grandson."

"Lord, your honor! Why, your honor's skin's as white as mine," cries Molly. "Grandfather, do you hear this? His honor is Colonel Esmond's grandson that used to send you tobacco, and his honor have come all the way from Virginia."

"To see you, Lockwood," says the young man, "and the family. I only set foot on English ground yesterday, and my first visit is for home. I may see the house, though the family are from home?" Molly dared to say Mrs. Barker would let his honor see the house, and, taking the old porter's arm, Harry Warrington made his way across the court, seeming to know the place as well as if he had been born there, Miss Molly thought, who followed, accompanied by Mr. Gumbo making her a profusion of polite bows and speeches.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH HARRY HAS TO PAY FOR HIS SUPPER.

Colonel Esmond's grandson rang for a while at his ancestors' house of Castlewood, before any one within condescended to notice his summons. The servant, who at length issued from the door, seemed to be very little affected by the announcement that the visitor was a relation of the family. The family was away, and in their absence John cared very little for their relatives, but was eager to get back to his game at cards with Thomas in the window-seat. The housekeeper was busy getting ready for my lord and my lady, who were expected that evening. Only by strong entreaties could Harry gain leave to see my lady's sitting-room and the picture-room, where, sure enough, was a portrait of his grandfather in periwig and breast-plate, the counterpart of



their picture in Virginia, and a likeness of his grandmother, as Lady Castlewood, in a yet earlier habit of Charles II.'s time; her neck bare, her fair golden hair waving over her shoulders in ringlets which he remembered to have seen snowy white. From the contemplation of these sights the sulky housekeeper drove him. Her family was about to arrive. There was my lady the Countess, and my lord and his brother, and the young ladies, and the Baroness, who was to have the state bed-room. Who was the Baroness? The Baroness Bernstein, the young ladies' aunt. Harry wrote down his name on a paper from his own pocket-book, and laid it on a table in the hall. "Henry Esmond Warrington, of Castlewood, in Virginia, arrived in England yesterday—staying at the Three Castles in the village." The lackeys rose up from their cards to open the door to him, in order to get their "vails," and Gumbo quitted the bench at the gate, where he had been talking with old Lockwood, the porter, who took Harry's guinea, hardly knowing the meaning of the gift. During the visit to the home of his fathers, Harry had only seen little Polly's countenance that was the least unselfish or kindly; he walked away, not caring to own how disappointed he was, and what a damp had been struck upon him by the aspect of the place. They ought to have known him. Had any of them ridden up to his house in Virginia, whether the master were present or absent, the guests would have been made welcome, and, in sight of his ancestors' hall, he had to go and ask for a dish of bacon and eggs at a country alehouse!

After his dinner, he went to the bridge and sate on it, looking toward the old house, behind which the sun was descending as the rooks came cawing home to their nests in the elms.

His young fancy pictured to itself many of the ancestors of whom his mother and grandsire had told him. He fancied knights and huntsmen crossing the ford — cavaliers of King Charles's days; my Lord Castlewood, his grandmother's first husband, riding out with hawk and hound. The recollection of his dearest lost brother came back to him as he indulged in these reveries, and smote him with a pang of exceeding tenderness and longing, insomuch that the young man hung his head and wept with all his heart, and no doubt would have made a pretty picture for a sentimental artist to sketch, had there been such a person near; but there was none such. As he sate plunged in his own thoughts, which were mingled up with the mechanical clinking of the blacksmith's forge hard by, the noises of the evening, the talk of the rooks, and the calling of the birds round about—a couple of young men on horseback dashed over the bridge. One of them, with an oath, called him a fool, and told him to keep out of the way; the other, who fancied he might have jostled the foot-passenger, and possibly might have sent him over the parapet, pushed on more quickly when he reached the other side of the water, calling likewise to Tom to come on; and the pair of young gentlemen were up the hill on their way to the house before Harry had recovered himself from his surprise at their appearance, and wrath at their behavior. In a minute or two, this advanced guard was followed by two livery servants on horseback, who scowled at the young traveler on the bridge a true British welcome of Curse you, who are you? After these, in a minute or two, came a coach-and-six, a ponderous vehicle, having need of the horses which drew it, and containing three ladies, a couple of maids, and an armed man on a seat behind the carriage. Three handsome pale faces looked out at Harry Warrington as the carriage passed over the bridge, and did not return the salute which, recognizing the family arms, he gave it. The gentleman behind the carriage glared at him haughtily. Harry felt terribly alone. He thought he would go back to Captain Franks. The *Rachel* and her little tossing cabin seemed a cheery spot in comparison to that on which he stood. The inn folks did not know his name of Warrington. They told him that was my lady in the coach, with her step-daughter, my Lady Maria, and her daughter, my Lady Fanny; and the young gentleman in the gray frock was Mr. William, and he with powder on the chestnut was my lord. It was the latter had sworn the loudest and called him a fool; and it was the gray frock which had nearly galloped Harry into the ditch.

The landlord of the Three Castles had shown Harry a bed-chamber, but he had refused to have his portmanteaus unpacked, thinking that, for a certainty, the folks of the great house would invite him to theirs. One, two, three hours passed, and there came no invitation. Harry was fain to have his trunks open at last, and to call for his slippers and gown. Just before dark, about two hours after the arrival of the first carriage, a second chariot with four horses had passed over the bridge, and a stout, high-colored lady, with a very dark pair of eyes, had looked hard at Mr. Warrington. That was the Baroness Bernstein, the landlady said, my lord's aunt, and Harry remembered the first Lady Castlewood had come of a German family. Earl, and countess, and baroness, and postillions, and gentlemen, and horses, had all disappeared behind the castle gate, and Harry was fain to go to bed at last, in the most melancholy mood, and with a cruel sense of neglect and loneliness in his young heart. He could not sleep, and, besides, ere long, heard a prodigious noise, and cursing, and giggling, and screaming from my landlady's bar, which would have served to keep him awake.

Then Gumbo's voice was heard without, remonstrating, "You can not go in, Sar; my master asleep, Sar!" but a shrill voice, with many oaths, which Harry Warrington recognized, cursed Gumbo for a stupid negro woolly pate, and he was pushed aside, giving entrance to a flood of oaths into the room, and a young gentleman behind them.

"Beg your pardon, Cousin Warrington," cried the young blasphemer, "are you asleep? Beg your pardon for riding you over on the bridge. Didn't know you — course shouldn't have done it—thought it was a lawyer with a writ — dressed in black, you know. Gad! thought it was Nathan come to nab me." And Mr. William laughed, incoherently. It was evident that he was excited with liquor.

"You did me great honor to mistake me for a sheriff's officer, cousin," says Harry, with great gravity, sitting up in his tall night-cap.

"Gad! I thought it was Nathan, and was going to send you souse into the river. But I ask your pardon. You see I had been drinking at the Bell at Hexton, and the punch is good at the Bell at Hexton. Hullo! you, Davis! a bowl of punch; d'you hear?"

"I have had my share for to-night, cousin, and I should think you have," Harry continues, always in the dignified style.

"You want me to go, Cousin What's-your-name, I see," Mr. William said, with gravity. "You want me to go, and they want me to come, and I didn't want to come. I said, I'd see him hanged first—that's what I said. Why should I trouble myself to come down all alone of an evening, and look after a fellow I don't care a pin for? Zackly what I said. Zackly what Castlewood said. Why the devil should he go down? Castlewood says, and so said my lady, but the Baroness would have you. It's all the Baroness's doing, and if she says a thing, it must be done; so you may just get up and come." Mr. Esmond delivered these words with the most amiable rapidity and indistinctness, running them into one another, and tacking about the room as he spoke. But the young Virginian was in great wrath. "I tell you

what, cousin," he cried, "I won't move for the Countess, or for the Baroness, or for all the cousins in Castlewood." And when the landlord entered the chamber with the bowl of punch which Mr. Esmond had ordered, the young gentleman in bed called out fiercely to the host to turn that sot out of the room.

"Sot, you little tobacconist! Sot, you Cherokee!" screams out Mr. William; "jump out of bed, and I'll drive my sword through your body. Why didn't I do it to-day when I took you for a bailiff—a confounded pettifogging bum-bailiff!" And he went on screeching more oaths and incoherencies, until the landlord, the drawer, the hostler, and all the folks of the kitchen were brought to lead him away. After which Harry Warrington closed his tent round him in sulky wrath, and, no doubt, finally went fast to sleep.

My landlord was very much more obsequious on the next morning when he met his young guest, having now fully learned his name and quality. Other messengers had come from the castle on the previous night to bring both the young gentlemen home, and poor Mr. William, it appeared, had returned in a wheel-barrow, being not altogether unaccustomed to that mode of conveyance. "He never remembers nothin' about it the next day. He is of a real kind nature, Mr. William," the landlord vowed, "and the men get crowns and half-crowns from him by saying that he beat them overnight when he was in liquor. He's the devil when he's tipsy, Mr. William, but when he is sober he is the very kindest of young gentlemen."

As nothing is unknown to writers of biographies of the present kind, it may be as well to state what had occurred within the walls of Castlewood House, while Harry Warrington was without, awaiting some token of recognition from his kinsmen. On their arrival at home the family had found the paper on which the lad's name was inscribed, and his appearance occasioned a little domestic council. My Lord Castlewood supposed that must have been the young gentleman whom they had seen on the bridge, and as they had not drowned him they must invite him. Let a man go down with the proper messages, let a servant carry a note. Lady Fanny thought it would be more civil if one of the brothers would go to their kinsman, especially considering the original greeting which they had given. Lord Castlewood had not the slightest objection to his brother William going —yes, William should go. Upon this Mr. William said (with a yet stronger expression) that he would be hanged if he would go. Lady Maria thought the young gentleman whom they had remarked at the bridge was a pretty fellow enough. Castlewood is dreadfully dull, I am sure neither of my brothers do any thing to make it amusing. He may be vulgar—no doubt, he is vulgar—but let us see the American. Such was Lady Maria's opinion. Lady Castlewood was neither for inviting nor for refusing him, but for delaying. "Wait till your Aunt comes, children; perhaps the Baroness won't like to see the young man; at least, let us consult her before we ask him." And so the hospitality to be offered by his nearest kinsfolk to poor Harry Warrington remained yet in abeyance.

At length the equipage of the Baroness Bernstein made its appearance, and whatever doubt there might be as to the reception of the Virginian stranger, there was no lack of enthusiasm in this generous family regarding their wealthy and powerful kinswoman. The state-chamber had already been prepared for her. The cook had arrived the previous day with instructions to get ready a supper for her such as her ladyship liked. The table sparkled with old plate and was set in the oak dining-room with the pictures of the family round the walls. There was the late Viscount, his father, his mother, his sister—these two lovely pictures. There was his predecessor by Vandyck, and his Viscountess. There was Colonel Esmond, their relative in Virginia, about whose grandson the ladies and gentlemen of the Esmond family showed such a very moderate degree of sympathy.

The feast set before their aunt, the Baroness, was a very good one, and her ladyship enjoyed it. The supper occupied an hour or two, during which the whole Castlewood family were most attentive to their guest. The Countess pressed all the good dishes upon her, of which she freely partook: the butler no sooner saw her glass empty than he filled it with Champagne: the young folks and their mother kept up the conversation, not so much by talking, as by listening appropriately to their friend. She was full of spirits and humor. She seemed to know every body in Europe, and about those every bodies the wickedest stories. The Countess of Castlewood, ordinarily a very demure, severe woman, and a stickler for the proprieties, smiled at the very worst of these anecdotes: the girls looked at one another and laughed at the maternal signal; the boys giggled and roared with especial delight at their sisters' confusion. They also partook freely of the wine which the butler handed round, nor did they, or their guest, disdain the bowl of smoking punch, which was laid on the table after the supper. Many and many a night, the Baroness said, she had drunk at that table by her father's side. "That was his place," she pointed to the place where the Countess now sat. She saw none of the old plate. That was all melted to pay his gambling debts. She hoped, Young gentlemen, that *you* don't play.

"Never, on my word," says Castlewood.

"Never, 'pon honor," says Will—winking at his brother.

The Baroness was very glad to hear they were such good boys. Her face grew redder with the punch; and she became voluble, might have been thought coarse, but that times were different, and those critics were inclined to be especially favorable.

She talked to the boys about their father,

their grandfather—other men and women of the house. "The only man of the family was *that*," she said, pointing (with an arm that was yet beautifully round and white) toward the picture of the military gentleman in the red coat and cuirass, and great black periwig.

"The Virginian? What is he good for? I always thought he was good for nothing but to cultivate tobacco and my grandmother," says my lord, laughing.

She struck her hand upon the table with an energy that made the glasses dance. "I say he was the best of you all. There never was one of the male Esmonds that had more brains than a goose except him. He was not fit for this wicked, selfish, old world of ours, and he was right to go and live out of it. Where would your father have been, young people, but for him?"

"Was he particularly kind to our papa?" says Lady Maria.

"Old stories, my dear Maria!" cries the Countess. "I am sure my dear Earl was very kind to him in giving him that great estate in Virginia."

"Since his brother's death, the lad who has been here to-day is heir to that. Mr. Draper told me so! Peste! I don't know why my father gave up such a property."

"*Who* has been here to-day?" asked the Baroness, highly excited.

"Harry Esmond Warrington, of Virginia," my Lord answered; "a lad whom Will nearly pitched into the river, and whom I pressed my Lady the Countess to invite to stay here."

"You mean that one of these Virginian boys has been to Castlewood, and has not been asked to stay here?"

"There is but one of them, my dear creature," interposes the Earl. "The other, you know, has just been—"

"For shame, for shame!"

"Oh! it ain't pleasant, I confess, to be sc—"

"Do you mean that a grandson of Henry Esmond, the master of this house, has been here, and none of you have offered him hospitality?"

"Since we didn't know it, and he is staying at the Castles?" interposes Will.

"That he is staying at the Inn, and you are sitting *there!*" cries the old lady. "This is too bad—call somebody to me. Get me my hood—I'll go to the boy myself. Come with me this instant, my Lord Castlewood."

The young man rose up, evidently in wrath. "Madame the Baroness of Bernstein," he said, "your ladyship is welcome to go; but as for me, I don't choose to have such words as 'shameful' applied to my conduct. I *won't* go and fetch the young gentleman from Virginia, and I propose to sit here and finish this bowl of punch. Eugene! Don't Eugene me, Madam. I know her ladyship has a great deal of money, which you are desirous should remain in our amiable family. You want it more than I do. Cringe for it—I won't." And he sank back in his chair.

The Baroness looked at the family, who held their heads down, and then at my Lord, but this time without any dislike. She leaned over to him and said rapidly, in German, "I had unright when I said the Colonel was the only man of the family. Thou canst, if thou willest, Eugene." To which remark my Lord only bowed.

"If you do not wish an old woman to go out at this hour of the night, let William, at least, go and fetch his cousin," said the Baroness.

"The very thing I proposed to him."

"And so did we—and so did we!" cried the daughters, in a breath.

"I am sure I only wanted the dear Baroness's consent!" said their mother, "and shall be charmed for my part to welcome our young relative."

"Will! Put on thy pattens, and get a lantern, and go fetch the Virginian," said my lord.

"And we will have another bowl of punch when he comes," says William, who by this time had already had too much. And he went forth—how we have seen; and how he had more punch; and how ill he succeeded in his embassy.

The worthy lady of Castlewood, as she caught sight of young Harry Warrington by the river side, must have seen a very handsome and interesting youth, and very likely had reasons of her own for not desiring his presence in her family. All mothers are not eager to encourage the visits of interesting youths of nineteen in families where there are virgins of twenty. If Harry's acres had been in Norfolk or Devon, in place of Virginia, no doubt the good Countess would have been rather more eager in her welcome. Had she wanted him she would have given him her hand readily enough. If our people of ton are selfish, at any rate they show they are selfish; and, being cold-hearted, at least have no hypocrisy of affection.

Why should Lady Castlewood put herself out of the way to welcome the young stranger? Because he was friendless? Only a simpleton could ever imagine such a reason as that. People of fashion, like her ladyship, are friendly to those who have plenty of friends. A poor lad, alone, from a distant country, with only very moderate means, and those not as yet in his own power, with uncouth manners very likely, and coarse provincial habits; was a great lady called upon to put herself out of the way for such a youth? *Allons donc!* He was quite as well at the alehouse as at the Castle.

This, no doubt, was her ladyship's opinion, which her kinswoman, the Baroness Bernstein, who knew her perfectly well, entirely understood. The Baroness, too, was a woman of the world, and, possibly, on occasion, could be as selfish as any other person of fashion. She fully understood the cause of the deference which all the Castlewood family showed to her—mother, and daughter, and sons—and being a woman of great humor, played upon the dispositions of the various members of this family,



A WELCOME TO OLD ENGLAND.

amused herself with their greedinesses, their humiliations, their artless respect for her money-box, and clinging attachment to her purse. They were not very rich; Lady Castlewood's own money was settled on her children. The two elder had inherited nothing but flaxen heads from their German mother, and a pedigree of prodigious distinction. But those who had money, and those who had none, were alike eager for the Baroness's; in this matter the rich are surely quite as greedy as the poor.

So if Madam Bernstein struck her hand on the table, and caused the glasses and the persons round it to tremble at her wrath, it was because she was excited with plenty of punch and Champagne, which her ladyship was in the habit of taking freely, and because she may have had a generous impulse when generous wine warmed her blood, and felt indignant as she thought of the poor lad yonder, sitting friendless and lonely on the outside of his ancestors' door; not because she was specially angry with her relatives, who she knew would act precisely as they had done.

The exhibition of their selfishness and humiliation alike amused her, as did Castlewood's act of revolt. He was as selfish as the rest of the family, but not so mean; and, as he candidly stated, he could afford the luxury of a little independence, having a tolerable estate to fall back upon.

Madam Bernstein was an early woman, restless, resolute, extraordinarily active for her age. She was up long before the languid Castlewood ladies (just home from their London routs and balls) had quitted their feather-beds, or jolly Will had slept off his various potations of punch. She was up, and pacing the green terraces that sparkled with the sweet morning dew, which lay twinkling, also, on a flowery wilderness of trim parterres, and on the crisp walls of the dark box hedges, under which marble fauns and dryads were cooling themselves, while a thousand birds sang, the fountains plashed and glittered in the

rosy morning sunshine, and the rooks cawed from the great wood.

Had the well-remembered scene (for she had visited it often in childhood) a freshness and charm for her? Did it recall days of innocence and happiness, and did its calm beauty soothe or please, or awaken remorse in her heart? Her manner was more than ordinarily affectionate and gentle, when presently, after pacing the walks for half an hour, the person for whom she was waiting came to her. This was our young Virginian, to whom she had dispatched an early billet by one of the Lockwoods. The note was signed B. Bernstein, and informed Mr. Esmond Warrington that his relatives at Castlewood, and among them a dear friend of his grandfather, were most anxious that he should come to "*Colonel Esmond's house in England.*" And now, accordingly, the lad made his appearance, passing under the old Gothic door-way, tripping down the steps from one garden terrace to another, hat in hand, his fair hair blowing from his flushed cheeks, his slim figure clad in mourning. The handsome and modest looks, the comely face and person of the young lad pleased the lady. He made her a low bow which would have done credit to Versailles. She held out a little hand to him, and, as his own palm closed over it, she laid the other hand softly on his ruffle. She looked very kindly and affectionately in the honest blushing face.

"I knew your grandfather very well, Harry," she said. "So you came yesterday to see his picture, and they turned you away, though you know the house was his of right?"

Harry blushed very red. "The servants did not know me. A young gentleman came to me last night," he said, "when I was peevish, and he, I fear, was tipsy. I spoke rudely to my cousin, and would ask his pardon. Your ladyship knows that in Virginia our manners toward strangers are different. I own I had expected another kind of welcome. Was it you, madam, who sent my cousin to me last night?"

"I sent him; but you will find your cousins most friendly to you to-day. You must stay here. Lord Castlewood would have been with you this morning, only I was so eager to see you. There will be breakfast in an hour; and meantime you must talk to me. We will send to the Three Castles for your servant and your baggage. Give me your arm. Stop, I dropped my cane when you came. *You* shall be my cane."

"My grandfather used to call us his crutches," said Harry.

"You are like him, though you are fair."

"You should have seen—you should have seen George," said the boy, and his honest eyes welled with tears. The recollection of his brother, the bitter pain of yesterday's humiliation, the affectionateness of the present greeting—all, perhaps, contributed to soften the lad's heart. He felt very tenderly and gratefully toward the lady who had received him so warmly. He was utterly alone and miserable a minute since, and here was a home and a kind hand held out to him. No wonder he clung to it. In the hour during which they talked together, the young fellow had poured out a great deal of his honest heart to the kind new-found friend; when the dial told breakfast-time, he wondered to think how much he had told her. She took him to the breakfast-room; she presented him to his aunt, the Countess, and bade him embrace his cousins. Lord Castlewood was frank and gracious enough. Honest Will had a headache, but was utterly unconscious of the proceedings of the past night. The ladies were very pleasant and polite, as ladies of their fashion know how to be. How should Harry Warrington, a simple truth-telling lad from a distant colony, who had only yesterday put his foot upon English shore, know that my ladies, so smiling and easy in demeanor, were furious against him, and aghast at the favor with which Madam Bernstein seemed to regard him?

She was *folle* of him, talked of no one else, scarce noticed the Castlewood young people, trotted with him over the house, and told him all its story, showed him the little room in the court-yard where his grandfather used to sleep, and a cunning cupboard over the fire-place which had been made in the time of the Catholic persecutions; drove out with him in the neighboring country, and pointed out to him the most remarkable sites and houses, and had in return the whole of the young man's story.

This brief biography the kind reader will please to accept, not in the precise words in which Mr. Harry Warrington delivered it to Madam Bernstein, but in the form in which it has been cast in the Chapters next ensuing.

CHAPTER III.

THE ESMONDS IN VIRGINIA.

Henry Esmond, Esq., an officer who had served with the rank of Colonel during the wars of Queen Anne's reign, found himself, at its close, compromised in certain attempts for the restoration of the Queen's family to the throne of these realms. Happily for itself, the nation preferred another dynasty; but some of the few opponents of the house of Hanover took refuge out of the three kingdoms, and, among others, Colonel Esmond was counseled by his friends to go abroad. As Mr. Esmond sincerely regretted the part which he had taken, and as the august Prince who came to rule over England was the most pacable of sovereigns, in a very little time the Colonel's friends found means to make his peace.

Mr. Esmond, it has been said, belonged to the noble English family which takes its title from Castlewood, in the county of Hants; and it was pretty generally known that King James II. and his son had offered the title of Marquis to Colonel Esmond and his father, and that the former might have assumed the (Irish) peerage hereditary in his family but for an informality which he did not choose to set right. Tired of the political struggles in which he had been en-

gaged, and annoyed by family circumstances in Europe, he preferred to establish himself in Virginia, where he took possession of a large estate conferred by King Charles I. upon his ancestor. Here Mr. Esmond's daughter and grandson were born, and his wife died. This lady, when she married him, was the widow of the Colonel's kinsman, the unlucky Viscount Castlewood, killed in a duel by Lord Mohun at the close of King William's reign.

Mr. Esmond called his American house Castleton, from the patrimonial home in the old country. The whole usages of Virginia, indeed, were fondly modeled after the English customs. It was a loyal colony. The Virginians boasted that Charles II. had been king in Virginia before he had been king in England. English king and English church were alike faithfully honored there. The resident gentry were allied to good English families. They held their heads above the Dutch traders of New York, and the money-getting Roundheads of Pennsylvania and New England. Never were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British Crown.

The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation each estate had a multitude of hands—of purchased and assigned servants—who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded their food, live stock, and game. The great rivers swarmed with fish for the taking. From their banks the passage home was clear. Their ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James River, and carried it to London or Bristol, bringing back English goods, and articles of home manufacture, in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate. Their hospitality was boundless; no stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and traveled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of Slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the feelings of no Virginian gentleman, nor, in truth, was the despotism exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty; the poor black people lazy, and not unhappy. You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood, as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn-bag were good for both.

Her father may have thought otherwise, being of a skeptical turn on very many points; but his doubts did not break forth in active denial, and he was rather disaffected than rebellious. At one period this gentleman had taken a part in active life at home, and possibly might have been eager to share its rewards; but in latter days he did not seem to care for them. A something had occurred in his life which had cast a tinge of melancholy over all his existence. He was not unhappy—to those about him most kind—most affectionate, obsequious even to the women of his family, whom he scarce ever contradicted; but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, which his spirit never recovered. He submitted to life rather than enjoyed it, and never was in better spirits than in his last hours, when he was going to lay it down.

Having lost his wife, his daughter took the management of the Colonel and his affairs, and he gave them up to her charge with an entire acquiescence. So that he had his books and his quiet, he cared for no more. When company came to Castlewood he entertained them handsomely, and was of a very pleasant, sarcastical turn. He was not in the least sorry when they went away.

"My love, I shall not be sorry to go myself," he said to his daughter; "and you, though the most affectionate of daughters, will console yourself after a while. Why should I, who am so old, be romantic? You may, who are still a young creature." This he said, not meaning all he said, for the lady whom he addressed was a matter-of-fact little person, with very little romance in her nature.

After fifteen years' residence upon his great Virginian estate, affairs prospered so well with the worthy proprietor, that he acquiesced in his daughter's plans for the building of a mansion much grander and more durable than the plain wooden edifice in which he had been content to live, so that his heirs might have a habitation worthy of their noble name. Several of Madam Warrington's neighbors had built handsome houses for themselves; perhaps it was her ambition to take rank in the country which inspired this desire for improved quarters. Colonel Esmond, of Castlewood, neither cared for quarters nor for quarterings. But his daughter had a very high opinion of the merit and antiquity of her lineage; and her sire, growing exquisitely calm and good-natured in his serene, declining years, humored his child's peculiarities in an easy, bantering way — nay, helped her with his antiquarian learning, which was not inconsiderable, and with his skill in the art of painting, of which he was a proficient. A knowledge of heraldry, a hundred years ago, formed part of the education of most noble ladies and gentlemen. During her visit to Europe, Miss Esmond had eagerly studied the family history and pedigrees, and returned thence to Virginia with a store of documents relative to her family, on which she relied with implicit gravity and credence, and with the most edifying volumes then published in France and England respecting the noble science. These works proved, to her perfect satisfaction, not only that the Esmonds were descended from noble Norman warriors, who came into England along with their victorious chief, but from native English of royal dignity; and two magnificent heraldic trees, cunningly painted by the hand of the Colonel, represented the family

springing from the Emperor Charlemagne on the one hand, who was drawn in plate-armor, with his imperial mantle and diadem, and on the other from Queen Boadicea, whom the Colonel insisted upon painting in the light costume of an ancient British queen, with a prodigious gilded crown, a trifling mantle of furs, and a lovely symmetrical person, tastefully tattooed with figures of a brilliant blue tint. From these two illustrious stocks the family-tree rose, until it united in the thirteenth century somewhere in the person of the fortunate Esmond, who claimed to spring from both.

Of the Warrington family, into which she married, good Madam Rachel thought but little. She wrote herself Esmond Warrington, but was universally called Madam Esmond of Castlewood, when, after her father's decease, she came to rule over that domain. It is even to be feared that quarrels for precedence in the colonial society occasionally disturbed her temper; for though her father had had a marquis's patent from King James, which he had burned and disowned, she would frequently act as if that document existed, and was in full force. She considered the English Esmonds of an inferior dignity to her own branch, and as for the colonial aristocracy, she made no scruple of asserting her superiority over the whole body of them. Hence quarrels and angry words, and even a scuffle or two, as we gather from her notes, at the Governor's assemblies at Jamestown. Wherefore recall the memory of these squabbles? Are not the persons who engaged in them beyond the reach of quarrels now, and has not the republic put an end to these social inequalities? Ere the establishment of Independence there was no more aristocratic country in the world than Virginia; so the Virginians, whose history we have to narrate, were bred to have the fullest respect for the institutions of home, and the rightful king had not two more faithful little subjects than the young twins of Castlewood.

When the boys' grandfather died, their mother, in great state, proclaimed her eldest son, George, her successor, and heir of the estate; and Harry, George's younger brother by half an hour, was always enjoined to respect his senior. All the household was equally instructed to pay him honor; the negroes, of whom there was a large and happy family, and the assigned servants from Europe, whose lot was made as bearable as it might be under the government of the Lady of Castlewood. In the whole family there scarcely was a rebel save Mrs. Esmond's faithful friend and companion, Madam Mountain, and Harry's foster-mother, a faithful negro woman, who never could be made to understand why her child should not be first, who was handsomer, and stronger, and cleverer than his brother, as she vowed; though, in truth, there was scarcely any difference in the beauty, strength, or stature of the twins. In disposition, they were in many points exceedingly unlike; but in feature they resembled each other so closely, that, but for the color of their hair, it had been difficult to distinguish them. In their beds, and when their heads were covered with those vast ribboned nightcaps which our great and little ancestors wore, it was scarcely possible for any but a nurse or mother to tell the one from the other child.

Howbeit alike in form, we have said that they differed in temper. The elder was peaceful, studious, and silent; the younger was warlike and noisy. He was quick at learning when he began, but very slow at beginning. No threats of the ferule would provoke Harry to learn in an idle fit, or would prevent George from helping his brother in his lesson. Harry was of a strong military turn, drilled the little negroes on the estate, and caned them like a corporal, having many good boxing-matches with them, and never bearing malice if he was worsted; whereas George was sparing of blows, and gentle with all about him. As the custom in all families was, each of the boys had a special little servant assigned him; and it was a known fact that George, finding his little wretch of a blackamoor asleep on his master's bed, sat down beside it and brushed the flies off the child with a feather-fan, to the horror of old Gumbo, the child's father, who found his young master so engaged, and to the indignation of Madam Esmond, who ordered the young negro off to the proper officer for a whipping. In vain George implored and entreated—burst into passionate tears, and besought a remission of the sentence. His mother was inflexible regarding the young rebel's punishment, and the little negro went off beseeching his young master not to cry.



A fierce quarrel between mother and son ensued out of this event. Her son would not be pacified. He said the punishment was a shame —a shame; that he was the master of the boy, and no one—no, not his mother—had a right to touch him; that she might order *him* to be corrected, and that he would suffer the punishment, as he and Harry often had, but no one should lay a hand on his boy. Trembling with passionate rebellion against what he conceived the injustice of the procedure, he vowed—actually shrieking out an oath, which shocked his fond mother and governor, who had never before heard such language from the usually gentle child—that on the day he came of age he would set young Gumbo free—went to visit the child in the slaves' quarters, and gave him one of his own toys.

The young black martyr was an impudent, lazy, saucy little personage, who would be none the worse for a whipping, as the Colonel, no doubt, thought; for he acquiesced in the child's punishment when Madam Esmond insisted upon it, and only laughed in his good-natured way when his indignant grandson called out,

"You let mamma rule you in every thing, grandpapa."

"Why, so I do," says grandpapa. "Rachel, my love, the way in which I am petticoat-ridden is so evident that even this baby has found it out."

"Then why don't you stand up like a man?" says little Harry, who always was ready to abet his brother.

Grandpapa looked queerly.

"Because I like sitting down best, my dear," he said. "I am an old gentleman, and standing fatigues me."

On account of a certain apish drollery and humor which exhibited itself in the lad, and a liking for some of the old man's pursuits, the first of the twins was the grandfather's favorite and companion, and would laugh and talk out all his infantine heart to the old gentleman, to whom the younger had seldom a word to say. George was a demure, studious boy, and his senses seemed to brighten up in the library, where his brother was so gloomy. He knew the books before he could well-nigh carry them, and read in them long before he could understand them. Harry, on the other hand, was all alive in the stables or in the wood, eager for all parties of hunting and fishing, and promised to be a good sportsman from a very early age. Their grandfather's ship was sailing for Europe once when the boys were children, and they were asked what present Captain Franks should bring them back? George was divided between books and a fiddle; Harry instantly declared for a little gun: and Madam Warrington (as she then was called) was hurt that her elder boy should have low tastes, and applauded the younger's choice as more worthy of his name and lineage. "Books, papa, I can fancy to be a choice," she replied to her father, who tried to convince her that George had a right to his opinion, "though I am sure you must have pretty nigh all the books in the world already. But I never can desire—I may be wrong, but I never can desire —that my son, and the grandson of the Marquis of Esmond, should be a fiddler."

"Should be a fiddlestick, my dear," the old Colonel answered. "Remember that Heaven's ways are not ours, and that each creature born has a little kingdom of thought of his own, which it is a sin in us to invade. Suppose George loves music? You can no more stop him than you can order a rose not to smell sweet, or a bird not to sing."

"A bird! A bird sings from nature: George did not come into the world with a fiddle in his hand," says Mrs. Warrington, with a toss of her head. "I am sure I hated the harpsichord when a chit at Kensington School, and only learned it to please my mamma. Say what you will, dear Sir, I can *not* believe that this fiddling is work for persons of fashion."

"And King David who played the harp, my dear?"

"I wish my papa would read him more, and not speak about him in that way," said Mrs. Warrington.

"Nay, my dear, it was but by way of illustration," the father replied, gently. It was Colonel Esmond's nature, as he has owned in his own biography, always to be led by a woman; and, his wife dead, he coaxed and dandled and spoiled his daughter; laughing at her caprices, but humoring them; making a joke of her prejudices, but letting them have their way; indulging, and perhaps increasing, her natural imperiousness of character, though it was his maxim that we can't change dispositions by meddling, and only make hypocrites of our children by commanding them overmuch.

At length the time came when Mr. Esmond was to have done with the affairs of this life, and he laid them down as if glad to be rid of their burden. We must not ring in an opening history with tolling bells, or preface it with a funeral sermon. All who read and heard that discourse, wondered where Parson Broadbent of Jamestown found the eloquence and the Latin which adorned it. Perhaps Mr. Dempster knew, the boys' Scotch tutor, who corrected the proofs of the oration, which was printed by desire of his Excellency and many persons of honor at Mr. Keimer's press in Philadelphia. No such sumptuous funeral had ever been seen in the country as that which Madam Esmond Warrington ordained for her father, who would have been the first to smile at that pompous grief. The little lads of Castlewood, almost smothered in black trains and hat-bands, headed the procession, and were followed by my Lord Fairfax from Greenway Court, by his Excellency the Governor of Virginia (with his coach), by the Randolphs, the Careys, the Harrisons, the Washingtons, and many others, for the whole country esteemed the departed gentleman, whose goodness, whose high talents, whose benevolence and unobtrusive urbanity had earned for

him the just respect of his neighbors. When informed of the event, Colonel Esmond's stepson, the Lord Castlewood of Hampshire in England, asked to be at the charges of the marble slab which recorded the names and virtues of his lordship's mother and her husband; and after due time of preparation, the monument was set up, exhibiting the arms and coronet of the Esmonds, supported by a little chubby group of weeping cherubs, and reciting an epitaph which, for once, did not tell any falsehoods.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH HARRY FINDS A NEW RELATIVE.

KIND friends, neighbors hospitable, cordial, even respectful—A noble name, a large estate, and a sufficient fortune, a comfortable home, supplied with all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, and a troop of servants, black and white, eager to do your bidding; good health, affectionate children, and, let us humbly add, a good cook, cellar, and library—ought not a person in the possession of all these benefits to be considered very decently happy? Madam Esmond Warrington possessed all these causes for happiness; she reminded herself of them daily in her morning and evening prayers. She was scrupulous in her devotions, good to the poor, never knowingly did any body a wrong. Yonder I fancy her enthroned in her principality of Castlewood, the country gentle-folks paying her court, the sons dutiful to her, the domestics tumbling over each other's black heels to do her bidding, the poor whites grateful for her bounty and implicitly taking her doses when they were ill, the smaller gentry always acquiescing in her remarks, and forever letting her win at backgammon—well, with all these benefits, which are more sure than fate allots to most mortals, I don't think the little Princess Pocahontas, as she was called, was very happy in the midst of her dominions. The Princess's husband, who was cut off in early life, was as well, perhaps, out of the way. Had he survived his marriage by many years they would have quarreled fiercely, or, he would infallibly have been a henpecked husband, of which sort there were a few specimens still extant a hundred years ago. The truth is, little Madam Esmond never came near man or woman but she tried to domineer over them. If people obeyed, she was their very good friend; if they resisted, she fought and fought until she or they gave in. We are all miserable sinners: that's a fact we acknowledge in public every Sunday—no one announced it in a more clear, resolute voice than the little lady. As a mortal, she may have been in the wrong, of course; only she very seldom acknowledged the circumstance to herself, and to others never. Her father, in his old age, used to watch her freaks of despotism, haughtiness, and stubbornness, and amuse himself with them. She felt that his eye was upon her; his humor, of which quality she possessed little herself, subdued and bewildered her. But, the Colonel gone, there was nobody else whom she was disposed to obey—and so I am rather glad for my part that I did not live a hundred years ago at Castlewood in Westmorland County in Virginia. I fancy one would not have been too happy there. Happy, who is happy? Was not there a serpent in Paradise itself, and if Eve had been perfectly happy beforehand, would she have listened to him?

The management of the house of Castlewood had been in the hands of the active little lady long before the Colonel slept the sleep of the just. She now exercised a rigid supervision over the estate; dismissed Colonel Esmond's English factor and employed a new one; built, improved, planted, grew tobacco, appointed a new overseer, and imported a new tutor. Much as she loved her father there were some of his maxims by which she was not inclined to abide. Had she not obeyed her Papa and Mamma during all their lives, as a dutiful daughter should? So ought all children to obey their parents, that their days might be long in the land. The little Queen domineered over her



little dominion, and the Princes her sons were only her first subjects. Ere long she discontinued her husband's name of Warrington and went by the name of Madam Esmond in the country. Her family pretensions were known there. She had no objection to talk of the Marquis's title which King James had given to her father and grandfather. Her Papa's enormous magnanimity might induce him to give up his titles and rank to the younger branch of the family, and to her half-brother, my Lord Castlewood and his children; but she and her sons were of the elder branch of the Esmonds, and she expected that they should be treated accordingly. Lord Fairfax was the only gentleman in the colony of Virginia to whom she would allow precedence over her. She insisted on the *pas* before all Lieutenant-Governors' and Judges' ladies; before the wife of the Governor of a colony she would, of course, yield, as to the representative of the Sovereign. Accounts are extant, in the family papers and letters, of one or two tremendous battles which Madam fought with the wives of colonial dignitaries upon these questions of etiquette. As for her husband's family of Warrington, they were as naught in her eyes. She married an English baronet's younger son, out of Norfolk, to please her parents, whom she was always bound to obey. At the early age at which she married—a chit out of a boarding-school—she would have jumped overboard if her Papa had ordered. And that is always the way with the Esmonds, she said.

The English Warringtons were not overmuch flattered by the little American Princess's behavior to them, and her manner of speaking about them. Once a year a solemn letter used to be addressed to the Warrington family, and to her noble kinsmen, the Hampshire Esmonds; but a Judge's lady with whom Madam Esmond had quarreled returning to England out of Virginia chanced to meet Lady Warrington, who was in London with Sir Miles attending Parliament, and this person repeated some of the speeches which the Princess Pocahontas was in the habit of making regarding her own and her husband's English relatives, and my Lady Warrington, I suppose, carried the story to my Lady Castlewood; after which the letters from Virginia were not answered, to the surprise and wrath of Madam Esmond, who speedily left off writing also.

So this good woman fell out with her neighbors, with her relatives, and, as it must be owned, with her sons also.

A very early difference which occurred between the Queen and Crown Prince arose out of the dismissal of Mr. Dempster, the lads' tutor and the late Colonel's secretary. In her father's life Madam Esmond bore him with difficulty, or it should be rather said Mr. Dempster could scarcely put up with her. She was jealous of books somehow, and thought your bookworms dangerous folks, insinuating bad principles. She had heard that Dempster was a Jesuit in disguise, and the poor fellow was obliged to go build himself a cabin in a clearing, and teach school and practice medicine where he could find customers among the sparse inhabitants of the province. Master George vowed he never would forsake his old tutor, and kept his promise. Harry had always loved fishing and sporting better than books, and he and the poor Dominie had never been on terms of close intimacy. Another cause of dispute presently ensued.

By the death of an aunt, and at his father's demise, the heirs of Mr. George Warrington became entitled to a sum of six thousand pounds, of which their mother was one of the trustees. She never could be made to understand that she was not the proprietor, and not merely the trustee of this money; and was furious with the London lawyer, the other trustee, who refused to send it over at her order. "Is not all I have my sons'?" she cried; "and would I not cut myself into little pieces to serve them? With the six thousand pounds I would have bought Mr. Boulter's estate and negroes, which would have given us a good thousand pounds a year, and made a handsome provision for my Harry." Her young friend and neighbor, Mr. Washington, of Mount Vernon, could not convince her that the London agent was right, and must not give up his trust except to those for whom he held it. Madam Esmond gave the London lawyer a piece of her mind, and, I am sorry to say, informed Mr. Draper that he was an insolent pettifogger, and deserved to be punished for doubting the honor of a mother and an Esmond. It must be owned that the Virginian Princess had a temper of her own.

George Esmond, her first-born, when this little matter was referred to him, and his mother vehemently insisted that he should declare himself, was of the opinion of Mr. Washington, and Mr. Draper, the London lawyer. The boy said he could not help himself. *He* did not want the money; he would be very glad to think otherwise, and to give the money to his mother, if he had the power. But Madam Esmond would not hear any of these reasons. Feelings were her reasons. Here was a chance of making Harry's fortune—dear Harry, who was left with such a slender younger brother's pittance—and the wretches in London would not help him; his own brother, who inherited all her Papa's estate, would not help him. To think of a child of hers being so mean at *fourteen years of age!* etc., etc. Add tears, scorn, frequent innuendo, long estrangement, bitter outbreak, passionate appeals to Heaven, and the like, and we may fancy the widow's state of mind. Are there not beloved beings of the gentler sex who argue in the same way nowadays? The book of female logic is blotted all over with tears, and Justice, in their courts, is forever in a passion.

This occurrence set the widow resolutely saving for her younger son, for whom, as in duty bound, she was eager to make a portion. The fine buildings were stopped which the Colonel had commenced at Castlewood, who had freight-

ed ships from New York with Dutch bricks, and imported, at great charges, mantle-pieces, carved cornice-work, sashes and glass, carpets and costly upholstery work from home. No more books were bought. The agent had orders to discontinue sending wine. Madam Esmond deeply regretted the expense of a fine carriage which she had had from England, and only rode in it to church groaning in spirit, and crying to the sons opposite her, "Harry, Harry! I wish I had put by the money for thee, my poor, portionless child—three hundred and eighty guineas of ready money to Messrs. Hatchett!"

"You will give me plenty when you live, and George will give me plenty when you die," says Harry, gayly.

"Not unless he changes in *spirit*, my dear," says the lady, with a grim glance at her elder boy. "Not unless Heaven softens his heart and teaches him *charity*, for which I pray day and night—as Mountain knows; do you not, Mountain?"

Mrs. Mountain, Ensign Mountain's widow, Madam Esmond's companion and manager, who took the fourth seat in the family coach on these Sundays, said, "Humph! I know you are always disturbing yourself and crying out about this legacy, and I don't see that there is any need."

"Oh no! no need!" cries the widow, rustling in her silks; "of course I have no need to be disturbed, because my eldest born is *a disobedient son* and an *unkind brother*—because he has an estate, and my poor Harry, bless him, but *a mess of potage*."

George looked despairingly at his mother until he could see her no more for eyes welled up with tears. "I wish you would bless me, too, Oh my mother!" he said, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. Harry's arms were in a moment round his brother's neck, and he kissed George a score of times.

"Never mind, George. *I* know whether you are a good brother or not. Don't mind what she says. She don't mean it."

"I *do* mean it, child," cries the mother. "Would to Heaven—"

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE, I SAY!" roars out Harry. "It's a shame to speak so to him, ma'am."

"And so it is, Harry," says Mrs. Mountain, shaking his hand. "You never said a truer word in your life."

"Mrs. Mountain, do you dare to set my children against me?" cries the widow. "From this very day, madam—"

"Turn me and my child into the street? Do," says Mrs. Mountain. "That will be a fine revenge, because the English lawyer won't give you the boys' money. Find another companion who will tell you black is white, and flatter you: it is not my way, madam. When shall I go? I shan't be long a-packing. I did not bring much into Castlewood House, and I shall not take much out."

"Hush! the bells are ringing for church, Mountain. Let us try, if you please, and compose ourselves," said the widow, and she looked with eyes of extreme affection, certainly at one—perhaps at both—of her children. George kept his head down, and Harry, who was near, got quite close to him during the sermon, and sate with his arm round his brother's neck.

Harry had proceeded in his narrative after his own fashion, interspersing it with many youthful ejaculations, and answering a number of incidental questions asked by his listener. The old lady seemed never tired of hearing him. Her amiable hostess and her daughters came more than once, to ask if she would ride, or walk, or take a dish of tea, or play a game at cards; but all these amusements Madam Bernstein declined, saying that she found infinite amusement in Harry's conversation. Especially when any of the Castlewood family were present, she redoubled her caresses, insisted upon the lad speaking close to her ear, and would call out to the others, "Hush, my dears! I can't hear our cousin speak." And they would quit the room, striving still to look pleased.

"Are you my cousin, too?" asked the honest boy. "You seem kinder than my other cousins."

Their talk took place in the wainscoted parlor, where the family had taken their meals in ordinary for at least two centuries past, and which, as we have said, was hung with portraits of the race. Over Madam Bernstein's great chair was a Kneller, one of the most brilliant pictures of the gallery, representing a young lady of three or four and twenty, in the easy flowing dress and loose robes of Queen Anne's time—a hand on a cushion near her, a quantity of auburn hair, parted off a fair forehead, and flowing over pearly shoulders and a lovely neck. Under this sprightly picture the lady sate with her knitting-needles.

When Harry asked, "Are you my cousin, too?" she said, "That picture is by Sir Godfrey, who thought himself the greatest painter in the world. But he was not so good as Lely, who painted your grandmother—my—my Lady Castlewood, Colonel Esmond's wife; nor he so good as Sir Anthony Vandyck, who painted your great grandfather, yonder—and who looks, Harry, a much finer gentleman than he was. Some of us are painted blacker than we are. Did you recognize your grandmother in that picture? She had the loveliest fair hair and shape of any woman of her time."

"I fancied I knew the portrait from instinct, perhaps, and a certain likeness to my mother."

"Did Mrs. Warrington—? I beg her pardon, I think she calls herself Madam or my Lady Esmond now."

"They call my mother so in our province," said the boy.

"Did she never tell you of another daughter her mother had in England, before she married your grandfather?"



THE FAMILY PEW.

"She never spoke of one."

"Nor your grandfather?"

"Never. But in his picture-books, which he constantly made for us children, he used to draw a head very like that above your Ladyship. That, and Viscount Francis, and King James III., he drew a score of times, I am sure."

"And the picture over me reminds you of no one, Harry?"

"No, indeed."

"Oh, here's a sermon!" says the lady, with a sigh. "Harry, that was my face once—yes, it was—and then I was called Beatrix Esmond. And your mother is my half-sister, child, and she has never even mentioned my name!"

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE.

[Written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Never too late to Mend," "Christie Johnstone," etc.

THERE are Nobs in the world, and there are Snobs.

(I regret to say, I belong to the latter department.)

There are men that roll through life, like a fire new red ball going across Mr. Lord's Cricket Ground on a sunshiny day: there is another sort that have to rough it in general, and above all to fight tooth and nail for the quartern loaf —and not always win the battle; I am one of this lot.

One comfort, folk are beginning to take an interest in us; I see nobs of the first water looking with a fatherly eye into our affairs, our leaden taxes and feather incomes, our 15 per cent on undeniable security when the rich pay but three and a half; our privations and vexations; our dirt and distresses: and one day a literary Gent, that knows my horrible story, assured me that my ups and downs would entertain the Nobility gentry and commonalty of these realms.

"Instead of grumbling to me" says he "print your troubles, and I promise you all the world will read them—and laugh at them."

"No doubt sir," said I rather ironical; "all the world is at leisure for that."

"Why, look at the signs of the times;" says he—"can't you see workmen are up? so take us while we are in the humor, and that is now. We shall not always be for squeezing honey out of weeds, shall we?" "Not likely, sir"—says I. Says he "how nice it will be to growl wholesale to a hundred thousand of your countrymen, (which they do love a bit of a growl) instead of growling retail to a small family that has got hardened to you!" And there he had me; for I am an Englishman, and proud of it, and attached to all the national habits, except delirium tremens. In short, what with him inflaming my dormant conceit, and me thinking "well I can but say my say and then relapse into befitting silence," I did one day lay down the gauge and take up the pen, in spite of my wife's sorrowful looks.

She says nothing, but you may see she does not believe in the new tool, and that is cheerful and inspiriting to a beginner.

However there is a something that gives me more confidence than all my literary friend says about "workmen being up in the literary world."

It is this. "I am not the hero of my own story."

Small as I sit here behind my wife's crockery, and my own fiddles in this thundering hole, Wardour Street, I was for many years connected with one of the most celebrated females of modern times; her adventures run side by side with mine: she is the bit of romance that colors my humble life, and my safest excuse for intruding on the public.

CAP 1.

FATHER and mother lived in King Street, Soho; he was a fiddle maker, and taught me the A B C of that science at odd times; for I had a regular education, and a very good one, at a school in West Street. This part of my life was as smooth as glass: my troubles did not begin till I was 13. At that age, my mother died and then I found out what she *had been* to me: that was the first, and the worst grief; the next I thought bad enough; coming in from school one day, about 9 months after her death, I found a woman sitting by the fire opposite father.

I came to a stand in the middle of the floor, with two eyes like saucers staring at the pair; so my father introduced me.

"This is your new mother! Anne this is John!"

"Come and kiss me John," says the lady: instead of which John stood stock still, and burst out roaring and crying without the least leaving off staring, which to be sure was a cheerful encouraging reception for a lady just come into the Family. I roared pretty hard for about ten seconds, then stopped dead short, and says I with a sudden calm, the more awful for the storm that had raged before—"I'll go and tell Mr. Paley!" and out I marched.

Mr. Paley was a little hump backed tailor with the heart of a dove and the spirit of a lion or two. I made his acquaintance through pitching into two boys, that were queering his protuberances all down Prince's Street, Soho: a kind of low humor, he detested: and he had taken quite a fancy to me: we were hand and glove the old man and me.

I ran to Paley, and told him what had fallen upon the house: he was not struck all of a heap as I thought he would be; and he showed me it was legal, of which I had not an idea, and his advice was "put a good face on it, or the house will soon be too hot to hold you, boy."

He was right: I don't know whether it was my fault or hers, or both's, but we could never mix. I had seen another face by that fire side and heard another voice in the house that seemed to me a deal more melodious than hers, and the house did become hotter, and the inmates' looks colder, than agreeable: so one day I asked my father to settle me in some other house not less than a mile from King Street Soho. He and step mother jumped at the offer, and apprenticed me to Mr. Dawes. Here I learned more mysteries of fiddle making, fiddle doctoring, and fiddle selling; and lived in tolerable comfort nearly four years; there was a ripple on the water though. My master had a brother, a thickset, heavy fellow, that used to bully my master especially when he was groggy, and less able to take his own part. My master being a good fellow, I used to side with him,

and this brought me a skinful of sore bones more than once, I can tell you. But one night, after some months of peace, I heard a terrible scrimmage, and running down into the shop parlor I found Dawes Junior pegging into Dawes Senior no allowance, and him crying blue murder.

I was now an able-bodied youth, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and, having a little score of my own with the attacking party, I opened quite silent, and business like with a "one two," and knocked him into a corner flat perpendicular: he was dumb-foundered for a moment, but the next he came out like a bull at me. I stepped on one side, and met him with a blow on the side of the temple, and knocked him flat horizontal; and when he offered to rise I shook my fist at him, and threatened him he should come to grief if he dared to move.

At this he went on quite a different lay: he lay still and feigned dissolution with considerable skill, to frighten us: and I can't say I felt easy at all, but my master, who took cheerful views of every thing in his cups, got the enemy's tumbler of brandy and water, and with hecups and absurd smiles, and a tea spoon, deposited the contents gradually on the various parts of his body.

"Lez revive 'm!" said he.

This was low life to come to pass in a respectable tradesman's back parlor. But when grog comes in at the door, good manners walk to the window, ready to take leave if requested. Where there is drink, there is always degradation of some sort or degree: put that in your tumblers and sip it.

After this no more battles. The lowly apprentice's humble efforts restored peace to his master's family.

Six months of calm industry now rolled over and then I got into trouble by my own fault.

Looking back upon the various fancies, and opinions, and crotchets that have passed through my head at one time or another, I find that between the years of 17 and 24 a strange notion beset me: it was this; that women are all angels.

For this chimera I now began to suffer, and continued to at intervals till the error was rooted out with their assistance.

There were two women in my master's house, his sister, aged 24, and his cook, aged 37; with both these I fell ardently in love; and so, with my sentiments, I should have with six, had the house held half a dozen. Unluckily my affections were not accompanied with the discretion so delicate a situation called for. The ladies found one another out, and I fell a victim to the virtuous indignation that fired three bosoms.

The cook, in virtuous indignation, that an apprentice should woo his master's sister, told my master.

The young lady in virtuous indig. that a boy should make a fool of "that old woman" told my master, who, unluckily for me, was now the quondam Dawes Junior; Dawes Senior having retired from the active business and turned sleeping and drinking partner.

My master whose V. I. was the strongest of the three, since it was him I had leathered, took me to Bow Street, made his complaint, and forced me to cancel my indentures: the cook, with tears, packed up my Sunday suit; the young lady opened her bed room door three inches and shut it with a "don't come a nigh me" slam; and I drifted out to London with eighteen pence and my tools.

On looking back on this incident of my life, I have a regret; a poignant one; it is that some good Christian did not give me a devilish good hiding into the bargain then and there.

I did not feel quite strong enough in the spirits to go where I was sure to be blown up; so I skirted King Street, and entered the Seven Dials, and went to Mr. Paley and confessed my sins.

How differently the same thing is seen by different eyes! All the morning I had been called a young villain, first by one then by another, till at last I began to see it; Mr. Paley viewed me in the light of a martyr, and I remember I fell into his views on the spot.

Paley was a man, that had his little theory about women, and it differed from my juvenile one.

He held that women are at bottom the seducers, men the seduced. "The men court the women I grant you, but so it is the fish that runs after the bait" said he. "The women draw back? Yes, and so does the angler draw back the bait, when the fish are shy, don't he? and then the gudgeons of men, misunderstand the move, and make a rush at it, and get hooked like you."

Holding such vile sentiments he shifted all the blame off my shoulders; he turned to and abused the whole gang, as he called the Family in Litchfield Street I had just left, instead of reading me the lesson for the day, which he ought, and I should have listened to from *him* —perhaps.

"Now then don't hang your head like that" shouted the spunky little fellow—"sniveling and whimpering at your time of life! We are going to have a jolly good supper, you and I; that is what *we* are going to do: and you shall sleep here; my daughter is at school, you shall have her room. I am in good work—thirty shillings a week,—that is plenty for three Lucy, and you, and me" (himself last). "Your father isn't worth a bone button, and your mother isn't worth the shank to it. I'm your father and your mother into the bargain, for want of a better; you live with me and snap your fingers at Dawes, and all his crew—ha ha!—a fine loss to be sure—the boy is a fool—cooks and coquettes, and fiddle touters, rubbish not worth picking up out of a gutter—they be d—'d!"

And so I was installed in Miss Paley's apartment, Seven Dials; and nothing would have

made my adopted Parent happier than for me to put my hands in my pockets, and live upon goose and cabbage. But downright laziness was never my character. I went round to all the fiddle shops and offered, as bold as brass, to make a violin a tenor or a bass and bring it home. Most of them looked shy at me, for it was necessary to trust me with the wood, and to lend me one or two of the higher class of tools, such as a turning saw, and a jointing plane.

At last I came to Mr. Dodd in Berners Street: here my Father's name stood me in stead: Mr. Dodd risked his wood and the needful tools, and in eight days I brought him, with conceit and trepidation mixed in equal parts, a violin, which I had sometimes feared it would frighten him and sometimes hoped it would charm him. He took it up, gave it one twirl round, satisfied himself it was a fiddle good bad or indifferent, put it in his window along with the rest, and paid for it as he would for a penny roll. I timidly proposed to make another for him; he grunted a consent, which it did not seem to me a rapturous one.

Mr. Metzler also ventured to give me work of this kind. For some months I wrought hard all day, and amused myself with my companions all the evening, selecting my pals from the following classes: small actors, showmen, pedestrians, and clever discontented mechanics; one lot I never would have at any price, and that was the stupid ones, that could only booze, and could not tell me any thing I did not know about pleasure, business, and life.

This was a bright existence, so it came to a full stop.

At one and the same time Miss Paley came home, and the fiddle trade took one of those chills all fancy trades are subject to.

No work—no lodging without paying for it—no wherewithal!

CAP 2.

John Beard, a friend of mine, was a painter and grainer. His art was to imitate oak, maple, walnut, satin wood, etc. — etc. — upon vulgar deal, beach, or what not.

This business works thus; first a coat of oil color is put on with the brush, and this color imitates what may be called the back ground of the wood that is aimed at; on this oil background the champ, the fibre, the grain and figure, and all the incidents of the superior wood, are imitated by various manœuvres in water colors; or rather in beer colors: for beer is the approved medium. A coat of varnish over all gives a look of unity to the work.

Beard was out of employ; so was I: bitter against London; so was I. He sounded me about trying the country, and I agreed; and this was the first step of my many travels.

We started the next day; he with his brushes and a few colors and one or two thin panels painted by way of advertisement; and I with hope, inexperience, and threepence! On the road we spent this and his five pence and entered the Town of Brentford toward nightfall as empty as drums, and as hungry as wolves.

What was to be done? After a long discussion we agreed to go to the Mayor of the Town, and tell him our case, and offer to paint his street door in the morning, if he would save our lives for the night.

We went to the Mayor: luckily for us he had risen from nothing, as we were going to do: and so he knew exactly what we meant when we looked up in his face and laid our hands on our sausage grinders. He gave us eighteen pence, and an order on a lodging house, and put bounds to our gratitude by making us promise to let his street door alone: we thanked him from our hearts, supped, and went to bed, and agreed the country, (as we two Cockneys called Brentford) was chock full of good fellows.

The next day up early in the morning, and away to Hounslow; here Beard sought work all through the Town; and just when we were in despair he got one door; we dined and slept on this door, but we could not sup off it: we had twopence over though for the morning, and walked on a penny roll each to Maidenhead.

Here, as we entered the Town, we passed a little house with the door painted oak, and a brass plate announcing a plumber and glazier and Housepainter: Beard pulled up before this door in sorrowful contempt. "Now, look here, John," says he; "here is a fellow living among the woods, and you would swear he never saw an oak plank in his life to look at his work."

Before so very long we came to another specimen: this was maple, and farther from Nature than a lawyer from Heaven, as the saying is. "There, that will do," says Beard. "I'll tell you what it is, we must try a different move: it is no use looking for work; folks will only employ their own tradesmen: we must teach the Professors of the Art at so much a panel."

"Will they stomach that?" said I.

"I think they will, as we are strangers and from London. You go and see whether there is a fiddle to be doctored in the Town, and meet me again in the Market Place at 12 o'clock."

I did meet him, and forlorn enough I was: my trade had broke down in Maidenhead; not a job of any sort.

"Come to the Public House?" was his first word; that sounded well I thought.

We sat down to bread and cheese and beer, and he told his tale.

It seems he went into a shop, told the master he was a painter and grainer from a great Establishment in London, and was in the habit of traveling and instructing Provincial artists in the business. The man was a pompous sort of customer, and told Beard he knew the business as well as he did, better belike.

Beard answered, "Then you are the only one here that does; for I've been all through the Town, and any thing wider from the mark than

their oak and maple I never saw." Then he quietly took down his panels, and spread them out, and looking out sharp he noticed a sudden change come over the man's face.

"Well," says the man, "we reckon ourselves pretty good at it in this Town. However, I shouldn't mind seeing how you London chaps do it—what do you charge for a specimen?"

"My charge is two shillings a panel. What wood should you like to gain a notion of?" says Beard as dry as a chip.

"Well, satinwood."

Beard painted a panel of satinwood before his eyes; and of course it was done with great ease, and on a better system than had reached Maidenhead up to that time. "Now" says Beard "I must go to dinner."

"Well come back again my lad," says the man "and we will go in for something else." So Beard took his two shillings and met me as aforesaid.

After dinner he asked for a private room. "A private room?" said I; "had'nt you better order our horse and gig out, and go and call on the Rector? "None of your chaff" says he.

When we got into the room he opened the business.

"Your trade is no good; you must take to mine."

"What teach painters how to paint, when I dont know a stroke myself?!"

"Why not? you have only got it to learn: they have got to unlearn all they know: that is the only long process about it—I'll teach you in five minutes," says he: "look here." He then imitated oak before me, and made me do it. He corrected my first attempt; the second satisfied him: we then went on to maple and so through all the woods he could mimic: He then returned to his customer, and I hunted in another part of the Town; and before nightfall I actually gave three lessons to two Professors: it is amazing but true, that I who had been learning ten minutes, taught men who had been all their lives at it—in the country.

One was so pleased with his Tutor that he gave me a pint of beer besides my fee. I thought he was poking fun when he first offered it me.

Beard and I met again triumphant, we had a rousing supper and a good bed, and the next day started for Henley, where we both did a small stroke of business, and on to Reading for the night.

Our goal was Bristol. Beard had friends there: But, as we zigzagged for the sake of the Towns, we were three weeks walking to that City; but we reached it at last, having disseminated the science of graining in many cities, and got good clothes and money in return.

At Bristol, we parted. He found regular employment the first day, and I visited the fiddle shops and offered my services. At most I was refused; at one or two I got trifling jobs; but at last I went to the right one. The master agreed with me for piece work on a large scale, and the terms were such that by working quick, and very steady, I could make about 25 shillings a week. At this I kept two years and might have longer, no doubt,—but my employer's niece came to live with him.

She was a woman; and, my theory being in full career at this date, mutual ardor followed, and I asked her hand of her uncle, and instead of that he gave me what the Turkish ladies get for the same offense—the sack—Off to London again, and the money I had saved by my industry just landed me in the Seven Dials and sixpence over.

I went to Paley, crest-fallen as usual. He heard my story, complimented me on my energy, industry, and talent; regretted the existence of woman, and inveighed against her character and results.

We went that evening to Private Theatricals in Berwick Street, and there I fell in with an acquaintance in the fire work line: on hearing my case, he told me I had just fallen from the skies in time; his employer wanted a fresh hand.

The very next day behold me grinding and sifting and ramming powder at Somers Town, and at it Ten months.

My evenings, when I was not undoing my own work to show its brilliancy, were often spent in private Theatricals.

I hear a row made just now, about a Dramatic School. "We have no Dramatic Schools" is the cry. Well, in the day I speak of there were several; why I belonged to two. We never brought to light an Actor: but we succeeded so far, as to ruin more than one lad who had brains enough to make a tradesman, till we heated those brains and they boiled all away.

The way we destroyed youth was this; of course nobody would pay a shilling at the door to see us running wild among Shakspere's lines like pigs broken into a vineyard: so the expenses fell upon the actors, and they paid according to the value of the part each played. Richard the Third cost a puppy £2, Richmond 15 shillings, and so on; so that with us, as in the big world, dignity went by wealth, not merit. I remember this made me sore at the time, still there are two sides to every thing: they say Poverty urges men to crime; mine saved me from it. If I could have afforded I should have murdered one or two characters that have lived with good reputation from Queen Bess to Queen Victoria; but as I couldn't afford it, others that could did it for me.

Well, in return for his cash, Richard, or Hamlet, or Othello, commanded tickets in proportion; for the tickets were only gratuitous to the Spectators.

Consequently, at night, each important actor, played, not only to a most merciful audience, but a large band of devoted friendly spirits in it, who came not to judge him, but express to carry him through triumphant—like an election. Now, when a vain ignorant chap hears a lot of hands clapping, he has not the sense to say to himself "paid for!" No! it is applause, and

applause stamps his own secret opinion of himself: he was off his balance before, and now he tumbles heel over tip into the notion that he is a genius; throws his commercial prospects after the two pounds that went in Richard or Beverley—and crosses Waterloo Bridge spouting,

"A fico for the shop and poplins base!
Counter avaunt—I on his southern bank
Will fire the Thames!"

Noodle, thus singing, goes over the water. But they wont have him at the Surrey or the Vic.: so he takes to the Country: and while his money lasts, and he can pay the mismanager of a small Theatre, he gets leave to play with Richard and Hamlet. But when the money is gone and he wants to be paid for Richard and Co., they laugh at him, and put him in his right place, and that is a Utility, and perhaps ends "a Super;" when if he had not been a Coxcomb he might have sold ribbon like a man to his dying day.

We, and our Dramatic schools, ruined more than one or two of this sort by means of his vanity in my young days.

My poverty saved me. The conceit was here in vast abundance, but not the funds to intoxicate myself with such choice liquors as Hamlet and Co.; nothing above Old Gobbo (5s.) ever fell to my lot and by my talent.

When I had made and let off fire-works for a few months, I thought I could make more as a rocket master, than a Rocket man. I had saved a pound or two. Most of my friends dissuaded me from the attempt: but Paley said "Let him alone now,—dont keep him down,—he is born to rise. I'll risk a pound on him." So, by dint of several small loans, I got the materials and made a set of fire-works myself and agreed with the keeper of some tea gardens at Hampstead for the spot.

At the appointed time, attended by a trusty band of friends, I put them up; and, when I had taken a tolerable sum at the door, I let them all off.

But they did not all profit by the permission. Some went; but others whose supposed destination was the sky, soared about as high as a house, then returned and forgot their wild nature, and performed the office of our household fires upon the clothes of my visitors; and some faithful spirits, like old domestics, would not leave their master at any price; would not take their discharge. Then there was a row, and I should have been mauled, but my guards rallied round me and brought me off with whole bones, and marched back to London with me, quizzing me, and drinking at my expense. The publican refused to give me my promised fee and my loss by ambition was twenty-eight shillings, and my reputation—if you could call that a loss.

Was not I quizzed up and down the Seven Dials! Paley alone contrived to stand out in my favor. "Nonsense, a first attempt!" said he, "they mostly fail, don't you give in for those fools—I'll tell you a story. There was a chap in prison—I forget his name. He lived in the old times a few hundred years ago, I can't justly say how many. He had failed at something or other I don't know how many times—and there he was. Well Jack, one day he notices a spider climbing up a thundering great slippery stone in the wall—She got a little way, then down she fell,—up again, and tries it on again—down again. Ah! says the man you will never do it. But the spider was game—she got six falls, but, by George, the seventh trial she got up. So the gentleman says, 'a man ought to have as much heart as a spider. I won't give in till the seventh trial.' Bless you, long before the seventh he carried all before him, and got to be King of England—or something!"

"King of England!" said I, "that was a move upward out of the stone jug."

"Well," said Paley the hopeful, "you can't be King of England; but you may be the Fire King, he! he! if you are true to powder. How much money do you want to try again?"

I was nettled at my failure, and fired by Paley and his spider, I scraped together a few pounds once more, and advertised a display of Fireworks for a certain Monday night.

On the Sunday afternoon, Paley and I happened to walk on the Hampstead Road, and near the "Adam and Eve" we fell in with an announcement of Fireworks. On the bill appeared in enormous letters the following:

"No connection with the disgraceful exhibition that took place last Friday week!!"

Paley was in a towering passion. "Look here John, says he—but never you mind—it wont be here long, for I'll tear it down in about half a moment."

No you must not do that said I, a little nervous.

"Why not, you poor spirited muff," shouts the little fellow—let me alone—let me get at it—what are you holding me for?"

No! no! no! well then—

Well then what—?

Well then it is mine.

What is yours?

That advertisement.

How can it be yours when it insults you?

Oh! business before vanity!

Well I am blest! Here's a go—look here now—and he began to split his sides laughing; but all of a sudden he turned awful grave—you will rise my lad—this is genuine talent—they might as well try to keep a balloon down. In short, my friend who was as honest as the day in his own sayings and doings, admired this bit of rascality in me, and argued the happiest results.

The district of London which is called the Seven Dials, was now divided into two great parties: one augured for me a brilliant success next day; the other a dead failure. The latter party numbered many names unknown to fame; the former consisted of Paley, I was neuter, distrusting not my merits but what I called my luck.

On Monday afternoon I was busy putting out the fireworks, nailing them to their posts etc. Toward evening it began to rain so heavily that they had to be taken in, and the whole thing given up; it was postponed to Thursday.

On Thursday night we had a good assembly: the sum taken at the doors exceeded my expectation—I had my misgivings on account of the rain that had fallen on my Kickshaws, Monday evening; so I began with those articles I had taken in first out of the rain; they went off splendidly, and my personal friends were astounded; but soon my poverty began to tell: instead of having many hands to save the fireworks from wet, I had been alone, and of course, much time had been lost in getting them under cover; we began now to get among the damp lot, and science was lost in chance—some would and some wouldn't, and the people began to goose me.

A rocket or two that fizzed themselves out without rising a foot inflamed their angry passions; so I announced two fiery pigeons.

The fiery pigeon is a pretty firework enough; it is of the nature of a rocket, but being on a string it travels backward and forward between two termini, to which the string is fixed: when there are two strings and two pigeons, the fiery wings race one another across the ground, and charm the gazing throng. One of my termini was a tree at the extremity of the gardens; up this tree I mounted in my shirt sleeves with my birds—the people surrounded the tree and were dead silent. I could see their final verdict and my fate hung on these pigeons; I placed them, and with a beating heart lighted their matches. To my horror one did not move. I might as well have tried to explode green sticks. The other started and went off with great resolution and accompanying cheers toward the opposite side. But midway it suddenly stopped, and the cheers with it; it did not come to an end all at once; but the fire oozed gradually out of it like water—a howl of derision was hurled up into the tree at me: but, worse than that, looking down I saw in the moonlight a hundred stern faces with eyes like red hot emeralds, in which I read my fate; they were waiting for me to come down like terriers for a rat in a trap, and I felt by the look of them they would kill me, or near it, so I crept along a bough the end of which cleared the wall and overhung the road: I determined to break my neck sooner than fall into the hands of an insulted public. An impatient orange whizzed by my ear, and an apple knocked my hat out of the premises. I crouched and clung—luckily I was on an ash bough, long, tapering, and tough; it bent down with me like a rainbow. A stick or two now whirred past my ear, and it began to hail fruit. I held on like grim death till the road was within 6 feet of me, and then dropped and ran off home, like a dog with a kettle at his tail; meantime a rush was made to the gate to cut me off; but it was too late; the garden meandered and my executioners, when they got to the outside, saw nothing but a flitting spectre: me in my shirt sleeves making for the Seven Dials.

Mr. and Miss Paley were seated by their fire, and, as I afterward learned, Paley was recommending me to her for a husband, and explaining to her at some length, *why* I was sure to rise in the world, when a figure in shirt sleeves begrimed with gunpowder and no hat burst into the room and shrank without a word into the corner by the fire.

Miss Paley looked up and then began to look down and snigger. Her father stared at me, and after a while I could see him set his teeth and nerve his dear obstinate old heart for the coming struggle.

"Well, how did it happen," said he, at last. "Where is your coat?"

I told him the whole story.

Miss Paley had her hand to her mouth all the time, afraid to give vent to the feelings proper to the occasion because of her Father.

"Now answer me one question. Have you got their money?" says Paley.

"Yes I have got their money for that matter."

"Well then what need you care? You are all right; and if they had gone off they would be all over by now just the same; he wants his supper Lucy—give us something hot to make us forget our squibs and crackers, or we shall die of a broken heart all us poor fainting souls—such a calamity! The rain wetted them through—that is all—you couldn't fight against the elements, could you? Lay the cloth, girl."

"But Mr. Paley," whined I, "they have got my new coat, and you may be sure they have torn it limb from jacket."

"Have they?" cried he—"well that is a comfort any way. Your new coat—eh? Lucy, it hung on the boy's back like an old sack. Do you see this bit of cloth? I shall make you a Sunday coat with this and, then you'll sell. Fetch a quart to night girl instead of a pint: Fire King is going to do us the honor—che-er up!!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE financial revulsion from which the country is now suffering has absorbed public attention during the past month. Early in October there was a decided increase in the stringency of the money market, and a consequent accession to the number of mercantile failures. Houses whose assets exceeded their liabilities by hundreds of thousands of dollars were unable to meet engagements of comparatively small amounts. Domestic exchanges became so unsettled that it was utterly impossible to remit funds from distant points.

Here and there the banks gave way, and the notes of all out of the city were suspected. A steady demand for specie set in upon the New York banks, which was promptly met until the morning of the 13th, when a universal panic set in. By noon the run upon the banks was general. Wall Street was choked by thousands of people endeavoring to force their way into the banking houses to demand specie for notes and checks. Before the close of business hours eighteen city banks were forced to close their doors and announce that they had suspended specie payments. During the evening a meeting was held of representatives from the banks. It was found that the specie in their vaults had been during a few days reduced from $11,476,000 to $5,500,000. It was then unanimously resolved that all the banks should suspend the payment of specie, but should receive and pay out notes as usual, and should receive at par the notes of all banks of the State secured in the Bank Department at Albany, and the notes of certain specified Safety-Fund Banks. The example of suspension was at once followed throughout the country. A severe run had in the mean while set in upon the Savings' Banks, some of whom had strengthened themselves by selling the United States stock held by them. These followed the example of the banks, and suspended the payment of specie. It was generally supposed that, under the law, the banks suspending would pass at once into the hands of receivers to wind up their affairs. But a majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court put forth an opinion to the effect that the mere fact of suspension of specie payments (when general) was not sufficient to warrant the issuing of an injunction or the appointment of a receiver, when a bank was clearly solvent, and that it was solvent when able to pay its liabilities, though it had for a time suspended specie payments. The immediate effect of the suspension was that the notes of New York and New England banks were at once received and paid out as usual in all business transactions. Those who had withdrawn specie in the expectation of being able to sell it at a premium were disappointed, one and two per cent. premium being the utmost which could be obtained. The effect of the pressure upon business has been disastrous. Trade was almost annihilated; the revenues of Government fell far below the current expenditures. The surplus on hand was in a few weeks reduced from $20,000,000 to half that amount; and instead of a balance of more than $20,000,000, which was anticipated would remain in the treasury at the close of the fiscal year, it has been apprehended that Government may be obliged to resort to a loan. The effect upon the industry of the country has been equally disastrous. Almost all the large manufacturing establishments have either suspended operations or are working upon short time. In New York alone it is estimated that 30,000 or 40,000 mechanics and workmen are out of employment.

During the month of October elections were held in several States. In *Mississippi* the Democrats elected their candidates for Governor and members of Congress by decided majorities. In *Georgia* the same party elected their Governor, and seven out of eight members of Congress. In *Pennsylvania*, Mr. Packer, Democrat, was chosen Governor by a majority of about 10,000 over both the Republican and American candidates; the Legislature is Democratic by a decided majority. In *Ohio* the Republican candidate for Governor was chosen by a small majority, together with all the State officers except one; their majority is small, and the Democrats have the preponderance in the Legislature. In *Iowa* the Republicans were successful, electing their Governor and a majority in the Legislature. In *Minnesota* the contest was close, but the Democrats have probably succeeded. In *Kansas* the election passed off quietly, and resulted very decidedly in favor of the Free State party, Mr. Parrott, their candidate for Delegate to Congress, having been chosen by a large majority. The political complexion of the Legislature depended upon the disposition made of the returns from the precinct of Oxford, in the County of Johnson. The returns from this district presented 1628 votes, nearly one half of the total vote of the election district, which is entitled to three Councilmen and eight Representatives. This vote was almost unanimously given to the Democratic candidates, only a single one being for the Free State delegate. It was perfectly notorious that the whole county did not contain as many voters as were returned from this single precinct. Governor Walker rejected the entire vote from this precinct, and gave certificates of election to the candidates chosen by the regular returns, thus securing to the Free State party a majority in both branches of the Territorial Legislature. On the 19th of October the Governor issued a proclamation announcing this decision, and detailing the facts in the case. He found upon visiting Oxford, a small village with but six houses, that not more than one tenth of the number of persons represented to have voted were present on the two days of the election; and that on the last day of the election, when more than fifteen hundred votes were represented to have been cast, not more than forty or fifty people were in the village. Both there, and in the village of New Santa Fé, in Missouri, separated only by a street from Oxford, persons of all parties were surprised and indignant at the declared result of the election, of which they only heard several days after its alleged occurrence. He was satisfied that the whole county did not contain a population which could furnish more than one-third of the vote returned from this one small precinct. There was no irruption of voters from the neighboring State of Missouri; and the returns were beyond all doubt simulated and fictitious. They were, in fact, on their very face illegal, because there was no evidence that the judges of election had taken the prescribed oath to fulfill their duties according to law; and because the paper presented was evidently not one of the original poll-books kept at the election, but was evidently either a copy of some other document, or was itself made up for the occasion; and because, as the vote of each elector was to be given *viva voce* for each of twenty-two candidates, and recorded, it was a physical impossibility that the number of fifteen hundred votes purporting to have been cast on the second day could have been so announced and recorded. If the rejection of these returns upon merely technical grounds would have defeated the will of the people, fairly expressed, the Governor says he might have hesitated; but in the present case he felt bound to adhere to the very letter of the law, in order to defeat a gross and palpable fraud, and the consideration that his own party would thereby lose the majority in the Legislative Assembly did not make his duty less solemn and imperative. Nor did he feel himself justified in relieving himself of the proper responsibility of his office, in a

case where there was no valid return, by submitting the question to the Legislative Assembly, and in that very act giving to the parties that might claim to be chosen by this spurious vote the power to decide upon their own election.

A portion of the troops destined for Utah left Fort Laramie, in Nebraska, early in September, *en route* for Salt Lake City, 518 miles distant. At the latest intelligence the advance guard were within 300 miles of their destination. The troops are to rendezvous on Green River, 165 miles east of Salt Lake City, and there await the arrival of the commanding officer. The military force which will pass the winter in Utah amounts to about 1500 men, a portion of the body designed for that territory having been detained in Kansas. The trains have suffered severely from drought and consequent scarcity of grass, from disease among the cattle, and from attacks by the Indians. On the 5th of September, a train of 56 wagons was attacked near Ash Hollow, between the North and South Platte Rivers, by a band of 150 or 200 Indians, who succeeded in cutting off five wagons and killing three men. They were beaten off, and the wagons were recovered; but the Indians carried off a number of rifles and a large quantity of ammunition. The train was threatened the next day, but no attack was made. Attacks upon other trains are also reported. Captain Van Vliet, who had been sent on in advance to make arrangements for the reception of the troops, reached Salt Lake City on the 8th of September. He remained there for a week, and then returned with intelligence and dispatches. He had daily interviews with Brigham Young and the leading Mormons, who treated him with great courtesy, but expressed a determination to resist the ingress of the troops during the present autumn; their object being to gain time, in hope that the General Government would reconsider its action in reference to the Mormons. In the event of an overwhelming force being thereafter sent against them, they would destroy their houses, burn their crops, and take refuge in the mountains. The speeches of the Mormon leaders, as reported in the *Deseret News*, are full of defiance. "We are the people of Deseret," said Heber C. Kimball, "and it is for us to say whether we will have Brother Brigham for our Governor, or those poor miserable devils they are trying to bring here. They shall not rule over us nor come into this territory. I have a right to say that we shall never be ruled over by the Gentiles from this day forth." To this there were responses of amen. "Well," he continued, "we have got to sustain these amens. Arm yourselves universally, and that too with weapons of war; for we may be brought to the test, to see if we will stand up to the line. We are the Kingdom of God; we are the State of Deseret; and we will have Brigham for Governor as long as he lives. We will not have any other Governor." Brigham Young fully endorsed these sentiments. "Brother Heber," he said, "has been prophesying. You know I call him my prophet, and he prophesies for me. And now I prophesy that, if this people will live their religion, the God of Heaven will fight their battles, bring them off victorious over their enemies, and give to them the kingdom. This is my prophecy. I said amen to all that Brother Heber prophesied, for it is true. And he may say amen to all that I prophesy, for it is true also." It is estimated that the Mormons can bring five or six thousand men into the field.

EUROPE

In *Great Britain*, Wednesday, October 7, was observed as a day of humiliation and prayer, in consequence of the disasters in India. Meetings were held in all the churches, and contributions were taken up in aid of the sufferers. At the Crystal Palace an audience of 27,000 persons, each of whom paid one shilling for admittance, assembled to hear a discourse from Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, a young Baptist clergyman, who has within a few months become highly popular.—Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, has been delivering lectures, the object of which is to show that Central Africa is capable of producing cotton to such an amount as ultimately to become the rival of the United States.

The Emperors of France and Russia had a personal interview at Stuttgardt, the capital of Wurtemberg, on the 15th of September. They met with great apparent cordiality. A similar interview took place on the 1st of October, at Wiemar, between the Emperors of Russia and Austria. Nothing has been made public indicating that these meetings had in view any special political object.

The Russian ship of the line, *Lefort*, foundered in the Baltic on the night of September 10th, having on board 813 persons, all of whom perished.

THE EAST.

From *India* intelligence has been received to the middle of September. Its general aspect is favorable. The forces before Delhi were considerably augmented, and offensive operations had been undertaken, in all of which the mutineers had been worsted. It is reported that the King had made proposals of submission. Although General Havelock was unable to effect the relief of the Europeans besieged in Lucknow, his approach drew toward him so large a portion of the besiegers that the beleaguered garrison were emboldened to make a sally against the remainder. They succeeded not only in destroying many of the enemy, but took back with them supplies sufficient for three weeks' consumption. It was therefore anticipated that they would be able to hold out until General Havelock, strengthened by reinforcements which were on the march, could force his way to their relief. The mutiny has not spread to any considerable extent in the Bombay army; Central India remains undisturbed; and the great Mohammedan festival of the Mohurrum, whose approach excited apprehensions even in Calcutta, passed off quietly throughout India. In Calcutta a meeting of merchants and others has been held, at which a petition was framed to be presented to Parliament, representing that the East India Company was altogether inadequate for the government of the country, and praying that measures might be taken to remove the government from the Company, substituting in its place the direct government of the Queen. Among the victims of the mutiny are four American missionary families, stationed at Futtehgurh. These are Rev. John E. Freeman and wife, Rev. David A. Campbell and wife, Rev. Albert O. Johnson and wife, Rev. Robert E. M'Mullen, wife, and two children. They were sent out by the Presbyterian Board. The property of the mission, amounting to $100,000, was totally destroyed.

From *China* there is nothing of importance beyond reports of fresh victories obtained by the rebels, the capture of a fort, and the blockade of Canton River by the English fleet, under Admiral Seymour. The proclamation of blockade was issued on the 4th of August.

Literary Notices.

Journeys and Researches in South Africa, by DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The African explorations of Mr. Livingstone have established his reputation as one of the most enterprising and intelligent travelers of the age. In the commencement of this work he gives a scanty allowance of personal confessions, serving in some degree to gratify the natural curiosity which is cherished concerning the history of a distinguished man. Mr. Livingstone is a Scotchman, descended from a race of honest ancestors, in whose unsullied character he takes not a little excusable pride. His parents were in humble life, and found it difficult by the most vigilant economy to make both ends meet. At the age of ten he was put into a cotton factory, to aid in the support of the family by his little earnings. With an intense thirst for learning, he combined diligent study at an evening school with his daily toils, and thus acquired a knowledge of Latin, reading Horace and Virgil at sixteen with great ease. At the same time, he eagerly devoured every book he could lay his hands on, except novels, from which he was restrained by his religious training. Scientific works and books of travel were his especial delight, but he could not get up a taste for Boston's "Fourfold State" or Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," in spite of the recommendations of his father, which, on due occasion, were fortified by the rod. He, however, became the subject of profound religious impressions, and soon conceived the idea of devoting himself to missionary labors among the heathen. His first plan was to select the empire of China; and he commenced the study of medicine in order to be qualified for the enterprise. In this way a love of natural history was excited, and much of his scanty leisure was devoted to botanical and mineralogical excursions. He still continued to work in the factory during the summer, and was thus enabled to support himself while attending the medical and Greek classes in Glasgow, and also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, in the winter. Having made such proficiency in his medical studies as to be admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, he was anxious to carry into effect his project of engaging in a Chinese mission. The Opium War at that time, however, was at its height, and it was deemed inexpedient for him to proceed to China. In this dilemma he turned his thoughts to Africa, and in 1840 embarked for Cape Town. He reached that place after a voyage of three months, and soon went into the interior, where, from that time until the past year, he has been devoted to medical and missionary labors without cost to the inhabitants.

The relation of his experience in this work is singularly interesting. His life abounded in adventures during his residence in Africa. He sees the most extraordinary aspects of barbarous life. With the keen observation of a scientific explorer he combines an almost childlike simplicity of feeling, which gives his narrative a certain unconscious naïveté, almost like the antique flavor of a chronicle of the Middle Age. Of all the recent admirable works on Africa, no one surpasses it in richness of information and attractiveness of style.

After various peregrinations he selected the beautiful valley of Mabotsa as a missionary station, and pitched his tent there in 1843, intending to make it his permanent centre of operations. One of his earliest adventures was a rencontre with a lion, of such a marvelous character that he meant to keep it in store to tell his children when in his dotage. But it was extorted from him by the importunities of friends, and certainly, from any other lips than those of the good Scotch missionary, it would possess a decided air of romance. The people of the village had been much troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night, and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed they were bewitched, and were too cowardly to face the enemy in a fair field. They occasionally went out in pursuit of them, and in one excursion of the kind our missionary took a very decided part. They found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Livingstone remained below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mebalwe. As they saw one of the lions sitting on a rock within the closed circle of men, the schoolmaster fired, hitting the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him, and then made off through the opening circle, and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed they saw two other lions in it, but were afraid to fire lest they should shoot the men, who allowed these beasts also to get away. Despairing of killing one of the lions, the party retraced their steps toward the village, but on going round the hill another lion was seen sitting on the rock, with a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, Livingstone fired his double-barreled gun into the bush, and they all cried out, "He is shot! he is shot!" But before he could load a second time the lion sprang upon him, seized him by the shoulder, and they both came to the ground together. The lion gave a horrible growl, and shook his victim as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor like that which is probably felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess—there was no terror, no sense of pain—although the man in the paws of the lion was perfectly conscious. It seemed like the partial action of chloroform described by patients, who see the operation without feeling the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake removed every emotion of fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. Perhaps, our author suggests, this peculiar state is produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and if so, it is a merciful provision for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve himself of the weight of the lion's paw, which was on the back of his head, he saw Mebalwe trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun missed fire in both barrels, and the lion immediately left his prize and

turned upon his new victim. Spears and musket-balls, however, soon did the work for him, and he fell down dead. The whole scene lasted but a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. The effect on the tough Scotchman was of no trivial magnitude; besides crushing the bone into splinters, he left eleven tooth-wounds on the upper part of the arm. A bite from the lion is stated to resemble a gun-shot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically forever afterward. The author had on a tartan jacket at the time, and, as he thinks, it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for he felt no subsequent inconvenience, while two of his companions in the affray suffered from the peculiar pains, and a man whose shoulder was wounded showed the wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year.

A sketch of the author's African housekeeping presents a picture of domestic life under novel circumstances. As there are no shops, every thing must be made up from the raw material. You want bricks to build a house, and you must go into the field, cut down a tree, and saw it into planks to make the brick-moulds. The materials, too, for doors and windows, you must find in the forest. Having got the meal ground, the wife proceeds to make it into bread. The oven may be a large hole scooped in an ant-hill, with a slab of stone for a door. Another way is to make a good fire on a level piece of ground, and when the ground is thoroughly heated, to place the dough in a small frying-pan, or directly on the hot ashes; invert any sort of a metal pot over it, draw the ashes round, and then make a small fire on the top, and you will soon have a fine batch of bread. The family made its own butter, churning in a jar; candles were run in a mould; soap was procured from the ashes of the plant salsola. Every body was up betimes in the morning. It was then fresh and delightful, however hot a day might be in prospect. After family worship, and breakfast between six and seven, school was opened, men, women, and children being invited to attend. School over at eleven o'clock, while the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic affairs, the missionary himself had some active labor as a smith, gardener, or carpenter, which he took hold of without gloves. After dinner and a brief siesta, the wife attended her infant school, which was very popular with the young urchins whom their parents left entirely to their own caprice. They generally mustered a hundred strong. Both husband and wife were kept busy until after sunset in superintending the various affairs of the day. In the evening the missionary went into the town to converse with the natives, but not always on religious subjects, however. On three nights of the week, as soon as the cows were milked, and it had become dark, they had a public religious service, and one of secular instruction, aided by pictures and specimens. They suffered much from drought. At one time, corn was so scarce that they were obliged to live on bran. They craved animal food, but were often glad to accept a dish of locusts. These insects are strongly vegetable in taste, the flavor varying with the plants on which they feed. They are sometimes roasted and pounded into meal, which, with a little salt, is not unpalatable. They are not good boiled, but roasted they have a better relish than shrimps. There is a physiological reason why locusts and honey should be eaten together. A large kind of caterpillar was in great request with the natives, and the children became fond of them. They also partook with avidity of a very large frog, which, when cooked, have the appearance of chickens.

In addition to the curious descriptions of the native manners and customs with which this work abounds, it is rich in information concerning the natural history of the interior of Africa, a branch of inquiry to which Dr. Livingstone's attainments and tastes qualify him to do ample justice.

The Life and Labors of the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, LL.D., by Rev. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D. (Published by Robert Carter and Brothers.) The eminent position of the late Mr. Gallaudet in the cause of education, religion, and philanthropy will make this volume highly welcome to a large class of readers in this country. As a pioneer in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, his name was widely celebrated, while his devotion to the work of juvenile culture and public philanthropy in various branches entitles him to a distinguished place among the benefactors of the age. His biography is here narrated with singular felicity by his friend and class-mate, President Humphrey, who has found a congenial task in the commemoration of the moral beauty which was the most conspicuous element in the character of its subject. The intellect of Mr. Gallaudet was by no means of an ordinary cast; his mental activity was finely tempered with sound judgment; his perceptions were both accurate and lucid; his rare power of expression and illustration was under the habitual control of an exquisite taste; but still you were not so much impressed with the brilliancy of his talents as with his purity of heart, his remarkable disinterestedness, his wonderful freedom from worldly aims and personal ambition. You might admire the one, but you could not fail to venerate the other.

Mr. Gallaudet was born in Philadelphia, December 10, 1787. His ancestors were of the brave Huguenot stock which has furnished this country with so much of its best blood. While he was yet very young his parents removed to Hartford, where he soon attracted attention as a bright and promising boy. Having completed his preparatory studies in the Grammar-School of that city, he entered the sophomore class of Yale College in 1802, before he had entered upon his sixteenth year. Although the youngest member of his class, he had no superior in general scholarship, while his youthful appearance, his modest bearing, and his amiable disposition made him a universal favorite. He evinced an uncommon talent and taste for mathematics, but his forte was English composition, in which branch he gave anticipations of the excellence for which he was afterward distinguished. He graduated in 1805, with the highest honors of his class, and the prediction of all who knew him that he was destined to a bright and peculiar career.

Upon leaving college he entered the office of Chauncey Goodrich, one of the most eminent lawyers at the Hartford bar, and applied himself with characteristic diligence to the study of Coke and Blackstone. But his health failed him before the end of the first year, and soon after he was appointed tutor at Yale, and, returning to New Haven, discharged the duties of the office in a highly acceptable manner for about two years. While there,

he passed his leisure hours in the study of English composition and literature, and laid the foundation of that idiomatic and transparent style in which he had few equals among American writers.

Upon completing his engagement in the Faculty of Yale College, his health did not permit his continuing in sedentary pursuits, and he accepted the agency of a large commercial house in New York. His duties took him into active life, and a tour in the bracing air of the Alleghany Mountains improved his health and gave fresh vigor to his constitution. Upon his return he entered a counting-house as clerk, intending to devote his life to mercantile pursuits. But about this time he became the subject of strong religious impressions; and, relinquishing his prospects in business, decided to become a minister of the Gospel, and entered the Andover Theological Seminary in the autumn of 1811. He passed through the prescribed course of studies, and, in 1815, was licensed to preach. Meantime, he had become deeply interested in the case of Alice Cogswell, the daughter of a physician in Hartford, who had the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. Her father, a man of sense and information, had early directed his attention to the European institutions for the education of deaf mutes, and was anxious that his daughter should enjoy the benefit of their methods. The calamity of his own child had also awakened his sympathy for others in a like condition. He succeeded in imparting his own interest in the subject to several friends in Hartford, and an association was at length formed for the establishment of an asylum. It was found necessary to send a person to Europe in order to study the system of instruction, and thus prepare the way for its introduction in this country. Mr. Gallaudet was at once selected for the purpose, and on the 25th of May, 1815, embarked for Liverpool, furnished with letters of introduction to the most distinguished philanthropists in Great Britain, and to the heads of the deaf and dumb schools in London and Edinburgh. He arrived in England after a voyage of thirty days, and soon made his way to the metropolis. But he did not there find the encouragement which he had been led to anticipate. The schools for the deaf and dumb were private establishments, whose proprietors, intent on the main chance, were reluctant to initiate a stranger into the secret of their management. He met with no better success in Edinburgh, which city he immediately visited after his disappointment in London. As a last resort, he decided to avail himself of an offer of the Abbé Sicard, the celebrated teacher of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Paris, who had consented to give him every facility for the accomplishment of his purpose. The political state of France being in great confusion, he delayed his visit for a few months, remaining meantime in Edinburgh, and enjoying the social and literary advantages of that intellectual city. He made the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart, Professor Playfair, and other Edinburgh celebrities, and formed an agreeable intimacy with Dr. Thomas Brown, the brilliant lecturer on moral philosophy. It was not until the month of March, 1816, that he arrived in Paris. Here he at once placed himself under the instruction of the Abbé Sicard, and in less than three months had so far mastered the system as to be prepared to return home and commence the asylum for deaf mutes in his own country. During his stay in Paris he regularly preached in the English chapel of the Oratoire, delivering the remarkable course of sermons which were afterward published in London, and which, though perhaps now little read with the prevailing taste for a more bustling and impassioned style, are among the most admirable specimens of pulpit eloquence which this country has produced.

Mr. Gallaudet returned to this country in August, 1816, accompanied by Mr. Laurent Clerc, a deaf mute of France, and one of the principal assistants of the Abbé Sicard, whose name has since been honorably connected with the system of instruction for the deaf and dumb in America. In April, 1817, the Connecticut Asylum was opened, and for several years was indebted to the wisdom and energy of Mr. Gallaudet for an eminent degree of success. His impaired health at length compelled him to tender his resignation, and in April, 1830, he retired from the service. He was soon invited to become the agent of the American Colonization Society, and to take charge of the New England Asylum for the Blind, in Boston, but, on account of the state of his family and his own health, he declined each of the proposals. In 1832 he received the appointment of Professor of the Philosophy of Education in the University of New York, which he felt it to be his duty not to accept. Overtures were also made to him from various quarters to secure his services in new projects of education, but they all received a negative, Mr. Gallaudet devoting most of his time to the preparation of the juvenile works which have rendered such essential aid to the cause of popular religious education. In 1838 he accepted the office of chaplain to the Hartford Retreat for the Insane, and continued to discharge the duties of that station until 1850. In the spring of that year his health began to show symptoms of serious decline, and as the summer advanced, he often complained much of exhaustion. In the month of July he was attacked with dysentery, from the prostration of which he only rallied at intervals. He lingered until the 10th of September, when he quietly breathed his last. His daughter, who was fanning him at the time, was not aware of any change till the physician came into the room and told her he was dead. He had dreaded the final struggle, but so calmly did he pass away that he was no more conscious of the change than the infant is when it falls to sleep in the arms of its mother. The wife of Mr. Gallaudet was a deaf-mute lady of Connecticut, and a family of eight children, all of whom hear and speak, was the result of the union.

The memory of this excellent man will long be revered by the lovers of human improvement. He was inspired with a native passion for doing good; his life was devoted to objects of great public importance; he took the lead in several of the philanthropic movements which characterize the age. At the same time, he presented a beautiful example of the graces of private character. With religious convictions of the most austere stamp, he was a model of amenity and sweetness in social life. Although absorbed in duties of high and urgent moment, he neglected no act of kindness in his power, and was as faithful to the charities which constitute the grace of the domestic hearth as to those which court the observation of the world. In these days of wild devotion to material pursuits it is good to contemplate the career of such a pure and unworldly person, and we again thank his biographer for the interesting record of his life.

Editor's Table.

CHEERFULNESS.—The subject to which we would solicit the attention of our readers this month is Cheerfulness, in the largest sense of that genial and joy-suggesting virtue. We fear that the observation, if not the experience, of a good portion of our readers will bear us out in saying that, in the United States, this cheerfulness does not occupy a high place either among the pleasures or duties of life. Discontent, indeed, is a prominent characteristic of our age and nation, visible in our virtues as well as our vices, in our morals as well as our manners, in our philanthropy as well as our selfishness and greed. This discontent, though good as an occasional sting and spur, tends to weaken and distort activity the moment it becomes a chronic disease of the mind; and as all healthy action, physical, intellectual, and moral, depends primarily on cheerfulness, and as every duty, whether it be to follow a plow or to die at the stake, should be done in a cheerful spirit, we have thought that some exploration of the sources and conditions of this most vigorous, exhilarating, and creative of the virtues might be as useful as the exposition of any topic of science or system of prudential art. It would seem that, to intelligent beings, there should be as much interest gather round the analysis of the soul of a man as the anatomy of the fin of a fish, and that as much attention is due to the question, "How to get life?" as to the question, "How to get a living?"

And first it may be said that in the absence of this cheerfulness—this clear, bracing, sparkling atmosphere of the mind—industry, learning, genius, and virtue are robbed of their greatest right, and shorn of their most endearing charm; for happiness, without being their aim, should be their source and end. God is glorified, not by our groans, but our thanksgivings; and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer. There must be something defective, morbid, one-sided, or excessive in the thought that inaugurates despair, in the action that ends in self-disgust; for rightly sings the poet:

"Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."

Let us then inquire what are the sources and conditions of cheerfulness—what are the easy frailties which retard—what are the difficult virtues which aid its accomplishment; how, if it spring from a natural sweetness and felicity of disposition, it can be preserved amidst the fret and stir of daily life? how, if it be not an original gift and grace of Nature, what mental and moral discipline will instill into the soul its precious cordial and balm? In attempting to answer these questions, we shall confine our remarks to the mental causes of cheerfulness—the physical causes being implied; although we think, as a general rule, the body is more often disordered by the mind than the mind by the body, and that the indigestion, to which some ingenious materialists are wont to refer all misanthropy and dejection, is more likely to be caused by those dismal moods than to cause them, and has often yielded to the witchery of fun, or, at least, to a judicious mixture of diet and Dickens, after resisting the craftiest siege of physic.

Cheerfulness, then, is a state or mood of mind consisting either in the equilibrium and harmonious interaction of the mind's powers and passions, or in the sly infusion of humor into the substance of character. Its predominant feeling is one of inward content, complacency, and repose: but its content is not self-content; its complacency is not self-complacency; and its repose has none of that apathetic negation of all sympathy which we observe in the sleek and selfish serenity of those frilled and lavendered pharisees, who show so much Christian resignation to the misfortunes, and exhibit such exemplary fortitude in enduring the miseries, that fall on their neighbors. Its virtues are modesty, hope, faith, courage, charity, love—all those qualities which give beneficence to the heart and comprehensiveness to the brain; which calm inordinate passions, adjust our expectations to our circumstances, moderate the infinitude of selfish desires, and, above all, instill that delicious sense of nearness to the mysterious fountains of joy. Now there seem to be some persons, the favorites of fortune and darlings of nature, who are born cheerful. "A star danced" at their birth. It is no superficial risibility, but a bountiful and beneficent soul that sparkles in their eyes and smiles on their lips. Their inborn geniality amounts to genius—the rare and difficult genius which creates sweet and wholesome character, and radiates cheer. The thundercloud over their heads never darkens their comforting vision of the sunlight beyond. The hard problems which puzzle sadder intellects, and the great bullying miseries which overthrow and trample on more despairing spirits, never perplex their faith or crush their energies; for, with an insight that acts like instinct, they detect the soul of good hid in the show of evil, and are let into the secret of that sacred alchemy by which patience transmutes calamity into wisdom and power. This pure happiness of being, thus seated deep in the heart of their natures, realizes the meditative poet's ideal of growth in genial virtue; for

"It can so inform
The mind that is within them, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Can e'er prevail against them, or destroy
Their cheerful faith that all which they behold
Is full of blessings."

But this genius for good-nature is perhaps as rare as any other form of genius. Cheerfulness, in most cheerful people, is the rich and satisfying result of strenuous discipline; and to attain this, as to attain other blessings, the proverb holds good of "No pains, no gains; no sweat, no sweet." The first aim of such a discipline will, of course, be to implant a desire for the object; to hold up to love and emulation the wise, and beautiful, and winning content that finds a home in glad and genial spirits; and especially to teach that this all-embracing sunniness of soul comes to us by a series of steps, the light gradually gaining on the gloom, until darkness is slowly dispelled by dawn, and dawn by day, and we greet the full sunrise at last with a pæan as exulting as that in which Browning's pure-souled maiden pours out her ecstasy to the morning air;

"Day!
Faster, and more fast,
O'er Night's brim, Day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where spurting and suppressed it lay—
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world!"

Here, however, at the very threshold of the subject, and as if to give us the lie, starts up that surly and savage theory of life which connects hopefulness with foolishness, and sourly resolves all intelligence into spleen. Here we come plump against that very large, very respectable, and very knowing class of misanthropes who rejoice in the name of Grumblers—persons who are so sure that the world is going to ruin, that they resent every attempt to comfort them as an insult to their sagacity, and accordingly seek their chief consolation in being inconsolable, their chief pleasure in being displeased. Their raven croak drowns all melodies of lark and linnet. Indeed, like Jacques, "They can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs." It is to them we are doubtless indebted for that phrase which includes all our actions, and all the circumstances of our being in this world, under the general term of "the *concerns* of life." Doleful and crabbed, their conversation is a succession of ominous prophecies emitted in a series of growls. Mad at the infatuation of those simpletons who insist on feeling cheered by cheerful things, they gruffly hint of the tempests which are cradled in the sunshine and the calm. You meet one of them in the street, and in a gush of delight at the heavenliness of the weather, venture the suggestion that it is a fine day. "Yes," he replies, "one of those infernal storm-breeders!" Such a creature having no other comfort than a kind of fretful satisfaction in finding fault, you make him hopelessly miserable when you leave him no shadow of a cause for complaint. Thus Charles Lamb speaks of one of his companions who, in the game of whist, was always grumbling because he had so few trumps. By some artifice in dealing, the whole thirteen were once given him, in the hope that some sound of glee might be audible through his instinctive grunt; but after examining his hand attentively, he looked more wretched than ever. "Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't you got enough trumps now?" "Yes," was the growling answer, "but I've got no other cards!"

Indeed, discontent, in the confirmed grumbler, is literally a complaint—a settled disease of the mind. All his perceptions of nature and life being twisted and distorted into the shape of his own wretched fancies, he can see nothing as it is. Obstinate in absurdity, you can not tempt or coax him into sense. "He is as stiff as a poker," said a friend of one of these unreasonable and unreasoning dogmatists. "Stiff as a poker!" was the reply; "why, he would set an example to a poker!" Dejection in the heart is thus apt to become stupidity in the head; and against stupidity, Goethe tells us, heaven and earth fight in vain. In fact, the grumbler cultivates his crabbed folly as a conscientious duty, and swaggers and swells on the strength of it, as if to be a snarling bore was to reach the summit of human excellence, and to grow in stupidity was to grow in grace. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson in reference to one of this class, "Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but he must have taken a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity is not in nature, Sir. I am willing to allow him all the merit for it he can claim."

Closely connected with this grumbling spirit, though often superior to its baser qualities, is that mood of the mind, made up of pride and dejection, which has been aptly named sulkiness—a bog in which the souls of some men seem to flounder about during the whole term of their lives, with sympathies resolutely shut to all the approaches of kindliness and cheer. There they abide, in the soul's "muggy" weather, "sucking," as Coleridge says, "the paws of their own self-importance," and finding, we may add, but little juice and nutriment therein. The word, and the unamiable mood it expresses, seem both to have had their birth in England. "There is nothing," says Sydney Smith, in his sharp, sweet way, "which an Englishman enjoys more than the pleasure of sulkiness—of not being forced to hear a word from any body which may occasion to him the necessity of replying. It is not so much that Mr. Bull disdains to talk, as that Mr. Bull has nothing to say. His forefathers have been out of spirits for six or seven hundred years, and, seeing nothing but fog and vapor, he is out of spirits too; and when there is no selling or buying, or no business to settle, he prefers being alone and looking at the fire. If any gentleman was in distress he would lend a helping hand; but he thinks it no part of good neighborhood to talk to a person because he happens to be near him. In short, with many excellent qualities, it must be acknowledged that the English are the most disagreeable of the nations of Europe—more surly and morose, with less disposition to please, to exert themselves for the good of society, to make small sacrifices, and to put themselves out of the way. They are content with Magna Charta and trial by jury; and think they are not bound to excel the world in small behavior, if they are superior to them in great institutions."

In our own country, which, with a certain exquisite irony, we are fond of calling the "happiest" country in the world, we are preserved by our eager, insatiable activity from so stolid a fault as sulkiness; but this activity, though it may evince large powers of mind and great energies of will, does not evince them as harmoniously combined, and the restless and curious spirit of the nation is vexed with the demon of nervous discontent. Doubtless this is owing, in a great degree, to the flood of new opinions which has been poured into the public mind—opinions which satirize the facts of our daily life without infusing into the will and the moral sentiments the vigor requisite to change them, and demand the exercise of energies which they have not the power to evoke. Hence that fretful impatience with the actual which comes from the union of vague aspiration with imbecile purpose—largeness of mental view with limitation of moral power. Such persons should be more, or know less.

Another source of individual and national cheerfulness, too often disregarded in our country, is the trained capacity to take pleasure in little things—to bend our whole energies to the progressive realization of moderate but ascending aims—and to regulate those passions of pride, vanity, envy, avarice, and ambition which poison instead of purify-

ing the sources of action. This *power* of enjoyment proceeds from right ideas as well as from right sentiments. It evinces that breadth and penetration of understanding by which objects are seen in their real dimensions and natural relations, with the occasional harshness of the truth softened by the sense of beauty and the sense of humor. We then perceive the world as it is, and, what is more, we perceive our own modest place in it; and, in our gratitude for what we have, lose all feeling of discontent for what we have not. But in America each individual is prone to be more impressed with his deserts than his duties or his capacity to compass his deserts; and nowhere else is mediocrity subject to such agonies of baffled desire. Our business, driving along through a storm of panics, too often proves to us that "going ahead too fast" really means going backward, and is continually producing those desperate pinches in the money-market in which the debtor's troubled heart stamps on his face that look of ruin, which, to the shrewd banker, says as plainly "Don't trust me," as his lips say "Do lend me!" But still the eager and headlong rush proceeds—every merchant ravenous to be an Astor, every politician a Clay, every clergyman a Channing, every showman—oh! help us, genius of anti-climax!—a Barnum! Continually nettled by the failure of our selfish aspirations, we resent as injustice the disappointments of our vanity and greed; and are apt to feel, when foiled in expectations it was foolish to have ever cherished, something of the irritated self-sufficiency of that monarch whom Montaigne mentions, who, on the sudden death of an only child, indicated to Providence his sense and resentment of the injury by abolishing in his dominions the Christian religion for a fortnight!

So wide-spread is this discontent, that a talent for unhappiness is fast getting to be a source of distinction; and among the many tones in the hubbub of universal talk, the voice that quickliest arrests attention is the voice that wails, snarls, groans, shrieks, howls, or hisses. Our best qualities and our best people are apt to catch the infection of this screaming forcible-feebleness, and to lose their power to cheer in their passion to declaim. Even our religious people, paralyzed, seemingly, by a contemplation of the works of Satan, are not celebrated for entering into the joy of their Lord. Our morality, the moment it sets about the work of reform, has a strong impulse to become grim, haggard, and screechy; and even the loftier virtues are prone to put on a vinegar aspect, and to depress rather than exhilarate. Our benevolence, for instance, sometimes labors most conscientiously to make itself unamiable, diffuses unhappiness from the best of motives, and, growing sour and shrewish by its contact with suffering or contemplation of wrong, dispenses as much gall to its opponents as it does balm to the afflicted and oppressed. It seems to find a saturnine satisfaction in fastening its attention on the darkest side of life. If there be any thing base or brutal in the foulest dens of metropolitan iniquity, see how eagerly it seizes it, emphasizes it, detaches it from its relations, talks about it, writes about it, throws it into the faces and stamps it on the imaginations of young and old, in the hope, we may suppose, of invigorating the sense of right by corrupting the sense of beauty, and converting us into philanthropists by a process which begins by disgusting us with human nature. Scenes of misery and sin thus occupying the most conspicuous places in the picture-gallery of the mind, it is not surprising that many humane people, aghast at the contemplation, should gradually associate cheerfulness with selfishness, and dutifully determine that nothing but wretchedness shall escape from their tongues and encamp on their faces. This morbid benevolence, first adopted as a duty, soon resolves itself into a taste; and then they hunt eagerly on the trail of offenses to gather fresh topics of horrifying scandal, and every new batch of crimes furnishes additional material for their ghastly gossip. And, to crown all, in exploring the causes of the wickedness and wretchedness which oppress their imaginations, they have a strange proclivity to hit on those things which are capable in themselves of affording innocent pleasure, and too often think their purpose is attained when they have pasted a thundering "Thou shalt not!" on all amusements and recreations.

Now this ascetic acid in our morality and religion must be modified by an æsthetic element, or we strip from virtue, and duty, and devotion the "awful" loveliness, by which they attract as well as command, inspire as well as warn, cheer as well as threaten. It is as dangerous to morality as it is destructive to cheerfulness to make virtue the husky and haggard thing it is so often held up to be; and accordingly, in the formation of harmonious character, great stress is to be laid on the education of the sense of beauty. There is nothing that cheers so much as this; and the contemplation of beauty in nature, in art, in literature, in human character, diffuses through our being a soothing and subtle joy, by which the heart's anxious and aching cares are softly smiled away. Infuse into the purpose with which you follow the various employments and professions of life, no matter how humble they may be, this sense of beauty, and you are transformed at once from an artisan into an artist. The discontent you feel with the work you are compelled to do comes from your doing it in the spirit of a drudge. Do it in the spirit of an artist, with a perception of the beauty which inheres in all honest work, and the drudgery will disappear in delight. It is the spirit in which we work, not the work itself, which lends dignity to labor; and many a field has been plowed, many a house has been built, in a grander spirit than has sometimes attended the government of empires and the creation of epics. The cheerfulness which comes from the beautiful performance of such secluded duties disclaims all aid from mere animal spirits, and attaches itself resolutely to what is immortal in our being. It is, as South would say, "a masculine and severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason; filling the soul, as God fills the universe, silently and without noise!"

We have thus gone over some of the sources and causes of cheerfulness, and attempted to state a few of the leading principles, the disregard of which causes so much fret and discontent. It is the infirmity of us all that we rarely discover these principles, obvious as they are, until we have bitter experience of the consequences of their violation; in this somewhat resembling that astute Irish pilot who assured the captain of the ship that he knew all the rocks on the coast; "And that," he said, as the vessel struck and split—"that is one of 'em!" Still we must be allowed, even if the information be of no ethical use, to proceed to state the great crowning principle of growth in cheerful

character, including, as it does, all those which have been already considered, and suggesting many more—a principle which would repay the minutest and most extensive scrutiny, but which we have only space rapidly to indicate. This relates, of course, to the Food of the mind—the daily bread of thought, emotion, and experience which the mind eats, and converts into the blood, and bone, and sinew of character. This, more than any thing else, determines our destiny for gladness or for gloom. The chief sources of this mental food are external nature, society, and the various forms of literature and art. All these have their cheerful and invigorating or dark and depressing phase, according to the disposition we bring to the feast.

Nature is an inexhaustible fountain of cheer—not, indeed, as seen and felt by those whose simple object is to make her yield a certain amount of corn and potatoes for the body, but by those who also regard her as the dear and gracious mother, teeming with food for the brain and heart of her children. Communion with her sights, sounds, colors, and forms—the hieroglyphics of God—and with the inner spirit, which gives them life, meaning, and language to the soul—closeness to her mighty heart, and contact with her informing mind—this is the love of nature which inspires, heals, refreshes, sublimes, and cheers. And happy are they whose characters grow and ripen under her genial ministries, and who, in the words of a great poet, speaking from his own deep experience, can testify "of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plenteously as morning dew-drops; of knowledge inhaled insensibly like the fragrance; of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters; of images uncalled for and rising up like exhalations; of hopes plucked like beautiful wild-flowers from the ruined tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for a living forehead; in a word, of Nature as a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness, and as a creatress of the faculties through a process of smoothness and delight."

But hastening from this attractive theme, whose fullness of wealth we have barely hinted, let us hazard a remark or two on the nature of the mental food we derive from social life. Here, in the intercourse of conversation, there is not only the expression of thoughts and feelings, but the direct passage of mind into mind, and characters, accordingly, are mutually fed and formed. In conversation, to use a violent image, we eat each other up, and this intellectual cannibalism results, if the conversation be good, in an increase of mental substance to all. Mr. Webster was accustomed to place conversation above all the other means and implements by which knowledge is obtained and dispositions infused. How important, then, that this great element of culture should be cheerful, sympathetic, enlivening, the graceful play of knowledge, the festivity of intelligence, instead of being the sour, egotistic, sulky, or frivolous thing into which it is so often perverted. A grumbler or bigot in this intercourse should recollect that he is spoiling the temper of others in parading his own, and that a voluminous catalogue of his aches and pains, or a fierce outburst of his prejudices and hatreds, is hardly needed to gratify the civil curiosity that inquires after his health, or the polite tolerance that asks his opinion. And, in reference to this matter of health, there are some persons, bores by instinct and profession, who carry into their conversation a strong flavor of opodeldoc and catnip-tea; who convert every body with whom they talk into a consulting physician; and who are never so happy as when they are blessed with some lucky influenza or ague, which will furnish them with a constant topic of edifying and attractive discourse. Thus it is related of Mr. Webster, that being once in a great Western city, waiting for the cars, he was entreated by the Mayor to devote the hour he had on his hands to the business of being introduced to the citizens. Somewhat reluctantly, being jaded by travel, Mr. Webster consented. The first gentleman led up was Mr. Janes—a thousand closely treading on his heels, all anxious to take the great man by the hand, and only an hour for the whole to do it in. "Mr. Webster," said the Mayor, "allow me to introduce to you Mr. Janes, one of our most distinguished citizens." "How do you do, Mr. Janes?" said Mr. Webster, in a tone not calculated to attract much confidence. "The truth is, Mr. Webster," replied Mr. Janes, "I am not very well." "I hope nothing serious is the matter," sternly answered Mr. Webster. "Well, I don't know that, Mr. Webster. I think it's rheumatiz, but my wife—" Here the Mayor rapidly interposed with the next citizen: "Mr. Webster, this is Mr. Smith;" and thus, for the poor satisfaction of shaking hands with Mr. Smith, Mr. Webster was doubtless rendered wretched to the end of his days, through the profound ignorance in which he was left as to the exact nature of Mr. Janes's complaint.

But of all the expedients to make the heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is that such men and women there are, who will go on dwindling in this way from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon in her bonnet!" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they THINK, "It's high time, if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slightly venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life. Seriously, however, this levity of being, whether innocent or malevolent, which thus splits the mind up into chips and splinters of thought, and leaves it vacant of substance and sap, is it not one, out of many nobler causes, of the rumored lack of cheerfulness in American women?—a fact of which we know nothing except from the melodious wail, alternating with melodramatic shrieks, that comes up from so large a portion of our best feminine literature. The men, of course, are great rascals, and deprive women of their rights, and circumscribe the sphere of their influence, and

hypocritically sonnetize Desdemonas of the kitchen and Imogens of the nursery, and are, besides, as superficial as they are wicked—all that is freely granted; but still, is it not possible that women, the autocratic rulers at least of social life, can make it a little better subserve its great purpose of educating and enriching the mind without any loss to its more festive grace and airier charm?

But leaving a topic which is fast treading on the perilous edges of impertinence, let us pass to the consideration of books, the third source of our mental food. Here the influences springing from a communion with nature and intercourse with society are recast by the mind of genius in the form of literature. This literature, in the varieties of its spirit and depth, contains three special forms of genius, according as nature, or society, or both, contributed to build them up. Thus Wordsworth has derived his inspiration and his nutriment almost exclusively from a communion with external nature; Pope, Swift, Walpole, Chesterfield, and Thackeray have derived theirs almost as exclusively from an intercourse with society; while Chaucer, Cervantes, Shakspeare, Goethe, and Scott combine the two. Authors of this last class have the most robust health of mind, and dispense the most invigorating cheer. But there is still another class, composed of men of large but diseased powers and passions, who perversely *misconceive* both nature and social life, distorting and discoloring them with the morbid peculiarities of their own minds. These authors belong to the satanic or the sentimental school, according as their inspiration is mixed with a willful pride or insatiable vanity; and though their genius may intensely stir the soul for the time, they in the end deform or debilitate it. They represent the grumbler, the sulker, the caustic abstractionist, the unregulated, inharmonious mind and discontented heart, as vitalized and exaggerated—as transfigured by the light, and mighty with the powers, and tyrannous with the influence, of impassioned genius. They are, indeed, bitter fountains of mental disease and gloom; yet as long as people will go to literature as to a sort of gilded dram-shop of the brain, and love to read books that stimulate only to leave them weak and miserable, just so long will such authors continue to be the most popular. The two great European leaders of this school of satanic sentimentality are Rousseau and Byron — men whose powers and accomplishments have never been too highly lauded, and the cheerlessness of whose sentiments, the informing and directing soul of their powers, has never been adequately probed and exposed. Each was afflicted with the ravenous desire to re-create the world after his own image, and stamp on nature and man "Jean Jacques, his mark," "Noel Byron, his seal." How mean appears their self-exaggerating disregard of all the laws and limitations of our being, when compared with the lofty composure with which Wordsworth modestly contents his ambition for influence:

"Still glides the stream, and shall forever glide:
The form remains, the function never dies:
But we, the great, the mighty, and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of life, defied
The elements, must perish. Be it so:
Content if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and *help* the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through hope, through love, and Faith's transcendant dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know."

It is not necessary to cheerful writing that it should be witty writing or even humorous writing. There is more inward joy to be derived from Thomson's Seasons or Barrow's Sermons than from Pope's insidiously misanthropic satires, or Hood's subtly pathetic extravaganzas. Cheerfulness is a characteristic of all great writers whose thoughts and imaginations have their spring in primitive feelings and affections, which are sound, vigorous, and unspotted with discontent and misanthropy. Thus Wordsworth, who never made but one joke in his life—and the wit of man has so far labored in vain to see the point even of that—is still as essentially cheerful in his sylvan serenity of mood, as that audacious, riotous, and profound buffoon, Rabelais, who, like old Fortunatus, is "all felicity up the brims." There is often in pathos a gentle and refining melancholy, a tender sadness, which does not sadden. The visionary splendors of Spenser's romantic muse are as capable of infusing comfort into despairing imaginations, as Montaigne's chirping practical wisdom is of expelling crotchety notions from snarled and tangled intellects. The fire of Milton's genius burns away the mists and vapors of the soul as readily as they are chased away by Ariosto's more graceful and gleeful enchantments. The tempest-like passions that rend the breasts of Lear, Macbeth, and Othello are spiritual tonics. In short, where there is health in the senses and the soul of the writer, there is cheer; and, what is more, the sun-like radiation of cheer.

Young writers who believe, with Shelley, that most men

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what they teach in song,"

but who forget that such experience, passed through the dissolving imagination of robust natures, comes out in the form of beauty, are apt to get up an anguish to sing about; to make their particular grievance their whole stock in trade; and, mendicants for sympathy, to pass round the hat to collect such coppers of compassion and small change of tears as tender hearts can spare to relieve their puny and puerile miseries. If any good friend to them and to good letters would just hint that the greatest poets are the most cheerful, they would as quickly affect vivacity as they now worship gloom. Sterne states that when he visited Paris, in 1767, he found that every French woman of fashion went through three stages:—first, a coquette; then, as her charms began to fade, a deist; then, as she caught a glimpse of the grave, a devotee. One lady, who ought, he says, to have been a deist for some five years before he had the honor of making her acquaintance, expressed to him her fear that she was beginning to doubt the truth of the Christian religion. Sterne looked in her face, where beauty was palpably on the wane, and, as if he were overcome by its loveliness, said, "Madam, it is too soon—too soon!" She, overjoyed, dropped the deist, reassumed the coquette, and reported all over Paris that the Reverend Mr. Sterne had said more for revealed religion in half an hour than all the Encyclopædiasts had ever said against it. Now the affectation of misery in half the sentimental poetry that spoils the spirits of its readers is capable of a conversion as instantaneous as the affectation of deism in Sterne's faded coquette; for this much is to be said for human nature, that men will adopt sense as readily as nonsense, provided it flatters their vanity as well.

In these remarks on Cheerfulness we have ven-

tured slightly to suggest, without pretending to exhaust, some of the sentiments and principles which bear on the production of a state of mind without which wealth, position, genius, fame, are but splendid tombs of happiness; and with which pain, poverty, and calamity are deprived of their power to torture, if not to wound. In conclusion, let us recapitulate some of the sources of this cheerfulness, and some of the sources of the discontent which poisons it, in a series of statements as to what we should do, and what we should avoid doing. We should first vividly realize the beauty and dignity of that mood of inward content and outward beneficence, crowned as it is with life's choicest blessings, in order to see how mean is that spirit which, starving its sympathies to glut its antipathies, crabbedly grumbles or haughtily sulks through existence, perversely fertile in plaints amidst bounties which, in a cheerful heart, would call forth pæans. We should cultivate that freshness of perception by which we have a satisfying delight in little things, so that we move through common pleasures and familiar scenes as if, in the exquisite phrase of the poet, "Life were one long and sweet surprise!" We should avoid the error, so prolific of discontent, which, mistaking abstract conceptions for inspiring and productive ideas, places so wide a gulf between thought and action that every thing we think satirizes every thing we do. We should not only hold the rein on those vices and selfish passions which naturally end in despair, but should explore the causes by which the virtues and loftier sentiments, when they disdain all alliance with the sense of beauty, the sense of humor, and the sense of enjoyment, too often exhibit a morbid hatred of evil rather than a genial love of good, and tumble into the Slough of Despond while seemingly in the suburbs of the Celestial City. We should systematically purify the intellect from egotism and delusion; see things in their real dimensions and right relations, and not as they are detached and exaggerated by our passions; seek the good rather than good appearances; learn to smile at our own follies before we laugh at those of others; and, through a wide and genial communion with nature, society, and good books, feed the mind with the wholesome food which builds up vigorous and cheerful character. But especially must we watch and wait for those precious moments, not common to the most bountifully endowed natures, but coming at intervals to all, when Heaven seems graciously to open on our minds, and we become compact of bliss—when, through inlets of inspiration suddenly lifted, stream thoughts and sentiments which, for the time, make existence ecstasy! Fix these moods in the memory, hoard them in the heart, assimilate them to the very substance of the soul; for they can endear life, and make it beautiful and sweet, long after their imparadising rapture has faded into the "light of common day." "Hold," says the Eastern proverb—"hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when Heaven is raining gold!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

BUT what chair is easy now? The Lisbon of smiling palaces and faces, and the Lisbon of ruins and dismay, were hardly more different from each other than the holidays of this year and those of last.

Great commercial transactions are conducted so entirely upon paper—so little actual money is ever seen, and only its representative, either in bank-notes or mercantile paper—that commercial ruin seems almost a theory.

Are there not crops? are there not railroads and steam, buyers and consumers, peace and fair weather? Why there should be any limit to expansion—why, if things flourish when there are eleven millions of specie to meet one hundred and four millions of liabilities, they should not equally flourish when there are two hundred millions of liabilities, is clear enough, doubtless, to those who see it, but to the barbarian outsider it is very wonderful. If things are really sound when there is but one dollar in gold to pay fifty dollars or five dollars in paper, how can it matter whether you vary a little more or less from your five or your fifty?

But it is for Easy Chairs in bank parlors, not in editorial rooms, to answer such questions. This Chair, however, must be allowed to doubt whether they know much about it. This Chair cultivates a secret suspicion that a large stomach, watch-keys, and a situation of dignity in a marble or free-stone edifice near Wall Street, do not necessarily constitute sagacity or intelligence, although they very often coexist. This Chair is heretical to the degree of thinking that great wisdom was not found in great institutions during the height of the pressure; and that a panic among men in one place is very like that in another.

But it may ask humbly if nothing is settled in mercantile affairs—if no principle is acknowledged sufficiently to become a canon?

For instance, in an ordinary condition of harvests and general prosperity can there be no approximation to knowing precisely what ratio the coin in a country ought to bear to the liabilities of the country, never leaving out of account, of course, the possibility of a panic? A panic is the same as a general run—a stampede of specie. Now there are certain conditions when there is no panic; is there no way of settling how those conditions are to be maintained?

Well, as we said, we know such high and mighty themes are not for Easy Chairs that roll themselves around the earth, and speculate upon what they see. Our chief delight has been in watching that model man, Gunnybags—an old, and ever-present friend. He came hurrying home, and finding his bank sound he expanded his brow, and stood about Wall Street with his thumbs in his waistcoat, a benign image of large harvests and specie-paying banks. "Don't fret yourselves, gentlemen," said Solomon to the passers-by; "why trouble your minds and risk your digestions? We have expanded a little, perhaps, but look at the harvest! We have gone a little fast, perhaps, but we have no war, no alarm. Keep easy, my friends; keep cool and comfortable; above all, beware of panic!"

Thus Gunnybags. But the storm deepened and darkened. Still that beneficent waistcoat unfolded its whiteness to men's eyes, and the cheerful voice besought them to beware of panic.

The suspension in Philadelphia came. "Perplexing, doubtless, gentlemen," said President Gunnybags to his Board of Directors; "but I fear they lost their heads. I am very much afraid they suffered themselves to yield to panic."

Darker and darker it came. "For Heaven's sake, don't be frightened!" cried the good Gunnybags, with ashy lips; "we are sound, Sirs—sound as old oak!"—and the President beamed a kind

of dismal stare upon all who talked with him. "The *cause* of the trouble, Sir? Expansion, expansion, Sir. We are too much expanded, Sir. Men, women, and children—all expanded, Sir. But we are sound, Sir, and we shall go through; mark my words, Sir! *we shall go* THROUGH!"

The depositor withdrew, vaguely satisfied. Gunnybags grew thin. He ate no dinner. He smiled no smile. He smoked a cigar—he was unused to it, and it shook his nerves. He was gloomy—almost morose—almost savage. He stalked down town and met his friends. They asked anxiously, with haggard eyes. "Jupiter, Sirs! every body is in such a —— panic. We shall pay every cent, Sir!"

"But who makes the panic?" timidly gasped a nervous man, who had large investments in the Jeremy Diddler—a pretty fancy, but not paying now.

"Who makes it, Sir? You make it, and every body else who bothers the banks!"

"But the banks will not lend—how are we to pay our debts?"

"Zounds, Sir, find the money! Do you think banks can lend to a panic-stricken community? No, Sir! They want the money themselves. But we shall go on, Sir. We shall go through, panic or no panic!"

Bluster and white waistcoat did a great deal. Timid men, interested in the Jeremy Diddler, with a view of making money suddenly—stood still, and merely shook in their shoes. If they asked for money at the bank, President Gunnybags bellowed at them that they couldn't have it. If they asked to have a bill cashed in specie, President Gunnybags sneered bitterly at merchants who were so short-sighted as to destroy all confidence, and create a panic. If they asked what they should do, President Gunnybags thundered forth that they were to help restore confidence.

The problem was difficult for brave men; for the timid ones it was quite overpowering—and the timid ones, in lands where majorities rule, carry the day. The point was that they could have helped restore confidence if they could have got a little money. "Don't come here asking for money, Sir; but, like a patriotic citizen and honest merchant, help restore confidence," was all the comfort they received.

Solomon Gunnybags took the chair at a great meeting of Bank Directors and merchants: "Gentlemen," said he, "what we want is confidence."

Some impertinent in the crowd immediately said: "The whole thing is a matter of credit. If you cut down your loans you are recreant to your implied contract with the business world. Yourselves cause the panic, and could relieve it by loans!"

The tumult that followed was immense. "Hi! hi!" shouted indiscreet bank clerks. "Put him out! Hustle him! Whew! whew! Whistle! Shriek!" There was no end of noise and confusion, until some reprobate shouted out, "Hi! hi! Cheer and Tiger for Gunnybags, and bully for panic!"

The next day, of course, the banks suspended, just as Solomon Gunnybags was saying, "Come what may, Sir, we shall go through!"

Our Chair bore us through the checkered scenes of those days; and as we slipped and rolled along, we found ourselves asking, "In managers of banking institutions is comprehensive capacity desirable, or is it not?"

OLD CLO' is your only wear. Every body is proud of rusty seams. Shoulders says truly, "Pride peeps out at all the elbows." Men put on last year's coat with the air of those who are committing all the cardinal virtues in one. It is bad *ton* to wear a good hat. Seedy shoes and patched boots have exchanged respectability with white cravats and patent leathers. It is out of fashion to go to the tailor's. If you must have a new waistcoat—which is a weakness—you can go to the slop-shops. People used to wear gloves—so they did helmets. Are honest fingers not good enough for honest poverty? Those handsome threadbare trowsers! that shining seat—or knee, if you prefer! that raveling coat-cuff! that frayed waistcoat! that shirt-bosom with slits! those robust, naked hands—*manzo bollito!*—those boots, frail prisons of those pale socks that gaze calmly out through the bars! that heel, which loves the mother earth, and suffers no wool or leather to separate it from its kiss! Behold the dandy's fashion of '57, the coxcomb of economy!

Poverty is proud, we heard; but such overbearing haughtiness we had not anticipated. Some unfortunates retain their carriages; some have been to the Opera; some have subscribed to the Philharmonic. Such men are unmindful of their honor, and forget their pride.

Shoulders is one of these. He is full of perverse good-nature. Ruined in pocket, he resists ruin in temper. Having lost his dollars, he will not lose his spirits too. He comes home smiling—he positively sings as he goes about the house. When his grave neighbor, Blum, who is not ruined, says to him, with a severity of sadness in which a stinging reproof is conveyed,

"Shoulders, how *can* you be so gay? Have not all your prospects come down, as it were?"

Then the gay Shoulders replies:

"Without doubt; but how if the ceiling had come down, as it were?"

Neighbor Blum looks suspiciously up at the ceiling, and concedes that it is better to have your bank broken than your head.

"There it is, neighbor Blum; and, having lost my money, suppose the ceiling should come down, strike my Amanda upon the head, instantly destroy her, or addle her fine intellects—ri too, ri too, ri too rol loo rol la!"

Neighbor Blum is confounded, and Shoulders explains that he means to say that there are many woes greater than his; and that, great as they are, they might be sadly increased by the merest accident.

"Besides, Blum, this vast system of credit—ri too, ri too—upon which the prosperity of the world is built, which requires so much lying, and swearing, and shivering, and paralysis to maintain—ri too, ri too—which makes every man a dirty money-bag, and extinguishes the love and hope of better things—ri too rol loo rol la—why should I not expect to be blown up by it again, as I was before? Behold, the apples swim!—you, for instance, Blum!"

So the rattling fellow plays with his poverty. He digs away, meanwhile, and buys a loaf for Amanda and her sprouts. Sometimes he omits the butter, and buys a bunch of flowers. Blum, who never smiles, and likes flowers in gardens, thinks it is a mild form of insanity.

"Poor Shoulders!" he says, "what a pity he lost his mind a little in his misfortunes!"

And only yesterday Shoulders said to Amanda:

"What a pity that old Blum has lost all his heart in finding his fortune!"

Our young friend Chloe is known to all mankind. She is that quiet, affectionate, industrious daughter whom you have seen putting the slippers before the fire for papa, and arranging mamma's footstool, and "catching" the dresses of the girls in the last agonies of the toilet. She is the proprietor and propeller of that needle which goes click, click, click against time, for whole winter evenings together, dropping a little private tear, as brother Hal reads aloud, over the mother turned out, with her children, into "the pitiless storm;" or the maiden who is "clasped to the heart" of her noble and handsome Don Alphonso di Medina-Cœli; or the pale and spiritual Fitz Cinnamon Whey; the poor, but high-born curate, with the straight nose and coat. It is that Chloe whom all children love; who, somehow, takes the thorn out of their quarrels, and whose cap is always more comfortable than any other cap in the world. She is that young woman who never calls the children "brats" and "plagues," and when they are very young, and can not talk, but only cry, is not forever thrusting her fingers in their necks and cheeks, and saying, "Kitchee, kitchee!" while the poor red baby kicks, and struggles, and yells in the white blanket bound with blue ribbon; but rather sings to it, in a soft under-tone, a kind of crooning, tender lullaby, during which the baby chirps, and crows, and smiles, and starts, and springs, as if only it and Chloe knew all about it. (Babies *are* its, we believe, madame?)

This is our friend Chloe, whom all the world knows, and that is to say loves; for, somehow, to know her is to love her. You open your heart to her involuntarily, as, when the first spring days come soft and warm, you open the window. If then you smell violets and see the golden crocuses, are you sorry—do you shut the window again? If the violet began to talk to you, as roses and passion-flowers do in Tennyson's garden-song, would you frown at the little upstart? If the harebell said to you, "Dear me! I wish I could hold more dew, for there is a blade of grass parching," would you tell it that it need not bother itself about dry blades of grass, but had better mind its own business, and look pretty? This Easy Chair will tell you what Chloe would do. She would go down to the little harebell, and bend over it, and try to squeeze a tear into it, to help out its dew—all for the love of harebells and grass—and this Chair thinks she would do it, and believes, upon its honor, that if she did so, the harebell would whisper into Chloe's ear:

"Thanks, dear; it is just as pure as that which came straight from heaven last night."

Probably we should hear nothing at all of this conversation. This poor old Chair is as deaf as a piece of wood. But then Chloe and harebells understand each other.

This is a long preface to the letter of our little friend, which we shall print, because every body knows Chloe, and if it is known what she wants, every body who chooses can help her:

"Dear Easy Chair,—I suppose you know we are very poor, being, in that, only like every body else. I am very sorry every body has lost so much money, for it will be so very hard for people to be poor who have all their lives been used to being rich. There is Cousin Dolly, who has always been an heiress, and it was beautiful to see her, in the most splendid dresses, and jewels on her arms and round her neck, saying to all her friends, 'I am not proud of these things; it is wicked to be proud; and, besides, money is so uncertain.' Now that it is really gone, and her father, Uncle Phineas, says that he can't pay for any more tomfoolery things, Dolly only says, 'Well, I'm sure it's rather hard; for I've always been used to wear them, and it was no fault of mine—what did you let me have 'em for?' I pity her; how can I help it?

"But, dear Easy Chair, there is another case almost as pitiable. Mary Dawson has always done my fine-washing and clear-starching. She is a good, modest girl, and the best daughter you ever saw. Well, now, pa has failed, and he said to me, kindly, 'Chloe, couldn't you do your own fine-washing?' I was almost sorry that I could, and I was ready to cry to feel that I ought to. I said, 'Yes, pa, I can—but then poor Mary Dawson!' Pa said it was hard; but he added that we must economize in every possible way; that all his property had been assigned; that he had no situation and no means of income; and that, bad as it was, I must tell Mary how it was, and try to get somebody else to help her with washing or some other kind of work.

"Now that I can do. Mary must work harder for less money, and perhaps she can get on. Her case seems to me a great deal harder than Cousin Dolly's—and yet I can't help Dolly. That is the strangeness of it. She sits in the parlor practicing Thalberg's variations upon something, and she doesn't do them quite right, and then she reads 'Guy Livingstone' or some other new novel, and then she goes shopping and calling with Aunt Hepsy Ann. She does it all with the air of a martyr. When she goes into Stewart's and buys something, she seems to invite the clerk to consider what a self-sacrifice she is making in not buying all the splendid things in the shop. When she told her mother she would have only four new ball-dresses this winter, she said it as if she had been saying that she wished to sell all her gowns and go in sackcloth. She has all the time an air which seems to proclaim, 'I am entirely equal to it'—and I can't get at her. I don't dare to sympathize, and I don't dare to tell her to cheer up and to think of Mary Dawson. Aunt Hepsy Ann, too, says we must all be very careful and economical, and so she cuts down her charitable subscriptions. It doesn't seem to me to be right. I ask her if that is the best way—whether there won't be more need of charity than ever this year; but she only answers 'that we must all feel it, poor and all.' That does seem as if it were so—and yet is Aunt Hepsy Ann's feeling it any thing more than having less sweetmeat with her bread, while real poor people's feeling it is like having no bread at all?

"What can I do? I want to help my aunt and cousin, and I don't know how to do it. They seem to think they are doing wonders, when they seem to me to be doing nothing. Yesterday, when I dined there, Aunt Hepsy Ann said to me: 'Chloe, in these times we must all make Christian efforts, and do without many things to which we have been always accustomed. I should have very little respect for people who did not order their households to conform to the times. My dear husband, your uncle, has been unfortunate in business. I should be very sorry if we could not meet reverses with fortitude and cheerfulness. We must all do

so. Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. My dear Chloe, we have no fish on table, you see. We shall dispense with it hereafter, and confine ourselves to the joints and dessert. It is an example I should be very sorry not to set at such a time.'

"I am so bewildered I wish you would help me. It seems to me that a person has no more right to make a merit of not spending money when they have none to spend, than of not singing when they have no voice. And yet Aunt Hepsy Ann and cousin Dolly are so solemn about it that I know I am wrong.

"Yours respectfully, CHLOE."

Now we can only say that if we knew Mrs. Hepsy Ann we should certainly tell her that she is a very absurd lady. But then we shall never have any chance to tell her so. We shall never get into her drawing-room, and she always drives in the street, while among the furniture of the houses in which she visits an Easy Chair is never found. Besides, there is one other reason. Chloe told us once—the dear child loves us, and leans fondly upon our arms—"My Aunt Hepsy Ann declares she hates pets, and will never have any four-footed thing in her house."

ENGLAND has been prostrating herself in humiliation and prayer on account of her woes in India, and we have been bending in thanksgiving over our golden harvests.

The event which summoned England into her churches is a harvest too, in some ways; and yet, while it is very easy to say that the British empire has always extended itself by base and bloody means, it would be very hard to mention any nation which has not pursued the same plan.

But we do not mean now to think of Old England, but rather of New England, and wherever, in the whole country, she has sent her old, homely, and happy festival of Thanksgiving.

That is the day which is to us what Christmas is to England. It is a day peculiar in the year, and graced with the loveliest associations. Hospitality, the réunion of family and friends, the good cheer, the kind thought of others, the hilarity of the well-to-do, the rejoicing of the poor over the one turkey of the year—all these things are the ornaments of the season, so that no day in the calendar is more truly named.

It falls, too, at the happiest moment of the year. The harvest is gathered; the stubble already bristles against the winter; the last red leaves are twirling in the gusty air; the bright Indian summer days, with their brooding haze, have drifted southward over the soft hills before the eager north winds; the huskings are over in old-fashioned country barns, lighted by candles hung upon the handle of the pitch-fork, with no other music than the sudden singing of merry neighbors, the loud laugh at the ready joke, the rustle of corn-husks, and the sighing, and breathing, and cud-chewing of the cattle in the stalls; the boys have done nutting in the yellow light of autumnal woods, and the dry sweep of the November wind through withered leaves is heard no longer; the camps of prosperity, pitched all through the valleys and all over the hills in the heavy corn-shocks, are struck, and the hosts of plenty have gone into winter-quarters in the venerable old barns, and as they peep out through the fissures which they make by their pressure, the loitering traveler sees that the whole land is garrisoned with abundance; the huge wood-pile is thoughtfully squared and steadied, and protected against the storms; ruddy lights at evening begin to dance upon the window-panes from the flickering fire within, by which the mother and the daughters sit paring apples, while Reuben reads aloud by the tallow-dip. And now draws on the happy day, heralded even by a few snow-streaks under the walls and along the wood-sides — the children count the weeks, the days, the hours, until the longed-for morning—the mother wonders if Jerusha Jane will look as hearty as before her baby was born—the father calculates that Timothy must have got on pretty well this year—while Amanda sews on a superfluous ribbon, and blushes to think how handsome Jamie will think her when he comes.

It comes at last—the day, the friends, the children, and the profound tranquillity of content. They will go to church, for the happiness is incomplete, like love, without the pastor's blessing. There is not the constraint of Sunday in the old meeting-house. It has the novelty of a week-day service, and a day when there may be dancing after sermon. The sermon itself treats less of Jericho, and more of Jonesville. It has a flavor of the life and scenery familiar to the congregation. It speaks of the bountiful harvest, of the progress of education, of the foolishness of pride, and the triumph of truth. Would you wear gaudy clothes? says the preacher, then walk in the autumn woods, and be confounded by their splendor. Would you waste your lives in only acquiring the means of living? then consider the untoiling lilies. Would you fit your national ideas to the forms of old and exhausted nations? then try to put new wine into old bottles. Are you a mark for the world, for its hopes and prayers? then consider your responsibility—for a city set upon an hill can not be hid. Tired of life, weary of business in which, after many struggles, you have lost every thing, would you fly away and be at rest? Ah! though you should take the wings of the morning, could you fly beyond His presence who is with us here in this warm sunshine to-day, and will look at us through the night in the stars?

Then homeward to dinner—to the colossal turkey—to the vast mottled pudding—to the cider and home-made currant-wine—to that wild, rollicking, after-dinner revel when men become boys again with the boys, and women, like girls, are kissed in the corner—when Reuben embraces and kisses the whole company except Sally Ann, and Amanda trembles when Jamie's hand touches hers. Presently the children, with languid voices and dropping lids, have gone to bed; the old people talk gravely about the fire; and in the dusky parts of the room those who shall one day be old sit and forget that youth is not eternal.

But love does not forget, and tempers its joy with remembrance. The cheerful circle, warm with life, gossips over the fire, but those who were once part of that circle are not forgotten.

"We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet;
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

"Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: 'They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change.'"

LITERATURE is a kind of luxury, and feels the

changes of the times. This year there will not be so many books published. The glorious days—Saturdays—when whole pages of morning newspapers were not enough to set forth the number, variety, and excellence of books that were issued; when every publisher had that morning ready the most interesting, thrilling, and fascinating book of the season; when the first edition of twenty thousand was already exhausted, and purchasers would be served in the order of their coming; when a distinguished literary gentleman had declared, in a private letter to the publishers, that since Professor Ingraham's last there had been nothing of such a startling and commanding character; when the present work was vastly superior to every thing else ever written by the world-renowned author; when every book of every publisher was in the twenty-sixth thousand, and the unparalleled demand was increasing at an unprecedented rate; when presses were working night and day; when, owing to the extraordinary demand, the issue of the first edition must be postponed from Saturday to Thursday; when not more than fifty thousand copies could be furnished in three days; when the public must have patience, and would finally be supplied; when the cry was "Still they come!" when canvassers were wanted by all publishers for the most popular book ever issued; when we were all tantalized with a spicy extract from the chapter "Love, Despair, and Madness;" when we beheld the "gorgeous Julia Bowen" rushing wildly down a column of nonpareil, and pausing from plunging into the fathomless gulf only because "the outside" was two shillings a line—the days of these glories, and triumphs, and stupendous successes are past; the enormous editions are all exhausted; there are no more books calculated to create a profound sensation in the social and religious world.

No! the wind suddenly fell. There was a sudden chopping-round, a jibing, and the encouraging advertisements—cheerful whistlings to keep up the courage of the whistlers—went down into darkness, and are seen no more. The storm that has touched every thing else has not suffered Literature to escape. We must have fewer horses and diamonds, and we must also have fewer books. Jewelers and authors must slack work, but bakers may stir up their fires.

Yet, as, in the hardest times, there will be some hero who will venture to buy a pearl and defy starvation, so in these doubtful days, when no man is quite sure that he is the proprietor of an unencumbered shin-plaster, there will be some who will yearn for the resounding Saturdays of yore, and ask, What book can I buy, in which, if I can forget my care about my dollar, I shall well invest my dollar?

If you ask the Easy Chair, it will answer promptly, Get *Roumania, the Border Land of the Christian and the Turk*. It is a journal of travel along the valley of the Danube to the Black Sea and Constantinople, by Dr. Noyes, who was a surgeon in the Ottoman army. It is a journey not often made by an American, but which the author describes with such freshness and enthusiasm that the reader can not help being warmed and excited. He traveled over the wild plains of Wallachia, seeing a peasantry almost more miserable than any people under the sun; he saw the best classes also, and served medically in Bucharest during the Crimean war; he heard the national songs and traditions, and saw the native dances, and studied the native humors. He has thrown all into his book as into a talk over a cigar by the evening fire late into the night. "I was there—I was a part of it—I felt it—I enjoyed it; it was rough—it was wild and strange, but it had all the charm of remote adventure—all the romance of distance and novelty."

The Doctor's habits of observation, acquired in his surgical training, show themselves in the record of a thousand interesting details, so that, as a picture of the daily life of the Danubian provinces, his book is capital. As you read on, and are whirled by him and with him in his midnight flight through the fearful tempest over the wide plain of Wallachia, upon which the men who live seem only the fit companions of the vermin that steal away in the desolation, you recall in constant contrast the old imperial Roman Conquest of that region, when Trajan bore the fluttering eagles of the empire to the Carpathians, and amorous Ovid died upon the shores of the Euxine. The tower of the poet is still pointed out: our author gives us a drawing of it; and the point is shown where Trajan built his bridge. The very name survives, too, in the word *Roumania*, and there is a race which traces itself to the Roman. But no proper vestige survives. Like a great wave, the empire flowed to the feet of the German Mountains, then receded without fertilizing the soil. But wherever his mistress has wandered, there is the realm of romance for the lover; and the world, lover of that proud purple Rome, lingers fondly over the traces of her footsteps.

But you can not follow this cheerful guide without recalling other histories which his book indirectly suggests.

Rome planted herself upon the Danube, and held its races subject. Rome reclined upon the Western Continent of Europe, from the Orkneys to Tarentum, and along the southern shore. It was the sole empire of the world. It ruled by arts and arms. But the nations it held subject turned at last, and drove it home—drove it within the walls of its capital, followed it there, and destroyed it.

Is the hold of England upon India essentially different from that of Rome upon its provinces? Has its course and policy been essentially superior to that of Rome toward its subjects? If it has constructed public works in India, are they not few, and are they superior to those of the Romans in their Indies? Has not its government been a military subjugation, a skillful management of native jealousies, and an unscrupulous drain upon the wealth of the country? Have the Hindoos any reason to love the English?

Nena Sahib will hardly be an Alaric or Tamerlane. There may be a serious question of the duration of British rule in India, but there can be none of the subsequent course of the Hindoos. They are not a people to invade, and an irruption from the South into Europe will hardly do what the Northern irruption did. Yet, as we stroll over the plains of the Danube, of which we all know so little, and learn from Dr. Noyes what his residence there has taught him, our thoughts will press farther eastward, and the first warm breath that blows upon them from the Indian Ocean will seem poisonous with the death of empire.

We rolled up to see the new pictures. There was the great Rosa Bonheur, the *Horse Market*, and the new French Gallery, and the New English Gallery, and the old German or Düsseldorf Gal-

lery, and the old Bryan or Christian Gallery. There was every thing but the American Gallery.

It certainly had a metropolitan air, the reflection we made upon our bourne as we stumped and jerked up the street. (It is amazing how much harder it is to go upon four legs than upon two!)

"New York," said the Easy Chair to itself, "is the only metropolis in the world" (here it looked round apprehensively, to see if there were any Athenian or Brotherly Lover near)—"the only metropolis in the world in which there can be seen at the same moment several galleries which illustrate the present condition of the three great living schools of painting. Let us, before proceeding farther, step into the *Horse Fair*."

So we clattered into Williams and Stevens'. All the easels looked round when they heard the noise, and whispered insolently to each other, "Blockhead" and "Wooden legs," as we bumped along. What cares an Easy Chair for wretched dandies of easels, the Counts d'Artois of furniture, who are all legs and can not sit down? Depend upon it, we were doubly Easy as we hobbled by; and, merely to rebuke their ill manners, we stopped before the engraving of Millais's picture of *The Huguenot Lovers*.

Surely the face of the young girl is the most tearfully tender face in all painting. Do you not see? It is the night before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the young girl, daughter of a Catholic, has learned that all Huguenots will be murdered who have not a white band upon their arms. She must not tell her lover—he might slay her father—there are untold woes that might ensue. But she can tie her handkerchief around his arm. He will not suffer it—he fondly pushes it away. Then she can not be silent, and she tells him all. It is not a whim—not a girl's fancy; but he is a Huguenot, and he will be slain. She is a Huguenot—will he kill her by being murdered? No, dearest, I can defend myself; I am young and strong, and do not fear them. But would you have me even seem a coward? would you have me save myself while my brethren perish? If the Lord calls, must I not answer him, even with my life? Oh, love, and youth, and heroism meeting in that fond embrace! Oh tender heart, forever young, that makes this ballad of French lovers, three centuries ago, so beautiful and true in other lands and times! Whoever painted it, sung it upon the canvas. Millais painted it. Then Millais is a poet. How, madame? you think the drapery is flat? Let us then, at least, console ourselves, madame, by reflecting that the drapery is not the only flat thing now about the picture.

And the lovers have kept us from the horses. But they are as good horses as the lovers are lovers. They are pure animals; they rear, they neigh, they champ, they pull proudly by! To be sure we can't get far enough away from them, but they are life-like and nŏble even here. Do you see a great many faults, madame? On the whole, are you a little doubtful of the propriety of women's painting such things—horses, you know? Yes, madame, and what do you think of standing and looking at them? Also, what do you think of sniffing in shiny silk and cackling immodestly, as by your allusions you do, before the simple, sincere, noble, and womanly work of one of your own sex, who deepens the respect for it of men whom the conduct of others, dear madame, leads to pity and smile at it?

The lovers, the horses, and the flouncy lady-connoisseur were enough for that morning. The Easy Chair retired, to see the other pictures another day, and knocking over two smirking easels on its way out.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

As we said, a month ago, this December gossip of ours shall take its color from the shadows in the Paris streets. Switzerland, where we loitered away the last glowing days of summer, and wrestled with the first frosts of autumn, is now a study and a pageant, which engaged us actively yesterday, and to-day a gorgeous souvenir kindling the November gloom.

Switzerland and Paris! Can the rhetoricians give us a greater antithesis? Did ever railway hyphen join greater antagonism than belongs to the images and fancies which group at the mountain end, and group at the metropolitan end? How we glow yonder—before the ice-altars and the peaks that carry day on their shoulders for an hour after night-fall—into a devout and splendid Theism! And here—between the palaces—what easy, insidious, penetrating Atheism! There, how we study sky and cliff, and measure our safety and our hope by them; here, only pavement and police. There, Providence bivouacs in the mountains, and rules from under dim, white coronal of cloud; here—from under the cocked-hat!

And now would the reader know in what quarter, and beside what window, of Paris we have drawn up our Easy Chair for our winter's outlook? Has he ever been in Paris, and does he remember the broad quay that lies over against the long line of the Tuileries Palace, upon the opposite side of the Seine? The broad quay, with its tall houses, beneath which are so many venders of old books, old porcelain, rare laces, quaint bits of furniture? And does he remember, among these, a broad entrance-way upon an old-style hotel, with the name printed in small characters over the archway—"Hôtel Voltaire?" There is a print-shop to the left of it, and a map-shop to the right of it, and a cab-stand over the way.

We are gossiping with you now from an up-stair chamber of the Hôtel Voltaire, and we will tell you how we chanced to come hither. On our way up from Switzerland our eye fell upon an advertisement in a Belgian paper, which, for your better information, we translate literally:

"Grand Hôtel Voltaire,

"*No.* 19 *Quay Voltaire, Paris.*

"M. and Mme. Denneval, proprietors, have the honor of advising travelers that this hotel, in the centre of the city, fronting the palace of the Tuileries, offers them a healthy situation, a remarkable view, and a comfortable home.

"Price of rooms in front: First floor, six francs; second floor, five francs; third floor, four francs; fourth floor, three francs (with a balcony); fifth floor, one and a half francs.

"In the rear, rooms are from two to three francs.

"Parlors, in front: First floor, twelve francs; second floor, ten francs.

"Servants' fees apart.

"Breakfasts are furnished at two francs and a half; Dinners, three francs, without wine. Bordeaux at one and a half francs the bottle.

"One franc less per diem is demanded for rooms rented by the month.

"All the apartments are carpeted."

We said to ourselves (as we came up from Switz-

erland), We will go and see this Grand Hôtel, and find if there be some cozy front-window whereby we may roll our Chair, and look out upon the quay, the river, the palace, and the garden.

Accordingly, we gave our *cocher* orders, drove to the Quai Voltaire—to the door of the hotel—parleyed with the pretty woman in the *Conciergerie*, who took a bunch of keys from their respective office knobs, tripped away before us over the waxen stair-ways (begged pardon if too fast), ushered us into a second-floor *appartement*. "*En voici une qui est très jolie*," said she—flirted back the curtains—showed me the view—the palace, the river, the cab-stand opposite. "There was no such view in Paris; no such air; there were the gardens; if Monsieur would trouble himself to look he would see the trees; every thing was clean—very clean; if Monsieur would trouble himself to look again, there was the *Arc de l'Etoile;* all the fire-works could be seen, if the Emperor should give a *fête;* did Monsieur think the Emperor would give a *fête?* people *did* say the Queen was coming; did Monsieur think the Queen *was* coming? And for how long would Monsieur wish the rooms? The chimney never smoked—never; besides it was just now swept; the *citadines* were convenient opposite; or perhaps Monsieur ordered from a stable? in which case there was a very honest man in the second court below. No, the theatres were not far—*du tout;* Monsieur had only to cross the palace-court and he had Le Français; a step farther, under the peristyle, and he had Hyacinthe and Grassot; up the Vivienne, and he had the Vaudeville; besides which, there was the Odeon, just behind, where was a charming new piece by Edmund About—perhaps Monsieur had seen it?"

So, and with such pleasant volubility, we are talked out of all our doubts, and slide easily and good-humoredly into our quarters at the Grand Hôtel Voltaire.

After all, it matters so little where one lives in Paris! He comes so soon and so thoroughly to pervade it all with his presence—feeding what are home-wants in other cities with the street air and out-of-door observation.

Does any one suppose now that we have been eating the two-franc breakfasts of the Grand Hôtel Voltaire simply because we are living in the Grand Hôtel Voltaire? Not a bit of it.

We have tasted the morning on the bridge and the quays, and traversed the garden, where the crysanthemums and salvias have replaced the verbenas and geraniums of summer, and have broken our fast at the marble tables of the quiet Poissonnerie, under the Rivoli arcades (about which Poissonnerie, and its presiding mistress and *habitués*, we reeled you a page of description some three months gone).

Thence, lighting our cigar at the tobacconist of the Pyramides, we have sauntered through the quiet passage De Lorme, the stormy St. Honoré, read the day's play-bill at the Theatre Français (bearing promise of a new comedy by Uchard, who is winning other friends and fortune by the autumn repetitions of "Fiammina"), glanced over "Figaro" at the news-vender's stall within the drive of the palace, loitered at Chevet's window (poor Chevet, they say, is dead, but the shop holds its name and fame), where are luscious chasselas; peaches like melons; melons grown monstrously down by Cannes, where Lord Brougham has his French estates, and where Rachel is dying; prawn from Sicily; a silver salmon, dished, and sprigged with parsley, from Dunkeld, in Scotland; a pair of capercalzie from Christiansand; red-legged plover from the Landes by Bordeaux (Landes which are famous, just now, by reason of the cow-fights which come off twice a week at the Hippodrome, being effeminate echoes of the Castilian bull-fights); pippins from Pelham, Ulster County, New York; and smoked beef from Hamburg.

We linger before the pipe window, wondering if the venturesome trader has yet disposed of that huge amber-tubed meerschaum, mounted with gold, and ticketed, these five years past, "5000 francs." Will he drop his price now that they are raising the discount rates at the Bank? A discount of six and a half for money is a heavy discount for France, and that is our rate now. The American eye rests wonderingly upon the tokens of trade permanence here—symbolized in so small a matter even as that amber-necked meerschaum. It is not unlikely that the very pipe we look on has hung by the same silken cord, before the same glass, through two revolutions in France—through rise and fall of Mobilier—through recruitments and capture of the Malakoff. Kings have suspended, and Councils; but the pipe-seller has not. So Chevet (or his widow) has shown the same epicurean temptations—cooked and ground the same exquisite coffee (if you provide your own table in Paris, send to Chevet's for coffee)—served up the same salmon and herring through four dynasties, and all the crashes of their change.

Then there is the whip and cane-seller a short way beyond. Who does not remember his show, and the monstrous head, with beaded eyes, cut from some twisted root—a fearful shillelah, brimful of bloody possibilities? Yet the *blouses* have never seized upon it; they have twice sacked the palace overhead, and thrown *chef-d'œuvres* of Greuze and Le Brun from the windows, and thrust their knives through fine portraits of queens, and smashed all Pradier's porcelain statuettes (in the palace), but never damaged the stock or the trade of the whip and the cane-seller: regularly all his paper has gone through bank—royal bank, republican bank, imperial bank—and regularly he has met his quarterly payment of rent.

After him, and in the body of the palace, just over against the spiteful cannon which gives a loud "bang" every sunny day at noon, is that other master of time, Leroy—*Leroy et fils.* Have you never seen and coveted their pretty watches? Pretty thirty years back, but like a jewel now. Watches with pansies on them—the centre three clustering diamonds, the yellow petals of topaz, the purple amethyst. The same shop—the same show—the same quiet—the same orderly and laborious advance in their craft, whatever may be bank-rates or the tone of the *Moniteur.*

We are apt to sneer at the slowness of French tradesmen: they have not half so grand shops as ours—no such dazzling distribution of their wares; but, per contra, their suspensions are more rare; we do not lose sight of them so quickly.

Always on this morning saunter through the palace we see things we ought not to see. Photography has taken license. You remember an old story of Pauline Bonaparte in an artist's studio: there are other Paulines. Artists have always claimed their models, and always found them: photography and the stereoscope, it is found, supply them with an infinity of attitudes and studies

at a cheap rate—so cheap that the photographers have now put the models in the market: but the police are upon their track.

Speaking of photography reminds us of another lack of ours in this department of art. When are we to have those beautiful studies from Nature—bits of foliage, rock fragments, dank pools, still life—rendered to our eye at home as they are rendered on every shop-front here? Does it not count very little for our art aspirations, when all our advances and all our efforts in this way go simply and purely to portrait-taking?

We have imperial photographs, and Hallotypes, and ambrotypes, and half-lengths, and full-lengths, but always the Honorable Mr. Flunkey, or the last lion, Fitz-Doodle. Walk the length of Broadway to see how photography is progressing, and how its wonderful hand is fixing and revealing the secrets and the beauties of Nature, and have we not always and nauseously Flunkeys and Fitz-Doodles?

Nobody denies the elegance of these gentlemen; their attitude is all grace; their expression all dignity; their eye all loveliness: but when will the Bradys and Gurneys give us something else—something that shall teach us about the wonderful play of light and shadow over other surfaces than whiskered faces and Derby's coats?

Only this morning we have regaled ourselves, through shop-windows, upon our walk, with charming photographic transcripts of a street of the buried Pompeii (where the abrasions of the chariot-wheels upon the paving-stones were as distinct as if we had laid our finger in them); others of some heathen temple, all bruised as time and savages have bruised them, and yet all aglow and golden with an Ionian sun; others of rare tree tracery, showing how hopeless intricacy (as the faint heart believes) is subordinated to a harmony that commands your wonder. We put it to the good sense of Broadway picture-gazers if such things are not better worth study than all the imperial portraits of all the Prima Donnas of the Academy?

We were just now walking under the arches of the Palais Royal; we leave at the northern end, and come directly upon the Rue Vivienne. It is not a long street, or a wide one; yet a man or a woman may go astray in it—to their ruination; for the Exchange is upon it, where one may break himself in *Mobilier*, and Page's is upon it, where one may buy a *Cachemire de l'Inde* for 5000 francs.

We observe, by-the-by, that this matter of womanly extravagance is just now exciting serious remark with you—since the crash; and that some philosophers are disposed to make the women the scape-goats of the crisis. The French have more gallantry; and, although the playwrights have pointed their shafts mercilessly at feminine extravagances these three years past, they have foreborne to accuse her taste (as a cause), which was only an illustration of that insatiate thirst for money and its display, which has now run wellnigh through its nine days of fever, and which (as with you) must have its period of relapse.

(Pray, what think you of a set of sable which we see ticketed in this Rue Vivienne at 15,000 francs?)

And over opposite, or nearly opposite, is the shop and bureau of M. Perrotin, the publisher and patron of poor Béranger. Even now the *affiche* is in the windows of that delicate illustrated edition of the poems of the garret lover and liver; and gay equipages stop to buy and feast upon the paper luxury. Such type—such picturing—such poems—such a bruised, weak, fond heart bleeding itself in the utterance! and yet how little, and how little worth Perrotin's luxurious edition, compared with the set of Russian sable over the way!

Thinking of this, and of poor Gustave Planche, who died the other day in a hospital, with only one or two friends near him (he, who had *made* opinions about art and poems which all the great, gay world accepted, and held, and uttered, and lived by), he dies there under the hand of Dr. Dubois, with some terrible gout or such like ailment, and is followed to the grave (going thither in a plain pine coffin) by only some half dozen; so utterly has he fallen away latterly from notice, so thoroughly drenched in poverty and misery—poor fellow!

Here at Galignani's now (the court is large, but dingy, and has a smell of long-kept vegetables) Gustave Planche could not have borrowed a franc to help out his dinner. We idle into Galignani's—not for a franc to help our own dinner, but for the reading of the papers: London, Belgian, East Indian, French.

And what do the papers say?

First, Stuttgardt and the imperial meeting has not ceased giving food to the paragraphists and the letter-writers. And this matter of newspaper letter-writing has grown nowadays upon the Continent into almost a profession. Time was, and not long gone, when you looked vainly into a Continental paper for correspondence of interest; perhaps an occasional poster of financial affairs in London, or some one of the great capitals; but now we have in the *Débats*, the *Presse*, and the *Nord* (of Brussels), letters (and careful, painstaking letters) from St. Petersburg, London, California, New York, Rome, Calcutta, Stuttgardt, wherever public attention is directed. In this comparison our American papers are losing their old relative rank; in other respects their enterprise may be equal, but too little regard is paid to the quality and variety of their correspondence.

This imperial meeting of Stuttgardt has had its narrative from the first *feuilletonistes* of France. We shall not follow them; for the matter must be old at home by this time. It is enough to say that Stuttgardt is a village-like city, with a great King Street, or Königs Strasse, running through its centre, and crossing the Square on which are the two palaces and the theatre; the Nesen brook runs through the city, and the hills rise swift from its valley—so swift, that the vineyards they are planted with seem to hang over the town. The King (of Wurtemberg) is a gay old gentleman, who has been thrice married (once to a daughter of Emperor Paul of Russia), who loves horses and theatres, and who keeps his money in gulden and kreitzers. In all the shop-windows of the Königs Strasse were to be seen portraits of the two Emperors, and of the august Grand Duchess d'Olga: we say august descriptively, for we chanced to have seen her queenliness some ten years back, before the glow of maidenhood was faded from her cheek. Altogether, between the Emperors, the Queen of Holland (who is daughter of the old King of Wurtemberg), the wassail, the visitors, and the pretty gardens and charming *salons* of the Wilhelma, they had a gay time of it. Alexander was northernly severe and reserved; Napoleon buoyant and pru-

dently gracious. St. Petersburg (by her organs) made light of the affair. Vienna was uneasy and suspicious. Paris jubilant and hopeful. London too full of India to talk of Tilsit and its memories. The affair, so far as personal to the two Emperors, was excellently managed by the sporting King; so that it did not appear that Russia made any advances to France, or France any advance toward Russia. All ended as quietly (in a political point of view) as it had begun. The quidnuncs have been floored. Only the gossips of the good Wurtemberg capital will talk these many years to come of the time when the great Emperor of the North and the great Emperor of the West shook hands, and ate meat together, in the pretty palace of Wilhelma, upon the banks of the Nesen brook.

Back now to Galignani's reading-room and the papers.

Chalons comes next to Stuttgardt. But even Chalons is over now; the camp is raised; the Empress (who insisted upon carrying her crinoline into camp-quarters) has come home; little pet Prince, in his white pants and sailor-hat, with *Reine Hortense* inscribed upon the band, has forgotten the wooden gun and the mock coat of the guard.

If Stuttgardt was "reported," so was Chalons. We, in Paris, saw the rows of tents, the new-built railway (the construction fund having come by Imperial *carte blanche*), the Zouaves playing Arab marriages upon a turf-scene of a hundred yards square, the striped pavilion of his Majesty, where he wrought with his secretaries until 10 A.M.; then in the saddle till 4 P.M.; then dining with thirty of his officers; and, after this, amusing himself with soldier theatrics, or with extempore fireworks, to which all the people of the pleasant Burgundy wine country came crowding.

Altogether there were sights there worth the seeing, and an illustration of that order and system which kept the French army sound under the hardships of the Crimea. But to what end is all this? Is the Emperor simply gratifying his old author-ambition of the artillery tactics? Is he looking forward to the day of actual service? Is he ripening familiarity with his soldiery for some new day of need?

We see no such questions in the Paris journals, not even in the British journals. Indeed, Chalons is forgotten now; we will forget it too.

But—India: no, there is no forgetting there. Pageants we forget, and fire-works, and monarch-meetings; but the griefs that strain our hearts to bursting—these we cherish.

We look around this reading *salon* to-day, here in the Rue Vivienne, and of the twenty who are present poring over those papers, wet from the mail, how many are eager for some little line of hope coming from the Indies!

This, of course; but what do Frenchmen say of the affair? Are sympathies strong with England? By no means; far less so than upon our side of the water. And for two reasons: first, because Frenchmen put down all the Sepoy atrocities—just as they put down Marshal Pelissier's burning of the Arabs—to the chances of war. They reason such matters with soldiers, and not like *Punch*, or like fathers of families. Second, they do not, and can not, forego their old and strong jealousy of British power in Asia.

A distinguished Orientalist of France has just now published a brochure respecting this question, in which he proves, or seems to prove, that in India all encouragement has been given by the British to those institutions in which the Koran is taught. The only Christian college of the country he represents to be in a miserably neglected condition.

If we look toward China, says M. Berton, we find the same anti-Christian and purely mercenary aims: we find British fleets convoying fleets of opium, and forcing the Celestials to take their poison at the cannon's mouth. In the Ionian Isles the British Government has converted itself into an odious oppression. Even on Mount Lebanon, the Maronites are persecuted through British influence—one while by the Druses, and again by the Mussulmans. "England asks only to insure Asia to her commerce; and, that she may not be troubled in her *exploitation*, wishes to keep good the barrier between the East and the West.

"France can never consent to follow the lead of England in this selfish policy; she has another mission to fulfill."

Louis Veuillot, the writer for the *Univers*, also takes strong ground in opposition to the anti-Christian action of England, and declaims indignantly against her policy. Those journals of a Legitimist or Papist tendency, as well as many of the Bonapartist organs, take the same position, and regard the misfortunes of England in the East as a just punishment for her recklessness. The *Débats*, meantime, sturdily undertakes the defense of British action, and entertains, or affects to entertain, no doubt of continued British successes.

But the street people—the gossips, the clubmen—they who make up the buzz which we call *on dit?*

There is no Lafayette to be tempted, if there were temptation for a Lafayette. People watch, wait, shrug their shoulders. Poor Havelock (*on dit*) winning honors and rank now, when the gray hairs have overtaken him—kept back from the epaulets and the knightly touch thus far only by the *res angusta*—not of home, but of purse and connections! Splendid incompetence and fatuous ignorance still under the plush of high places. Too tardy admission of errors, and a concealment of first lack of penetration, with arrogant *brusquerie* and cruel discharges, or insulting, courtly, cool innuendoes. So they broke down the brave, fond heart of Raglan, an excellent gentleman, and shrewdest and thoroughest of good military secretaries, to record the humors and detail the orders of such a leader as Wellington, but with no brain to construct campaigns himself. And now Canning must go and be crushed under the same Juggernaut of popular clamor. There will be want, and waste, and new courts of inquiry, and other Hotspurs, weary with taunts, to dash out their brains gallantly, like the "Five Hundred" of Inkermann and Tennyson.

So talk the clubmen.

The chatty woman, full of that outside, discursive charity which is more diffusive than penetrant, says, "Those *pauvres* English, how dearly it costs them to make victories! And the officers' wives, who were so hardly dealt with—*ah, mon Dieu!* I hear they had such magnificent jewelry. I suppose it's all lost now!"

Ask Monsieur Pastel how the matter is going, and if the French really feel sympathy for their neighbors over channel?

"Sympathy? *Sans doute: cela ne coute pas:*

mais—dam, if you ask if we will go yonder to fight for the Burrapootas—*je dis que non.*"

"*D'abord* first of all (and he touches up the eye of his picture)—*il fait chaud la bas*—it is warm in India; ha! ha! very warm—*nous autres—nous n'aimons pas le curry.*"

Monsieur Pastel has given another vigorous touch to his work—steps back—gazes admiringly—reflects—resumes:

"*Et puis—et puis* (with spirit) *nous n'aimons pas les Anglais!*"

It comes to this at last—all the undercurrent of the street talk about India. Meantime the warm tints of October are lighting the houses; "the world" is trundling its hoop again up the Champs Elysées and down the Champs Elysées; the pleasant Pré Catalan is redeeming the lost summer with a gayety that flashes like a blazing Salvia among the yellowed leaves of autumn. Longchamps has shown, these past sunny Sundays, its races; and the mass-going Parisians have closed their devotion with a bet upon de Morny's four-year-old mare.

We can not say but there is a growing and tremulous apprehension that the Mobilier may go down, the bank run up its rates, money be rare and cherished, and hunger and dear bread make an uneasy winter for Paris. There are fears of that sort—not yet embodied in words—not yet hinted at in the journals—but covertly entertained and courageously put down—by going to see the old lady Dejazet.

One shadow, on a far-away Paris street, we have to paint, and we have finished our portraiture of the month.

A far-away street, beyond the Place St. Georges, to the south and to the westward of it, the Rue Blanche, where the street is steepest and narrowest, and least worthy of its white name, lived, these eight years past, Signor Manin, the President, in the dolorous times of '48, of the newly-sprung Venetian Republic.

Upon the third floor he lived, in a modest *appartement*, with three little uncarpeted rooms, and an old Italian for servitor. A bed, a few chairs, a plain deal table, a bronze gondola upon the mantle—these made up his room equipments. We have talked with him there of Venice past, and of Venice present, and have seen the blood mount to his forehead, and the tear to his eye, as some Dandolo hope, or some Dandolo thought, swept over him of the city he loved so well.

In those cold, cheerless, Paris rooms, his only daughter, who had followed him to his exile, died, some four years ago; and since her death a subdued melancholy had possessed the father. Hope for Italy alone enabled him, through those four years, to crowd off the disease that threatened him; but the hope long deferred brought with it a fatal heart-sickness at the last, and the best and purest of the Italian patriots is now dead.

We have no account of his last hours. A few friends only were in attendance, and these have no heart to tell the story of the exile's last moments. But those who knew him, and knew the exaltation of his patriot courage, know that the bitterness of death was sweet, compared with the bitterness of the thought which had haunted him many a year—the thought of Italy enslaved.

May God (where else to look?) some day light again, and more largely, if it be possible, the Italian hopes which perished with the exiled Manin!

Editor's Drawer.

THE open Drawer is to make December as pleasant as May.

So its readers write. From all quarters and corners of this great country!—from the farthest Down East to the most distant West (if that point has yet been settled)—from the frozen North and the sunny South, we have letters like the leaves of autumn for numbers, like the fruits of autumn for richness and sweetness, bearing their grateful testimony to the genial influence of this never-failing reservoir of mirth. Let's read two or three of these letters of cheer. Listen to the Maine man:

"The Drawer is our delight by day and night. When we open it, we never wish to shut it, except to laugh till we open it to laugh again."

Hear a Western witness, and a lawyer too:

"The legal profession owe you many thanks for the entertainment you draw from the bar, and return to us in the Drawer. We draw largely on it, and the drafts are always honored at sight."

A reverend correspondent writes, over his own name, from the interior of the Keystone State, and says:

"The Drawer is just the thing I need, and love to need. There is a time to laugh, and a time to cry; and the humor of the Drawer often aids my digestion, and its pathos provokes me to tears."

A Southern reader says:

"We watch for the *Magazine*, and when it comes, the call is first for the Drawer. No *one* can read the number in peace till the whole house has heard or read the Drawer."

From as far northwest as Wisconsin a reader of the Drawer sends a pair of anecdotes, and adds:

"I owe the Drawer more than these. What to do without it I do not know. I am the only subscriber in these diggings, and the stories in the Drawer I retail at all the tea fights, parties, bees, and weddings I attend, till I have got my name up as a wit and a wag. If the Drawer fails I am a gone man."

But we will turn away from the thousand-and-one testimonies to the inestimable value of these trifles, and once more open the Drawer to find what is in it for the month of December. Its friends have been very liberal. May their shadows and their letters never be less!

HOMEOPATHY has just achieved a great triumph in Little Rock, Arkansas, according to a report furnished by a correspondent of ours in that place. One of the citizens being a victim of hypochondria, imagined himself to be a goose, and procuring an egg, proceeded to *set!* The doctors of medicine of the old school were called in, and all their prescriptions proved unavailing. He was bled, but he still would *set;* he took calomel, but he would *set* still! A newly-arrived homeopath was now called upon, as a last resort. "Like cures like" is the motto of his school; that is—it takes a goose to cure a goose! He ordered a pair of feather breeches to be worn by the patient, and a dozen eggs! The spell and the eggs were broken together, and the patient was himself again. Very eggs-traordinary, was it not?

RARELY has a Quaker been in the Drawer; but a correspondent furnishes some anecdotes of a curious specimen of that excellent race, whose virtues are so generally celebrated that it is quite a treat

to read of one who has more infirmities than his neighbors:

"Wing Rogers was a Quaker, whose fiery temper and overbearing disposition spent themselves in petty tyranny over a lovely, gentle wife, who bore his abuse without complaint, and so encouraged him to become worse and worse. Perhaps the following incident is as precious an example of conjugal ugliness as the records of marital life will show. They had been married several years, but she had never been allowed to visit her parents, who lived but the distance of a two days' journey off. She had proposed it often, but it threw him into a furious passion, and she had settled down into the enjoyment of her prison. One day he delighted her by saying that if she would get ready, they would start the next day and make a visit at the old homestead where her aged parents were living. With a lighter heart than she had had for many a year, as this new streak of kindness appeared, she made all needful preparations, and the next morning they set off, full of good spirits, and with the prospect of a happy time of it. During the day, as they rode, he was full of his pleasant stories of early days, reminiscences of their courtship, and anticipations of the pleasure they would have when they reached the home from which she had been separated for so many years. They rested for the night half-way on their journey, and the good woman really began to live again, in the hope that her Quaker husband had indeed become a friend. The next morning they were up with the sun, and as they started from the door, he turned his horse's head toward the home they had left, saying, as he did so, 'Well, wife, I guess thee has felt good long enough; we will go back now!' And back they went.

"Such a wife was a world too good for such a scamp, and in great kindness to her she was permitted to die; and, in just punishment, the Quaker was soon hitched to a woman that was more than a match for him. They had been in partnership but a few days when he told her to bring a pail of water from the well, which she did, and he kicked it over, sat down, and told her to bring another. This was to establish his authority, and give her to understand that he was master. She read him in a minute. Bringing the pail of water, she very coolly threw it into his face, and as he slowly recovered from the strangling, he spluttered out: 'We'll be quits now, wife!'

"In a towering passion one day, he declared he would set the house on fire, and took a shovel of coals for the purpose. She seized the bellows and followed him, to blow them up instead of him. This cooled him off, for she was too much for him with fire as well as water.

"But Rachel was taken sick, and threatened to die. She wanted a doctor, but her loving husband would not go for one. The neighbors were in, and they were all of the opinion that she was drawing near her end. Her breath was short and quick, and her eyes were set, and her feet were cold; and her affectionate spouse at last said he thought he had better go for the doctor. As he was about to start, he stepped up to the bedside on which lay his dying wife, and said, in a plaintive voice:

"'Well, Rachel, if thee should be taken away, who would be thy choice for me to marry again?'

"Rachel arose in the bed, fixed her eyes on her loving husband, and exclaimed, 'I'll live to spite thee!' And live she did.

"But Wing Rogers outlived her, and consoled himself on her decease by composing the following

"'EPITAPH.

"'Here lies wife second of old Wing Rogers,
She's safe from care, and I from bothers?
If Death had known thee as well as I,
He ne'er had stopped but passed thee by.
I wish him joy, but much I fear
He'll rue the day he came thee near.'"

THE smallest joke of the season was made last Sunday—very bad day for making a joke, but it was a lady who made it, and she thought the better the day, the better the deed. Our minister gave notice, as the day was unpleasant, and few people were out, that the contribution for foreign missions would be repeated next Sunday. It would be taken up now, when he presumed that they would only give their *mite*, but would give liberally on the next Sabbath. I remarked to a lady on the way home from church that I did not understand the preacher's idea. "Nothing is plainer," she said; "he meant that what we would give to-day might be a *mite*, but next Sunday it must be *might*ier."

AMONG the strange customs of other times, an incidental allusion was lately made in the September number of the *Magazine*, in the article on "Handel," to the age of George the Second. The allusion is in this passage:

"It is curious to read that, there having been at this time a partial reconciliation of the Royal Family, his Majesty did his Royal Highness the honor to put on his shirt; and, the bride being in bed, in a rich undress, his Majesty came into the room, and the Prince following soon after, in a night-gown of silver stuff, and a cap of the finest lace, the quality were admitted to see the Prince and Princess sitting up in bed."

This royal entertainment was not an uncommon one in those days, as the reader of Dr. Doran's "Kings and Queens" will remember; but it is quite a novelty to us to learn, as we do from a correspondent writing from the old North State, as North Carolina is often called, that there is a region thereabouts in which that old English royal custom is still kept up among the sovereign people. He says:

"This announcement will doubtless take many by surprise, and add another rivet, fastening upon us the *sobriquet* of the Rip Van Winkle State, in spite of the wonderful revelations of the census, which says, in so many words, that the North Carolinians do not breakfast upon tar, dine upon pitch, nor sup on turpentine. The fact, however, is indisputable that, in Wilkes County, among the mountains that are offshoots or spurs from the Blue Ridge, the people, as in the days of George the Second, are in the habit of visiting the bridal chamber, and taking a peep at the couple in bed. So, Hurrah for the old North State!"

Is the following worth a place in the Drawer? It was written by a lover who sent it with *his* daguerreotype to the lady who had requested it:

"Thine own is graven on my heart,
More clear than e'er could highest art
On steel or canvas place it;
For when in death that heart's at rest,
And 'dust to dust' is God's behest,
In dust thou still may trace it."

A VIRGINIA gentleman furnishes some reminiscences of the late Parson Coles, whose ministra-

tions have been attended by many of the present generation. They have been greatly entertained, if not edified; and he was just about a match for the Block Island Baptist divine whose rhetoric has in time past enlivened the Drawer. But to our Virginia letter:

"Father Coles, like many of his denomination, was not much of a scholar, and he lost no opportunity of disparaging 'human larning.' In this particular he resembled his compeer of Illinois, of whom we have all heard, who said that Paul was a great preacher, but never went to college; he was brought up at the foot of Gamil Hill (Gamaliel), and that was so poor they couldn't raise white beans on it. Father Coles, on one occasion, was preaching with the Rev. Mr. Bangs in the pulpit behind him, and taking for his text the familiar words, 'I knew thee, that thou wert an *austere* man, taking up that thou layedst not down, and reaping that thou didst not sow,' he went on to remark, first, 'What is an *oyster* man?' and having described his business—his lonely hut on the sandy waste—he said that he illustrates the truth of the text, as he takes up these oysters that he never laid down—he reaps what he never sowed; he gathers them up with a double rake made so—(clasping his hands to make an oyster-tongs). During this ludicrous description Mr. Bangs had been in a fit of fidgets, but now, unable to contain himself, he laid hold of the skirts of Father Coles and drew him backward, but did not disconcert him at all, for the worthy parson perceiving that he had been talking at random, and had probably made some prodigious blunder, said, 'Oh, never mind, Brother Bangs, nobody knows any better here but you *and me!*'

"It would have been well for Father Coles to confine himself to the hortatory, in which he excelled, and leave the exegetical to the learned brethren; but, like most men of ignorance, he loved to talk the most about what he knew the least. At one time he undertook to describe the Gospel armor mentioned in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. He got on comfortably till he came upon the 'helmet of salvation.' Here he paused, and seemed for a while to be stumped fairly; but suddenly the *truth* broke in upon his mind, and he exclaimed, 'A helmet, my brethren, is a little thing that goes before a vessel to keep it straight! Yes, yes; without a helmet the Christian can never sail straight to heaven; take the helmet of salvation, and you will be saved!'

"This race of ministers is nearly extinct. As the standard of education is raised in the country, and the average intelligence of the people advances, such men will not be tolerated, and the pulpit will cease to present their ignorance to the public. On the outskirts of society, however, and in the rude settlements among the mountains, there will always be found men whose gifts are not greater than those of Father Coles, who will take to preaching, and stick to it as long as they live."

THERE was Parson Johnson, in the State of Maine, a good man in his way, but he was as little versed in learning as Father Coles of Virginia. He was telling his people, one Sabbath day, the tender story of Joseph and his brethren—how kind Joseph was to them, in spite of all their hard treatment of him: "And when he sent them home to bring their aged father and their families, *he gave them wagons;* and then," said Parson Johnson, "see how considerate he was for their safety. He knew the roads were very rough, and the wagons would be very full, and he tells them, 'See that ye *fall not out* by the way.' But for this caution, very likely some of them or their little ones might have tumbled out and broken their necks!" Exactly so. Who would have thought what that charge meant?

WHILE we are among the clerical anecdotes, let us repeat a story that comes fresh from the Nutmeg State. Our Eastern correspondent writes:

"Many years ago, when as yet there was but one church in the old town of Lyme, Connecticut, the people were without a pastor. They had been for a long time destitute, and now were on the point of making a unanimous call for a very acceptable preacher, when a cross-grained man, by the name of Dorr, began a violent opposition to the candidate, rallied a party, and threatened to defeat the settlement. At a parish meeting, while the matter was under discussion, a half-witted fellow rose in the house, and said he wanted to tell a dream he had last night. He thought he died, and went away where the wicked people go, and as soon as Satan saw him 'he asked me where I came from?'

"'From Lyme, in Connecticut,' I told him right out.

"'Ah! and what are they doing in Lyme?' he asked.

"'They are trying to settle a minister,' I said.

"'Settle a minister!' he cried out. 'I must put a stop to that! Bring me my boots; I must go to Lyme this very night!'

"I then told him, as he was drawing on his boots, that Mr. *Dorr* was opposing the settlement, and very likely he would prevent it altogether.

"'My *sarvent* Dorr!' exclaimed his Majesty. 'My *sarvent Dorr!* Here, take my boots: if my sarvent Dorr is at work, there is no need of my going at all!'

"This speech did the business. Mr. Dorr made no further opposition; the minister was settled, but his opponent carried the title 'My sarvent Dorr' with him to the grave."

IT was about those days, long time ago, when, in the same good State of Connecticut, and in the town of New Haven, a negro man was found dead in the road one morning. The law required them to empannel a jury to sit on the case, and determine, if possible, in what manner and by what means the man came to his end. A jury pannel the good people had heard of never, and the only pannel they knew any thing of was a half-saddle of that name, which was used by the women when riding on horseback along with a man. It must be that the jury were to be empanneled with these; and, sending all over town, the constable managed to find eleven pannels, and splitting one of them in two, he bound one on the back of each of the twelve jurymen, and thus accoutred they sat *on the nigger!*

PARSON BROWNLOW is a local preacher in Knoxville, Tennessee, where he edits a newspaper, giving himself to politics more than to preaching. Indeed, he turns aside from his work when he preaches, as some of our preachers do when they take to politics. Parson Brownlow is one of the slang-whangers of the Southwest, and is just as fierce upon the dogs when they annoy him as he is

upon the humans who cross his path. In his paper, the Knoxville *Whig*, he thus narrates his grievances, and his manner of taking summary vengeance:

"We are unable to say what the *dog population* amounts to in Knoxville, but it is a safe calculation to estimate that it exceeds the *colored* population. Every family in the place will bear witness that the dogs of Knoxville are a great annoyance. We have borne with their intrusions and assaults until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. They tear up gardens in the spring, and throughout the summer they congregate in back yards, promenade through back porches, plunge into kitchens, thrust their noses into all manner of cooking-vessels and water-buckets. They engage in frequent fights—set up hideous yells—and they growl and bark after a fashion that drives sleep from our pillow and slumber from our eyelids.

"Now, we can submit to these impositions no longer, and we have resolved, after mature deliberation, to give the dog population of Knoxville 'war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt.' We have declared the war of extermination, and come what may, we shall vigorously prosecute the campaign 'until the last armed foe expires,' in the dog line, or we expire on the field, falling with our face to the foe! And in that event, if our neighbors shall conclude that we have rendered good service, we trust they will adorn our tomb-stone with this inscription:

"'Warrior rest; thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of toil and nights of waking.'

"Our first engagement took place a few nights ago, in our back yard, having *fortified* ourselves on the second floor of our back porch. We fired upon five dogs, engaged in a fight in our back yard, which we understood to be the 'advance guard' of the regular army, with a double-barrel shot-gun loaded with buck-shot. This fight, we believe, was the 'ruse de guerre,' a stratagem of war, intended to draw us out from our fort. The result was that one of their *generals* fell, and we had to pay Jordan Swan, a gentleman of color, twenty-five cents to convey his 'mortal remains' to the 'potter's field.' We sent the other four howling in various directions, but we live in expectation of the renewing of the attack. It was a profound philosopher who said:

"'He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain,
Will never live to fight again.'

"We have often kept up the fire, at intervals, ever since, and we intend to continue it 'at all hazards and to the last extremity.' We have no ill-feeling toward any neighbor, and we never were the man to injure any man's property; but we are resolved not to be turned out of 'house and home' to accommodate the dog population of Knoxville. We will act alone on the *defensive*, not going off our premises. Having fought men and devils successfully for eight years past, it is due to the party we act with, and to the reputation of our children, that we shall not now be driven out of Knoxville by *dogs*."

"A FEW years ago," says a new and welcome contributor to the Drawer, "a friend of mine went to Kentucky, on foot, in search of his uncle, Thomas Jones, Esq., who had removed there and settled some time before. On arriving in what he thought must be the vicinity of his uncle's residence, he stopped a stranger in the road, and inquired if he knew Thomas Jones, and where he lived.

"'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I know him well.'

"'And will you tell me the way to his house?'

"'With a great deal of pleasure,' the man replied, and began: "You see that road there: just take that road and travel it about three miles, when you will come to a log house; don't stop there, but turn down to the right of the house, and, after going about a mile and a half, you will find a small stream; follow this stream up about three miles and a quarter, and you will come to a small ridge; take along down the side of the ridge till you come to a post and rail fence; keep up along this fence about three-quarters of a mile, and you will come to a little strip of woods about three miles long; go along past these woods, in a southerly direction, and you will come to a narrow lane; follow this lane about seven miles and a half, and you will come to a ravine running through a mountain to your left. Take up this ravine—'

"'Well,' broke in my friend, well-nigh distracted with the directions, 'pray, what next?'

"'Well, I was going to tell you; but if you can't wait perhaps you had better inquire of somebody when you get to the ravine!' And with these very satisfactory words the stranger walked on, and my friend pursued his journey in quest of his uncle."

JAMES T. BROWN, of Greensburg, Indiana, a smart and saucy lawyer, was once employed to defend a case before the Circuit Court. The Judge was not very learned in technicalities, knew but little Latin, and much less Greek. The jury were taken from the country, ordinary farmers. The plaintiff's counsel had opened. Brown rose and spoke two hours in the highest possible style, soaring aloft, repeating Latin and translating Greek, using all the technical terms he could bring to the end of his tongue. The jury sat with their mouths open. The judge looked on with amazement, and the lawyers laughed aloud. Brown closed; the case was submitted to the jury without one word of reply. Verdict in the box against Brown. Motion for a new trial. In the morning Brown rose and bowed to the Court:

"May it please your honors, I humbly rise this morning to move for a new trial; not on my own account; I richly deserve the verdict; but on behalf of my client, who is an innocent party in this matter. On yesterday I gave wings to my imagination, and rose above the stars in a blaze of glory. I saw at the time that it was all Greek and turkey tracks to you and the jury. This morning I feel humble, and I promise the Court, if they will grant me a new trial, I will bring myself down to the comprehension of the Court and jury."

The Judge, "Motion overruled, and a fine of five dollars against Mr. Brown for contempt of Court."

"For what?"

"For insinuating that this Court don't know Latin and Greek from turkey tracks."

"I shall not appeal from that decision; your honor has comprehended me this time."

MR. BROWN is now residing in Lawrenceburgh, and, though an old man, his intellect is as strong as ever, and his wit much sharper. A short time

ago, before a Circuit Judge of the same State, Mr. Brown appeared for the defendant, demurred to the sufficiency of the declaration, and made a short but very pointed argument. The Judge, a very stupid specimen of his class, waking up in the midst of the argument, interrupted him, and asked what the *pint* was that he was driving at? Mr. Brown hesitated a moment, and very deliberately replied:

"If the Court please, I am about to illustrate it by diagrams, and I hope to make it so plain that it will be comprehended by all the audience, and perhaps I may bring it even within the comprehension of the Court."

Mr. Brown then proceeded, and brought his speech to a close; but it is almost needless to say that Judge Dogberry decided against his motion.

At another session of the Court, Mr. Brown was arguing before the same Judge, and laying down the law with masterly ability, when the Judge remarked that he need not argue the law of the case, as the Court understood that perfectly. Mr. Brown replied, with much meekness, that he "merely desired to talk about the law as it is *in the books*, which would be entirely different law from any his honor was acquainted with."

Lawyers will take such liberties, but they take them generally at the expense of their clients. Judges have a great deal of "human nater" in them.

In Saintsville, a very quiet town in one of the Middle States—we do not like to spot it exactly—Squire Williamson reigns as the supreme judge in all matters of taste, especially in the fine arts. He sets up to be the most knowing man in town, not in law only, but in all departments of science. Now and then he overshoots the mark. One of the neighbors, an intelligent mechanic, having a fine taste for natural history, spent a good deal of time and labor in preparing a cabinet of stuffed birds, arranging them, "as natural as life," on perches around his shop. The Squire was fond of dropping in from time to time to find fault with the arrangement of the specimens. He admitted the skill of the man in skinning and stuffing them, but the habit of the bird was not hit in the way he stands.

"Why don't you follow Nature?" the Squire would ask, and grumble at the work, to show his own acquaintance with a subject of which he was totally ignorant.

Rogers, the bird-fancier, was vexed at the Squire's criticisms and self-conceit, and resolved upon fixing him. A friend from the country brought him one day a live owl of beautiful plumage, and Rogers gladly took it of him, and set it up in one corner of the shop on a shelf. Presently, as the Squire was passing, he asked him in. His eye caught sight of the new addition to the cabinet, and he exclaimed:

"Hey, hey, Rogers—a splendid specimen that! elegantly stuffed, too! But, Rogers, who ever saw an owl with his head tucked up in that kind of a way? Follow Nature, man!"

"Perhaps," said Rogers, "you could fix the head as owls are accustomed to hold them."

"To be sure I can," replied the Squire; and, mounting a chair, he reached up to the bird to straighten out his head. But his owlship did not wait to be pulled; he darted out his bill, and gave the Squire's forefinger a grip that he will carry the mark of for many a day. Falling back out of the chair in his fright, and seeing a smile of satisfaction on Rogers's face, he saw at once he had been sold. The owl looked on as wise as a judge, and the Squire was compelled to give in; but he insisted that owls in the woods or in the barn do not hold their heads as this rascally fellow does in the cabinet.

The lawyers are laying us under obligation by their welcome contributions. An Eastern member of the bar writes that he had occasion to send a very decided letter to a man in the country, reminding him of the necessity of appearing at Court to answer in an action for debt; to which letter he received the following interesting epistle on matters and things in general:

"Biddleton, *September* 30, 1857.

"Dear Sir,—Your document came to hand last evening, and, in reply, I would say that the weather is extremely damp at present, and has been for some time past. If it should continue so through the next month it will be likely to help the fall feed. The crops in Europe are said to be fair, but potatoes are diseased, as they are among us. This will probably not affect you very much, as potatoes seem to grow exceedingly small in your vicinity. Do you know of any means to prevent the potato rot? There has been a caravan in this vicinity lately, and it may be of some advantage to your client to know that the proprietors are much in want of an ape or a baboon to enliven the exhibition. I do not think it necessary for me to go into further particulars; but hoping to have an answer soon, I remain your obedient servant, Hiram Cairns."

Nothing richer in the way of electioneering has come into the Drawer's precincts since last year's campaign was over. A Western correspondent, reliable for his facts as he is ready with his pen, writes:

"I was once present on the hustings at a discussion between two rival candidates for Congress in an excited election contest in Tennessee. Both gentlemen are now in high station; one of them for twelve years was in Congress, and has been Postmaster-General, and the other has gained a reputation for brilliant and classical oratory almost as wide as that of his illustrious kinsman of the same patronymic in Virginia. But to the discussion. Mr. J—— had been rather equivocally complimenting his opponent—who was called the 'Eagle Orator'—on the remarkable suavity of his manners, and his affability with the people; and went on to say that he had an irresistible way of seizing the hands of his constituents between both his own, and bowing so affectionately as to win their whole hearts. 'I must confess,' continued Mr. J——, 'that I have practiced for hours before a looking-glass to acquire that fascinating manner, but without success. I must yield to my friend *the palm* in shaking hands.'

"In reply Major H—— said:

"'If my honorable opponent wishes to make himself agreeable to honest people, he must leave off practicing before the glass, and cultivate more assiduously the kindly feelings of the heart. He is the last man who should accuse me of practicing behavior to win votes. I will tell you a little anecdote illustrative of the peculiar electioneering abilities of my honorable friend in his intercourse with our intelligent constituents. We were canvassing in a remote part of the district, and, having an appointment to speak near the house of a very influential Squire, we spent the previous night

at his house together. It was well known that the Squire controlled all the votes in that precinct, and that his better half controlled him, so that it was all-important to get on the right side of her. We had agreed not to electioneer with the Squire while we staid with him; but I did not think this forbade me to do my best with his family. So I rose about daybreak the next morning, and, thinking that I should make friends with the mistress of the house by bringing water to cook the breakfast, I took a bucket and started off for the spring. I was tripping off on "a light fantastic toe," singing merrily as I went along, when what on earth should I see, as I looked into the barn-yard, but the old woman milking the cow, while my honorable friend, with his face ruddy with morning exercise, and his long locks streaming in the breeze, was holding the cow by the tail! I saw in an instant that he had the start of me. I returned to the house discomfited, and abandoned all hope of a vote in that region.'"

It was once remarked, in the hearing of a little girl of thirteen, that all things came by chance, and that the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in a night.

"I should like to know, Sir," asked the child, "where the *seed* came from!"

A son of Galen, who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from raillery by saying:

"I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect."

"That you may do safely," replied a wag; "for you know, Doctor, dead men tell no tales."

The *Spirit of the Times* has a *foul* story that we are scarcely willing to credit, and our readers know that we regard credibility as essential to the perfection of all the wonderful things that get into and out of the Drawer. But this *Spirit* writer says:

"A farmer, way out West, was greatly annoyed by the scratching of his chickens in his garden, and concluded to experiment a little with them. He procured the services of a Shanghai rooster, and the result of the cross was a brood of chickens with each one long and one short leg. When they stood on the long leg and undertook to scratch with the other they couldn't touch bottom; on reversing the order of things, as digging with the long leg while the short one supported the body, the first stroke would result in a grand series of somersaults. The consequence was, that the hens soon became 'a-weary' of that fun, and left the garden, and the farmer's 'good wife' rejoiced greatly thereat."

The Springfield *Republican* says:

"One of the speakers at the last Commencement at Williamstown made the statement that 'the class were all bachelors with one *manly* exception.' The student thus distinguished was married either before or after entering college, we are not certain which, and felt himself obliged, in order to establish his position as a student, to make known the fact to the President. This was done in some fear and trepidation, as he did not know but it might exclude him from the privileges of the college. Calling upon President Hopkins, he finally made out to utter the words:

"'I am married.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed the Doctor, benignantly beaming through his spectacles, 'so am I.'

"This was the whole of it. The student proved himself none the worse for his connection, and won an appointment."

Levi Jackson was commonly called "Old Hickory" among his neighbors in Erie County, Pennsylvania, and for many years he filled the office of constable.

"At one of the Courts of Quarter Sessions, some two or three years ago," writes a correspondent of the Drawer, "Levi, having risen above his former office, happened to be on the Grand Jury, and was made Foreman. He had never been distinguished for more wits than were necessary to do what he was told, and now that he had the responsibilities of a new office on his shoulders he felt the importance of it, and was quite willing to spread himself generally. The jury were sent out with orders to bring in all their bills indorsed by the foreman. In due time he reported a batch indorsed 'Levi Jackson.' The Court informed him that the indorsement was not sufficient; he must sign them in his official capacity. 'That is,' said the Judge, 'you must sign them *as* foreman.' He soon returned into Court and presented the bills, each one of them signed, 'Levi Jackson, ass foreman.'

"That was all that could be got into 'Old Hickory's' head, and the bills had to be taken for better or worse."

My son, be this thy simple plan:
Serve God, and love thy brother man;
Forget not, in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may;
Alike with earth and heaven sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God, and know no other fear."

The way in which Uncle Bill Terry became Uncle Ephraim Tu Nincom is told in a letter that comes to the Drawer.

There are many yet living in Oakland County, Michigan, who recollect Uncle Bill, the crier of the Court, and how completely the gravity of Judge Williams was upset, with that of bar and jury, on a hot day in July, when they were trying some tedious suit, and every body was sick and tired of it. They had just concluded the examination of a witness, when the counsel for the defendant said:

"If the Court please, I will have Ephraim T. Newcomb sworn."

Judge. "The crier will call Ephraim T. Newcomb."

No response being made, every one turned to look at Uncle Bill. He was sitting bolt upright in his chair, fast asleep! The judge raised his voice, and exclaimed, in a tone of command, "The crier will call Ephraim T. Newcomb." Uncle Bill started as if he had been shot, jumped to his feet, and yelled at the top of his voice, "Ephraim Tu Nincom, Ephraim Tu Nincom, Ephraim Tu Nincom!"

The third and last call was too much for bench and bar, and for a few minutes all gravity was forgotten in the general explosion. But, to the day of his death, Uncle Bill was known as Uncle Ephraim Tu Nincom.

While in Court we have two or three more judicial cases to report.

When the people of the Circuit made a judge of Lawyer Gibson they thought they were spoiling a capital *wag*, but they were mistaken. He had adjourned his Court for the evening, and was leaving the Court-house; he was met by one of the *sovereigns*, with whom he exchanged the compliments of the season on this wise. The scene is in the South.

SOV. "Mister Judge, you talked to me last night like I was a nigger!"

JUDGE. "I reckon not; you *look* like a white man."

SOV. "Yes, you did; and I want my satisfaction out of you."

JUDGE. "You want a *fight*, do you?"

SOV. "I do *that*."

JUDGE. "Do you want it very much?"

SOV. "Well, I do."

JUDGE. "I am sorry I have none on hand at present, but I expect it will suit you just as well, so I will give you an order on a free negro who owes me one, and will pay you on sight!"

THE Sharp Juror appears in the next case.

The action was ejectment for four acres of land, worth about a dollar an acre. The case had lasted four days, and the counsel on both sides had moved instructions, which the worthy judge had given to the jury with that amiable impartiality which distinguished him! The jury had been locked up two days to consider their verdict, and now came into Court unable to agree, and addressed the Court through their foreman, a small, sharp specimen of a juror.

SHARP JUROR. "Judge, it's a dead lock—six and six."

PL'FF'S COUNSEL. "If the Court please, I do hope this case is not to be tried again. If the jury differ about the facts, they can call the witness; if about the law, they can ask the Court."

JUDGE. "They have had instructions enough."

SHARP JUROR. "Yes, that's the pint. Six of us are hanging on the plaintiff's instructions, and six on the defendant's instructions, and it's a dead lock."

JUDGE. "There is no conflict between the instructions; they only present the case in different aspects."

SHARP JUROR. "That's it exactly; six on the plaintiff's aspect, and six on the defendant's aspect, and a dead lock at that!!"

JUDGE. "The jury is discharged. Sheriff, adjourn the Court."

AWAY down in Pearl Street, in those ancient times—say twenty years ago—when Pearl Street was the head-quarters of the dry-goods business in this city, Tom Smith was the head clerk in the great house of Linen, Cotton, and Co. Tom had worked himself up from a rough-and-ready country boy to the front rank of his present profession. One evening in the winter of 1836–7 he was sitting near the fire—no business was doing, and it was not quite time to shut up the store—when, reading the newspaper, he looked up and said to the book-keeper,

"Jenner, what is an Artesian well?"

Jenner was too busy to answer, but Tibbetts, a quizzical fellow-clerk who loved to make fun of Smith, answered,

"An *Artesian well* is a *Pierian spring*—a sort of hydraulic affair—omitted in your education."

Tom saw the others snickering, and knew that they were laughing at him; he denied the fact, and referred to what was stated in the paper he was reading, that an Artesian well had been bored four hundred feet deep!

"Well," said Tibbetts; "that's it exactly; as the poet says:

'A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink *deep* or taste not the Pierian spring.'"

Tom had to give it up, but still he had his doubts.

HERE is a dog's tale, or a tale of two dogs, that comes to us—the tale, not the dog—all the way from St. Louis, certified to be true—a true dog story:

"We had two dogs; one of them displayed his sagacity by seizing a pail in the yard, near the well, which he brought to the children, swung it around, laid it down at their feet, and carried on with it till they were led to think that he wanted water. They filled it from the well; he drank deeply, and retired, perfectly satisfied. A few days afterward the other dog died. The survivor, Ponto by name—the well dog, or dog of the well—took up the spade, laid it down again, took it up, went with it into the wood-shed, returned, laid the spade at the feet of the children, who were watching his motions; again he went to the wood-shed with it, and they followed him till they came to the body of the dead dog! The children now took the spade from Ponto, and, to his great satisfaction, dug a grave and buried his friend. Ponto never touched the spade before or after this occurrence. Who will say that he did not reason? If he had had the power of speech he would have asked for a drink of water, and also for a grave. Without speech, he did as well as he could."

A LADY—a *mute* lady, and deaf besides—writes the following amusing incident for the Drawer, and intimates that she has more as good, which the Drawer will be pleased to receive. The story is very pleasantly told, and we shall, for obvious reasons, give it in the actual words of the fair but silent writer from the sunny South:

"Some years since there lived and flourished in these parts an original genius, whom I shall call *Bounce*. This worthy but eccentric old gentleman had a negro boy who rejoiced in the name of Top. Old Mr. Bounce was very partial to Top, and treated him with great consideration. It happened one day that Top's master found him howling in the agonies of a severe case of tooth-ache. The tender heart of old Bounce was troubled, and, after a moment's thoughtful observation of the suffering boy, assured Top that the offending tooth should be drawn without his feeling it. Commencing operations at once, Top's master first procured a good strong twine, and fastened one end securely around the tooth. Then leading Top by the other end to the vice-bench in the work-shop, he made it fast to that instrument. Now the placid face of old Bounce changed into a ferocious scowl, and seizing a heavy sledge-hammer, he made a feint at Top's top. The frightened darkey gave a leap and a shriek simultaneously, and landed *à la* spread-eagle about six feet off, minus the tooth, which hung vibrating at the end of the twine. Top afterward owned that his master had made good his word. He was wholly unconscious of the tooth's withdrawal. Apprehension of imaginary evil made him unconscious of the real—a new illustration of the triumph of mind over matter."

Imagination versus Reality.

Mr. Violet, a romantic Youth, is fond of imagining how he would act in trying Circumstances.



What he thinks he would have done—



What he would have done—

If he had only been at Sebastopol.

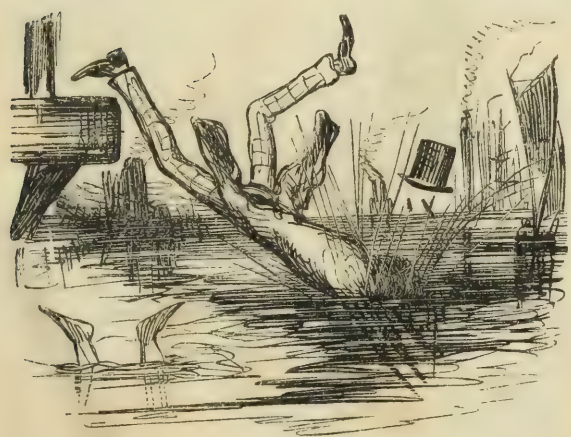


How he thinks he would act—



How he would act—

If he were only rich, when asked for Charity.



What he thinks he would do—



What he would do—

If a beautiful Young Lady should fall overboard



How he thinks he would act—



How he would act—

If a wild beast should break loose in the Menagerie.



What he thinks he would do—



What he would do—

If a Young Lady were on the point of being run over by an Omnibus. [N.B.—The Horses in the first cut are drawn from wooden models in the possession of the Artist.]

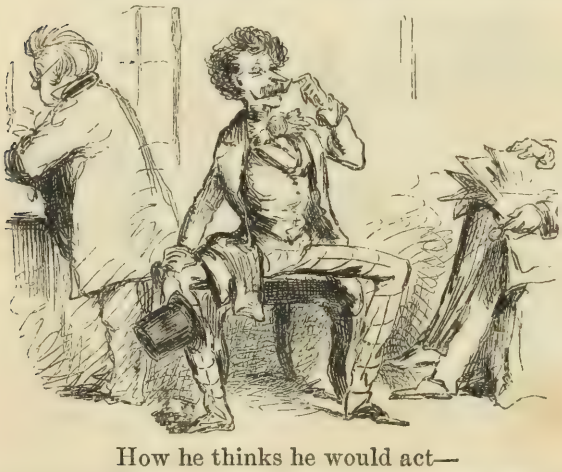


What he thinks he would do—



What he would do—

If a band of Indians should attempt in his presence to make prisoner of a Lady.



How he thinks he would act—



How he would act—

If he should carry to a Publisher his Manuscript Novel, which he is sure is better than any thing of Dickens, and ought to bring him $50,000.



How he thought he would behave—



How he did behave—

When "popping the question."

Fashions for December.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Ball Dress.

THE dress is of pink silk; the corsage *décolletée*, pointed, and *demi-busque*, with a berthe of silk tulle, made in small puffs, sewed upon Lyons tulle, with sleeves the same, followed by a lace four inches wide. The skirt is trimmed with a wide lace, which, falling from the waist, reaches the top of a range of tulle puffs, similar to those above, but larger. The silk is now visible for a space; then follows a range of vine-foliage, interspersed with small gilt grapes, the leaves being of green and russet crape. This heads another fall of lace, which is also succeeded by puffs of tulle. All these puffs are looped with pink and white ribbons crossing each other, ranging from No. 7 to No. 11, bows of which ornament the sleeves. The corsage has a bouquet of foliage. The hair is worn in flat bandeaux; it is low on the face, and on the head is divided into two parts, and rolled over the bandeaux; on the neck it falls low, without a knot. The ornaments consist of grape-leaves in autumnal tints, with grapes of pearl in small clusters.



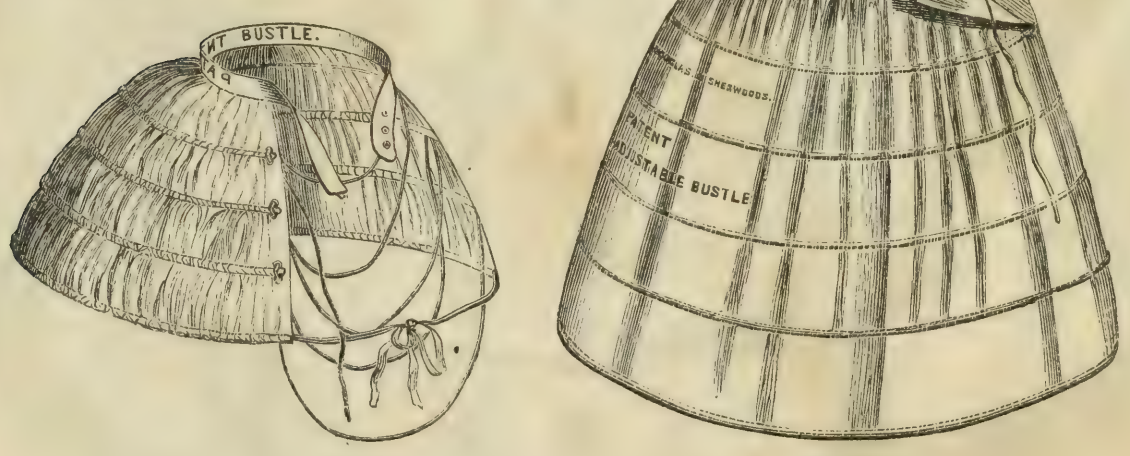
FIGURES 2, 3.—COIFFURES.

In COIFFURES there is the widest latitude as to material and style. Any tasteful combinations of foliage, flowers, feathers, chenilles, pearls, etc., may be safely adopted. We present two styles: Figure 2 is a circlet of pearls, with drops of the same. Figure 3 is also wrought in pearls, with oak-leaves, outlined with green and gold twisted braid, filled in with seed-pearls.

The PATENT ADJUSTABLE BUSTLE, figured below, recommends itself on grounds of health as well as convenience. The size can be regulated by means of a lace passing across the back. It is made either separate or attached to the skirt. Its pliableness and elasticity are such, that while the whole garment may be compressed into a small bonnet-box, it instantly expands on being released from pressure.



FIGURE 4.—SLEEVE



FIGURES 5, 6.—ADJUSTABLE BUSTLE.

